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Disce quasi semper victurus; vive quasi cras moriturus.

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The Mortal and the Immortal.

BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

Go, seek, among the monuments of Time,
Its obelisks, its towers and temples proud—
(The relics of a past, obscure, sublime,
Whose viewless summits mystic legends crowd)—
And be they marble, adamant or bronze,
Alike they witness that the most effaced
Of all the graven signs the pilgrim cons
Are those which in remotest days were traced.
Fainter and fainter, thro' the circling years,
Those ancient monumental records gleam;
Tho' o'er the stone may flow our cleansing tears,
And fond hands pluck the grasses—like a dream
They fade away. The generations come
To search for data of a by-gone age,—
But, baffled in their quest, distress'd and dumb,
They scarce discern the dimly-letter'd page.
Is there no tablet, then, in all the broad
Round earth whereon the primest, earliest
Of records deathless live? Yea, (born of God,)
The immortal soul of Man; no palimpsest—
Its first impressions whether false or true,
For woe or weal, for evil or for good,
Treasures the longest; ever old, yet new,
Those primal prints oblivion's touch elude.
And yet (ye say), to all of human kind
Septennial changes come? Each living man
Casts off successive coils of flesh, to find
Renewal of his lease on Life's brief span
In each mutation. Lo! the cerebrum,
The very lobes and substance of the brain
Suffer a change, and, in their turn become
New centers, as it were, of joy or pain.
But memory survives, *Thy* gift, dear Lord!
Is deathless witness to Thy deathless youth,
The immortality of souls is Faith's grand word,
Engraven on a scroll of changeless Truth.
Functions may vary—flesh renew its powers,
Earth and the earthly alter or decay,
Essence immortal, pent in mortal bowers!
(Destin'd to bloom' mid Heav'n's unfading flowers
Or burn in Hades)—these dear souls of ours,
In God's grand image made, *must* live for aye!

—*The San Francisco Monitor.*

REST satisfied with doing well, and leave others
to talk of you as they please.—*Pythagoras.*

Attraction.*

I.

In speaking of this subject I am plunging into the midst of a maze of theories both old and new; and such of them as I get entangled with, it is my purpose to consider briefly, despite the derisive smile of practical science. This is not a scientific lecture, however. It is simply a short enumeration of various points closely relating to the subject;—an attempt, merely, to consider the force of attraction in some of its bearings: to speak of it in connection with physical and biological manifestations. Time permits only a hasty glance at each division of the subject, which I will first give, and then proceed to consider the relations existing between them. To do this, it is obviously advantageous to look at matter in its most minute form, and at life where we find its union most direct—in the cell.

It is unnecessary to speak at length of the physical forces. The theory almost universally accepted at present is that light, heat and electricity are each a mode of molecular motion. Adopting this theory, it may be further advanced that these modes of motion are the direct resultants of attraction,—sometimes, also, indirect resultants of a vital force. What attraction is, does not belong to the province of physics to say; its manifestations alone are what concern the physicist.

A wide gulf separates the organic from the inorganic world. No line could be drawn more definitely than that separating the animate from the inanimate, and yet there is one thing apparent in all nature, and that is, that in everything material there is something immaterial which preserves its formal existence. In the animal and plant there is a principle of life; in things inanimate it is what the physicist calls attraction. Attraction, then, is the immaterial element of the inorganic world.

This force is given various names, according to the way in which it is considered: the attraction between masses of matter we call gravitation; that which exists between molecules we call adhesion or cohesion; and between atoms, chemism. Now attraction, whether between masses, molecules or atoms, is simply a "something" or a "force" which would cause them, if unobstructed, to col-

* Paper read by W. H. JOHNSTON before the Notre Dame Scientific Association.

lect together. It is the same something in each, so far as we know, gravitation itself being the resultant of aggregated atomic forces: a mass attracts a molecule, and a molecule an atom. The atom and molecule, though of course not perceptible by our senses, we reasonably suppose to exist, and in theory we give them attraction—chemism, adhesion or cohesion, as the case may be.

We look upon matter as composed of molecules in constant motion. We may consider a grain of sand an infinitesimal universe,—a universe of which the molecules are the planetary systems, and the atoms the separate suns or planets which compose those systems. We have not fathomed the universe, neither have we fathomed the minuteness of matter. Our knowledge of astronomy enables us to go only far enough to know positively that our sun and planetary system are moving through space in a certain direction; where the focus of the orbit is, or what other, if any, suns' orbits have the same point for a focus, we do not know. But arguing from the laws of physics, we naturally incline to the belief that the entire universe is a connected whole; and we may easily accept as plausible the theory that our solar system and all the stars which we see around us, form a part of one of a series of concentric rings composing what we call the galaxy or milky-way; and we go, just as easily, so far as to suppose our galaxy to be only one of a number of similar galaxies,—looking for our nearest neighbor, perhaps, to the Ring Nebula in Lyra. There is nothing very extravagant or unreasonable in this; but even without carrying the idea further than the progressive motion of our sun, it will serve to illustrate the complication of the forces of attraction exerted by the sun and each particular planet and satellite. Now let us compare molecular (and the probable atomic) motion to the motion in our universe; and it seems a very natural comparison, so long as the same one force of attraction is conceded to the atom and molecule as to the planet and satellite, and molecular motion of some kind is admitted. The commending point of the analogy is that by this theory the phenomenon of repulsion is accounted for as being due to centrifugal force overcoming attraction. For repulsion, when not considered in connection with electricity, is known to us only among molecules in the process of vaporization; and considering heat, the vaporizing agent, as an acceleration of molecular motion, it will be seen that as heat increases the molecules move faster, and consequently, through centrifugal force, the whole molecular system spreads out, or expands. The final step—vaporization—is when the centrifugal force overcomes attraction and the molecules leave their orbits to move in a straight line until influenced by the attraction of some other body or molecule.

Looking thus on matter, the most wonderful and inexplicable chemical action no longer surprises us. Whether it is more reasonable to suppose that all of what are now called the simple elements in chemistry are different forms—different material arrangement of the particles—of one

primary substance, and whether this primary substance may not be simply a congregation of force-centres or centres of attraction, are theories which, however interesting, it is not necessary at present to discuss. In any case, it is obviously probable that every chemical action is due simply to attraction, and that chemical investigation is only the investigation of the manifestation of this force in its connection with the minute portions of matter.

We are cognizant of two immaterial elements connected with matter: life and attraction. Life is defined as "an immanent action"—independently of rational and sensitive life—and this definition is a convenient one on account of its conciseness. But let us look carefully at the manifestations of life. Cellular Biology, though a recently established branch of study, has made some interesting revelations; starting with the simplest forms of life, it follows the cell through its various forms, considers it in its progressive stages, and draws the general conclusion that each cell of the animal or plant is possessed of a life of its own—a simple irrational, insensitive animation. This cell-life is exactly the same in plant and animal, having for its end the growth and multiplication of the cell. In the animal it is subject to the sensitive and rational life, while in the plant it is the only animation;—the generic or specific distinction in the vegetable world depending probably, not on vital differences, but differences of material conditions—which exist in the ovule itself to such an extent as to guide the growth of the plant from the embryo state to maturity. It is the same with the animal so far as vegetative life is concerned,—leaving out of consideration the higher vital principles which rule over it. Each plant and animal begins with the simple cell and develops, materially, by cell-multiplication into its final form; and that cells, in the higher types of living beings, differ considerably in form and functions according to the organ in which they are found, is most simply explained in the plant as being caused by material conditions, the same as the differences in the various genera or species; and more in animals, perhaps, indirectly by higher vital influences.

With these preliminary remarks, let us glance at the phenomena of life. Among living beings we have all degrees of development and perfection, from the microscopic one-celled plant upwards: the lowest known form of animate beings is the simple cell, consisting only of a sac, or cell-wall, enclosing a fluid called protoplasm, in which there is usually a nucleus, or, perhaps, only a few granular bodies. Of these parts, however, the protoplasm is the only essential one, for the others are often wanting; so long as the protoplasm is present the cell lives, but when it disappears the cell no longer performs its functions. This plant, or cell, nourishes itself by taking in by osmose through the cell-wall nourishment from outside; and in the protoplasm is the vital principle which causes this nourishing substance to be digested and utilized by the cell. These cells multiply in several ways, as for instance by division or by budding,

the parts separating and each in turn becoming a perfect cell, with all the qualities and powers of the original one. This is the manifestation of cell-life as illustrated by the lowest forms of animated beings. Between this form of living body and man himself there is every stage of development; and we pass from the cell to the tissue, and from the tissue to the organ. As we find living beings consisting only of the simple cell, so also do we find them composed merely of a single tissue; and so on to the highest forms. But the cell is all that we wish to consider at present. The tissue of organs is composed of cells, all essentially the same as the primary cell, only modified to suit their particular functions: the cell-life is exactly the same wherever found, and is simply the principle by which the cell nourishes, reproduces, and in some cases moves itself.

We may now consider the cell in connection with the physical laws. It has been aptly styled a chemical laboratory in which the protoplasm is the chemist, separating or combining the crude elements as suits his purpose, and so disposing of them as to best further the ends he has in view,—growth and multiplication of his cell. He thus gains his own sustenance, and generally, besides this, provides the material for, and builds his habitation; when he has brought this work to its last stage, he busies himself with forming new cells, as, sometimes, by dividing his own into several portions which separate and assume an independent existence; he gives a part of himself to each, which parts continue as before to attend to the needs of themselves and their habitations. But by whatever mode he chooses to multiply, it and his growth are brought about through the same direct agency—medium, if you like,—the force of attraction. For the manifestation of cell-life is either by chemical action, or susceptible of explanation directly as resulting from some physical force; but it is claimed that all chemical action is the result of attraction, and that all physical forces are based on the same; and hence, considering the manifestations of life—simple vitality—in the living being as merely results of the combined manifestations of cell-life, we arrive at the conclusion that vitality, as seen by us, is made apparent only by its action on matter through the force called “attraction.”

(CONCLUSION NEXT WEEK.)

Novels.

From every side comes a fusilade of abuse directed against *novels*, *novelists*, and *novel-readers*. They are defended by the booksellers and publishers only, or, perhaps, by some stray mortal who has wandered from the rut followed by his fellow-creatures. Article upon article, book upon book have been written with the legend “Novels” on their title-page, yet, were we to investigate, we most probably could not find a single one written in their defence. It is a surprising fact that under such circumstances—unpropitious circumstances—so many men and women have attained to the en-

viable height occupied by them in the literary world. Why would we care to speak in terms of such admiration, of such regard and esteem of writers like Scott, Thackeray and Dickens, George Elliot and Christian Reid, were it not that they have fully deserved that esteem, regard, and admiration. These few but represent a multitude of illustrious novelists from whose pens flows a mighty on-rushing stream to the ocean of literature—a stream in which the moralist, philosopher, and metaphysician find abundant food for their thoughts.

Stripping literature of its novels, we behold it as bare and uninviting as Sahara, forbidding as the rock-bound coast of Gibraltar. It is universally acknowledged that nothing so elevates and beautifies any literature as does poetry. Yet, poetry itself, for the most part, partakes of the character and properties of the novel. The poet, like the novelist, creates and adorns characters; they both deal in fiction and sentiment—

“Bright-eyed fancy, hovering o’er,
Scatters from her pictured urn
Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn”—

they differ only in mode of expression. Now, who will deny the wholesome and beneficial influence exercised by poetry in literature? yet, if we admit this, we are obliged to the same, to a certain extent, as regards novels. True, a novel may be unworthy—and, we regret to say, there are many such. But does this fact necessarily apply to the thousands that *are* and the thousands that *shall be*? Can we not say as much against many of our standard scientific or classic works?

It is an erroneous assertion that novels are read for amusement only. Where can we obtain a better acquaintance with the manners and customs of various countries—Scotland, Ireland, France, etc.,—than in the masterly productions of our great novelists? How much scientific, archaeological or historical knowledge can we not glean from a Jules Verne, a Cardinal Wiseman! Where can we observe to better advantage the human mind in all its workings if it be not in the novel? In fact, the novelist’s main aim is to set before us pictures taken from human nature, and on the truthfulness with which they delineate and color depends their reputation. These facts are all evident to us, and might be enumerated *ad infinitum*.

—“For, when the stream
Which overflows the soul has passed away,
A consciousness remains that it has left,
Deposited upon the silent shore
Of memory, images and precious thoughts
That shall not die, and cannot be destroyed.”

Historical, religious and domestic fields afford ample space and material from which numerous writers have fabricated, and given to the world, works which shall live to see the overthrow of the vague theories of many pretending so-called scientists, who, by their meaningless talk, do great harm to *true* knowledge.

“The earth was made so various that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleased with novelty, might be indulged.”

What, if not the novel, offers to the wearied and distressed mind a means of relaxation and recuperation? Some of our great workers would undoubtedly go mad, were it not that this means of respite is afforded them. As athletic sports strengthen and develop the muscles and sinews of the body, and calisthenics lend grace to our movements, so does solid and deep reading broaden and develop the capabilities of the mind; whilst reading of a lighter and freer character enlivens and beautifies it in divers manners. A charm is lent to the conversation, and an ease to the whole bearing,—qualities difficult to obtain otherwise.

It would not be out of place to state here that what we include under the term "Novel" is not, most assuredly, the infamous trash called "Dime Novels," or "Nickel Libraries"; nor that wishy-washy, love-sick stuff, so popular at present. What we do include, however, are those solid works of fiction, interspersed throughout with facts both scientific and historical; such works as are so abundant, and written, too, by the acknowledged best novelists. Censors frequently labor under an illusion when they condemn promiscuously *bad reading* and *novels*; they are distinctly separated by a vast difference, at once apparent to the impartially thinking mind. A harm is done children when they are thus forbidden intercourse with tales of fiction; for the constant practice of dry and heavy reading has a certain tendency to stiffen the mind; this is counteracted by novel-reading. We are not told to regard novel-reading as the *bread-stuff* of the mind's food, but we are advised to apply it as the *jam*, by which means we are not only enabled to relish the bread-stuff but will soon experience an insatiable craving for an article so well seasoned.

ROBERADO.

Suspendimus Organa Nostra.

Qui valui, quorsum, scintilla mentis egentis
Fictum, quod puerile probat, signare tabellis,
Actum, si catus arte cavet ne cuncta lucellum
Fallax spirituum rapiat moderamina secum.
"Abnormis sapiens" nos non superare negamus,
Dum modo sit sapiens, fatuum, vel alisque "scholarum
Solers" profertur. Bene, non Moderantis opinor
Avelli penitus modus, et librare juberem
Antea; nam pariat quisquis memoranda laborum,
Non a principio removenda, sit assecla cœtus
Istius: magis haud capias generata prioris.
Est paritas: quid enim? sub pectore qualia volvis?
Es validus, fias pollentior, usque valebis,
Scire tuum prodest, excelsior! excolis artes.

J. S.

THE title of *Notre Dame*, "Our Lady," given to the Blessed Virgin, first came into general use in the days of chivalry; for she was the Lady "of all hearts," whose colors all were proud to wear. Hundreds upon hundreds had enrolled themselves in brotherhoods vowed to her especial service, or devoted to acts of charity to be performed in her name.—*Mrs. Jameson.*

Historical Reminiscences.*

I.

A LETTER OF REV. S. T. BADIN.

20th Dec., 1843,

STEAMBOAT MONONGAHELA,
OHIO RIVER.

REV. & DEAR SIR:

I am ashamed of myself for not answering yr favor long ago. My excuse is that my hand was almost palsied; but, thanks to God, it is better now. 2dly I cou'd no ways answer then yr wishes, and I write now to inform you that I have a good prospect to see printed at last a kind of history of the Catholic Church in our western countries. It is now my turn to challenge you to furnish me with yr own notes. It appears that Father Chardon, S. J., was the founder of the mission of St. Joseph, which flourished about 100 years, & expired within 20 years after the conquest of Canada by the British, whose abominable policy w'd not permit the Indians to enjoy the instructions of Catholic Priests. I have heard my good interpreter, Miss Lquette Campaux, say that her uncle (Mr. Chevalier, *si beni memini*), a good Cathol., was the last French commandant at Ft. St. Joseph, near Niles, where there was a chapel. The American Govt has not been very favorable to Catho. Miss. If it had done for us the 10th or 20th or . . . of what has been done in favor of Protestant Ministers. Oh! . . . I am on my way to the South, there to remain till May, *si Deus voluerit*. My health is good, but accidents & age (I am in my 76th) have brought on some infirmities.

Many times I have been solicited to digest or leave some *Memoirs*: at last I have yielded, when the Rev. Dr. Martin Spalding, curé de la Cathéd. de Bardst., a talented & excellent Mission offered to be my Amanuensis. I have searched into my papers (but not yet all), and giv'n good many notes. Mr. —, his ignor., his carelessness, &c., have caused me many losses, &c. You have mentioned him in yr lett.; my own exper. & my good wishes for the Ch . . . compel me to say, confidently & confidentially to you, *Cave ab hominibus*.

A Poema (Laudes . . SSæ Trinitatis) has been lately published by the printer of the *Cathol. Advoc.*, which I w'd be glad personally to present to you; if I could next summer answer yr kind invitation.

N. B.—There was sent from the city of Washington or Ft. Wayne a Patent in my name for 80

* Under the above heading we purpose publishing from time to time such matters of interest connected with the early history of Notre Dame as we may meet with, whether in the shape of letters, biographies, or narrative—all of which will be printed from the original documents. We begin this week with the publication of a letter written to Father Sorin by Father Badin, who was the first priest ordained by the first bishop in the United States, and on that account called the proto-priest of the diocese of Baltimore, and whose apostolic labors in the "wilds of the West"—i. e., Ohio, Indiana, Illinois and Michigan—have been described by other pens. The letter was found accidentally among some books in the Library.—ED. SCHOL.

As of Congress land, boundg on the Michig. Line, near St. Jos. Riv., which never was in my possession, & should be in yours.

In union to yr prayers & SS., and the good Deeds of yr relig's Communy, I remain, respectfully,
Totus tuus in viscerib. Xi,

S. T. BADIN,

Proto Sa. Baltim.

REV. E. SORIN, C. S. C.

Notre Dame, Ind.

Give my compl. to Mrs. Coq., with the earnest request to make good Cathol. Xans of the youth providentially committed to her care—ratione red-det pro animabus.

My fingers are tired, *sed non animus nec cor.*

If you favor me with lett. this winter, address 'em to Bp. Chanche (his care) at Natchez.

I had the pleasure of seeing the good Brother of Madison some months ago. Please to remember me kindly to him & his excellt Pastor.

A Wonder of Ancient Irish Art.

(*The Rev. Bernard O'Reilly, D.D., in the "New York Sun."*)

In the library of Trinity College are some of the wonderful remains of ancient Irish art, most wonderful even as compared with similar works in Italy and France, though dating a thousand years later. I had come to see with my own eyes and touch with my own hands the Book of Kells, the copy of the four Gospels written and exquisitely illuminated by the great St. Columbkille thirteen hundred years ago. I had seen reproductions of some of its most marvellous designs; had assisted, here in Dublin, at a lecture giving a history of this book, and setting forth its artistic merits. As I had in Milan, in Bologna, Florence, Vienna, and Pisa, without speaking of Spain and France, ample opportunities for studying the most ancient manuscripts known to scholars, and the richest collections of mediæval illuminated books, my curiosity was great to behold the Book of Kells—a manuscript of the sixth century.

I confess, at first, I was more anxious to see whether or not the character of the writing bore any resemblance to sixth century manuscripts of the Bible I had examined in Italy. My standard of comparison was the far-famed Amiatine Bible—or the Bible of St. Gregory the Great—which is in the Laurentian Library at Florence. Before my last visit to Florence, Tischendorf's edition of this beautiful work had prepared me to admire it and study it carefully. It is the most complete copy extant of the Latin version of the Scriptures by St. Jerome, a copy dating less than a century after the death of this great scholar. St. Patrick was a contemporary of St. Jerome, and, coming to Ireland in 432, did he bring with him from the great monastic school of Lerins, or from Rome itself, such a manuscript as the Book of Kells, or one from which that I am now examining in Trinity College Library, was copied? I shall merely mention that

a life of St. Columbkille, written about the middle of the sixteenth century by O'Donnell, the chieftain of Tyrconnell, mentions that St. Patrick caused to be buried with himself a copy of the Gospels, which he destined to the future St. Columbkille, whose birth and career he had predicted. This legacy the young Columba claimed in due time. An angel, so the tradition runs, opened the grave for him, and delivered into his hands the Book of the Gospels, which thenceforth was known as the Angel's Book. The Irish are, proverbially and justly, a long-memored people. Poetical adornments may be woven round the substantial facts handed down from generation to generation, like graceful creepers round a forest tree. It remains a tree all the same when stripped of these ornaments.

Be that as it may, this manuscript copy of the Gospels has been attributed to St. Columba or Columbkille by the unbroken testimony of thirteen successive centuries. The city of Kells grew up early in the ninth century, when the Northmen first swooped down on Iona and forced the sons of St. Columba to take refuge on the neighboring island among their own kinsfolk. Kells grew up around the monastery they founded in northern Meath. And there, after the suppression of the monasteries, Usher, first appointed Bishop of Meath and afterward Archbishop of Armagh, found St. Columba's Gospels, or the Book of Kells, and bequeathed it with his library to Trinity College.

Here it is before me. My first impulse is to scrutinize the characters. They are, with here and there variations of type, drawn from the Celtic character, the beautiful round uncial letters I had admired in the Amiatine Bible, with this difference that they are incomparably more beautiful and more perfect in their formation. You are forced to ask yourself, as you turn over page after page, if this is not printed type? But no such type that ever I have seen, either at Rome or in Paris, approaches this in perfection. It is evidently a sixth century manuscript. The vellum is still white, and every letter is absolutely perfect. No wonder, then, that people who looked upon this exquisitely formed writing should have said, in their despair of reproducing anything like it, that it was the work of an angel.

However, it is when you come to examine the illuminations that you see how well founded was the popular tradition through all these centuries that the skill displayed in the designs and the coloring were really preternatural. Remember, that in the Italian or French manuscripts of the sixth century there is no style of illumination to be at all compared with the work before us. Biblical scholars are acquainted with the Byzantine designs on a gold ground which accompany the Eusebian Fables in the most ancient Greek copies of the Gospels. The Book of Kells has also the Eusebian Fables of Concordance, but with illuminations and designs that have no point of comparison with Byzantine or even Italian contemporary art. We open the Gospel according to St. Matthew. The initial letter on *Christi* (Chri) fills the entire page.

the two branches of the letter X being unequal, and made up of a C and an S, the latter extending obliquely down to the left angle of the page. I must despair of conveying it to the reader, even were I master of the art of word painting, anything like a correct picture of what this magnificent page of Christian art is in reality. Every part of the design is instinct with life. You have animals and reptiles mixed up with the luxuriant forms of vegetation. Toward the bottom of the page two families of what would to an American seem to be coons face each other on two opposing branches, a little one is perched on the back of each mother, and the others are disporting around. Evidently it is not a quarrel between the two households, but a pleasant meeting for family gossip. Beneath the leafage you discern the forms of both men and angels, the latter holding books as if they were teaching. And then there come interlaced figures of animals and men, the latter seeming to recline beneath the overhanging branches, their backs and limbs attenuated to ribbon-like dimensions, twisted and coiled and tapering away in graceful spirals. I asked myself, while looking on this splendidly illuminated page, if the artist had not copied it from the Ireland of his day, then covered in its length and breadth with lordly forests, and suggested, in all these figures, the life led in the numerous monastic schools then so numerous and so famous in the Isle of Saints and of Scholars? Was it not angelic doctrine that was taught by angelic men in those Irish schools, amid the shade and solitude of the forest? So it struck me. But I am only drawing attention to the magnificent Irish art of 1,300 years ago. Two figures—half figures, rather—stand out prominently in this grand illumination. One is, I think, the Blessed Virgin Mary, the other Christ Himself, as He forms the centre of the monogram. I was struck, on looking at this figure with the naked eye, by the resemblance it bore to the head of Christ in the great apse of St. Apollinaris, in Classe, at Ravenna, especially the smaller head forming the centre of the cross in the mosaic of the Transfiguration. Seen with a magnifying glass, this resemblance becomes still more striking. Ancient Irish or Celtic art is a world to be explored.

I have said nothing of the great characteristic of this Celtic art in general—that is, the wonderful minuteness and correctness of these divergent spiral lines, which some authors call the trumpet pattern. Nowhere do they attain to the beauty and perfection which they possess in the Book of Kells. Examined with a highly magnifying glass, a space of two inches square is found to contain an incredible number of these diverging spiral lines, one within the other, without a break or an imperfection in the curves, or even failing to bring each of the spirals out to its proper termination. The fancy which guided the hand that traced them seems to be one of exhaustless variety in its designs; the hand itself must have been possessed of a skill of which no modern artist or penman could boast. These infinitely intricate, correct, and delicate traceries are not to be found outside of the

Celtic schools, whether in Ireland, in Great Britain, or on the Continent, where Irish scholars kindled the flame of learning from the fifth to the ninth centuries.

Art, Music and Literature.

—Marshal MacMahon is preparing his memoirs—not, however, for publication, but for private circulation among his friends.

—On the suspension of the *Princeton Review* the Norristown *Herald* remarks: "We have the Census Reports of 1880 left."

—Joaquin Miller gave a new poem for a copy of a design for silverware in the New Orleans Exposition, after being assured by the artist, on giving him his name for the order, that he would prefer such a return to cash.

—An international musical congress is to be held at Antwerp toward the close of the present year. Papers on musical education will be submitted, and discussions will take place on subjects relating to the modes of spreading musical knowledge.

—The autobiography of the Abbé Liszt has long been expected. Four out of the six volumes are already completed, and will soon be published. The book contains details of Liszt's life, and reminiscences of nearly all the progressive musicians of the past half century.

—It is proposed to found a "Richard Wagner Musikschule" in Bayreuth, where the education is to be conducted in accordance with the principles of the master, and pupils will be encouraged to devote themselves to an exhaustive study of the works of the Bayreuth composer.

—The largest organ in the world was recently completed by Walck, of Ludwigsburg, and placed in the Cathedral Church of Riga. The instrument measures 33 feet in width, 32 feet from back to front, and is 65 feet high. It contains 10,826 pipes, distributed among 114 sounding-stops.

—The sum needed for the one-quarter size reproduction of the Bartholdi Statue of Liberty to be presented to the city of Paris, has either been all subscribed or guaranteed by Americans. The statue will be finished at once and put in place by May 15. The site chosen is the *Place des Etats Unis*.

—Richard Storrs Willis, who has been for many years a resident of Detroit, intends preparing at an early day, says the *Detroit Free Press*, a series of articles giving reminiscences of the literary circle in which he moved, including Longfellow, Bayard Taylor, his brother, N. P. Willis, Hawthorne, and others.

—The Concord Public Library Committee, in banishing Mark Twain's new book, "Huckleberry Finn," on the ground that it is trashy and vicious, is said to have had in mind his speech at an *Atlantic Monthly* dinner, in which he made irreverent fun of such celebrities as Longfellow, Emerson, and Whittier.

—It is said that Mr. Cabot, the literary executor of Emerson, will arrange for publication the "immense mass of journals and correspondence" which he has in his possession. Doubt is expressed whether they "will contribute to the fame of the great writer, or to the education or the edification of the reading public," and the opinion is advanced that they will "dilute his strength as a writer."

—Charles Egbert Craddock, whose tales of Southern life have appeared for some years past in the *Atlantic Monthly* and found favor with its readers, is a delicate, dark-eyed lady, whose real name is Miss Murfree, the daughter of W. L. Murfree, an eminent lawyer of St. Louis, formerly of Murfreesboro, Tennessee, where the novelist was born. Miss Murfree is the author of "In the Tennessee Mountains"; "Where the Battle was Fought," and a serial now in course of publication in the *Atlantic Monthly*.

—Dr. Joseph Smith, one of the Examiners in Music to the Royal University, Dublin, has written a *Cantata*, which is to be performed at the next Hereford Musical Festival, in England, which will be held next September. The words are taken from Gerald Griffin's poem "The Fate of Kathleen," which deals with great feeling and delicacy with the subject which Moore has treated in his "Melody on Glendalough." Dr. Smith's work is well spoken of by the few musical *conoscenti* who have been allowed to have a glimpse at it.

—In the current number of the *Irish Ecclesiastical Record*, the Rev. Father Ryan addresses a most earnest exhortation in some five pages to the musicless portion of the clergy, whom he lustily and pitilessly lashes with a perfect storm of good-humored rebuke for their lack of ear and musical discernment. The pith of the "undelivered lecture" on Plain Chant, to the "Incurables," is contained in three simple rules: (1) Sing as you read; (2) Keep together; (3) Sing gently. Father Ryan does not like nose service, and counsels gentle singing as being less nasal. "The voice does not go into the nose unless forced there, and we all know what it is to hear singing or reading through the nose. Lip service may be condemned, but it is piety compared to nose service. Avoid then these trumpetings by singing gently."

College Gossip.

—Hon. E. J. Phelps, who has just been appointed Minister to England, has, for the past two years, delivered lectures on law to the graduating class at Yale.

—The Sisters of St. Joseph, McSherrystown, Adams Co., Pa., have added to their Academy, a department for the blind, under the care of an able and experienced member of the community.

—A freshman recently was heard to ask if, in case of the "tug-of-war" rope's breaking, the team which held the longest section would be declared the winner, as is the custom in breaking a "wishbone."—*Crimson*.

—A large portion of St. Joseph's Academy, Emmitsburg, Md., conducted by the Sisters of Charity, was destroyed by fire on the 20th ult. The damage is estimated at \$50,000, which, it is gratifying to know, is fully covered by insurance.

—It is not Irishmen alone who can win distinctions in other lands—Irishwomen are not without the genius that marks out its own path to fame. Miss Welsh, a Londonderry lady, has been appointed mistress of Girton College.—*Boston Sentinel*.

—The captains of the Cambridge (Eng.), University crew, and foot-ball team have both decided to go out to China as independent missionaries after graduation. At a recent meeting at Cambridge, both these gentlemen spoke of the motives which had influenced them.—*Crimson*.

—The sum of \$1,000 left to Mount St. Mary's College, Emmitsburg, Md., by the late Margaret F. Brady, of Philadelphia, Pa., and \$3,000 left to the same venerable institution by Rev. Father Bradley, of Newery, Blair Co., Pa., has within the present month been paid into the College Treasury.

—Mr. John Boyle O'Reilly finds time amid his literary labors to show the love of his race for athletic sports, and give encouragement to physical training as an element of education. He was this year again chosen referee for the annual athletic games of Harvard College, which took place in the splendid College gymnasium on the 14th and 21st of March.

—The exhibit of the Christian Brothers at the World's Fair now being held at New Orleans, says the *Picayune*, comprises every appliance necessary to the most modern system of education, from those in use in colleges down to those so highly prized by educators who have to deal with the youngest children, together with examples of the progress made by the pupils of the Brothers in various parts of the United States, of all ages, from the youngest to the oldest, and of all the various school grades and classes of such grades.

—The following subject for an essay was recently set for the higher classes in a girl's High School in the Friederichstrasse, Berlin: "To prove from the *ideas* of Plato, the *atoms* of Democritus, the *substance* of Spinoza, the *monads* of Leibnitz, and from the subjective forms of presentation of Kant, that philosophy has never neglected to compare the calculable operations of her hypothesis with the operations that fall under her observation." Vassar and other "sweet girl graduates," remarks an exchange, may now hide their diminished heads.

"SWEEP tides of rich music
The new world along,
And pour in full measure,
Sweet lyres, your song.
Sing, sing, for He liveth,—
He lives as He said:
The Lord has arisen
Unharm'd from the dead!"

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

Notre Dame, April 4. 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.

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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.

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

—We call attention to a department in our paper inaugurated this week, and entitled "Historical Reminiscences." It is our hope to make it a particularly interesting feature of the SCHOLASTIC, and we invite the co-operation of the alumni and all old friends of Notre Dame. Connected with the foundation and progress of our *Alma Mater* there is much that is worthy of being placed on record for the instruction, as well as the entertainment, of the student of the present day. Contributions to this department, whether in the shape of old-time letters, or reminiscences reproduced from the "tablets of memory," will be gratefully received and duly acknowledged.

—We may be permitted a word in regard to stenographic notes. There can be no question that an early transcription of the notes of law lectures especially will greatly benefit the student,—much more so than some imagine who have not studied the subject carefully. Most students transcribe their notes during their earliest spare hours. Others—only a few, perhaps—do not

transcribe theirs at all. The work of transcribing into longhand is slow and wearisome; the notes are clear, and can be read as easily at any future time as now,—will be as legible ten years hence as the day they were taken,—therefore the hard-worked student thinks he may as well save himself the trouble of transcription. That may be all very true, but a very great advantage is secured by immediate transcription. In the first place, the work is divided and the task lightened; in the second place, the leading points of the lecture become more firmly impressed on the mind during the slow process of longhand writing, thus gradually storing the mind with the legal knowledge carefully collated by the professor.

Some professors of law do not allow a full report to be taken of their lectures. The work of collecting facts for their lectures is an arduous one, generally the result of years of reading and observation, and they look upon the result as their private property, the student being permitted to avail himself of it only in a general way. In any case, the lectures delivered in class are of great value; they contain not only a digest of the regular text-books, but often include whatever there may be of greatest value in an entire law library, together with such other important matter as the lecturer has, during many years, picked up in his own practice or learned from the legal periodical press. From this it will be at once seen that the facts dwelt upon in the lectures are of great importance, and cannot be too well impressed upon the student's memory.

The Language of Flowers.

As a pleasing expression of beautiful ideas the use of flowers has been in vogue from time immemorial, and many are the pretty phrases—mostly amatory—attributed to the various members of Flora's kingdom. By means of a well-chosen bouquet, a complimentary message may be readily sent; but we must warn our friends—and this is the main object of the present article—that the language which flowers speak varies somewhat with the climate; and in this region, where we can hardly be said to have any climate, but only weather, even the choicest blossoms talk horrid slang sometimes. So you must be a little careful what you send, and when. For instance, if you consult any of the recognized authorities, you will find very elegant remarks assigned to the different geraniums. The Ivy Geranium tells of bridal decoration. The Oak-leaf Geranium asserts: "There is nothing in a name." The Rose Geranium says: "Thou art my choice;" and so on. That is all very well in more favored regions; but here, if you pass by a bed of geraniums in the month of September, when the first premonition of frost makes itself felt in the air, you will hear them exclaim unanimously, as plain as flowers can speak: "Now, we're all going to pot!" And about the present time of year, or at least when winter gets through

lingering in the lap of spring, which he is evidently—the lazy old scoundrel!—in no hurry to abandon, you will see the little hepatica poking up through the withered leaves of last fall, and saying, with a deep sigh of relief: “Well, I’m blowed!” The crocus, also, which, according to the books, should exclaim “What an enigma thou art!” may be heard by the attentive listener, on the springing up of a frost-laden evening breeze from the Nor’ West, to utter, in despairing accents: “This will croak us, in earnest!” Our wilder flowers, we regret to say, use language that we must forbear to quote, as the SCHOLASTIC is a family paper. But the skunk’s cabbage (*Symplocarpus foetidus*) goes no farther than “you’re another.” The closed leaf-bud of the white oak (*Quercus alba*) says to the unreliable, though genial, April sun: “You can’t fool me!” and to the silly *Syringa Persica*, swelling with fatuous promises of spring: “You lilac—” a place which to name were to “infringe upon a clerical monopoly.” But the hyacinth flings care to the winds, expecting that even the brief warm spell will outlast the predestined brevity of its own career. It therefore generously displays all its magnificence, exclaiming: “How is that for hy?” Meanwhile an humbler blossom is adorning the sandy declivities of the old St. Jo., where they are turned towards the sun. This is the moss-pink or *phlox subulata*, earliest and meekest of its genus. It blooms where no other vegetation can find nourishment or even a foothold, soon, however, to be ruthlessly swooped down upon and plucked by marauding bands of desperate academy girls, of whose approach the sentinel flowers give warning: “Birds of a feather phlox to gather.” Ask the marsh-marigold, (*caltha palustris*), the coarse but cheerful plant to which is given in America the sweet name of “cowslip,” why it puts forth its tender shoots so early in the spring, and it will tell you: “For greens.” No wild herb of this country has probably inspired so many poetic thoughts as the *trillium grandiflorum*; but to me, I confess, it has only said, with a genteel shiver: “Dear! it’s very trying to wear white at this season of the year; but anything to be in the style.” Its English cousin, the snowdrop—*galanthus nivalis*—appearing about the same time in our gardens, remarks: “I halways come out in January at ’ome, but what can you hexpect in this blawsted country?” A little later appear the American violets in great force, the blue *viola cucullata*, the elegant *viola pedata*, the yellow *viola pubescens*, and a dozen other species, all perking up their fastidious chins, sniffing at the imported favorite, *viola odorata*, and saying: “Now, really, don’t you think that the use of so much perfumery is a decided mark of vulgarity?” But before the reign of the violets is over, the chills of May will have given place to summer heat and dust—a sudden transition whose severity robs June of anticipated delights—and the flowers will be suffocated into silence, or only speak to inquire as to the state of the thermometer.

Forbear, therefore, fond youth, to interpret the language of our flowers by the manuals composed in foreign lands. What they really do say can

only be learned by a long and intimate acquaintance. Come and live among them, and you will begin to “know their tricks and their manners.”

Coccyx.

De Omni Re Scibili, et Quibusdam Aliis.

We always like to think that we are not entirely forgotten. Whatever people may say or profess to feel, the great truth remains that they wish to be remembered. Yet, there are such a number of us poor mortals here below, and so few of us worthy of remembrance, that the desire seems very egotistical. Queer as it may seem, I think a man, at his *Alma Mater*, is very soon forgotten. The students of his time very quickly pass away, and the Faculty are too busy with the half-thousand students of the present to give much thought to the disciples of the past. Heterodox as it may sound, I fear that oblivion may one day enshroud that child-like band of disciples known as the Class of '84. Let us hope that as yet their memories are green. Ewing and Otis are still at Notre Dame; Tinley and McIntyre, I have recently seen; I have just had a letter from Gray; Bailey’s girl, so we hear, has married another fellow. Solon is teaching school in Chicago; Gallagher has seen Ben Butler beaten for President. More than one of us are likely to have what the biographical newspaper-reporter would call a “checkered career.” Gray will start at the first sound of “checkered”; he takes *chess*, every time.

* *

It is wonderful the amount of gasconade that has been directed against the New Orleans Exposition. It is equally wonderful how the people who are willing to think of it kindly misapprehend its chief claims to intelligent attention. As an exposition—as a big show—it is a pre-eminent success. People talk as though the fair was in an embryo or chaotic condition. Nothing could be further from the truth. Considering the few months during which the buildings were erected and the exhibits received, the fair is wonderfully complete. True it is that the Mexican building is not quite finished, and that the grounds are not so beautiful as they will be a few weeks hence; otherwise, everything is complete as can be, and indeed as interesting and on as large a scale as could be desired. The main building, including all the foreign exhibits, requires three days of steady hard work to be thoroughly seen and appreciated. The foreign exhibits are very much alike, and too much resemble hooths in a church bazaar. Among the American exhibits is quite a fine display by the Studebakers. The best building, by all odds, is the “Government Building,” containing the exhibits of the central and state governments. This is the instructive, interesting part of the exposition. The fair is well worth the long and expensive trip; and the 1600 miles by river is bound to be one of the pleasantest experiences of life.

* *

One would expect to see more good original

work done by the students for the SCHOLASTIC. The dearth is largely due to the misapprehension that nothing but a long essay or a dreary poem need be handed in for acceptance. On the contrary, what must be needed most is good work on the local column. That counts; that is sure to be read. The county paper succeeds the surest that has the best gotten-up local and personal column. Even metropolitan dailies, like the Cincinnati *Enquirer* or *Gazette*, must devote several pages to purely local mention. But, unfortunately, there are two classes of "locals" generally handed in to a college paper. The first is so pointed as never to receive publication; the second, so deep and mysterious as to be wholly unintelligible. I have written both kinds!

* *

At Memphis, not long ago, I saw the uncrowned "King of Spain." Notre Dame boys are legion, and the first honors and other familiar insignias are apt to strike your gaze at every turn. Like the "old boys" of every college, they incline towards a maudlin habit of relating adventures of a highly improbable and yet strikingly commonplace nature, wherein divers strange parties, whom you are presumed to know, were monstrously "sold," and antediluvian prefects grossly deceived; all of which are supposed to redound to the great credit and high enjoyment of the narrator, and to have furnished an inexhaustible fund of amusement for the whole University. It is the *vacation-reminiscence* fiend developed into manhood.

"'Twas ever thus."

MOORE A. NON.

Exchanges.

—The most interesting feature of one of our Connecticut exchanges is the wrapper.

—The *University Quarterly* for February is fully up to the high standard marked by the preceding number, while the *Virginia University Magazine*, on the contrary, is far below what one would be led to expect from previous issues.

—The *Boston Sentinel* is the title of a bright new Irish-American weekly, published at the "Hub." It is thoroughly Catholic in tone—as every Irish-American paper ought to be,—but independent in politics, and a strong advocate of protection. The *Sentinel* has taken for its motto the following memorable words of the illustrious Bishop Ireland, of St. Paul: "The future of the Irish race in this country will depend largely upon their capability of assuming an independent attitude in American politics." A better motto could hardly be chosen. If the *Sentinel* works up to it, and seeks to impress the sentiment it embodies, it will be doing a good work and deserving of success. Mr. Edward Fitzwilliam, the editor, is evidently no stranger to journalism; his paper is ably edited and handsomely printed.

—We could hardly credit our senses when we opened the 'Varsity for March the 7th and read

the leading editorial item. Some obstreperous messenger boy or youngster in the printing office must have slipped the item among the 'Varsity's editorials. It opens in this wise:

"We extend our sympathy to *Illini* and to the students of Illinois University whose interests *this* journal so ably represents."

Now, "this journal" would of course be the 'Varsity, which is published at a college in Toronto, Canada. The item could hardly have been written by any of the editors, or by a college man. Besides the strange freak above mentioned, it is almost *pointless*, so far as punctuation is concerned, but it tries to supply for that by making a point, in a vulgar way, at the expense of the SCHOLASTIC's "Roll of Honor." To do this the writer must have seen the SCHOLASTIC. Was the item in question really written by one of the editors of the 'Varsity?

—With the *University Cynic*, the *Niagara Index*, the *Ariel*, the *King's College Record*, the *University Monthly*, and a few other papers whose able articles and clever editing would justify frequent mention, may be ranked the *Polytechnic* and the *Adelphian*, from the Polytechnic and Adelphi Academies respectively. Both of the latter deserve to rank honorably among the college papers, and are far better than many of the more pretentious of these. Both contain well-written articles in prose and verse, and a good stock of sprightly local items. Both contain a department of clipped jokes—an objectionable feature in most college papers—but these are better selected and less objectionable than the contents of the usual rag-bag gatherings of the college papers, which sadly need deodorizing. Both contain cleverly-edited Exchange departments—which many college papers sadly need. The *Adelphian*, besides its literary matter, has a neatly engraved frontispiece in each number—the work of the pupils.

—The *Alabama University Magazine* for March contains a very good article on "The Jury System," and in favor of its abolition. Though not so learned or so masterly in its style as the article on the same subject that appeared in the *North American Review* some time ago, it is perhaps fully as strong. The writer says: "We take twelve men, drawn indiscriminately from almost every profession, put them in a box with a lawyer, and call them a court. These men—some of them, at least,—perhaps never saw a court-house before in their life, and, ten to one, don't know the difference between *plaintiff* and *defendant*; yet they are put upon the jury to administer justice. The thing is absurd." The writer suggests an alternative, and says: "Is it not probable that seven or twelve judges, elected by the people, being free from the above inconveniences,—these are well known, and need not be recapitulated,—would come nearer giving a just and correct decision than an ordinary jury? They have experience, they have ability, they have time for deliberation, and the advantage of a life-time's study. They are dependent only upon their position. The courts would be free from the present incubus of what are known as

professional jurors. Their thoughts would not be attracted elsewhere, and it is our opinion that, upon the whole, the cause of justice would thus be much better subserved." The article is to be replied to in the next issue of the *Monthly*.

—The *Hesperian Student* says that the oratorical contest fever has broken out at the University of Nebraska, and "the indications are that it will be attended with the usual quarrels, jealousies, fights, and enmities which accompany it elsewhere. Many students will spend their time and energy upon this at the cost of their necessary and essential work. The successful orator suffers the most of all; probably his attention is diverted from his studies for three or four months, and if he has not an extra reserve of common sense, his vanity receives such a stimulus that his intellect is permanently impaired, its growth checked." This is a sad state. We think it would be much better for the "successful orators" to be turned into the Exchange departments of their respective college papers and show what they can do there. This would give them an opportunity to ventilate some of their ideas and blow off some of their superfluous steam. If intercollegiate contests in oratory, baseball, football and boating are good for anything we think that intercollegiate contests in writing would also be useful, perhaps more beneficial than the others. But for some unknown reason the college editors at large don't look at it in this way.

—Our esteemed contemporary the *Northwestern* is authority for the statement that "originality of expression in writing is always refreshing" (and, by the way, so is lemonade), which is the reason, probably, that actuated him in choosing "Hiawatha" as the subject of an essay. "Hiawatha" is replete with such expressions as "Mudjekeewis," "Pau-Puk-Keewis," "Sah-sah-jewun," etc., all of which come fully up to the high-water mark of expression,—so high, in fact, that none but a long fellow could ever have waded through it without jeopardizing his life, and his reputation as an author; had he been swamped he would never have had any personal enjoyment of that reputation. We don't know whether "T. F." aspires to be a long fellow or not, some day,—the initials T. F., might stand for "Tall Fellow," which is the same as "Long fellow,"—but he possesses genius, if not versatility, as a writer. We have often seen the initials "t. f." at the end of sundry advertisements in country newspapers, but we are unable to say whether they are those of the writer of the "Hiawatha" essay or not; we think not, however. Said advertisements are not nearly so original in expression as some of the patent medicine dodges in the big dailies and religious weeklies, and far below the "Hiawatha" mark as reading matter, from which it would appear that the little "t. f." man and the big "T. F." man—although they may both be "Tall Fellows,"—are not one and the same person, but two individuals, at the opposite poles of literature.

—The Exchange-editor of the *Philosophian Review* says: "The NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC

has not attained the degree of perfection which a first-class paper should aim to reach." Undoubtedly true; and, yet, when we compare our paper with other college papers we find but little reason to be ashamed of the low degree of perfection attained by the SCHOLASTIC. Poor as it is, in comparison with what it ought to be, and would be if strenuous efforts were made to improve it by those who should take an interest in doing so, we think the SCHOLASTIC can stand a fair comparison with the best of the college papers. Those who honestly think otherwise are entitled to their opinion, and we are far from being disposed to impose any restraint upon its expression. In this connection, the following notice from the February number of the *King's College Record*, Windsor, Nova Scotia—the handsomest and ablest college paper in the British North American possessions—is a compliment that we value highly:

"Of all our college exchanges, the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC takes precedence from a literary point of view. Each week we are treated to several well-written articles, and not unfrequently poetry of a high class. Among the generality of American college papers it stands forth as an oasis. In two of the January numbers we had the pleasure of reading articles on "William Wordsworth," and "Frederick the Great." The only fault to be urged against them is that they are too short, for they could not be written in a more interesting manner. We congratulate the editors of the SCHOLASTIC on their success in producing a paper of such literary merit."

This is a criticism *con amore*, with some life in it; it is far different from the cut-and-dried remarks, favorable and otherwise, made upon their *confrères* by the general run of college papers in the United States, in which the college world is informed that such a paper has "a handsome cover," or "is well arranged" or "handsomely printed, and looks very neat" (all of which is the work of the printer)—little or nothing about the contributed matter or the editorial work. Bosh! Although the *King's College Record* possesses all the above good features combined, and has the handsomest and most becoming cover of any college paper that comes to our table, we think its editors would have reason to think poorly of our judgment as a critic if we descanted only on these, and paid little or no attention to the ably-written articles it contains. There be critics and critics.

Books and Periodicals.

ELEMENTS OF BOTANY. By W. A. Kellerman, Ph. D. Published by John E. Potter & Co. 617 Sansom St., Philadelphia. Price, \$1.25.

PLANT ANALYSIS. By W. A. Kellerman. Price, \$1.00.

These works are a good exposition of the science of Botany. The "Elements of Botany," written in clear and simple language for beginners, cannot fail to awaken in them a love for the science. The book is remarkably thorough, though the author does not enter into those minute details which at the outset would repel rather than attract. Practical experience in teaching has guided Prof. Kellerman. He possesses the secret of interesting without

fatiguing. What gives especially value to his "Elements" is Part IV, on "Economic Botany"—a subject not to be found in any other text-book of Botany.

"Plant Analysis" is a text-book in itself, and may be used independently of the "Elements." The first part makes the student familiar with the parts of a plant necessary for analysis. The manuals of Wood and Gray are too extensive for beginners, and, therefore, sometimes discouraging, as we have found out by experience. The artificial keys for the families, genera, and species are so easy that it requires only a few practical exercises under the guidance of a teacher to enable the student soon to use them with facility. We recommend the works of Kellerman to all schools in which the elements of Botany form a part of the programme of studies.

A. M. K.

THE THEATRE AND CHRISTIAN PARENTS. By Maurice Francis Egan, Associate Editor of the "Freeman's Journal." New York, Cincinnati, and St. Louis: Benziger Brothers. 28 pages, 12mo.

This is a reprint, in neat and compact form, of an article that deservedly attracted much attention when first published in the New York *Freeman's Journal*. Mr. Egan's object is not so much to condemn the theatre, as to create, what is sadly needed, a sound Catholic opinion with regard to the drama and its legitimate place as a means of entertainment. He says that "to hate the theatre utterly in theory, to declaim against it, and yet not to be able to keep one's children away from it, or to help them to choose the good from the bad in it, is to be in a wretched position," and in this wretched position many parents in our large cities find themselves. "Good principles and good taste are the best preservatives against bad plays." Very true; and Mr. Egan's pamphlet will undoubtedly help to implant good principles and purify a vitiated taste. Although dedicated to the parents, the pamphlet will, we think, be read with even more pleasure by the children, and have a good effect upon them. Mr. Egan possesses a pleasing style; he has had exceptional advantages for observation as a dramatic critic upon the secular press, and his younger readers will be glad of the opportunity of having him for their *cicerone*, of looking through his glasses, and having things explained by one who understands them. In this way better than any other, perhaps, will a correct taste be formed and the spell broken that had deluded so many whose young minds detected no evil when Christian principles were being undermined.

—In "The Character and Discipline of Political Economy," with which the April number of *The Popular Science Monthly* opens, Professor Laurence Laughlin, of Harvard University, exhibits this study as a valuable educational factor. He shows that it cultivates the imagination; strengthens the thinking power; is an excellent preparation for the legal profession; and contributes to precision of thought and expression. In a first paper on "The Nervous System and Consciousness," Prof. W. R. Benedict, with the aid of illustrations, describes the structure of the ner-

vous system and lays the foundation for a discussion of its relations to consciousness. Mr. George Iles, in "A Chapter in Fire Insurance," sketches a scientific scheme of insurance as it is illustrated in the "mutual" plan adopted by a number of New England factories, in which the first point aimed at, and with an attained measure of success, is the prevention of conflagrations. Dr. Franz Boas, a German Arctic explorer, furnishes an interesting sketch of life on Cumberland Sound, and of the Esquimaux who visit or dwell upon its shores, with some of their superstitions. Judge Gorham D. Williams, who has had much experience as a magistrate, suggests, in the matter of "Liquor Legislation," a new departure, by which society can take better care of itself. Other articles, which we can only mention, are those of Dr. von Pettenkofer, on the modes of propagation of cholera; of Mr. Fernald, on "Aristotle as a Zoölogist"; of Mr. Allen Pringle, on "Apiculture"; of Charles Morris, on the "Structure and Division of the Organic Cell"; of Mr. Edis, on the "Internal Arrangement of Town-Houses"; Mattieu Williams's "Chemistry of Cookery," and a paper on "The Wear and Tear of the Body." A portrait and sketch are given of Professor John Trowbridge, of Harvard University. New York: D. Appleton & Company. Fifty cents a number; \$5 a year.

Local Items.

- Alleluia!
- Be gay!
- Navigation has not opened yet.
- Be warned in time—keep off the grass!
- The baseballists are coming to the front.
- The lover of eggs hails the coming of Easter with great (h)enthusiasm.
- The Baseball Association will hold a reorganization meeting on next Monday.
- Our botanical reporter discovered the first crocus of the season, yesterday—April 3d.
- The members of the Scientific Association are preparing for an exhibition to be given at an early date.
- It is rumored that, ere many weeks have flown by, the celebrated Mendelssohn Club will delight our musical ears.
- "The Proffessor" made his appearance on the Campus last week during a little game of ball, —couldn't resist it.
- The Minims were in great glee last week over the letter which they received from their venerable patron, Very Rev. Father General.
- A lecture in regard to the resources, climate and general appearance of the Trans-Mississippi region will be delivered within a week or two by Prof. Hoynes.
- An interesting game of baseball was played Thursday afternoon between Junior "First nines"—the "Reds" and the "Blues." The "Reds" won by a score of 15 to 5.

—The "Amateur Cricket Teams" of the Junior department played their first regular game Thursday forenoon. A large crowd attested the interest of the event. The game was a spirited one throughout.

—As was said before, a student of French History, etc., was dexterously outdone,—“ye local” maintains the fact,—but dislikes, however, to refer to himself as the successful competitor, and he hopes no more will be said on the subject.

—We are glad to see the Scientific Association in good working order once more. In days of yore, the society furnished many eminent contributors to the SCHOLASTIC, and we have no doubt that the present organization will prove true to the traditions of the past.

—The SCHOLASTIC welcomes its old friend “Moore A. Non,” whose pleasing contribution appears in this issue. We hope that he will continue, as in the days of his STAFF life, to assist in enlivening the columns of our little paper, and that others of ye olden time Staffs (“Staves”?) will follow his good example.

—The students in the Shorthand Classes seem to be progressing favorably. Those in the speed class write from miscellaneous dictation at rates varying from 100 to 120 words a minute on strange or difficult matter, and from 130 to 150 words a minute on easy or familiar matter chosen at random. The second class students write from 60 to 70 words a minute.

—The Captains and Nines for 1885 will be chosen next week. It should be remembered that the Captains must be good workers, and, to make the championship games a success, they must be well supported by their men. This being the case, from the present material, we may expect good teams and splendid work this year, and a hot contest for the gold medals.

—The 16th regular meeting of the St. Stanislaus Philopatrian Society was held March 31st. Recitations were given by Masters M. O’Kane, R. Morrison, G. Tarrant, F. Nester, and W. Ratigan. Several members presented themselves as candidates for membership. Bro. Leander, who presided, gave several choice readings, which were received with delight by the members.

—The pressure has been so great on the type-writing department that Mr. O’Dea has found it necessary to put in another machine. Mr. O’Dea is not only an efficient telegrapher and type-writer, but is also a good teacher of both of these arts. Students who entered the type-writing department two or three weeks ago now operate the machines at a speed of from forty to sixty words a minute.

—The 8th regular meeting of the Sorin Literary and Dramatic Association was held on Monday, March 29th. Well-written compositions were read by W. Henry, B. O’Kane, F. Noonan, F. Rugee, T. McGuire, J. Doss, F. Peck, I. Grunsfeld, C. Mitchell, F. Piel, F. Weston, and A. McVeigh. The Sorins deserve great credit for the interest and care taken in preparing for their society meetings.

—A meeting of the T. A. U. was held on Thursday evening, in which general business was transacted. Messrs. J. McKinnery, F. Dexter, and Reach were requested to read papers before the association at the next meeting, which will be held in the reading-room on Thursday evening next. Besides the regular order of business, there will be several literary and dramatic exercises. All are invited to attend.

—The 16th regular meeting of the St. Cecilia Philomathean Association was held March 30th. The time of the meeting was consumed in discussing the drama, and literary entertainments. Master J. Garrity closed the exercises with a creditable declamation. The public readers for the coming week are: Masters Hagenbarth, Daly, Stubbs, Monschein, Harris, Berthelet, Chute, Myers, Darragh, Congdon, and Mason.

—That little note with writing well disguised,
Which found its way to print with heading “Lost,”
Contained the venom of a vengeance sought
Which would have crushed poor J— at any cost.
But J— survives,—it was a foulest charge
Without a justifying shade of right;
For naught was lost: the wrong most surely comes
From the alleged *finder* of that night.
But virtue cares not for the slighting tongue,—
Those articles remained just where they ought,
Each in its place: no searcher sought them *there*,
Nor heard one tender whispered “Evening Thought”!

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—The 16th regular meeting of the Columbian Literary and Dramatic Club took place March 28th. A debate—“Resolved that Inventions are Beneficial to the Laboring Class”—occupied most of the time of the meeting. Those who took part were Messrs. Austin, Chapin, Hotaling, Marion, De Groot, McGuire, Harless, O’Kane, J. Wagoner. The debate was well conducted, and was very interesting. Messrs. Chapin, Marion, and Hotaling made the best speeches.

—The solemn services of Holy Week, as carried out here at Notre Dame, were very impressive. The singing of the *Passion* on Palm Sunday and Good Friday, with the parts of the people and disciples in harmonized chant, was very devotional and effective; the same may be said also of the harmonized *Lamentations* sung during the *Tenebræ* on Wednesday and Thursday evenings. However, much of the impressiveness of the *Tenebræ* was sacrificed because the singing was confined to a few who were stationed in the gallery. In former years the large number of the clergy gathered in the sanctuary and, taking part in the chant, contributed to the solemnity of the occasion. On Holy Thursday, the repository of the Blessed Sacrament was handsomely and tastefully decorated with numerous lights and natural flowers and rich hangings of lace. Adorers thronged before the Tabernacle all day and night until the Mass of the Pre-Sanctified on Good Friday morning. On Good Friday evening, in place of the *Tenebræ*, a sermon on the Passion was preached by the Rev. P. P. Cooney, C. S. C., Miss. Ap.

—The sun which rose on Sunday morning last brought hope and pleasure to many a weary stu-

dent, confined during the inclement winter months and shut off from the enjoyments of summer. The snow on the Campus quickly melted away, the partly green grass appeared, and frequently a stray, timid note was heard as some busy blue-bird or robin darted from tree to tree in search of a pleasant site for a home. As the students turned out, the Campus presented a familiar, pleasant scene, —chatting groups walking around the pathway, while later in the day the boys indulged in a lively game of ball.

—People who desire to send their sons to a place within five miles of which no liquor is sold, can find such a place easier than they can make one of the State University. For instance, the University of Notre Dame, near South Bend, Ind. We cannot say positively that no liquor is sold within five miles of the institution; but, practically, the students are safer than they would be made by the proposed law, at Ann Arbor. Notre Dame is under decided religious influences, and in temperance is A No. 1. It seems to fulfil the conditions required by the friends of the five-mile law. —*Ipsilanti* (Mich.) *Sentinel*.

—Students who are interested in mechanical appliances and machinery will find it worth their while to examine the varied and complicated machinery in the printing-office. The air buffer on the Cottrell printing-presses, for instance, is an ingenious and useful piece of mechanism. This buffer is formed of a cylinder and plunger, much like the piston of a steam-engine, and an automatic valve to check the pressure by allowing the surplus air to escape. The bulk of the air condensed in the cylinder, after checking the bed of the press, is driven through a tube to the rear, where it escapes at regular intervals through small perforations and puffs the sheet on to the fly-fingers. The compressed air on the Cottrell is an ingenious substitute for the coiled springs on other presses, and is said to work to much better advantage than the springs. The pressman in the "*Ave Maria*" office further utilizes the compressed air by turning it into an improvised gas machine,—his own invention,—by which he manufactures gas of a superior grade, and enough to furnish light for his press-room.

—An interesting trial was held on the 27th ult. in the University Moot-court, Judge Hoynes presiding. J. D. Wilson and C. Claffe presented the claims of the plaintiff; J. J. Conway and C. Finley appeared for the defense. The case was well conducted throughout, and the closing arguments of the Senior attorneys rather warm. This was the first appearance of Messrs. Claffe and Finley before the court, and each exhibited greater self-control than most students do in their first attempt. Mr. Claffe showed a cleverness in cross-examining witnesses that would do credit to an attorney at the bar; while Mr. Finley made an eloquent appeal to the jury on behalf of his client. The witnesses were A. J. Ancheta and P. J. Goulding for the prosecution; J. Conlon and H. A. Steis for the defense. The jury, consisting of M. Burns, F. Burke, T. Sheridan, J. Kleiber and S. Murdock,

returned a verdict in favor of the plaintiff. The attorney for the defense moved for an appeal. The court set the 8th inst. for the arguing of the motion. T. E. Callahan acted as clerk of the court, and G. De Haven as reporter.

—The Director of the Historical Department acknowledges the receipt, during the week, of gifts as follows: From Prof. Stoddard, autograph letters of William Cullen Bryant, Bayard Taylor and an autograph copy of Sheridan's Ride, by Reed; from Rev. S. Fitte, autograph letters of Cardinal Levisiere and Monsignor Dupanloup, late Bishop of Orleans; from Rev. James Quinn, of Tolono, Ill., a portrait of Bishop Spalding; from Master W. Berthelet, of Milwaukee, portraits of Archbishops Henni and Heiss; from Father L'Etourneau, a portrait of M. l'Abbé Dujarie, a bronze model of St. Peter's statue, Rome, Indian arrow heads, U. S. coins, and a book formerly owned by Bishop Lefevre, of Detroit; from Master C. Tully, of Providence, R. I., a portrait of Bishop Hendricken; from Father Toohey, portraits of the four murdered Bishops of Paris and a portrait of Canon Marchand of New Orleans; from Father Robinson, two photographs; from Bishop Vertin, a lithograph of Bishop Baraga; from Rev. A. A. Lambing, A. M., Register of Fort Duquesne; from Richard H. Clarke, LL. D., four valuable pamphlets.

Roll of Honor.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Messrs. Ancheta, Alvarez, A. Browne, Baca, M. Burns, Breen, F. Burke, Callaghan, Conlon, Walter Collins, Chapin, Conway, Crawford, Creel, Cusack, Campbell, De Groot, Dwan, Dexter, Dolan, Estrado, Finlay, Freyermuth, Goulding, A. A. Gordon, Guthrie, Garcia, Goodfellow, Horn, Hamlyn, Halligan, Hasson, Johnston, Jones, Kolars, Kleiber, Kavanagh, Keys, Livingston, McCabe, McMillian, McKinnery, Meyer, McErlain, McCartney, McMurray, Marion, Mathers, Morrison, Jno. Murphy, O'Connell, H. Paschel, C. Paschel, Perley, Padilla, P. Prudhomme, J. Prudhomme, H. Porter, Phillips, Rothert, Reach, J. Riley, Ramsay, Rahilly, T. Ryan, Roth, E. Riley, G. H. Smith, Sheridan, Steis, Spillard, Saviers, Snapp, Snyder, J. Troy, Troxel, Trepanier, W. Williams, White, Wilson, Zeitler.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Masters D. Ackerman, Amoretti, H. Ackerman, Arts, Borgschulze, Benner, Berthelet, Burrett, Congdon, Clarke, Chamberlain, G. Cartier, Cleary, Cleveland, Chute, Dillon, Dempsey, Dorenberg, Dougherty, Donnellan, Daly, Devine, De Hass, Emmons, Ewing, Finckh, Fisher, Fehr, Flood, Grunsfeld, L. Grever, J. Garrity, Hoye, Harris, Hibbeler, Houlihan, Hemisbaugh, Hasson, Kegel, Kenny, Luther, H. Long, Loya, Leoni, Martinez, V. Morrison, B. Morrison, R. Morrison, Monschein, Menig, Mason, Myers, Meehan, Oxnard, O'Brien, O'Kane, Portillo, Porter, Regan, Real, Rebori, Ruffing Remish, Reynolds, Rogers, Ryan, Stubbs, Soden, E. Smith, Stange, Spencer, Schmauss, Shaw, Sedberry, Thompson, Wabraushek, Williamson, West.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Masters Boos, Bunker, Bull, Barger, Blakeslee, Baker, Campau, Cobbs, Chute, F. Dunford, G. Dunford, E. Doss, L. Doss, Ernest, T. Falvey, F. Falvey, E. Falvey, Garber, Grunsfeld, Henry, Haney, Hopkins, C. Inderrieden, R. Inderrieden, Jones, E. Kelly, Kellner, J. Kintz, A. Kintz, McPhee, McVeigh, Murphy, Morgan, McGill, McNally, Moncada, McCourt, Millard, McNulty, McGuire, Mooney, Nussbaum, Nester, F. Peck, J. Peck, Paul, Perkins, Quill, Quinlin, Rugee, Ramsey, Salman, Sweet, Scherrer, Stone, Weston, Williamson.

Saint Mary's Academy.

One Mile West of Notre Dame University.

—Miss Kate Fenlon, a former pupil, paid a flying visit to St. Mary's. A charming collection of cut flowers presented by her is gratefully acknowledged.

—At the regular Academic reunion, the excellent letter from Very Rev. Father General in the SCHOLASTIC last week was read by Miss Munger. Father Shortis commented upon the subject-matter, and said the letter should be read, not only once, but again and again,—that, indeed, it might well deserve to be printed in letters of gold.

—The birthdays of the Minims are notable occasions, generally made so by the loving provisions of affectionate parents and relatives. Not long ago such an occasion brought some rare gifts to Flora Johnson, and a very pleasant birthday feast to herself and her companions, in the shape of a beautiful cake. Among the hosts of elegant presents from her thoughtful and devoted parents, was an exquisite mother-of-pearl *Aigrette*, from Constantinople. The birthday of so docile, studious, and ingenuous a child well deserves to be kept.

—At the regular reunion in the Junior department—Father Shortis presiding, assisted by Father Saulnier—a rich though brief programme was presented. Little Dotty Lee recited "Papa's Letter" admirably. Lola Chapin followed in a pretty poem, "My Little Cousin." Grace Stadler next read from the *Ave Maria* "The Miraculous Cross of Caravaca," very gracefully and distinctly, though somewhat too rapidly. She was followed by Maggie Ducey in a very fine recitation of "Asleep at the Switch." Pronunciation, action, personation and management of voice were excellent. It would be difficult to surpass the Juniors and Minims in elocution. Father Shortis kindly offered appreciative remarks, and added some very important suggestions.

—On Monday, at 3 o'clock, and 7 o'clock p. m. Mr. Bailey, of Hillsdale, Mich., delivered excellent lectures on "Astronomy" in the study-hall. The scholarly speaker readily interested his audience in the model of a wonderful celestial globe, invented by himself, representing the constellations on a concave surface, the point of observation being from the interior of the globe. Mr. Bailey is eminently a teacher. His clear mode of illustration reveals this at once. Necessity is the mother of invention, and, no doubt, in his capacity of teacher his admirable globe was suggested to him. It is soon to be brought before the public, and in it will be found a most perfect instrument for illustrating the relative positions of constellations, the motions of the heavenly bodies, the causes of the seasons, the peculiar motions of the moon, and, above all, the precession of the equinoxes, and the consequent change of the Pole star. No globe, we be-

lieve, has hitherto been constructed with apparatus to illustrate the last-named phenomenon. Enthusiastic love for his science, a cultured mind, and ripe experience, united to a most graceful and fluent delivery, render Mr. Bailey's lectures "a feast of reason." His new globe promises to be a great assistance to the Astronomy teacher. The pupils paid the most marked attention from first to last, and were very grateful to the speaker for his clear illustrations and the many beautiful ideas rendered.

Delicacy.

BY GRACE WOLVIN.

As those most symmetrically and perfectly formed are capable of nice feats of skill and dexterity to which the awkwardly-built or deformed cannot pretend, so, characters of strong and superior mould are remarkable for a delicacy and refinement of feeling to which those of weak and inferior mentality are utter strangers. In the first case, careful physical training is evinced. In the second are equally revealed the influences of homes where an atmosphere of gentleness and kindness prevails; homes ruled by hearts of refinement and culture.

As we cannot blame the awkward for their natural defects, so we may excuse the obtuse for their dullness; but in houses of learning, where it is understood that all are striving to attain a lofty standard of perfection, rudeness—another name for indelicacy—should not be tolerated. The reason is apparent. The better classes of society, it is to be supposed, are represented in the pupils of our colleges and academies; therefore, a want of good breeding, when met with in them, is naturally a cause of surprise. Strength and superiority of mind are expected. The college, the academy, is the place where these traits are to be scrupulously cultivated and guarded. Vulgarity is to be shunned, and a thoughtful surveillance over every action is to be the order of every day,—otherwise, the main object of school-life is lost sight of. The beautiful "Faith of our fathers" has, along our path in life, cast its warm and heavenly glow, and in the time-honored customs of our Christian homes we find its power apparent. Esteem and loving tenderness towards old age; pure and prudent examples in the presence of infancy and childhood; sympathy and ready assistance to the needy, the sick and the afflicted; a circumspection, steadfast, lively and sincere,—nourished by the clear consciousness of God's presence,—these are the bonds which render the Christian home a hallowed place.

Contrast this picture with another: a home where all this is reversed,—where the thought of a Supreme Being is made the subject of jest; where travesty of the Bible and of sacred thoughts and expressions is regarded as witty, and where it is heard as commonly as slang and coarse speech of every sort; where wants, poverty, sickness and

affliction are made the subjects of cruel mockery, and where children, small and large, are obliged to become familiar with scenes which they should never behold. Parents are too much occupied with business and society to give a thought to the real good of their family, and the poor, neglected little ones grow up without the slightest idea of their relations to God or to society around them.

With what a sense of relief we turn from this view to the other! It is like that experienced in the fierce noonday heat of August, as we turn from the close streets of a crowded city and drive into a shaded avenue, where fountains are playing and birds are singing. We stop to quaff the waters of the cool spring close by. We breathe the invigorating air, and the oppression and lassitude we felt an hour before give place to a sense of refreshment and delight for which we are justly grateful. In a keen recognition of the presence of God, which, like the pillar of cloud by day, and of fire by night that guided the Israelites in their *exodus* from the land of Egypt—the house of bondage—we shall find our most sure enlightenment, our most safe guide. It is the source of all true and praiseworthy delicacy. In entering the parlor of our friends, instead of gazing about with curiosity, and rudely grasping at whatever may strike our fancy, we instinctively curb any such inclinations. We respect the rights of others as we would have others respect our own. We enter a church. Involuntarily we are impressed with the awe that must be felt in the house of God. Common thoughts are excluded. To canvass the dress or the appearance of others in such a place; to divert their attention, or in any way to show forgetfulness of the silent reverence and recollection due to the place, would brand our conduct as grossly indelicate.

Why is the very thought of our parents almost an act of homage? Because it rouses our gratitude to Heaven for having bestowed upon us such treasures. A word of reproach spoken of them would cut us to the heart's core. This is the key to the reason why persons of delicacy are so guarded in speaking in our presence of those we love. A wanton or reproachful word against a parent in the presence of the child can come from the lips of none but a grossly ignorant or an openly malicious person.

The kind and sympathetic heart is a rule unto itself. Kindness and sympathy constitute delicacy of feeling. Heartless persons know nothing about it. Arguments are not necessary to convince the former that the aged and infirm should be the first objects of attention, that children should be respected; yes, respected too much to be made bold and impudent by undue attention to their pretty faces, ways, and sayings. They should be taught respect to their elders, and the old, wise admonition that "children must be seen not heard," if taken by some of them, perhaps many, would save them years of sorrow in after-life. Delicacy of feeling, perhaps, may be rare; but she who cultivates its growth takes one of the surest ways of making herself and all around her happy.

Roll of Honor.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Par Excellence—Misses M. Adderly, M. Bruhn, M. Blair, Brady, Bubb, E. Call, Carney, Dunne, E. Donnelly, A. Donnelly, M. Dillon, Fuller, C. Ginz, B. Gove, Gavan, Griffith, B. Heckard, L. Hutchinson, Hale, N. Keenan, N. Kearns, Kearney, Lange, Murphy, T. McSorley, McHale, O'Connell, Ramsey, Rose, Richardson, Sheekey, M. Scully, C. Scully, Schmidt, Shea, Sharrette, Schilling, Schuler, Shephard, Stull, S. St. Clair, L. St. Clair Thornton, L. Walsh, E. Walsh, White, Walker. *2d Tablet*—Misses Alice Gordon, Addie Gordon, Helping, A. McSorley.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Par Excellence—Misses M. Brown, E. Balch, T. Balch, M. Cox, F. Hertzog, A. Keyes, M. McEwen, L. Norris, C. Prudhomme, C. Richmond, G. Regan, E. Sheekey, B. Snowhook, G. Stadtler, M. Smith, G. Searls, C. Servis, L. Van Horn.

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.

Class Honors.

[The following-named young ladies are best in classes—according to competitions held during the month.]

GRADUATING CLASS—Misses Call, Dunne, Ginz, Gove, Sheekey, Ramsey.

1ST SENIOR CLASS—Misses Barlow, A. Heckard, Carney, Ducey, Munger, Keenan, L. Williams.

2D SR. CLASS—Misses Griffith, Horn, Kearney, Wolvin, O'Connell, C. Scully, M. Dillon, Adderly, E. Sheekey, A. Keyes, A. Donnelly, Shepherd, Kearsey, M. Helping, A. Murphy, J. McHale, M. Fuller, B. Morrison, E. Donnelly.

3D SR. CLASS—Misses Kearns, B. Heckard, E. Rose, E. Brady, C. Cox, C. Fehr, M. Schmidt, T. McSorley, F. Regan, Taylor, E. Schulze, Snowhook, Van Horn, A. Gordon, A. Gordon, A. Gavan, L. Walsh, B. English, M. Fisk, C. Richmond, G. Faxon, E. Wallace, M. Scully.

1ST PREPARATORY CLASS—Misses M. Shea, L. Hutchinson, Blair, C. Schilling, M. Smith, O'Halloran, F. Hertzog, G. Stadtler, L. Blaine, M. Cox, Ducey, Dwan, C. Servis, Bubb, M. Barry, A. McSorley.

2D PREP. CLASS—Misses G. Searls, L. Norris, Murray, A. Schmauss, McEwen, A. White, N. Quill, M. Hawkins, B. Sharrette.

JR. PREP. CLASS—Misses F. Spencer, E. Burtis, M. Lindsey, Hagan, T. Balch, Chapin, Allen.

1ST JR. CLASS—Misses F. Johnson, E. Blaine, O. Boyer, Preston, S. Van Fleet.

2D. JR. CLASS—Misses Lee, Hammond.

FRENCH.

1ST CLASS—Misses Call, Bruhn.

2D CLASS—Misses E. O'Connell, Barlow, Adderly, Griffith, Morrison, Wallace, Malbœuf.

3D CLASS—Misses Richmond, Snowhook, Van Horn.

4TH CLASS—Misses Kearns, Lange, Sheekey, Norris, McSorley, McEwen, Servis, Barry, English, Hertzog, Kearsey, Brown.

5TH CLASS, 2D Div.—Miss H. Stumer.

2D Div.—Misses F. Johnson, B. Murray, L. Chapin, C. Prudhomme, Balch.

GERMAN.

1ST CLASS—Miss C. Ginz.

2D Div.—Miss E. Horn.

2D CLASS—Miss K. Fehr.

2D Div.—Misses B. Kearney, E. Rose, G. Wolvin.

3d CLASS—Misses C. Lange, E. Taylor, Bubb, G. Statler, M. Cox, N. Donnelly.

4TH CLASS—Misses Cox, O'Halloran, Dillon, Smith, McHale, Lauer, Donnelly, Trask.

5TH CLASS—Misses F. Thornton, M. Walker, E. Balch, H. Quill, A. Schmauss, Schilling, Lee, Haney.