

THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

Disce quasi semper victurus: vive quasi cras moriturus.

VOL. XVIII.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, APRIL 11, 1885.

No. 31.

Uterior Views.

Carpe diem.—*Horace.*

ARIA: *The Days when we went Gypsying.*

[N. B.—A well-executed double-clog at the end of each verse will much enhance the moral effect of this unpretending little lyric.]

I.

Uterior views! uterior views!
What horrid things they are!
The outlook's wide enough without
Extending it so far.
Encountering Jim the other night
I, breathless, asked the news;
But he said: "I'll see you later,"
For he had uterior views.

Repeat, Calando: He said: "I'll see you later,"
For he had uterior views.

[*And thus repeat the closing lines of each successive stanza.*]

II.

While at a ball I late essayed
Politely to advance
And ask a high-toned girl to be
My partner in the dance;
To my discomfiture, she said:
"You really must excuse:"
For millionaires were present
And she had uterior views.

III.

I met a lovely damsel once
Who realized my dreams,
And squandered my inheritance
On peanuts and ice-creams;
Yet when I offered her my hand,
My hand she did refuse;
She said: "I rather like you,
But I've got uterior views."

IV.

In desperation I resolved
A POET I would be,
And pluck undying laurels from
Apollo's sacred tree.
How sad the answer I received
When I invoked the Muse:
"I can't inspire you, really,
For I've got uterior views."

V.

Cold calculation ever thus
Our present bliss benumbs.

Uphold the good old adage, then:

"To-morrow never comes."

The present moment only is

The one that we can use;

Employ it wisely, therefore, and

Avoid uterior views.

MEDULLA OBLONGATA.

Attraction.

II.

It is unnecessary, and, for want of time, it has been impossible to go deeper, than was gone in the first part of this paper, in considering the various subjects we have had to deal with. On nearly every point, volumes have been written advocating views as conflicting as can easily be imagined; and the theories spoken of are by no means all popular ones. It is, moreover, the present aim to deal merely with generalities, without stopping to consider special offshoots of the subject. There is no theory without its weaker points, and we accept as most plausible that one which appears most general in its application, most simple, and most in conformity with our idea of a general plan.

Nothing is more natural than to suppose that the Creator chose the most simple means of working out His designs; and although we can scarcely say any one method would be more easy for the Divine Hand to follow than another, yet we easily incline to the belief that material simplicity, economy of substance, would be found in the works of God. "Order is the first law of nature," and order and economy are inseparable. Hence, it may be supposed that where matter was not needed, matter was not given: where one principle would suffice to carry out a plan, more were not employed; and it remains for investigation to show what elements, immaterial and material, are necessary to make up the world. If, what appears to us a simple or primary element, be resolved into more simple ones, it is one step further toward this reduction. This simplification is necessarily almost entirely a theoretical work; and here lies the difficulty: each theory advanced has to meet objections which it cannot satisfactorily overcome—whether owing to defects in the theory itself, or to our imperfect understanding of the subjects it deals with, is generally hard to decide. We see nearly every theory opposed by a quite different

one, and it is often impossible to judge which is the more probable. Hence it is that the further we go in investigating the part which attraction plays in the world, the more unstable are our successive standpoints; for we base theory upon theory, any one of which failing might seriously affect our final conclusions. Let us, then, go no farther, but only glance at some interesting possibilities.

Lapides crescunt; vegetabilia crescunt et vivunt; animalia crescunt, vivunt et sentiunt. This, the Linnæan distinction of the kingdoms of Nature, though not a perfect one, is probably as good as can be given in so few words. "Stones grow:"—this growth is evidently the direct result of attraction, and needs no discussion. The only question which might be brought forward here is one alluded to in the first part of this paper, relating to matter itself: "Is all matter different forms of one primary substance, and if so, of what nature is this substance?" This is, of course, entirely a speculative question, and one not likely to be soon answered. The affirmative theory claims that the various forms of matter result only from different arrangements of one kind of ultimate atoms. We might, in questioning what this substance may be, speak of the theory which supposes matter to be composed of nothing but centres of force. Our senses perceive only material things, and all they perceive we term "matter"; but our senses, giving us cognizance of matter only as a mass, affords us no knowledge of its ultimate particles. Our idea of matter is therefore vague; and we know it only as a something which, according to sight, has color and extension; according to touch, impenetrability; and so on. As known to the different senses, it has various properties, styled general or special. Now, it is ordinarily claimed that these properties would exist in matter if composed of particles having each extension, and impenetrability, and therefore it is generally looked upon as so constituted. But would not these same properties exist in matter if we consider its ultimate particles as force-centres? If matter, in other words, consisted merely of force-centres, or centres of attraction, would it not possess the properties which we know it does? It may be possible; for, conceive an atom to be made up of nothing but centres of attraction exerting their influence on each other; these force-centres would evidently tend to come together, and this would give motion. If there were only two of these force-centres, they would simply rush together into one, and, if equal in intensity, meet half-way in the line joining them; but when we consider a large number of them, the problem becomes exceedingly involved; however, if orbital motion would result from this complication of attractive forces—if these force-centres would assume orbits similar to what we see in the cosmos—then this theory is perhaps not absurd; for we know matter only by its properties, and the properties as now known, it seems, would all be present, because if these force-centres could go to make up an atom, these atoms in turn could make up a molecule, with both of which we might deal ex-

actly as we do now. It is strongly urged against this theory, however, that the force-centres, if merely attractive, would not assume an orbital motion in the beginning. This it is useless to discuss, for when we refer to the prime motor, the question becomes so purely speculative as to lose its interest.

From this rather vague conception let us pass to the consideration of life. This is certainly in the province of philosophy; and yet it can scarcely be passed over, as the connection of life with matter is obviously intimate, and the theories relating to it are by no means few. As before observed, all vitality seems to be made apparent to us by its action on matter through the force of attraction. Here arises the question "What is life?" *Vegetabilia crescunt et vivunt*—"Plants grow and live." Now, what is this so-called vitality in plants? Do we need to go farther to explain mere vegetative life in the plant and animal than to physical forces? This is a question which is yet to be solved. The manifestation of this life is evidently nothing more than a complex chemical action which transforms, we say, inorganic substances into organic. Is any principle other than the physical principles involved in the chemical action necessary to effect this transformation? If so, we must conclude that vegetative life exists as a distinct principle: if not, we may infer that it is simply attraction. The materialist might recommend that we go farther and say that, if life and matter may both be attraction, attraction is everything, and everything is attraction.

But we must take into account the higher forms of life: *Animalia crescunt, vivunt et sentiunt*—"Animals grow, live and feel." And while it may not be out of place to discuss the vegetative life, it would certainly be worse than useless to attempt to review here the whole field of materialism. Assuming, then, that there does exist a rational and a sensitive life connected with matter, we cannot, unfortunately, reduce everything to attraction: we may not, however, desire to reduce anything to mere attraction, or we may, perhaps, desire to reduce matter or vegetative life alone to that physical principle. Happily, we can suit ourselves in this without inconveniencing anyone else. We are naturally more apt to try to make our theories conform to our convictions, than our convictions to our theories; and the main difficulty in the way of scientists' agreeing is that there are, on each disputed point, either too many different beliefs for the number of theories supplied, or too many theories to fill the demand. So far as positive conclusions are concerned, we seem to have now reached a point where the number of diverging paths confuses us: we may choose one and follow it to the end, or we may stop where we are and content ourselves with the known, leaving the unfathomable mysteries of nature as objects for the speculation of more imaginative minds.

Certainly, many of the theories of which we have been speaking do not affect, to any great extent, modern scientific investigation; and they are mainly interesting on account of their ingeniousness. Nevertheless, they unfold before us a world

of possibilities, a glance into which is not disagreeable. Some of the hypothesis, however, which science has had to deal with have become established and admitted facts; and the progress of scientific research will undoubtedly tend to establish more. Attraction, surrounded by, and enveloped in the unknown, plays a part in the world which is at present hidden from our understanding. In theory we see it held forth as life and as matter, while in reality we know but little about it. That it plays a leading part in all we see around us, is evident; but just what part it does play, none but the theorist attempts as yet to say. Matter as the seat of life in living bodies, is in nowise different from matter in its inorganic state; but this so-called vegetative life, in taking its hold upon matter, causes chemical phenomena which have not been explained: vegetative life seems to exist in the cell, to be subject to sensitive and rational life, and to modify its functions, to some extent, according to surrounding circumstances. It is, then, a sort of intermediate principle, ruling over matter, and ruled by higher life.

When we enter the animal kingdom we meet multitudes of unexplained phenomena. Philosophy and science combine their efforts in attempting to solve many of the problems which life presents in its union with matter. When we study the organized being as a whole, we see life exhibiting itself through the various physical forces; and although we may say that attraction is the basis of them all, the problem is not simplified. True, we see all the vital functions carried on, apparently, exclusively through this cell-life, but we see the cell-life so completely under the control of higher principles that we are at a loss to give it a definite place in the scale of vitality, and we are confused by the complications which meet us on every side. We see electricity employed in the nervous system and having a certain sway over the cellular functions; this electricity seems to be the agent of a principle higher than cell-life, and based on attraction, ruling over attraction itself. We are confused by the various ways of life, and, failing to elucidate the vital phenomena, we perforce retreat to a safer field and attempt to examine the physical forces separately. This we do, and succeed, to some extent, in satisfying ourselves as to what those forces are. Having done this, we look with a somewhat clearer eye on nature, but soon lose ourselves in a tangle of possibilities. When, however, we turn again to living beings, we see a higher principle, which we call life, dominating over matter, but we cannot understand the mysterious union; at the point where we conclude this union takes place, we find that a chemical action is performing the work which, elaborating the inorganic, forms from it what we term the organic. Whether this chemical action is superintended by a vitality in the form of cell-life, we do not know. Our only conclusion is that, while attraction is the immaterial element of matter, and the foundation of the physical forces, it is probably also the medium of life in its sway over matter; if there be a distinct vegetative life, it is the agent

of higher life in animals; and between life and matter attraction is, in any case, the probable medium.

Here let us end. With the questions glanced at, few of us in this association have any necessity or desire to deal. The aim of this paper has been to entertain rather than to instruct; the path over which we have been somewhat aimlessly wandering is the dividing line between the realms of philosophy and those of science; and without entering to any distance into either, we have cast a few careless glances on both, seeing nothing very clearly except their immeasurable extent.

W. H. JOHNSTON.

(From the "Ave Maria.")

"A Stalwart Singer of the Southern Seas."

BY WILLIAM D. KELLY.

The romantic story of the early life of John Boyle O'Reilly, whom an Irish-American and Catholic poetess—Mrs. Mary E. Blake—has not inaptly called "a stalwart singer of the Southern Seas," has been so often and so well told, that there exists no necessity for detailing it at length in this brief sketch of the poet written for the *Ave Maria*. Born in the County Meath, Ireland, and at an early age a soldier in the English Army, Mr. O'Reilly, whose devotion to the cause of his native land has been such a striking feature of his whole career, soon became a propagandist of Fenianism among his fellows. Suspected of the work he was engaged in, and brought to trial for the same, the result was his conviction and sentence to penal servitude in Australia. How little daunted his patriotic spirit was by this event has been told by one who was sent out with him in the same convict ship, and who has narrated how the felons spent the time of the voyage in publishing, as best they could with the limited means in their control, a paper which abounded in articles of an intensely national character, prominent among which were the poems which young O'Reilly, even then a forcible writer of graceful verse, contributed to its columns.

The future editor of the *Pilot* spent some time in the penal settlements of the Southern continent, but was always on the alert for a chance to escape therefrom; and when that chance came, in the visit to Australia of a New Bedford (Mass.) whaler, aided by the kindly offices of a big-hearted Irish priest, who is now doing missionary service in the diocese of St. Paul, Minn., he was enabled to leave the place of his captivity behind him, and, putting to sea in an open boat, he reached, not without peril and difficulty, the deck of the American ship, where he was warmly welcomed and treated with exceeding kindness. Even then, however, his safety was not secured; for an English cruiser, whose commander had been informed of O'Reilly's daring escape, overhauled the whaler and insisted upon searching for him. But the Yankee shrewdness of the American captain, who had caused the refugee to array himself in the toggery of a sailor, outwitted the English commander, and Mr. O'Reilly escaped detection. After many vicissitudes

of fortune, the young Irishman, who had been very generously befriended by the captain of the New Bedford vessel, arrived in this country, and shortly afterwards found himself a resident of Boston, reaching that city something like fifteen years ago, and abiding in it ever since.

Naturally of a literary bent of mind, young O'Reilly, at that time only twenty-five years of age, sought for and obtained employment on the newspapers, and soon became connected with the *Pilot*, of which he is now the able editor-in-chief, but which at the time spoken of was owned and conducted by that veteran publisher, Mr. Patrick Donahoe, who now edits an excellent monthly—*Donahoe's Magazine*. Mr. O'Reilly's work on the *Pilot* was so successful, and so well appreciated by Mr. Donahoe, that in a very short space of time he won a leading position on that paper, and for some years before the *Pilot* passed out of Mr. Donahoe's hands he had the entire editorial charge of its columns. But the *Pilot* by no means monopolized the productions of his pen; and his poems, which even then had won their author considerable renown, appeared in more than one prominent newspaper and magazine. When financial reverses overtook Mr. Donahoe, and it became necessary for him to part with the paper he had founded and so long ably conducted, Mr. O'Reilly and the Archbishop of Boston, Most Rev. John J. Williams, became its purchasers,—the Archbishop being, and still remaining, the larger stockholder, while Mr. O'Reilly naturally retained the editorship.

The main reason why the Archbishop became a purchaser of the paper was a desire on his part to pay back, through his profits, the money a number of people, who could ill afford to bear their losses, had invested in a bank Mr. Donahoe maintained in connection with his publication business, and which failed at the time he became insolvent. The *Pilot* generously undertook the reimbursement of these unfortunate investors, who had no claim whatever on the new proprietors of the paper; and it has been able, by means of its immense circulation and extensive advertising patronage,—no small portion of which it owes to the able manner in which Mr. O'Reilly has edited it,—to make good a large share of their losses to these creditors of Mr. Donahoe. Any one who has read the *Pilot* of late years can not have failed to notice the announcement every two years or so of "another *Pilot* dividend"; which meant that the new proprietors stood ready to pay another ten per cent. of the indebtedness (something like \$70,000) which they voluntarily and generously assumed when they became the owners of the paper.

From the very first day that Mr. O'Reilly came to Boston, his career, viewed in whatever light that may be, has been a singularly successful one. It would be superfluous here to pay any tribute to his literary abilities and success, or to descant upon the renown his pen has won him. He is everywhere recognized as the foremost of Irish-American poets; and nobody who has ever read his strong, graceful and impassioned verses will, I imagine, question his right to that distinction. His

praise has not come to him from his Irish-American countrymen alone, by any means; nor does he owe the prominence he holds in the world of letters solely to their eulogies and verdict. That has been universally accorded to him by the unbiased opinion of others who have nothing in common with him in the matter of race or religion, but who recognize in him a writer entitled to rank on a par with the best *littérateurs* of this or any other country. As in the case of the late Dr. Joyce, though more remarkably so, Mr. O'Reilly's literary abilities have won the friendship and esteem of the best American authors. Longfellow, during his life, was always glad to welcome the younger poet to his hearthstone; and Holmes, Whittier, Aldrich, Howells, and a host of other distinguished writers, are his intimate friends. His compositions, whether in prose or poetry, are eagerly accepted by editors, and frequently grace the pages of the leading periodicals; while the terse paragraphs and vigorous leaders of the *Pilot* bear ample testimony to his ability as an editorial writer. What Mr. O'Reilly's annual income from the labors of his pen may be, we have no means of knowing, but it is certain that the amount is considerable, and that he is one of the fortunate few whom literature pays: doubtless for the reason that the work he accomplishes in that field is of superlative merit.

Physically, Mr. O'Reilly is a splendid specimen of vigorous manhood. Comely far beyond the average man, his love of athletic sports and his devotion to such pursuits have given him a grace and strength which few men of forty years possess. There is scarcely any branch of athletic exercises which has not a charm for him, and in which he has not acquired proficiency. He is frequently called upon to act as referee in athletic games, notably in the tournaments held annually by the students of Harvard College; and so great is the reliance placed upon his judgment that his decisions in such matters are never questioned. Of late years he has exhibited a remarkable fondness for navigating neighboring rivers in a canoe, and the descriptions of these trips which he has furnished some of the magazines form very delightful reading.

Socially, the Editor of the *Pilot* is the most affable of men, and his conversation, even when that turns on the dry matters of every-day life, is peculiarly pleasing and instructive. Engrossed though he must be in the cares of the vast business of which he is the manager, he seems always to have a quarter of an hour to spare to any one who invades his editorial sanctum; and his cheery invitation to call again when you are taking your departure, coupled with the memory of the pleasant time you spent in his presence, is almost sure to bring you back before many weeks.

Mr. O'Reilly is a prominent member of many of Boston's most famous clubs, belonging, among others, to the St. Botolph's, one of the leading social circles; the Papyrus, the foremost literary association; and is also connected with several associations in other cities. Several years ago he married a

very estimable and accomplished lady of the Charlestown district, where he at present resides; and he is now the fortunate father of an interesting family of little girls, some of whom have already given evidence, in the Catholic convents where they are being educated, that they have inherited no small share of their parent's talents and abilities. During the summer months, Mr. O'Reilly and family are to be found in the historic town of Hull, where he is the owner of a cottage; but he is frequently called away from home, as, in addition to the many demands of his business, he is often asked to lecture before literary and other societies; and he has achieved no small success as a platform speaker.

As a writer both of poetry and prose, Mr. O'Reilly has won such general and merited renown that it would seem rather presumptuous to criticise his productions in this brief sketch of his life, even though the criticism should be eulogistic of their merits. His prose writings have been mainly sketches and essays contributed to the several magazines; though, of course, his editorial work must also be considered. He has published one lengthy story, "Moondyne," which originally appeared in the columns of the *Pilot*, where it was eagerly read by thousands, and which has since been published in book form, in which shape it is still in great demand. Another serial, "The King's Men," of which he is the conjoint author with three other well-known writers, was recently brought out by a combination of Sunday newspapers, in whose columns it appeared simultaneously, and for which the authors are said to have been paid \$5,000. Another book from his pen, in which industrial and economic questions will be treated, is, I understand, shortly to be published.

In verse, Mr. O'Reilly has thus far published three volumes: "Songs from the Southern Seas," "Songs, Legends and Ballads," and "Statues in the Block"; and he has also written considerable poetry which is not contained in any of these books. His poetical works have all been successful ventures and have met with excellent sales, while the demand for them is by no means exhausted. Some of Mr. O'Reilly's verses have acquired a world-wide reputation, notably more than one of his Australian poems, his "Ride of Collins Graves," and his last, and in many respects his best, lines on the death of Wendell Phillips, of which a competent critic has said that if its author had never written anything else, that poem alone would entitle him to a poet's name and immortality. This poem is of such recent writing, and has been so widely copied, that I forbear quoting from it here, and reserve the limited space allowed me for selections from some of Mr. O'Reilly's earlier verses. Writing for the *Ave Maria*, I naturally give the preference to his Marian poems, two of which I find in his "Songs, Legends and Ballads." From the first of these, entitled "Mary," I take the following stanzas:

"Dear honored name, beloved for human ties,
But loved and honored first that One was given

In living proof to erring mortal eyes
That our poor earth is near akin to Heaven.

"Sweet word of dual meaning: one of grace,
And born of our kind advocate above;
And one by memory linked to that dear face
That blessed my childhood with its mother-love,

"And taught me first the simple prayer, 'To thee,
Poor banished sons of Eve we send our cries!'
Through mist of years, those words recall to me
A childish face upturned to loving eyes.

"The sweet-faced moon reflects on cheerless night
The rays of hidden sun to rise to-morrow;
So, unseen God still lets His promised light,
Through Holy Mary, shine upon our sorrow."

"A Legend of the Blessed Virgin" is a fine poem, which I would fain quote entire, if I thought there would be room for it. It treats of a doubt which St. Joseph is once supposed to have entertained for his Virgin Spouse, and the last two stanzas run thus:

"And once, when moody thus within his garden,
The gentle girl besought for some ripe fruit
That hung beyond her reach, the old man answered,
With face averted, harshly to her suit:
'I will not serve thee, woman! Thou hast wronged me:
I heed no more thy words and actions mild;
If fruit thou wantest, thou canst henceforth ask it
From him, the father of thy unborn child.'

"But ere the words had root within her hearing,
The Virgin's face was glorified anew:
And Joseph, turning, sank within her presence,
And knew indeed his wondrous dreams were true.
For there before the sandalled feet of Mary
The kingly tree had bowed its top, and she
Had pulled and eaten from its prostrate branches,
As if unconscious of the mystery."

A religious vein runs through many of Mr. O'Reilly's verses, as in "The Fishermen of Wexford," where he represents the fishermen's wives on the beach thus:

"O Holy Virgin! be their guard,' the weeping women
cried;
The old men, sad and silent, watched the boats cleave thro'
the tide";

and in "The Priests of Ireland," which ends with these lines:

"Let the words be carried outward till the farthest lands
they reach:
'After Christ, their country's freedom do the Irish prelates
preach.'"

Mr. O'Reilly has written so many fine poems that one experiences the greatest difficulty in making selections from them, with a view of illustrating the poetic abilities of their author. His Australian poems, for instance, are nearly all masterpieces,—“The King of the Vasse,” “The Dog Guard,” “Haunted by Tigers,” and “The Amber Whale,” especially so; while his ballads have been lauded by no less a critic than Mr. R. H. Stoddard as the finest specimens of that sort of poetry in the English language. One striking feature of Mr. O'Reilly's verse is its masculinity. There is no sickly sentimentality in his lines; but though these are full of original thought, and remarkable for the unique treatment of their subjects, it would be a great mistake to suppose that their strength and originality precluded lofty flights of imagination.

Some of his stanzas are perfect epigrams in their way, as witness this one from "At Best":

"From soul to soul the shortest line
At best will bended be:
The ship that sails the straightest course
Still sails the convex sea"

Perhaps our author's forte lies in dramatic narration, which shows to best advantage in his Australian poems. The reader is at times almost irresistibly carried along by the force and interest of these poems, which, although they may be uneven in merit, have all a peculiar grace and strength of their own that have already secured many of them a permanent place in the poetic literature of the day. I make room here for the opening lines of "The Dog Guard":

"There are lonesome places upon the earth
That have never re-echoed a sound of mirth,
Where the spirits abide that feast and quaff
On the shuddering soul of a murdered laugh,
And take grim delight in the fearful start,
As their unseen fingers clutch the heart,
And the blood flies out from the gripping pain,
To carry the chill through every vein:
And the staring eyes and the whitened faces
Are a joy to these ghosts of the lonesome places."

Being an Irishman and an intensely patriotic one at that, O'Reilly has, of course, written some stirring Irish poetry. I have already briefly quoted from "The Priests of Ireland." "The Patriot's Grave," which was read at the Emmet Centennial in Boston, on the 14th of March, 1878, is a fine effort, in which his peculiar and forcible style shows to good advantage:—

"Richest of gifts to a nation! Death with the living crown!
Type of ideal manhood to the people's heart brought down!
"Shrine of a nation's honor—stone left blank for a name—
Light on the dark horizon, to guide us clear from shame!
"He teaches the secret of manhood—the watchword of
those who aspire—
That men must follow freedom, though it lead through
blood and fire."

One more quotation, from "A Nation's Test," and I am done:—

"A nation's greatness lies in men, not acres:
One master-mind is worth a million hands.
No royal robes have marked the planet shakers,
But Samson-strength to burst the ages' bands.
The might of empire gives no crown supernal—
Athens is here, but where is Macedon?
A dozen lives make Greece and Rome eternal,
And England's fame might safely rest on one."

Mr. O'Reilly, as has been previously remarked, is still a young man, being only in his forty-first year. He has by no means written himself out, and one of his latest poems, that on the death of his friend, Wendell Phillips, is, in some respects, the best that his pen has ever produced. Everything he writes now, whether it be in prose or poetry, is eagerly read; and to his strong individuality the paper of which he is the able editor owes much of the vast influence it wields. Although he has already made his mark indelibly in the world of letters, and won for himself a lasting fame, there is every reason to anticipate that his best literary work has not yet been accomplished; and if his years are still to be many on this earth,

as I trust they may be, it is certain that this stalwart singer will achieve greater successes with his pen than the many and notable ones he has already secured.

Historical Reminiscences.

No. II.

A LETTER FROM THE RT. REV. BISHOP HAILANDIERE.*

REV. E. SORIN, NOTRE DAME:

MY DEAR CONFRERE:—To select the most suitable spot for the building of your house,—though it is but a matter of taste,—supposes that he who makes the choice should be either on the ground, or at least have a more distinct recollection of the local position, the surrounding prospect and other material points, than I possess. This will appear plain enough from the following cast of ideas: The situation most favorable, from my point of view, and which seems to have even somewhat of a charm is that which I have marked 1. The other, marked 2, is, as far as I can remember, the plan proposed by Mr. Martin.

It is impossible for me to think of visiting you at the date you mention. My time is all taken up, and I am so much the sorrier for it as it would be a real satisfaction for me to see you settle down on this tract of land. Your designs please me more and more, and I dare prophesy a happy result for them in the future.

I regret that Mr. B. did not leave with you some more worthy *memento* of himself. Try to have the affair as little spoken of as possible. Much that is said concerning it is false. He has many enemies who misconstrue his actions everywhere. Unfortunately, laying aside what is done against him through ill will, there still remains so

* Rt. Rev. Celestine René Lawrence Guynemer de la Hailandière was the second Bishop of Vincennes, Ind. At the date of the above letter, the whole of the State of Indiana was embraced in the one diocese of Vincennes; a division was made in 1857, resulting in the formation of the diocese of Fort Wayne, which includes the north portion of the State. Bishop Hailandière was born in Combourg, France, on the 2d of May, 1798, and his youth and early education was passed amid the perilous times of the French Revolution. After the subsidence of those stormy days, he had, owing to his talents and graces, many profitable preferments presented before him, but he renounced all to devote himself to the work of the Sacred Ministry. In course of time he was ordained priest, and after several years passed in the fulfilment of parochial duties, at the call of the Rt. Rev. Dr. Bruté—first Bishop of Vincennes—he left his native shores to assume the labors of a missionary to the "Wilds of Indiana." He was consecrated Bishop in 1839. The details of his life and labors are well portrayed in that valuable work entitled "A History of the Catholic Church in the Diocese of Vincennes," by the Rev. H. Aldering, Rector of St. Joseph's Church, Indianapolis, Ind. Suffice it to say here that it was through the instrumentality of this distinguished prelate that our Very Rev. Father General Sorin came to this country and laid the foundations of the great monument to the cause of Religion and Education which is now the pride of our continent. The foregoing letter we select for publication among many others as being of particular interest, inasmuch as it refers to sites recommended for the establishment of Notre Dame University.

much to his discredit that we can answer it only by being silent and doing better (than he did). At present he is penitent, well disposed, and it is to be hoped that henceforward he will be more exemplary. I gave him his *exeat* some months since. But how consoling the contrast between this person and Mr. De Seille! This latter was a saint. Dear and noble friend! where can such piety, devotedness, kind-heartedness and talent again be found? He, too, alas! is dead. I suppose you have read all about him in the *Annals of the Propagation of the Faith*? if not, I will procure it for you. They are your predecessors—it belongs to you to collect all that regards them. It is a treasure, a perfume of virtue, a true glory.

I could wish you had delayed the removal of Mr. De Seille's remains until you had things in a more complete state. But no matter; if the log-house answers the purpose. Ah! what a host of reminiscences is associated with it!

P. S.—Let Mr. Coquillard continue. Perhaps he will succeed in the city. If he does not wish to build the church, ask him to pay you, on my account, the \$250 with interest for two years and a half. We will settle it afterwards.

If, contrary to what I have said, it be possible for me to go to see you I will let you know by letter.

I have the honor to be, with respect, my dear *confrère*,

Your humble servant,

✠ CEL., *Ev. de Vin.*

VINCENNES, March 30, 1843.

P. S.—Dear Mr. Winizaephlin! His case was to be decided yesterday. We await news of it this evening.

In great haste.

Art, Music and Literature.

—An Italian journal announces that the Pope has accepted the dedication of Gounod's new oratorio, "Mors et Vita."

—A French party in Mauritius have started a new journal, called *Madagascar*. The name indicates its object—it is to promote the annexation to France of the great African island.

—A Prince, a Marchese, a Pasha, a Marquis, an Earl, two Barons, and a Baronet and Privy Councillor (the two last are not allowed much space) make up the writers in the March *Nineteenth Century*. This recalls Sir G. C. Lewis's essay "On the Influence of Authority in Matters of Opinion."

—*The North American Review* is to have a new department. The editor who has long been impressed with the value of the letters of criticism which the contributions to *The Review* have called out, has finally concluded to make a place for them by setting apart a special portion of his pages for their benefit.

—The bust of Burns, recently placed in the

Poets' Corner at Westminster Abbey, was the result of twenty thousand subscriptions, many of which were sent in by very poor people. The bust is placed on the stone screen, in the centre of which stands the statue of Shakspeare, and it is flanked by the memorials of Campbell and Thomson.

—One of the late General Gordon's minor contributions to literature is a brief memoir of Zebehr Pasha, which he drew up for the information of the Soudanese. General Gordon caused the memoir to be translated into Arabic, and we believe that copies of it are still in existence. It was written during the General's first administration of the Soudan.

—The articles in the current number of *The Century* on the engagement between the Monitor and the Merrimac will be supplemented in an early number by a paper from the pen of Capt. John Ericsson, the inventor of the Monitor, giving a record of the circumstances in which that vessel was invented, and treating also of the engagement in Hampton Roads.

—It is proposed to erect a monument to the memory of the composer Weber, at his native place Entin, on the centenary of his birth, Dec. 18, 1886. The project has the approval of the most distinguished musicians of Europe, and America is invited to participate. A sub-committee has been appointed for this country, of which the chairman is Dr. Ziegfeld, of the Musical College of Chicago. —*Dial*.

—Mr. H. Smith Wright, formerly scholar of Trinity College, Cambridge, is engaged on a translation of the Iliad in English hexameters. Mr. Wright is the son of Mr. Ichabod C. Wright, who translated the Iliad in blank verse, and is better known by his excellent English version of the "Divina Commedia." The first four books of the Iliad are now in press, and will shortly be published by Messrs. Bell.—*Athenæum*.

—A bronze statue of an athlete, upwards of six feet in height, has been discovered close to the gardens of the Colonna Palace. It probably belonged either to the Baths of Constantine or to Hadrian's Temple of the Sun, which stood near each other at that corner of the Quirinal Hill. A series of valuable inscriptions was found at the end of January close to the Porta Salara, and seven marble sarcophagi have been dug up in the same locality. A fine marble portrait statue of a Roman lady, sculptured in Parian marble of the rarest quality, has been discovered near the *Scala Santa*. A Greek inscription states that it was erected to an intelligent mother-in-law, by her son-in-law, Eubouleon. The face only is that of Eubouleon's mother-in-law, the original face having been sunk sufficiently to permit of the features being altered. The lettering on the plinth and the manner in which the face and hair are carved, would indicate that this alteration was made in the first half of the third century, while the statue utilized is a fine work of about the time of Hadrian, if not earlier. —*London Weekly Register*.

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

Notre Dame, April 11, 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.

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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.

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

OLD STUDENTS SHOULD TAKE IT.

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Address EDITOR NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC,
Notre Dame, Indiana.

—A letter to Rev. President Walsh from Very Rev. Father General Sorin was received on Monday last. It was written at Rome, and in it the venerable Father Founder stated that he expected to leave for Paris in a few days, and start from there for home during the week after Easter. In all probability he has already embarked, and is now homeward bound. We hope that the return voyage will be as pleasant, propitious and speedy as was the departing trip across the "great old ocean."

What we Should not Read.

Whatever we read exercises an influence for good or evil on our minds and hearts; and since this is the case, it is of the utmost importance that books should be selected with care. In discriminating between what is good or bad, or doubtful, we should be led by the consideration that books and writings are good inasmuch as they conform to the truths of Christianity and the dogmas of the Church, and serve in a measure to illustrate them, explain them, defend them, or apply them to man's conduct in life.

In order to entitle a book to pass muster even as unobjectionable, it is necessary that there should be absolutely nothing in it having a tendency to sap the foundation of faith or morals, to lessen our respect for the revealed truths of Christianity, for its holy ministry, or for virtue. Good books never have anything of this kind, and when the matter of a book assumes a different character, though ever so vaguely, it should at once be set aside.

Bad books are those in which loose morals are inculcated by precept or example, or in which Christianity is assailed; and they are bad whether the attack be open or covert—whether they brazenly deny the truths of religion, or whether they seek to undermine them by ridicule or misrepresentation; by speaking lightly or disparagingly of the Church or her Divine Founder, of her clergy or religious institutions, or whether they indirectly seek to attain their end by gilding vice and palming it off as a natural virtue, or by seeking to excuse the vices of the world and making them pass for merely slight and pardonable faults.

We say books are *good* or *bad* in so far as they have an influence for good or evil. Almost all books are to be placed on one side or the other. Very few there are which can take a neutral position. They are either more or less advocates of virtue or of vice. We have, on the one hand, all sorts of good books, from the light and edifying romance, at the bottom of the scale, up to the Holy Scriptures; and, on the other, all sorts and grades of bad books from the dime novel to the openly obscene books or the writings of the infidel scientists of the day.

For the young and inexperienced, perhaps the most dangerous kind of reading is that which pretends to be neither vicious nor virtuous, which may even give some semblance of the latter, but which in reality is an active propagator of vice in some one form or another. There is, for example, the *fast* juvenile literature of the day, such as may be seen in the many story-papers for boys that teem from the press in New York and other cities, and for which the dime novel so well paved the way; those stories in which a boy is lectured for his faults and then is represented as showing what our *soi-disant* literati are pleased to call manliness and independence, when the hero makes of himself a disobedient son, a scapegrace, lost to all feeling and sense of filial virtue, and then is brought out on some wild-goose chase from which they make him turn up as a millionaire, or something of the sort—something which never, or only once in nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine times, happens in real life, and thereby the victimized reader is entirely made unfit for the actualities of real life. In fact, those accustomed to such reading pass their days in a sort of dream-land, with an Utopia conjured up before their morbid brains, so that when they are launched forth on the great sea of life they find themselves without bearing or compass—without practical knowledge of whence or how they have come, or whither they are drifting,—and the inevitable consequence, unless a merciful Providence intervenes, is disastrous shipwreck to both body and soul.

All such books and papers as we have described to be bad should be carefully avoided, and their sale discouraged. They should be avoided since they are evil, and it is the duty of a Christian to avoid even the appearance of evil. Their sale should be discouraged, since the sale of them would encourage not only vice, but the propagators of vices by pecuniarily aiding them in the

circulation of their works. Besides, there is always scandal given by reading works of this kind, and, by the evil example of one, many are sometimes led to purchase and read what may be to their temporal and eternal ruin.

He who is given to the reading of bad books soon becomes corrupt at heart. His mind cannot be pure who reads what is evil and is amused with wickedness. A carcass is food for carrion-birds only. All others avoid it. The bad book is a moral carcass on which pure minds will not feed. We cannot plead in excuse that we read for our improvement. Deck the carcass as gaily and as richly as you may, it remains a carcass still.

If, then, we wish to cultivate our minds, there are good books enough to enable us to do it. In reading bad books there is something which will remain in our memory; we gradually get accustomed to evil, and in the course of time we will enjoy what would at first have disgusted us. Like sin, it may at first be hateful to us, but by familiarity with it we "pity, then embrace." This familiarity with bad books is what has led thousands into sin and immorality.

We have frequently spoken in our pages of the importance of never reading immoral books, and we do so now because of the temptations to read that beset students. A flashy novel has attractions for young people, and if it can be smuggled into a study-hall it will be eagerly devoured. To the young it may seem to be "no harm" to indulge in such reading, but the injury done is made but too painfully manifest by the reports of the police-courts in our large cities and many other examples chronicled by the press of the day. Avoid reading-matter that is not strictly moral and useful, and on all occasions show a gentlemanly disapproval of any attempts to advocate or introduce it.

C.

Alchemy and Alchemists.

Chemistry owes no small share of its progress to the researches of the alchemists of the Middle Ages. These men worked long and patiently in the interest of discovering the means of transmuting the baser metals into gold. They largely withdrew themselves from the people; and, surrounded by an air of mystery, worked for months and years in the hope of forming by some fortunate combination the magic powder which they expected to turn iron, copper, tin, brass, etc., into gold. Their experiments led to the discovery of many important chemical compounds which it is customary to ascribe to more modern research. And thus their work did not go for naught. It proved almost as serviceable as an introduction to chemistry as astrology did to the science of astronomy. But, nevertheless, the world will never fully know the zeal, patience and industry with which the alchemists labored in their fruitless undertaking.

A majority of persons noted in the walks of science and philosophy during mediæval times had faith in

the ultimate success of the alchemists and sometimes joined in their experiments. Men of wealth, merchants, dukes, kings and emperors were at times their patrons, and large sums of money were placed at their disposal.

In the eighth century the Arab Geber attained to a high standing as an alchemist. He was generally believed to possess a knowledge of the secret by which brass and copper could be transmuted into gold. His gifts, such as the gods had conferred upon Midas, carried his name into many lands and secured great distinction for him. He was the first to give accurate descriptions of the common metals. He knew that a preparation of nitric acid and aqua regia, or a compound of nitric and muriatic acids, would dissolve gold. In the ninth century the Arab Rhases discovered in his investigation the process of making distilled spirits. Albertus Magnus ascertained in like manner the compounds that form caustic potash, and to him also belongs the discovery of the means of refining gold and silver. Roger Bacon, the famous English monk, who died in the 13th century, applied the experimental method to the study of physics, and wrought such remarkable results that many of his contemporaries believed him to be in league with the devil. His searches for the "philosopher's stone," or the means of transmuting metals, led to the discovery of gunpowder. Some, it is true, contend that gunpowder was discovered by a monk named Schwartz in the year 1230; but, however that may be, there is no question that Bacon greatly improved it; and the weight of evidence favors the belief that he discovered it. Raymond Lully, Basilus Valentinus, Isaac the Hollander, etc., are among the other alchemists to whom chemistry is under obligations. The famous Galileo and the renowned Francis Bacon, not to mention Paracelsus, also dabbled in alchemy.

Until the seventeenth century learned men did not object to being regarded as patrons or students of alchemy. The mines in America had begun to yield real gold and silver before fruitless experimentation in the interest of compounding them was discontinued. But not wholly was it discontinued, for even in our own day it has been stated that Norman Lockyer succeeded in satisfactorily establishing the possibility of transmuting metals.

As to the antiquity of alchemy there is naturally much obscurity. One writer refers to it as originating with Tubal Cain, who lived before the flood, and to whom the scriptures refer as a worker in metals. Several authors contend that the Egyptian deity, Hermes Trismegistus, was the first alchemist. But all that is unworthy of credence. Alchemy was first practised on an extensive scale in the Eastern Empire, with headquarters at Byzantium, or Constantinople.* The first authentic writings of the alchemists date back to the seventh century. At that time Egypt was regarded as the cradle of human knowledge, and it was natural that the alchemist authors should seek to dignify their works by ascribing them to Hermes Trismegistus. Up to the time of the Mohammedan wars the relations between Constantinople and Alexan-

dria were very intimate, and alchemy was studiously cultivated in both places. The victorious Arabians in good time adopted the same pursuit; and investigations in alchemy continued with unabated interest until the seventeenth century.

The alchemists viewed metals as compound bodies, uniform in composition, and having two common elements—sulphur and mercury. The difference of properties in the various metals was ascribed to the variable proportions of these substances. They regarded gold as formed of pure mercury, holding in combination a small amount of very pure sulphur. Those elements were said to be almost equal in copper. They viewed tin as a combination of badly mixed sulphur and a little mercury of impure quality. The mercurius they referred to as the chief element of metals and the cause of their flexibility and lustre, while the sulphur represented their combustible part.

With regard to the origin of metals, the alchemists contended that they had their beginning in the interior of the earth. Gold and silver were pronounced the proper products of the earth, and all other metals they spoke of as mere accidents, or as forms of gold and silver in process of growth and development. To effect artificial development or transmutation was the work of the philosopher's stone, powder, elixir or quintessence, as it was variously called. Van Helmont declares that he once had this powder in his hands. He describes it as heavy, of saffron color, and looking like bits of glass. Paracelsus had, of course, likewise seen it. To him it seemed to be "a solid body, of a dark ruby tint, transparent, and looking like bits of glass." Raymond Lully says it looked like a carbuncle. Berigord of Pisa compares it with a wild poppy. And Kalid describes it as distinguished by all the colors—white, red, yellow, sky-blue and green. Its virtues are set forth as follows by Lully:

"Take a piece of this wonderful medicine as large as a bean; put it on 1,000 ounces of mercury, and it will change the latter into a red powder. Add an ounce of this red powder to another 1,000 ounces of mercury, and the same transformation will be effected. Repeat this operation twice, and each ounce of product will change 1,000 ounces of mercury into the philosopher's stone. One ounce of the product of the fourth operation will be sufficient to change 1,000 ounces of mercury into better gold than the best gold in the mines."

Other alchemists ascribed to it the additional virtue of prolonging life. It was said to have the effect of restoring youth when applied with certain incantations to the human form. It was believed by many to have the power of rendering man immortal. It was viewed as hardly inferior to the fire which Prometheus stole from heaven. The life of Frederick Geraldo, a Venetian brother of the Rosy Cross, was said to have been prolonged 400 years by the use of it. It was said to have restored youth to Solomon Trismosin.

But is useless to enlarge upon the subject. Alchemy is now viewed as impracticable—as a gross delusion—by all sensible people. No person ever

succeeded in transmuting metals or prolonging life by powders, elixirs or incantations of any kind, and it may safely be predicated that no one ever will be able to do so. But nevertheless it is instructive to learn how prevalent the delusion was in the past. And it may humble the common pride in the present enlightenment of the human mind to remember that it is only a few years since the greatest of scientists and philosophers were firm believers in that delusion—in alchemy.

H.

Exchanges.

—*The Chronicle* presents a new feature in the illustration of a local question in each number. The \$20 prize offered by the *Palladium* for a song is the subject taken for the first illustration—a comical one, à la *Punch*, of course—and the hit is not a bad one. The chief attraction of this number of *The Chronicle* is not the illustration, however, but the excellent speech of Mr. C. K. Adams, delivered at a meeting of the alumni residing in Washington, on the 18th of February.

—The matter of the *Virginia University Magazine* for March is far superior to that in the February number. The "Colorado Prospector" is a fine descriptive piece of writing, the more pleasing on account of the simplicity of its style. The article on "Needful Reforms at Our University" imparts to the magazine somewhat of the college tone that it needed, on account of its almost total absence in the local departments. The "Editor's Table" is a very poor affair,—there is little more than the name,—and "Among Our Exchanges" is an indifferently assorted set of selections. The trashy verses from the *Argo* and the *Acta* contrast badly with the dainty poetic pen touches of the *Advocate* and the *Vassar Miscellany*, and are unworthy of a place in a college magazine.

—Our Exchange-editor of last year wants to know all about the Annual Convention of College Editors and the meeting of '85. Bless you, brother, there was no meeting,—we at least heard of none. The Convention of '84 decided upon a meeting this year, we believe, at the usual time, but for some occult reason the meeting did not materialize. Many of those who should have formed it probably went in search of the lost brethren of the I. P. A., and may be now feeding on blubber and sole-leather at the North Pole. If they succeed in finding the said Inter-Collegiate Press Association there may be a joyful reunion next year on the 1st of April, but as we are not a prophet nor the son of a prophet we can't promise anything in advance. College editors are a proverbially fickle set of beings, and there is no telling what they will do, a day in advance.

—The *Queen's College Journal* would be better with an Exchange department; and so also would *The Badger*, the *Oberlin Review*, the *Pennsylvania University Magazine*, and *The Northwestern*. As our sprightly and well edited

Brooklyn contemporary—*The Polytechnic*—says, "We believe the mutual criticism of each other to be helpful, and we cannot expect to receive from others what we ourselves do not give. This is our reason," adds *The Polytechnic*, "for sustaining an Exchange column; and we think it does not lack interest to our own subscribers." The fact that some college editors do not know how to use an Exchange department, that others abuse it, and that still others have only the ghost of an Exchange department, stuck away in a corner, is no proof that a fairly well conducted Exchange department will not prove interesting to every reader.

—The literary department of our Bloomington (Ill.) *confrère* the *Student's Journal* contains an able and well-written article entitled "A Plea for Dakota's Admission." Mr. Ware writes a practical article and establishes himself in a strong position. We like the tenor of the *Journal's* cutting rebuke of the objectionable "jest, joke, pun, or criticism" in "a public assembly" or anywhere else. The college papers have too many such, to the disgrace of their editors. We do not agree with the *Journal's* estimate of Mr. Cross's so-called "Eclectic" system of shorthand, which would have it the "very best system of shorthand as yet in existence"; it is one of the *very worst* systems in existence, for many reasons, and can easily be proved to be such. In no respect can it be compared to Isaac Pitman's phonography, or to Graham's, Longley's, Benn Pitman's, or Munson's modifications of that system. Mr. Cross is a polished writer, and, no doubt, a good teacher in other respects, but his system of shorthand is one of the most fearfully complicated and cumbersome systems extant.

—The following item, from the Williams *Athenæum*, gives some idea of the extent to which a college student or a college editor can be blinded, by indifference or sheer laziness, to the advantages accruing from the prompt writing out of lectures:

"It is a dead loss to spend an hour a day in writing out in lecture books matter that can, in substance, be found in some inexpensive text-book. If a professor has something to say to his class that cannot be found in convenient form in text-books, let him say it; but if it is a subject of considerable breadth, and one recurring every year, let him offer his notes in printed form, and so obviate the necessity of spending time in useless drudgery over lecture books, no better when finished, than the text-book costing in reality not one-tenth as much."

The lectures at Williams College must be very poor, very commonplace, indeed, to justify the alternative proposed by the *Athenæum*. If the matter can be found in the text-books the lectures are a farce; if the matter of the lectures is not in the text-books and the professor qualified for the position he holds, the lectures are worth copying. The greater part of the matter of lectures may be from the text-books and still be worth copying, because of its greater condensation and the explanatory comments made upon it by the lecturer. If the latter be worth nothing, where is the benefit of a law or medical school? If they be worth nothing the student can obtain a full supply of text-books and make his studies at home, without the incon-

veniences attending a course at college. The suggestion is a wild, nonsensical one. We wonder that a college student would be bold enough to make it, and that college editors would dare to publish it. The "notes in printed form" would do very well, to a certain extent, if students could be made to commit them to memory, but no printed notes can supply the advantage given by the living voice of a practical and experienced teacher.

Books and Periodicals.

MONTALEMBERT: A Biographical Sketch. By Joseph Walter Wilstach. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co., 9 Barclay Street. 1885.

It is a favorable sign of the times when a young author, like Mr. Joseph Walter Wilstach, takes, by predilection, such a subject as Montalembert. Into his thin volume, Mr. Wilstach has admirably compressed, not only the principal events in the life of Montalembert, and the landmarks, so to speak, of his career, but snatches of that torrent of eloquence in defence of liberty in its broadest and most exalted sense, with which he overwhelmed the advocates of a liberty as narrow as it was false; and of that burning eloquence, also, with which he cauterized the consciences of the French peers, recalling them to a sense of the dignity and value of their religious and national traditions; stigmatizing as degrading, and even treasonable to the honor of France, what was then regarded as a mark of superiority. Nothing could be more happy than Mr. Wilstach's selections from the voluminous works of this great orator and writer, one of the glories of our age, who may be said to have redeemed France from the disgraceful charge of infidelity, since he drew the hearts of the French nobility to his cause, despite its apparent unpopularity. The book is calculated to stimulate the faith of young Catholic gentlemen in America—those who may fancy that, after all, the Church which befits the Emerald Isle is hardly the Church for a progressive citizen of the United States. For as he reads the spark of chivalry will ignite from the torch of that most worthy son of France even in her best days—Charles Forbes René de Montalembert.

—The *St. Nicholas* for April opens with a frontispiece illustration, by W. St. John Harper, of "The Gilded Boy," a true story of a Florentine pageant in 1492. Indeed, the romance of history forms a prominent feature of this number. In the "Historic Girls" series E. S. Brooks tells the story of the girlhood of "Zenobia of Palmyra," as based on information recently brought to light by Eastern scholars, which is timely, in so far as it shows a prototype of the events of to-day—a mighty European power humbled and held at bay by the Arabs of many centuries ago. Coming to more modern days, there is a sketch of Bach, which forms the first of a series of brief biographies, by Agatha Tunis, of the great musicians "From Bach to Wagner."

—*The Brooklyn Magazine* for April appears clothed in its new form and dress, and is so thoroughly improved as to make it hardly recognizable as the same periodical. The change of form doubtless inspired the Editor to present his readers with an unusually attractive array of literary matter. Henry Ward Beecher opens with a poetical article on "Thoughts of Spring-Time." A beautiful poem on Easter is printed, as also is a sonnet by William H. Hayne, the Southern poet. Hon. J. S. T. Stranahan discusses "The Future of Brooklyn" in a paper strongly favoring its annexation with New York. Martin F. Tupper, the English poet, writes a letter concerning his straitened financial circumstances; Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher gives an indirect slap at the question of woman's suffrage, placing woman's rightful position as beside her husband, and counsels her against roaming away from home.

—In the April number of *The Century* Admiral David D. Porter contributes to the War Series a striking paper on "The Opening of the Lower Mississippi." While Admiral Farragut led the men-of-war past the New Orleans forts, Porter paved the way for and supported the attack with the *Mortal-Fleet*. At the beginning of his paper Admiral Porter speaks of the New Orleans Campaign as "the most important event of the War of the Rebellion, with the exception of the fall of Richmond." He writes from a knowledge of the secret history of the campaign, and has made graphic descriptions of the many stirring incidents which befell the fleet in its memorable battle with Forts Jackson and St. Philip. Accompanying the article are portraits of Admiral Farragut, Admiral Porter, Captain Theodorus Bailey, General Butler, who was in command of the land forces, General Lovell, the Confederate commander, and other leading participants in the conflict. Besides the portraits there are more than twenty-five maps, plans, and pictures of incidents, most of the latter being after designs by Admiral Porter. George W. Cable, in a brief article, gives a spirited description, from personal observation, of "New Orleans before the Capture."

Personal.

—Frank Scales, of '67, is a prominent lawyer of Chicago.

—James Cunnea, '69, made a flying visit to Notre Dame one day last week.

—Dr. J. W. Mitchell, of Harrisburg, Ill., is visiting his sons at the College.

—Frank Clarke, '83, of Columbus, Ohio, will soon be admitted to the bar.

—John Donnelly and W. T. Campbell, both of '72, are members of the Illinois State Legislature.

—John Garrity, of '81, is on a visit to Notre Dame with his friend, J. T. Hurst. Both are engaged in the R.R. business at St. Paul, Minn.

—James Caren, '76, has been nominated to the

office of City Solicitor of Columbus, Ohio, and, we are glad to know, will in all probability be elected.

—Willie A. Walsh, who was here in the Minim department a couple of years ago, has been taking a rest from study on account of his health, but is now quite well again. He will probably be back next year.

—Joseph W. Wilstach, of Lafayette, Ind., a former student of Notre Dame, has written an interesting biographical sketch of the illustrious Comte de Montalembert; a notice of the work appears among our book reviews.

—Rev. Vice-President Toohey spent the three last days of Holy Week and Easter Sunday in Watertown, Wis., where he preached the retreat to the students of Sacred Heart College. He returned on Monday last with a gratifying report of the unexampled prosperity of the institution.

—Mr. W. H. Welch, of Des Moines, Iowa, Secretary of the Dexter Manufacturing Co. of that place, spent Thursday at the College. Mr. Welch reports business excellent. His company manufacture the Dexter Newspaper and Book Folding Machines, which have achieved great popularity in the last three or four years.

—Cards have been received to the marriage of J. R. Marlett, of '83, and Miss Laura Theobald, at Vicksburg, Miss., on the 9th inst.; also to the marriage of Ferdinand E. Kuhn, '83, and Miss Katie K. Wall, at Springfield, Kentucky, to take place on the 15th inst. The many friends of both these sons of Notre Dame extend their congratulations and best wishes for many years of wedded bliss.

—Hermann Falkenbach (Com'l), of '68, has been appointed Gen'l Passenger Agent of the Hocking Valley R.R. He is now one of the prominent railroad men of the country. He still retains fond recollections of his *Alma Mater*, and when recently seen at Columbus, O., by a member of the Faculty, he had many questions to ask about the College, and expressed his intention to pay us a visit in a short time.

Local Items.

—Spring!

—"Look out for your chairs!"

—Our Easter tourists have all returned.

—Society reports will appear next week.

—"Roxy" says that "die Nadel steckte ihn nicht."

—"Henry" is acquiring quite a reputation as a linguist.

—The Marlborough & Albemarle R.R. is now finished.

—The military company are now drilling with the guns.

—On Thursday evening the altar boys gave their banquet.

—There will be a Moot-court trial this evening. All are invited.

—The festive velocipede once more rolleth gaily in all its pristine beauty.

—The Surveying Class have begun practical operations in the field.

—An unusually large number of students are taking music lessons this year.

—“A local is a little thing, but sometimes can arouse a great deal of curiosity.”

—The Philopatrians will soon begin active preparations for their great exhibition.

—A beautiful fence of a new design is being put up to enclose St. Edward's Park.

—It is said that the Shakesperian entertainment will be *the* dramatic event of the year.

—The “Judge” has parted with his luxurious *moustachios*. Why this cruel act, O Judge?

—Navigation has opened. The gentle voice of the coxswain will soon be heard echoing along the shore.

—Some one wonders if the boys who were on the stage last Wednesday evening “saw the point.”

—The tug-of-war occurs to-day between the Captains. “Amen!” says the aspirant for nautical honors.

—The park and the flower-beds are receiving their spring touches under our active and Trojan-like gardener.

—The celebrated Mendelssohn Club of New York have been engaged for a concert to be given early in May.

—Our amateur photographers are very actively employed in out-door work. Their laboratory and office will repay a visit.

—W. Daly rejoices in the best bulletin for the month of March. E. Ewing, G. Real, and F. Martinez follow him closely.

—The altar boys enjoyed a very pleasant trip to South Bend last Monday, under the care of their worthy director, Mr. J. Thillman, C. S. C.

—“Roxy,” in a very natural manner, went through the expressive movements that accompany that insinuating song, “Rise, and away!”

—To CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS COLUMN:—Let your pens be constructed with at least some degree of dexterity, and with all due regard to the feelings of the public.

—The crews for the June race will be selected this evening. No member who is in arrears can be chosen. Aspiring oarsmen will do well to remember this.

—Easter Sunday witnessed a great number of visitors at Notre Dame. Several large parties called during the day and were chaperoned with great *éclat* by local aid.

—The choice of Captains in the Baseball Association at the reorganization meeting was a singularly politic one, and speaks well for the success of the teams for '85.

—The Senior branch of the Total Abstinence

Union have been promised a trip to the St. Joe Farm early in May. Have some one propose your name for membership.

—The “Abbie Coon” was taken from her moorings and the Commodore made the first trip of the season on Monday the 6th inst., the ice having entirely disappeared from the lake.

—Among the improvements lately introduced in the main building of the University is the elevator in the northwestern angle. It is not only a decidedly useful improvement, but ornamental as well.

—The L. S. & M. S. R.R. will issue a new timetable to take effect early next month. The accommodation of the travelling public at Notre Dame will be duly considered by the gentlemanly officials.

—From the thunderous applause that so frequently shook the hall last Wednesday evening, a great many persons appeared well pleased. In fact, the applause began before the exhibition did, which seems rather curious.

—We were disappointed on Easter Sunday in not hearing the new Mass prepared by our new choir. Circumstances, however, prevented its rendition. We are pleased to learn that an early opportunity will be taken to make up for the past failure.

—The result of the inaugural contest between the “Reds” and “Blues” of the Junior department was: “Blues,” 21; “Reds,” 7. Joe Kelly twisted the sphere for the “Blues,” and he proved a puzzler to the heavy batters of the scarlet club. The masterly play of Menig was a special feature of the contest.

—The “Shorties” were taken into camp last Thursday by the “Little Giants” of the Minim department. Shorty Tarrant, captain of the “shorties,” says they did not get a fair deal, that the umpire was unfair in his decisions, etc. They are to meet again next Thursday, when we hope to get a full account of the game.

—The Astronomy Class last Tuesday evening went out viewing

—“The red celestial orbs
That mark their courses through the great blue sky.”

The fixed stars lying on the plane of the ecliptic were specially studied. Mercury was then at its greatest elongation.

—A grand temperance rally, under the auspices of the Senior T. A. U., was held in the Seniors' reading-rooms on Thursday. It was one of the liveliest and best attended meetings of the year. Excellent addresses were made by Messrs. T. McKinnery and F. Dexter. The report of the Treasurer showed the society to be in good financial condition. The corresponding secretary presented a number of interesting communications and official bulletins from the national and state centres, and reported that the Association had perfected arrangements to secure the services of several distinguished speakers from abroad.

—An exhibition was given in Music Hall last Wednesday by Professor Dryss, of Germany, of some interesting illusions and curious sleight of hand performances; many of which provoked a great deal of laughter and merriment. As a pleasant diversion it was very well appreciated.

—Thanks to our genial friend Sam! Those cigars he sent to his *confrères* are certainly a *rare article*, a *choice article*; and to say that they added greatly to the "hilarity of the occasion," is but to recall one of the many expressions that fell from the lips of the grateful and happy recipients on opening the box. Thy course of action has been praiseworthy, Samuel, and the favored parties say, with one accord, that "There is nothing like it!"

—We have received from the editor and publisher, Joseph A. Lyons, A. M., Notre Dame University, a well-known drama, entitled "The Recognition," by "A. L." The scene is laid in Italy, the period illustrated is the fifteenth century, and the drama is for male characters only. Both in plot, dialogue and action the drama is an excellent one, and as such should commend itself to all interested in this class of literature.—*Catholic Herald*.

—A FABLE.—Once there was a spring poet and a blade of grass. The blade of grass sprouted forth too soon in early spring and the frost nipped him; the poet did the same, and he was immediately sat upon. The best moral that we can draw from this is that he who can rhyme a line or two should not be in too great a hurry to appear in print after the vernal equivox for, as "Brudder Remus" says, "It's er mighty hard matter fur er upstart from bein' kotch up wid."

—The first regular meeting of the University Base-ball Association was held on the 9th inst. The following officers were elected for the present session: Bros. Emmanuel and Paul, C. S. C., Directors; Prof. F. Devoto, President; P. J. Goulding, Secretary; H. A. Steis, Treasurer; F. Dexter, Reporter; A. McNulty and F. Coghlin, Captains of the first nines. The following were elected to membership: Messrs. Cartier, Williams, W. Collins, Goodfellow, Breen, Hassan, McMillan, J. Troy, W. Troy, Sheridan, P. O'Donnell, McCarty, Meister, Snyder, Becerra, Garcia, and Austin.

—The fine weather for the past few days has caused considerable activity among base-ballists. The amateur may be seen on the Campus testing his skill in catching red-hot balls. He watches the twirling sphere as it approaches, judges what he supposes to be the eccentricity of the curve, places himself in what he believes to be its path, and extends his hands as if to greet his dearest friend. A moment later he is seen to twirl around on his left heel, his right foot raised from the ground, his right hand is before his mouth, his cheeks are distended, and he looks like a fellow trying to blow out an electric light. He is shaking his left hand as though the turtle had fastened on to one of his digits and he was trying to break its hold.

If you ask him what is the matter, the only reason he does not throw a stone at you is that his fingers are too sore to grasp anything.

Roll of Honor.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT

Messrs. Arce, Ancheta, Alvarez, A. Browne, Baca, Becerra, Burns, Breen, F. Burke, V. Burke, Conlon, Walter Collins, Chapin, Conway, Crawford, Creel, F. Combe, Carbajal, Cartier, De Groot, Dwan, Dexter, Dolan, De Haven, Estradó, Goulding, A. A. Gordon, Garcia, Goodfellow, Hamlyn, Halligan, Howard,* Hotaling, Hasson, Jones, King, Kleiber, Kegel, Kavanagh, Keys, Livingston, McCabe, Marion, McKinnery, McGuire, McErlain, McCarty, Mathers, Miller, Morrison, Jno. Murphy, Noonan, O'Connell, H. Paschel, C. Paschel, Perley, Padilla, P. Prudhomme, J. Prudhomme, Phillips, Price, Rothert, Reach, Ramsay, Rahilly, Roth, G. H. Smith, Sheridan, Steis, Spillard, Shaffer, Snapp, Triplett, Jno. Troy, J. S. Troy, Troxel, W. Williams, Wagoner, A. Williams, White, Zeitler.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT

Masters Amoretti, Arts, H. Ackerman, Adams, Borgschulze, Baur, Cummings, Colina, G. Cartier, Cleary, Cleveland, Chute, Dillon, Dempsey, Dougherty, Donnellan, De Haas, Darrah, Daly, Ewing, Finckh, Fisher, Fehr, Flood, Frane, Grunsfeld, L. Grever, Hoye, Hemisbaugh, Howard, Hibbeler, Holman, Houlihan, Hagenbarth, Johnson, Kegel, Klenk, Kenny, Luther, F. Long, Loya, Lewis, Levin, Martinez, Mulkern, McCourt, V. Morrison, B. Morrison, Myers, Mullane, Macke, Nester, Oxnard, O'Brien, O'Kane, Portillo, Prudhomme, Porter, Regan, Real, Rose, Ratighan, Rebori, Remish, Reilly, Reynolds, Rogers, Robinson, Rietz, Redlich, Soden, F. Smith, Spencer, Schmauss, Sedberry, Schuneman, Talbot, Tarrant, Thurston, Thompson, Wagoner, Williamson, Monschein, Berthlet, Wabraushek.

MINIM DEPARTMENT

Masters Adams, Bull, Blakeslee, Cobbs, Chute, G. Dunford, E. Doss, L. Doss, Ernest, T. Falvey, F. Falvey, E. Falvey, Grunsfeld, Garber, Henry, Haney, Hopkins, C. Inderrieden, R. Inderrieden, Jones, Kellner, J. Kintz, A. Kintz, Landenwich, McPhee, Murphy, McGill, C. Mitchell, J. Mitchell, Moncada, McCourt, Millard, McNulty, McGuire, Mooney, Nussbaum, Nester, Piero, Paul, J. Peck, Quill, Quinlin, Ramsey, Sweet, Stone, Tracy, Weston.

* Omitted last week by mistake.

List of Excellence.

COURSE OF MODERN LANGUAGES, FINE ARTS AND SPECIAL BRANCHES.

German—Messrs. Courtney, Cleary, Dexter, Rogers, Daly, West, Hibbeler, Redlich, F. Long; French—Messrs. Oxnard, Real, Nussbaum; Spanish—Messrs. F. Dexter, Padilla, Troxell, Reach, Mason; Instrumental Music—Messrs. Marion, Donnellan, Rietz, Baca, Gould, Ratighan, Shaw, Ruffing, C. Porter, H. Porter, E. Meyers, Cleary; Drawing—Messrs. Spillard, E. Crawford, Arce, Alvarez, Padilla, Kegel, Wabraushek, Martinez, Darrah, Congdon, Flood, F. Long, Fehr, Real; Elocution—Messrs. Johnston, Ramsay, Saviers, Dexter, Brown, Breen, O'Kane, Ancheta, Steis, McKinnery, Reynolds, H. Porter, Callaghan, Kleiber, Mathers, Hoye, Goulding, Byrnes, V. Burke, Holman, H. Paschel, Reach, White, De Groot, Wagoner, C. Paschel, Hotaling, Alvarez, Dolan, Levin, Conlon, P. Howard, Rahilly, Harris, Monschein, Hagenbarth, Mulkern, Jess, Garrity, Stubbs, Mullane; Telegraphy—Messrs. Clarke, Donnellan, P. Prudhomme, T. Ryan, Wabraushek; Phonography—Messrs. Ramsay, Rahilly, Hamlyn, W. Murphy, Harris, C. Paschel, Austin, J. V. O'Donnell, Clarke, J. P. O'Donnell, O'Brien, J. Riley, West, Tarrant, H. Long, Hemisbaugh.

Saint Mary's Academy.

One Mile West of Notre Dame University.

—The bright hymns of Easter rejoice the hearts of all.

—The richest collection of rare exotics received for Easter was sent to Miss Ida Alcott.

—An eloquent sermon was preached on Easter Sunday by the Rev. P. P. Cooney, C. S. C., Miss. Ap.

—The news that Very Rev. Father General is about to embark for home was received with joy.

—The *Stabat Mater* and *Miserere* of Holy Thursday and Good Friday were beautifully rendered.

—A box of exquisite cut flowers, from Miss Clara Dore, of Chicago, is respectfully acknowledged.

—Exquisite cards of the season were received from Miss Sophie Papin, who writes from New Orleans.

—Rev. Father Saulnier was called to Fort Wayne to assist at the Easter ceremonies of the Cathedral.

—Miss Ada Shephard was the recipient of a magnificent bouquet of roses and lilies—an Easter gift from her excellent father.

—Alice Schmauss gave much pleasure to a group of visitors who listened to her recitation of "Little Titian's Palette."

—A snow scene on a white velvet panel was offered to those who have not missed study for the session. Sadie Campau drew the prize.

—Among the many choice Easter cards received, two are particularly elegant; one is the gift of Miss McEwen, of Chicago. Maggie Ducey received a very handsome card, the gift of her uncle.

—Mother Superior presented a handsome prize to be drawn for by those Juniors who have not missed being on the first tablet for the present session. Ellen Sheekey was the fortunate winner.

—The Feast of St. Richard of Chichester—the patronal festival of Rev. Father Shortis—fell this year on Good Friday. In the prayers of the day, their devoted Chaplain was not forgotten by the pupils who are so deeply indebted to him for his kind ministrations.

—The flowers which adorned the Repository on Holy Thursday and the altar on Easter Sunday were of extraordinary beauty. The fuchsias and clematis were particularly luxuriant and graceful. In truth, kneeling before the King of kings with these sinless, gentle attendants around, the mild light of the tapers seeming to render the silence more tranquil, one can but feel that if on earth there can be a foretaste of heaven it must be here.

—Among the visitors are the following: Miss

Nellie McEwen, Mrs. Hutchinson, Miss Clara Dore, Miss Sarah Gleeson, Mrs. Hopkins, Mrs. S. Gilkey, Mr. Quill, Mr. E. J. Quinlan, Mr. Hickey, Chicago; Mr. J. M. Howard, Valparaiso, Ind.; Mrs. J. M. Falvey, Indianapolis; Mr. and Mrs. Williams, Benton Harbor, Mich.; Mrs. Ducey, Muskegon, Mich.; Mrs. Gordon, Elkhart; Mrs. Walker, Rochester, Ind.; Mr. Albert Erlenborn, Ind.; Mrs. McDonald, Garden Bay, Mich.; and Miss Whalen, Ill.; Mrs. Ramsey, Crawfordsville, Ind.

—The meeting of St. Agnes' Literary Society, after the first hour, resolved itself into a drill of deportment, and, it being the birthday of Lulu Chapin, the honor of opening a little elocutionary entertainment fell to her. After her two recitations, a desire seemed to be aroused to hear the youngest Minim present, and Genie Hammond favored her senior friends with a quaint but very short selection. Flora Johnson was called upon and recited, with excellent expression, "*Mater Misericordiae*"; she was followed by Mary Lindsey in "The Vision of the Wounds." The *Angelus* rang, and the members of the society repaired to the refectory with very pleasant memories of the happy hour and a half they had passed.

—From a beautiful letter addressed to his little daughter by Captain Lindsey, we cannot forbear giving the following quotation:

"I know you will approach your Easter Communion with a heartfelt appreciation of the inestimable benefits which accrue to those worthily disposed. You are fast advancing to the farther approach, to the "sunny bridge of childhood," and the completion of this span will place you at the beginning of the middle arch of life's causeway. Endeavor by your conduct, interiorly and exteriorly, to show and feel that you cross this central span with a heart as unspotted from the world as during the days of your childish innocence; for the further you progress, the more perilous becomes the heights, and it is only by the most consummate reliance and trust in God's mercy that you can hope to reach and pass the dizzy pinnacle unscathed."

—The Easter holidays may be called the last station, so to speak, before the closing in June. Steadfast application must now mark every moment. Industry alone will win the laurels. From this time to the close, diversion must be forgotten, and even the tempting sunshine of spring and the rosy glow of summer must be enjoyed only in the short intervals of recreation which health demands. Pearls of great price are now within the reach of the faithful student to which the trifler, the idler, the pleasure-seeker can never lay claim. The most precious of these is earnestness of purpose. Were there no other advantage to be gained by severe scholastic drill than the habit of close mental application, this in itself would be enough to repay every sacrifice. What is one whose mind is at the mercy of caprice? There are, unfortunately, persons who live as though time was given for no other purpose than to be frittered away. Such often leave school while in the Preparatory Classes. They are willing to let others—those, perhaps, far inferior to them in talent—surpass them in acquirements. Such careless dispositions are not often found at St. Mary's, but a constant vigilance is necessary if victory be gained.

Holy Week at St. Mary's.

Many a tourist, who, after straining every nerve to be in Rome to attend the solemnities of Holy Week at St. Peter's, may depart with as vague and speculative an idea of their nature as he has of the pyramids of Egypt. This is his misfortune; but to one deservedly professing the name of Christian, there is a vitality in the ceremonies which appeals to his heart with a power and significance beyond comparison.

The ecclesiastical year, with its changing and appropriate ritual, revolves in honor of the mysteries of Christian Faith. It opens in Advent, in preparation for the festival of Christmas, on the Sunday nearest to the feast of St. Andrew,—Nov. 30th. It closes in honor of Pentecost, the epistles and Gospels until Advent being numbered from Whitsunday, on and after that feast. The Anthem of the Breviary belonging to Advent is the *Alma Redemptoris*; that from the Purification until Easter is the *Ave Regina*; that proper for Easter is the *Regina Cæli*, and that chanted from Trinity up to Advent is the *Salve Regina*. From this we see that not a day in the year passes when the Church is unmindful of her Divine Founder. She lives, and breathes, and moves in His presence as the fish floats in the sea, and the bird lives in the air. It is, then, a matter of no surprise to the logical mind, when the season that marks the anniversary of the Crucifixion comes around, that, with all the energy of love, the Church recalls the circumstances of that momentous mystery, so intimate, so fraught with personal interests to every human soul. The office of Holy Week may, for want of a better parallel, be called the Drama of the Passion. To follow it closely from first to last is certainly a great privilege, and it is no wonder that even indifferent hearts are touched, for the time, by the solemnity and pathos embodied. Its impression on the faithful heart is as lasting as eternity.

Rev. Father Shortis conducted the ceremonies at St. Mary's, and on Holy Thursday, according to the touching ritual of the Church, the dismantling of the altar,—always sublime and impressive, though every year repeated,—took place, and the Blessed Sacrament was deposited in the beautiful receptacle prepared by loving hands and faithful hearts. The unpretending procession at St. Mary's was composed of the youngest and most innocent of the pupils—the Minims—who, with their lighted tapers, accompanied the priest as he proceeded with the ceremony, passing to and from the main altar and the repository. By these striking and appropriate rites, and by the instruction of the celebrant, the ineffable mystery of the "Institution of the Blessed Sacrament" was deeply impressed upon the minds and hearts of the worshippers. On Good Friday, at three o'clock, the "Way of the Cross" was performed publicly. Father Shortis preceded the devotion by a clear account of its origin, nature, and great dignity. Cold, indeed, must be the heart of the Christian who can pass indifferently "Good Friday, the prayer day of the year,"

with thoughts dwelling on anything foreign to the sufferings endured for his redemption. Infidel, or pagan can do this with impunity, nothing more could be expected; but a Christian who forgets Holy Week dishonors his name, and must confess his ingratitude as unparalleled. The sermon of Holy Saturday was preached by the Rev. Father Shortis, and the bells, organ and joyful voices at the *Gloria* at Mass was re-echoed with welcome in every soul. The *Alleluia* and *Regina Cæli* now ring out on the mild spring air, and the gloom of winter has passed.

Roll of Honor.

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

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Par Excellence—Misses M. Adderly, I. Alcott, M. Bruhn, Barlow, Blaine, M. Blair, Brady, Bubbs, Carney, Cox, E. Call, Dunne, A. Donnelly, E. Donnelly, Dwan, M. Dillon, M. Ducey, B. English, Fehr, Fuller, Faxon, Fisk, C. Griffith, C. Ginz, B. Gove, Gavan, A. Gordon, A. Gordon, B. Heckard, L. Hutchinson, Hale, E. Horn, M. Helpling, M. Hawkins, N. Keenan, N. Kearns, Kearney, Kearsy, Lange, Lauer, M. Munger, A. McSorley, A. Murphy, Morrison, M. Morse, T. McSorley, McHale, Newman, O'Connell, O'Halloran, Ramsey, Rose, Sharrette, Sheekey, M. Scully, C. Scully, Schmidt, Shea, L. St. Clair, S. St. Clair, A. Shephard, Stull, E. Schulze, Schuler, E. Taylor, L. Walsh, E. Walsh, White, Walker, L. Williams, G. Wolvin, E. Wallace, A. Richardson.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Par Excellence—Misses M. Allen, M. Barry, O. Boyer, T. Balch, E. Balch, S. Campeau, M. Cox, M. Ducey, B. Erlenborn, F. Hertzog, A. Keyes, M. McEwen, C. Malbœuf, M. Murphy, L. Norris, C. Prudhomme, E. Preston, M. Paul, N. Quill, C. Richmond, G. Regan, E. Sheekey, B. Snowhook, G. Stadler, M. Smith, G. Searls, C. Servis, L. Trask, 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.

ART DEPARTMENT.

HONORABLY MENTIONED.

FIGURE-DRAWING.

2D CLASS—Misses Fuller, Fehr.

ELEMENTARY PERSPECTIVE.

Miss C. Lang.

PAINTING IN WATER-COLORS.

Misses Trask, Stadler, Keyes, S. St. Claire.

PAINTING ON CHINA.

Misses Shephard, Richmond, L. Van Horn.

OIL-PAINTING.

2D CLASS—Misses Heckard, Sheekey, Dunne.

3D CLASS—Miss M. Fuller.

2D. DIV.—Misses Munger, Kearney, E. Walsh, Addie Gordon, Alice Gordon, McHale, Hawkins, McSorley.

GENERAL DRAWING.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses C. Griffith, E. Donnelly, E. Walsh, M. Walker.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses Stadler, E. Sheekey, Trask, Keyes, M. Cox, Johnson, McEwen, Quill, Hertzog, Prudhomme, Lindsey, Schmauss, Spencer, Murphy, Boyer, Preston, Chapin, Burtis, E. Blaine, Hammond.