

# THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.



Disce quasi semper victurus; vive quasi cras moriturus.

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## After Many Days.

The mountain miles lie wide between  
The paths where friends may go,  
And, since we parted, we have seen  
All changes time can show.

Time grants, 'tis said, to those who wait,  
The laurel and the palm,  
The crimson pageants of the great,  
The saint's celestial psalm.

And, though eternal ages may  
Divide us as they roll,  
They cannot quite efface the day  
Each loved the other's soul.

Ah, lift, dear heart, those brooding eyes:  
High gifts through pain are won,  
The stars of hope and glory rise  
Above Love's fallen sun.

The God who framed the man and maid  
His likeness shared with each,  
Through formless depths of light and shade  
Their destiny they reach.

No woman yet, my friend, hath erred  
Or loved, or conquered fame.  
But some man's heart in union stirred  
With pride, or trust, or shame.

Dark seemed the future's leaden years,  
An aimless task in pain,  
But now the far horizon clears  
Above the dreaming plain.

The brave may yield, but not for long,  
Faith wins her way through bars.  
And love is, spite of doubt and wrong,  
Immortal as the stars.

MARION MUIR.

## Shakspearean Researches.

Stratford-on-Avon is a mere village; a man may tramp all over it in an hour or two, and I chose to foot it, like a true pilgrim, when I was there, rather than drive like a commercial traveller who has no soul above his business.

The first important discovery I made was that the word "Avon" on the lips of the Avonians has a very long, accentuated A—as if it were spelled *Aávon*,—and the next was that I didn't know half as much about the Bard as I thought I did. Of course,

I would not ask to be shown the way to Shakspeare's house; not I! That house had been familiar to me since childhood by reason of numberless books, photographs, paintings, cork models and verbal descriptions. My feet would lead me to it instinctively, I was sure of this, and so I wandered on and on through the quietest streets in the world, and at the end of an hour was hopelessly involved in their rather monotonous mazes. The fact is I had thrice passed the house without recognizing it. No wonder! As for the cot where Shakspeare was born, there is scarcely a trace of it left. The outer walls are partly retained, but this is by no means the old front; I actually thought it a modern structure, and scarcely gave it a glance as I passed and repassed it. It looks quite as fresh as the houses that are built every day in the same fashion all over England; it smells of varnish and new paint, and when I stood at the door where a bell-chain hung—a printed placard directed me to pull that chain, and I pulled it forthwith—I felt no emotion save one of disappointment.

A pleasant lady, in a fine merino shawl, came from a neighboring cottage, passed through the garden—I saw her over the fence,—entered the side door of the Shakspeare house, and admitted me. "Ah," said she, as if she had met me often before on the same business, but was too well bred to let me discover that I was detected, "Ah! and have you come to see this beautiful old house?" I confessed my guilt, and stood in the middle of the main room, feeling a little foolish. She at once came to my rescue: she showed me the fragmentary evidences of the mysterious life that has delighted and baffled the world; the many portraits, mostly bad, and no two at all alike; the one splendid picture of incalculable value set in an iron safe that is sunk in the wall—a picture that is believed to have been painted from life.

A portrait from life!—ticklish ripples ran up and down my spine at the delicious thought. But the woman with the fine shawl was at my shoulders and unwittingly choked me off. She exhibited innumerable editions of the poet's poems and plays; the illustrations by various masters; the ring—his ring, perhaps,—found in the garden of the house in which he died, and a copy of the death-mask,—not the original which had touched his face, and which is said to retain an eye-lash—but a plaster mask cast in the same mould. I wished the good woman would go away with her

shawl and her glib statistics, but she wouldn't. She told me a thousand things that didn't interest me, and dragged me to and fro across the floor until I was quite stupefied with information, and then, all unexpectedly, we came upon the rude wooden desk at which he sat when a school boy, and here I caught my breath while my heart beat wildly for a moment.

O, if she had only left me then! I longed to be alone; I wanted to get down on my knees and hug that ugly, hacked, clumsy old desk as tenderly as if it had been a live thing. I think I could have cried a little just then; I believe I'd have done it if only I had been alone; but there was the shawl-lady gloating over me and waiting for me to do something—everybody is expected to,—so I coughed to myself and began to examine something else that didn't interest me at all. I wish I had kissed that dear old desk, when she wasn't looking, and got a sliver in my thumb for a *souvenir* at the same moment.

The whole truth regarding the house is that the partitions have been knocked down, and the ceilings have been shoved up, and there is nothing of the atmosphere of honesty left there. Barnum—the only Barnum, *our* Barnum, Phineas T. Circus—wanted to buy it and bring it over to America for a side show; he might almost as well have done it, for it is little less than that where it stands.

Could the Immortal take on mortality

for an hour, re-cross the threshold which was his in childhood and look upon all that is left of his heart's first home, what would he say? It undergoes annual repairs and restorations; it is as spruce as if it had just been taken out of a packing case, and it costs sixpence a head to see it. I didn't care much for the garden about it, for it seemed not to belong there; I wanted the old butcher stall by the porch, the sagging, moss-covered roof, and all the pathetic angles of decay, but these I had to seek elsewhere.

Down one of the long Stratford streets stands the school-house where Will studied until he was fourteen years of age. The walls are of stone, and have been left in their original state through all these years. Children still gather under the roof that sheltered the youthful Shakspeare, and,

no doubt, his eyes have wandered up and down the street that probably looks to-day just as it looked when his heart played truant as he went with satchel, "creeping, like snail, unwillingly to school."

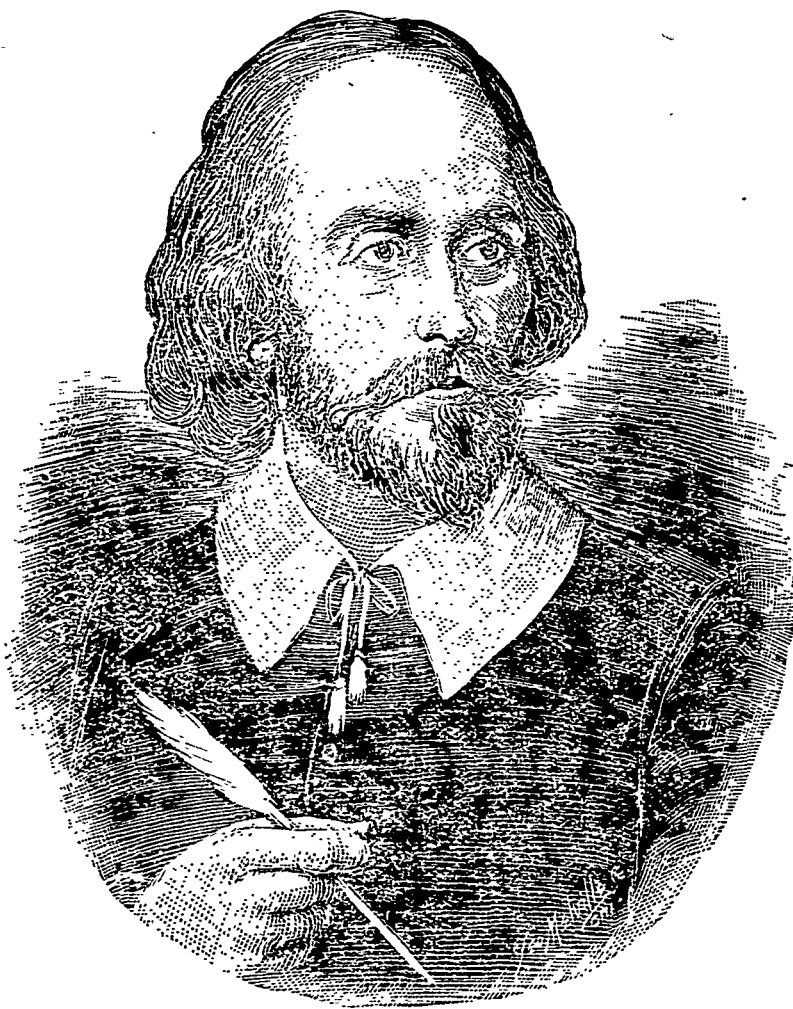
No one seemed to know how I might get a glimpse of the interior, for the Dominie was away; but after much inquiry I was entrusted with a key almost as long as my arm, and told to explore for myself. Gladly I did so. I was alone in the long room at twilight, on the very floor where his restless feet waited impatiently the hour of deliverance from book and birch. Alone within the walls that enshrined his spirit before it could have known how great, how surpassingly glorious was to be its future flight. Alone under the roof that shut

out the sunshine from a soul that was all sunshine—between the very windows, narrow and small, through which his piercing and prophetic eyes saw the shadows shaping in the clouds—the airy forms, to each and all of which he ultimately gave voice,—a voice that still rings and must forever ring as clearly as in the days when there was marrow in the bones that have been dust three centuries and more. It was good to be there, and to be there all alone!

At Stratford may still be seen the garden and the site of the house where the poet ended his days in ease and opulence. As everyone knows, the Rev'd somebody-or-other (thank Heaven I have forgotten his

name!) came in possession of the property, after Shakspeare's death, and, finding the world of relic-seekers a burden, he demolished the house, threw the few articles he could not otherwise destroy into a well in the garden, filled the well with earth, cut down the mulberry that Will planted, and divided and subdivided the extensive grounds and sold them in quantities to suit, hoping thus to obliterate the last vestige of a shrine possessing such interest for the world. In these latter years all of the original ground has been re-purchased, the foundations of the house exhumed, the well opened, and some few articles discovered therein which are now shown to the curious who apply at the premises.

There is little to betray the individuality of the



SHAKSPEARE.

*From the Painting by Gregori.*

world's poet, who came home to his native village to end his days; a few fragments of fresco that once adorned his rooms, a metal candlestick, and a half-dozen quoits with which he may have whiled away an odd hour at intervals,—these are about all. And how little *they* are no one will realize till he has found the evidences dwindling to a mere handful of broken toys. In the end, it is the heart alone that bears witness to the fact that the supreme genius of all time was in reality a mortal, and that he bore the glorious name of William Shakspeare.

In this extremity there is a kind of mild satisfaction in the knowledge that the envious fool who did his best to make his name despicable, having razed his house to the ground, was obliged to flee before the righteous indignation of the populace and bury himself in well-deserved obscurity.

Last scene of all—the dim chancel in the beautiful church by the banks of the smooth-flowing Avon; silence, unbroken even by the pipe of bird, in the leafy solitude that surrounds the venerable edifice, and dusty silence within its sacred walls. An odor of antiquity pervades the spot, for the sanctuary, at least, is suffered to grow old with becoming dignity. The bust on the wall within the chancel,—originally colored, then white-washed by the order of some rector who had no eye for color, but anon restored to its primal state,—the bust stands as it stood when first placed there by Shakspeare's daughter, three or four years after his death. For this reason it is thought to be a tolerable likeness of the poet at the time of his death. It is but a clumsy and inartistic piece of work, and bears small resemblance to anything human. Indeed, it is difficult to form a tolerable conception of such a man, and I do not hesitate to say that, of all the portraits that it has been my good fortune to see—and their name is legion—I know of but one that truly satisfies me: in it the sublime brow is balanced by features of exquisite sensibility,—the fire of creative genius lights the eye,—a picture to contemplate long and well in the best mood, and one, therefore, to beget the best mood in the loftiest mind. The face is a poem, for it is the face of a dreamer, and of a dreamer in whose mystical realm he alone of all mankind was fit to reign; there stalked lank Tragedy, at his bidding, with scowl and dripping dagger; there lithesome Comedy ran riot; the Passions were his willing subjects, and the nine Muses, his handmaidens, mingled their tears and laughter. All this one sees in the portrait I refer to—a very brilliant work from the hand of our own great Master, Luigi Gregori. The picture is inspiring—it is itself an inspiration.

Beneath the stupidly placid bust in the chancel at Stratford, flat on the pavement, lies the slab bearing the well-worn curse. Close at hand, so long as you pause there, stands the warden who has turned back the strip of carpet that covers the slab when it is not undergoing inspection, and who will spread it again so soon as you have given vent to the customary emotions and the subsequent sixpence. There is nothing to be done but to look and to wonder and retreat, and this I did, dutifully.

At twilight all along those Stratford streets the little shops were lighted and in most of the windows were busts of Shakspeare and miniature copies of the half-length bust that stands in the wall of the chancel where he lies buried. There are photographs and guide-books, and carved-wood for keepsakes, and tea-sets with his life-story told in shockingly poor pictures on every cup—such as would take away a sensitive man's appetite. I saw a shoe-shop with a swinging sign, and on the sign this legend:

W. SHAKESPEARE,  
*Shoemaker.*

In another street was the name of Miss Delia Shakspeare, whom I found to be a slim spinster "licensed to sell tobacco on the premises." I wonder did Miss Delia coldly turn away her lovers that she may go to the grave bearing that precious name? Her tobacco is fair to middling, but it is pleasant to smoke a pipe of peace in the birth-place of the Bard of Avon, to have it filled by the hand of Miss Shakspeare, and to doze over it in the very chamber and the very chair which are now sacred to the memory of Washington Irving, for they were his, when he lodged in the Red Horse Inn at Stratford.

C. W. S.

#### Shakspeare.\*

To-night we meet to honor no hero of a blood-drenched battle-field, no tyrant king of a hundred ancient victories. We come, not to recount in admiring awe the triumphs of a law-giver, nor to tell, in heavy-metred lines, of a statesman's supreme sway; we meet to honor the memory of no erudite theologian, no master revelling in the grand old classic lore. Heroes have held life lightly, have sacrificed it with that nobleness which awakens in our hearts a feeling close akin to reverence: they have bled and passed away to be succeeded by hearts as noble as theirs, and sacrifices as great. Kings leave the throne to kings as mighty as themselves; the law-giver and the statesman yield place in turn to minds as far-seeing, and eloquence commanding as their own.

Centuries pass and leave their record in the surviving work of their master-minds. Philosophy, Art and Science have had their able representatives in the years that are past; yet none of them has had its single supreme power;—none, like Literature, has had its undisputed master,—its one acknowledged, unquestioned head: none other in the realm of a nation's literature can boast of a mind like that of the man whose anniversary we to-night celebrate—a man who gave not only thought to his successors, but language as well. The sun, shining in glory all his own, gives his bright radiance through the day,

\* Oration delivered by W. H. JOHNSTON at the Shakspearean Entertainment, on Tuesday evening, April 29th.

and at night, curtained by darkness; illumines the earth with his rays reflected from the lesser orbs: so with this fairest, brightest light of the English-speaking world:—quietly rising in a morn of clouds, dispelling those clouds and ascending to the zenith, beaming on the earth in grandeur and power,—in him was given to literature a pure and beautiful luminary. Death, indeed, drew around the man his mystic curtain, but left the work to stand a living and enduring memento: his thoughts, his words are not a something of the past; the thoughts we see reflected daily in a hundred ways, while the words live in our words;—in speech, as well as thought, we find we are but copying our best from him whose supremacy we so gladly grant.

We celebrate this anniversary with no wild enthusiasm: no fiery and entrancing eloquence is heard save that embodied in the recited words of Shakspeare himself. But there is a beauty in this calm tribute—a depth, delicacy and quiet sincerity worthy of him whose memory we honor. It is the tribute paid by the mind to its master-mind rather than that of the passions to the doer of some brilliant deed; it does not engage our thoughts for a day to be forgotten when that day is past, but it lives with us as a tacit concession of superiority to one high above the envy of even his most ambitious follower.

So we assemble here with the simple purpose of giving form to our appreciation of the merits of this master. Not with the usual almost worshipping eyes do we need to look upon him to see his greatness; not with the eyes of the Germans did we discover his beauties; nor, to see his defects, do we need look elsewhere than in the original work of his hand. That he was neither saint nor devil, history and his own writings prove to us. Popular with the first men of his day, he led a life suiting the times; customs and manners were far different then from now, and he was a man imbued with the spirit of his age. As to disposition, he was evidently a kind and pleasure-loving, though studious, man; and his companions loved to speak of him as "Gentle Will." But the best exposition of his character we find in his writings; none but the closest observer could see what Shakspeare saw,—none but the truest genius draw the grand deductions which he drew. The nobler characters in his dramas could be the creation of no low-tending mind, while the very meanest show a dignity of conception, compatible only with the deepest of intellects. The simple magnificence of his diction—marred though his works may be by occasional passages unworthy of his pen—gives us at the same time proof of his unassuming ways and of his high intuitions. Of love's most tender, true and lasting fervency, of hate's revengeful, fierce and burning depths, we find the fullness in his varied work; the passions in their multitude of transformations and ever-changing complexities, he pictures with truth, and with a grace and ease unequalled; and until in future days some other hand shall paint as fairly—until some other mind shall see as clearly the God-given beauties of our unknown world—will we honor, as the name of

our greatest master, the name of William Shakspeare, Avon's king of Bards.

But praises of this man are now little more than platitudes. Commentators have left nothing to be said by any but the most diligent and specially devoted student. On a commemoration-day like this, however, it is not as pleasant to listen to a plain history or critical sketch of the man as to hear related bright memories of his life, and to recall the beauties of that life's achievements. History, indeed, has left but a meagre and imperfect record of Shakspeare's life: it is thought that he was a man of no great scholarly attainments; and there is a certain freedom in his writings,—an unconstrained and true originality—which would at least indicate that, if he was a deep student in the then popular college-course, he was strangely uninfluenced by it. But what fairer picture can fancy conceive than that of a Shakspeare at home in the luxurious gardens of Nature; what more lofty ideal of man than one whose study is the world—one who reads the single book of Creation, and, copying from it, copies of the ideas of the Creator, his God?

And as such do we love to picture Shakspeare: in the world's busy commerce, seeing the inner natures of the men around him, depicting those natures with his wonderful precision and simplicity. Understandingly scanning the highest and the lowest of mankind with his mastering eye, and making their most hidden motives the subject of his careful study. And in the creatures of his imagination we see creatures far different from those of the older plays or more classic masque. The ghostly visitants which he introduces on the stage are indeed those of his own conception; his witches in their hideous weirdness are unequalled; and that sweet world of Fairies, which he has immortalized, is by no means the least beautiful of his works. His portrayals are true; his ethereal characters charm us by their grace and leave on our minds the impression that, did such beings exist, they ought to be just what Shakspeare has painted them. From nature alone come his men and his women: and not from the older masters come his ghosts, his witches and his fairies,—their birth is rather in happy day-dreams amidst the green, secluded and half-darkened haunts of busy Nature, by the side of some little rippling mimic-river, where the hand of man has not intruded, where Nature's sweet enchantment could, to the passive imagination, so easily seem a witch's spell, and Nature's commingling voices—the voices of the merry, lightsome fairies.

But, enough. The influence of Shakspeare must needs be world-long. The River of Time flows onward and its constant current wears, one by one, from the lower rocks the inscribed names. The solitary pinnacle which bears the crowning name of Shakspeare rises high above its tide; and until mankind exists no more—until the world to its very centre is shaken—will that pinnacle stand secure. When the River of Time no longer flows—when the waveless Sea of Eternity glitters unbroken and infinite over the sunken Past—when that Past and the Future merge into the endless

Present—then will that pinnacle no longer tower in grandeur—then will have ceased the influence of Shakspeare—then, with the existence of man on earth, will have ended his earthly mission.

### Coeli Summe Pater.

Coeli summe Pater! nos qui Te corde fideli  
Oramus, nos alterna quoque voce precemur;  
Noscamus, rectum sit cunctos esse sodales  
In Christo: solidos animos, des Spiritus Altus  
Cordibus ex nostris maculas delere molestas,  
Atque novi simus, ne nos terrena repellant  
Abs illo, cujus nos Verbi morte redemptos  
Natos, hæredes et regni gratia fecit.  
Sit semper Domini benedictum nobile nomen!  
Coram quo cæli terræque timore tremiscunt,  
Hoc etenim nomen Regis qui cuncta creavit.  
Illi, qui insontes fecit nos, solvere grates  
Tendimus, illius nomen benedicere quadrat.  
Ipse super nos et patriam per sæcula regnet!  
Contemptor trepidet, nex merces digna scelesti est.  
Christi exaltetur terris Ecclesia sponsa;  
Possideat sua perpetuo nos gratia sancta,  
Ut meriti simus cœlestia regna tenere.  
A nobis constet Domini facienda voluntas:  
Imperat angelicis, nec dictis angelus obstat;  
Præcipit et mundo: verbo sine semine surgit!  
Astris mandavit: volvuntur tramite cæli.  
Indixitque mari, venies huc usque, redibis:  
Indictum timide contingunt æquora littus.  
Heu! mortale genus Domini jus despicit altum:  
Extemplo Regis minitans super hoc manus instat.

Tu Deus æterno qui dirigis omnia nutu,  
Qui ruris decoras flores splendente colore,  
Oramus Te ut sustineas nos pane diurno,  
Ac mendicorum miserere, ubi pectore mœsto  
Conantur divitis cor tangere nomine Cæli.  
Præsertim rogitamus Te nos reddere dignos  
Panem deliciæ cœlorum semper edendi,  
Quem Jesus, summa peregrinis nocte sacravit.  
Nobis ignoscas salvator debita nostra,  
Exemplo jussuque tuo dimittimus illis  
Qui nos læserunt: Tu solus justus es ultor.  
Interdum si nos forti tentamine tangis,  
Gratia cœlestis data sit juvamine nobis.  
Ingenuos mundus scelerata fascinat arte,  
Undique nos hostis circumdat et undique pressat,  
Fraudibus explorat dæmon male perdere gentes.

Flectit ad insanum nos inclinatio mentis:  
Funesti Jobum servasti clade probatum  
Imbelles quoque nos serves in tempore casus.  
Hoc a te petimus, placeat tibi tollere damna  
Quæ semper spatium vitæ minitantur abunde;  
Præcipue peccatorum nos detrahe vinclis,  
Et dulcis veniat tandem mors limite vitæ  
Ut cum discipulis iniamus gaudia cæli,  
Gaudia quæ Dominus solus felicibus offert.

JOSEPH WILMES.

A Persian philosopher, when asked how he had acquired so much knowledge, answered: "By not being ashamed to ask questions when I was ignorant."

### Benjamin Franklin.\*

Among the many eminent names that adorn the pages of our early national history there is one which stands prominently forward as associated with one of the eventful and most interesting periods of our country's existence, and is now as well known as is that of Washington himself. It is a name which, like a star brightly beaming, appeared from behind the dark storm-clouds which hung over the shores of the New World, during the stormy and perilous days of the Revolution, shedding its brilliant light even through the brightest courts of Europe. This new star was Benjamin Franklin, who was soon to astonish the most learned men of the Old World by his talents and his many successful researches within the domain of Philosophy and Science.

There were but few men in those early times who had risen, under such circumstances, to the height which Franklin did,—from the small soap-boiler's cellar to the courts of royalty and fashion,—and to be foremost in the ranks of learning. He was, in all respects, a self-made man—if we do not consider the ways of Providence, who in Its wisdom raises extraordinary men as instruments for the aggrandizement or destruction of empires, and whose hand was plainly to be seen in the affairs of our country in her struggles for Independence. Franklin's labors were immense; for during his most active public life he found time to devote himself to learning and to the discovery of useful inventions,—yet his scientific researches form but a small part of his entire labors.

The subject of this sketch was born in Boston, January 17, 1706. Dame Fortune does not appear to have smiled upon him at his birth, but, as is the case with many another man poorly born, she seems to have endeavored to make amends for her early neglect by showering upon him in after-life all the honors of a beloved son. His father, a tallow chandler, had intended that Benjamin should study for the Ministry, as a *tithe* of his sons, and with this intention sent him, when eight years old, to a neighboring grammar school. Unfortunately, owing to the financial condition of the family, Benjamin was obliged to withdraw, two years afterwards, in order to aid old Franklin in the shop; and the future philosopher and scientist was set to work, as he himself says in his autobiography, "Cutting wicks for the candles, filling the moulds for cast candles, attending the shop, going on errands, and such like." As might be supposed, this occupation was not the most agreeable one for an ambitious youth who had just begun to catch a few glimpses of a higher life—a life of learning and honor. We do not wonder, then, that he soon abandoned an occupation so extremely distasteful to him, and looked about for other employment. About this time (1717) his brother James returned from England, set up a printing-office in

\* Paper read before the Notre Dame Scientific Association by F. H. DEXTER.



Boston, and founded one of the first newspapers published in the New World.

We have now reached a period in our subject's life where the circumstances connected therewith may have had the greatest influence in determining his after-career; for after entering the service of his brother in the printing-office, a new field was opened to him where he might satisfy his inclinations and become more familiar with the subjects he had most at heart. It was while performing his duties here, being perhaps stimulated by their nature, that he acquired a great taste for reading and study, which laid the seeds for future greatness. He read, and mentally digested well, all the good books he could find, especially those relating to scientific observations, and thus his healthy mind became stocked with useful, common-sense knowledge. He was never so happy as when employed in his humble lodging in versing himself in philosophic and scientific laws, or, like Newton, in making some practical experiments. Even in the capacity of what modern progress denominates as "printer's devil," he learned a great deal about the printing business and began to make improvements in many of its details. Like his unfortunate successors, he seems also to have suffered a great deal of abuse in this position, for we find him soon afterwards moved to Philadelphia, where he entered the service of a printer named Keiner. His first days in the "City of Brotherly Love" could not have been very delightful, as he at first had neither money nor friends; but, becoming acquainted with William Keith, Governor of Pennsylvania, was soon sent by him to London to purchase a printing outfit. However brilliant the promises of Keith had been, Franklin found himself in the great metropolis in a rather precarious condition, destitute of the means necessary to carry out his project. Again he took service in a printing-office, and it was during his stay here at this time that he made the acquaintance of several free-thinkers and dangerous philosophers, some of whose sentiments were imbibed by the "young American," resulting in his publishing, in 1725, a dissertation on "Liberty and Necessity, Pleasure and Pain."

The next year he returned to America and purchased the *Pennsylvania Gazette*, through whose columns he controlled no small influence regarding scientific, literary, and political questions. His political career virtually began at this period, from whence he entered into the active public life, whose results brought him so strongly into prominence, and the fame of which has rendered his name familiar to every school-boy in the land. However, he never ceased to devote his extra time to study and practical experiments. Gifted with great perception, he learned by experience and sound reasoning what would have required others a long study to master. It was his sound judgment and steady, common sense that exquisitely fitted him to accurately arrive at the demonstrations of puzzling questions, and after being schooled by many years of practice and experiments, directed him to one of the greatest discoveries of modern times.

For many years the most learned men of Europe had been puzzled to explain the nature of that mysterious force called Electricity. Its manifestations had been observed in many departments of Nature, and many eminent scientists had labored in vain to identify it, but it remained for Franklin, the "ingenious Yankee," to throw a great light upon the subject. He had devoted much attention to this particular subject, and arrived at the conclusion that there exists a mysterious, subtle, and imponderable fluid which acts by repulsion on its own particles and pervades all matter. This fluid, his theory maintains, is present in every body in a quantity peculiar to it, and when it contains this quantity is in a natural state, or a state of equilibrium. By friction, certain bodies acquire an additional amount of fluid, and are then said to be *positively* electrified; while others, by friction, lose a portion, and are said to be *negatively* electrified. Positive or *vitreous* electricity is represented by the sign *plus*; and negative or resinous electricity by the *minus* sign, —this designation being based upon the algebraic principle that a *plus* quantity added to an equal *minus* quantity produces zero. Thus, if a body possessing a certain quantity of positive electricity is brought into contact with a body containing an equal amount of the negative electricity, a neutral state is produced.

Acting upon this theory, he became convinced that the terrible flash of lightning is due to these forces, being but an immense electric spark; and, to satisfy himself on this point, he determined to make an experiment, which, if proving the truth of his hypothesis, would throw a powerful light upon future scientific researches. His famous experiment with the silk kite was made at Philadelphia, and its successful result immediately established for him a world-wide reputation. This discovery was soon followed by his observations regarding the Gulf Stream, and his charts, published over a hundred years ago, still forms the basis of those now in use.

A few years after, when Franklin again went to England, the universities of Oxford, St. Andrew's and Edinburgh, in token of their respect and admiration, conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Laws; and, as an additional honor, the Royal Society distinguished him by choosing him a member of that association. His letters, published several years before, had attracted universal attention, and the people flocked to see and hail with admiration the man of whom so much had been said.

Being sent by the American Congress to enlist the sympathies of France in behalf of the Colonies, he accomplished his mission with so much success as to create the most favorable impressions, both in France and at home. Yet, in the midst of so much honor and praise, he always retained a remarkable simplicity of manners; but such was his learning and wit, his versatility and genius, that he charmed even the most brilliant circles of the French court. In fact, wherever he went he made friends; and when, in 1790, his death occurred, his loss was universally deplored.

Much more could be said of this eminent man and of his great deeds,—of his political and literary services,—but space will not permit. The name of Franklin will be cherished and honored as long as there is a free people upon the globe, and as long as there is a spark of science in the human mind. Posterity has bequeathed noble tributes to his memory, and America rejoices in the perpetuation of the fame of her noble son, of whom it has justly been said, "His genius ranked him with the Galileos and Newtons of the Old World," and whose epitaph has been written: "*Eripuit cælo fulmen: sceptrumque tyrannis.*"

#### Art, Music and Literature.

—Matthew Arnold will do no literary work until his next visit to America.

—Three large editions of Mr. Marvin's brochure, "The Russians at the Gates of Herat," were sold during the week.

—A statue of the late President Garfield, in bronze, was cast successfully at Lense's foundry in Nuremberg, on the 18th ult.

—Charles Gounod is at work on a new oratorio, the subject which he has selected for treatment being "The Life of St. Francis of Assisi."

—The new oratorios,—one by Liszt, the other by Rubenstein,—will be first brought out in the course of the Antwerp Exhibition, under the personal conductorship of the composers.

—Queen Victoria is editing the speeches of the Duke of Albany. Sir Theodore Martin will append a sketch of the Duke's life. The work will be published some time during the year.

—Max O'Rell, author of "John Bull and His Island," and other noted works, is said to be Mr. Paul Blouet, the French Master at Westminster College and editor of the Clarendon volumes on "French Oratory."

—Hon. S. S. Cox, newly-appointed Minister to Turkey, will not leave until he completes his new book, "Three Decades of Federal Legislation." The work will be finely illustrated with portraits of men who have been prominent in public life during the period embraced by the author.

—M. Gruyer, curator of the painting department of the Louvre Gallery, has lately discovered that more than sixty canvases have been seriously, if not irreparably, injured by moisture, rust or bad ventilation. Among these works are pictures by Rubens, Delacroix, Rigaud, Mignard, Fiandrin and Soheffer.

—It is said that the grandson and namesake of the late Hiram Powers, a youth some thirteen years of age, has manifested much artistic talent, and it is anticipated that he will prove a worthy heir to the genius of the creator of the "Greek Slave." The family of the sculptor still reside in Florence, where Mr. Powers had his studio for so many years.

—The boys from the London Oratory who

sang at the Lyceum Theatre in the production of *Romeo and Juliet*, presented Miss Mary Anderson with a copy of Shakspeare's *Romeo and Juliet*, printed in 1592, handsomely bound and illuminated, and bearing an inscription expressive of their love and esteem. Miss Anderson has promised to treasure it for the remainder of her days. The book contains the portraits of the youthful givers.

#### College Gossip.

—The first meeting of the committee appointed by the Council for the Catholic University will be held at Baltimore, on the 7th inst., Archbishop Gibbons presiding.

—George Bancroft has given \$10,000 to the city of Worcester to found a scholarship in memory of his father and mother. The income is to be used to assist young men through college.

—Matthew Arnold has declined the Merton professorship of English literature at Oxford, which pays four thousand five hundred dollars a year. He wishes to be free to devote himself to general literary work.

—The McCormick Observatory at Charlottesville, Va., was dedicated April 14. It is attached to the University of Virginia, and costs \$30,000, while the telescope is worth \$46,000. It has an endowment of \$75,000.

—The collegians of France, and the young ladies of various boarding schools, have determined, this year, to go without the prizes awarded them annually, so that the money usually spent on them may be used to aid in supplying the wants of the wounded soldiers in Tonquin.

—An African seminary is about to be attached the University of Louvain, where there is already an American college supported by the bishops of the New World. The king of the Belgians has given his royal approval of the plan to the Archbishop of Malines; and Monsignor Gautier has been appointed rector of the new college.

—At the Royal University of Ireland, out of the six scholarships lately awarded, the ladies have carried off three—an astonishing achievement, if we remember how little public assistance has ever been given to promote the cause of female higher education. Indeed, what strikes us chiefly in the results of the late examination is, that success has been mainly in the inverse ratio to the amount of public assistance enjoyed. Not one of the Colleges in which the Fellowships of the University is held has succeeded in winning a scholarship, while Blackrock College, in the person of Gerald Fitzmaurice, carries off the most coveted prize of all, the First Classical Scholarship. We are informed that for the Classical Scholarships there was not a single candidate from any of Queen's Colleges. The success of Blackrock is the more remarkable, as it is the third time a student of that College has gained the First Scholarship since 1882, when they were first offered for competition.

# NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

Notre Dame, May 2, 1885.

The attention of the Alumni of the University of Notre Dame and others, is called to the fact that the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC has now entered upon the EIGHTEENTH year of its existence, and presents itself anew as a candidate for the favor and support of the many old friends that have heretofore lent it a helping hand.

## THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC Contains:

choice Poetry, Essays, and the current Art, Musical, Literary and Scientific Gossip of the day.

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

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

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

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

OLD STUDENTS SHOULD TAKE IT.

Terms, \$1.50 per Annum. Postpaid.

Address EDITOR NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC,  
Notre Dame, Indiana.

—We are pleased to announce that the Rev. James M. Cleary, the distinguished President of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America, has accepted an invitation to lecture before the students. The lecture will be delivered some time within two weeks, and will be well worth the hearing.

—Last Saturday afternoon, the Sorin Literary and Dramatic Association of the Minim department gave an entertainment of welcome greeting to their venerable patron, Very Rev. Father General Sorin, on the occasion of his happy return from Europe. The exercises were held in Washington Hall, which, at half-past four o'clock, was well filled with an appreciative audience, composed of the Faculty, students and a number of friends from our neighboring city. The programme, with a few exceptions in the vocal numbers, was followed as published in our local columns last week.

Master R. Oxnard, our bright young *virtuoso*, opened the exercises with an excellent piano solo. This was followed by a beautiful song—"Sweet is the Sound of Charity's Voice," rendered by Masters W. McPhee, F. Crotty, A. Nester and W. Scherrer. Master E. Kelly next spoke the prologue, which was a well-written and well-delivered address to Very Rev. Father General.

Then came the great feature of the Entertainment, the presentation of "The New Arts"—a drama written by Very Rev. Father General himself, and designed to teach, in a manner calculated to impress, lessons of politeness, ease and gracefulness of carriage, and the proper method of bearing oneself in the various circumstances of public life. Of the benefit of these lessons, and how essential is their practice, not only to the proper fulfilment of one's duties in the position which he may oc-

cupy, but even oftentimes to material success and prosperity, need not be told; and in the action, dialogue and plot of the drama they are set forth in a manner to leave a lasting impression on the audience and particularly upon the performers. The characters were taken as given in our last issue, and we can only say here that all did well, and many excellently. In particular, Master Willie McPhee, as "John Smyth," the hero of the play, was all that could be desired in the interpretation of his character. He spoke clearly, and with proper movement and action. Master E. Kelly was a veritable "boy full of fun," and played well. Master Elmo Berry made an excellent "Prof. Wright"—spoke clearly, and moved with great ease and dignity.

After the play, a vocal solo was given, in good style, by Master F. Crotty, and then followed two beautiful *tableaux* which were presented in an impressive and artistic manner.

On the conclusion of the performance, Very Rev. Father General called upon the Rev. P. P. Cooney to make the closing remarks, which he did in his own happy style, complimenting the young performers, and extolling the merits of the drama which had been witnessed.

## An Evening With Shakspeare.

The annual "Shakspeare night" of the Euglosians was celebrated in Washington Hall, on Wednesday last, in a manner far surpassing all previous efforts. However, this point of superiority lay not so much in the excellence of individual performers—for, at least two of the "scenes" of the programme were much better presented on former occasions—as in the general merit and interest of the whole. The hall was well filled with a large, select and appreciative audience, comprising the *élite* of South Bend, and numerous visitors from other cities. The programme followed will be found in our local columns; but, owing to the lateness of the hour, it became necessary to omit several selections.

The performance began at seven o'clock, with music by the University Orchestra under the leadership of Prof. Paul, who rendered Herold's overture, "Zampa." Mr. D. C. Saviers then appeared and delivered the "Oration of the Day." He began by alluding to the excellent custom prevailing at Notre Dame of celebrating at intervals some particular festal day—the day of some hero in religion, brought home in an especial manner to us by peculiar circumstances, or the day of a hero in the grand history of a nation, such as Washington; or the day of a hero in the domain of literature, such as William Shakspeare. He then proceeded to recount the history and work of the Bard of Avon, and concluded as follows:

"In body he has passed away, yet he lives and ever shall live in those magnificent productions of his genius 'So long as men can breathe or eyes can see.' Like a stream, dancing, whirling, turning, glittering with a thousand colors, enriching the soil and giving drink to all, so are the works of Shakspeare intellectual drink for thousands,



while they enrich literature with countless gems more beautiful than brilliants and more lasting than stone. His genius made him the greatest of writers; it has carried the age in which he lived to the highest notch in the scale of enlightenment and refinement, and coming ages will point with wonder and delight at the 'Kohinoor' in the virgin crown of Literature.

"When went there by an age but it was famed with more than with one man?" and as we glance at the first part of the Elizabethan period we meet the names of Spencer, Bacon and Johnson, followed by Milton, Dryden, and others. The name of each blazes with the lustre of fame; but, as the golden sun rises eclipsing by his splendor the lights of the starry dome, so Shakspeare arose in the dome of literature, diffusing those dazzling rays of his genius that will cause his name to be honored upon the tablet of immortal fame,

"When tyrants' crests and tombs of brass are spent,  
When we, like others, our dust to dust have lent."

The speaker was frequently greeted with applause.

Then came what was appropriately said to be something new in the literary and dramatic annals of Washington Hall, namely,

#### SHAKSPEARE AT NOTRE DAME—

nothing more nor less than Shakspeare himself,—living, thoughtful, active,—on the stage. Mr. W. E. Ramsay represented the great dramatist engaged in writing one of his plays, and in his "make up" was an excellent "counterfeit" of Gregori's ideal portrait. His pantomimic delineation of the thoughtfulness and varying moods of the poet's mind was given with good facial expression and appropriate action. He concluded the scene with an excellent rendition of the famous soliloquy of Hamlet, "To be or not to be."

A pleasing interlude was next provided by the St. James' Quartette, of South Bend,—Messrs. Lyon, Marsh, Mills and Duey—who had kindly accepted an invitation to attend and add to the interest of the entertainment. They sang a beautiful serenade without accompaniment and, as might be expected from good musicians and practised vocalists, with correct taste and expression. The quartette is well balanced and possessed of excellent voices. They sang three numbers during the evening, and how well they were appreciated was shown by the rapturous applause with which they were greeted, and the hearty *encore* to which they were obliged to respond. We hope to have the pleasure of hearing them again.

In the "trial scene" from the "Merchant of Venice," which was next presented, Mr. D. C. Saviers as "Shylock" carried off the honors. His impersonation of the cruel, vindictive Jew was a fine piece of character acting; while his expressive facial movement, with suitable voice and action to correspond, depicted the various emotions of triumph, baffled hate and despair which in succession marked his character. Mr. P. J. Goulding deserves mention for the manner in which he delivered his invective against the Jew, though his action somewhat marred the delivery. The next selection comprised two scenes from "Julius Cæsar." In one Mr. T. E. Callaghan appeared as "Marc Antony," and delivered his celebrated speech over the dead body of Cæsar. It was fairly well given, and the "mob" kept up the interest by their lively manifes-

tations. The second was the celebrated "Quarrel Scene" between "Brutus"—Mr. T. McKinnery—and "Casca"—Mr. H. P. Porter. Both these gentlemen were earnest, and spoke forcibly, but they require still further training in order to make their rendition what it should be.

Another pleasing *divertissement* was the appearance of Mrs. Antoine Maguire, of Chicago, a lady well known in musical circles as possessing a remarkably fine soprano voice. She generously contributed to the pleasure of the evening by rendering one of her exquisite *morceaux* which met with great favor among the audience.

This concluded the first part of the programme. The second part was introduced by Mr. W. H. Johnston in a well-written oration on "Shakspeare." It is published in full in another part of this paper. A "Scene from the First Act of Richard III" was then presented with Mr. F. Dexter as "Richard," and Mr. A. A. Browne as "King Henry." Mr. Dexter was excellent in his impersonation of the deformed and designing Duke, and Mr. Browne made a very good King, though his voice was rather indistinct. This was followed by two scenes from "Macbeth," in which Mr. W. E. Ramsay appeared as "Macbeth" and Mr. D. C. Saviers as "Lady Macbeth." Mr. Ramsay's portrayal of his character was spirited, and, according to his ideal, faithfully depicted the cowardly, conscience-stricken Scot; but to some the rendition appeared needlessly boisterous and overdone. Mr. Saviers in the delineation of his character was perfect and a surprise to many. Two years ago, he appeared in the same character, and the praise so generously given and so well deserved then might, with additional reason, be given now. This closed the dramatic exercises, it being necessary, as already intimated, to omit several selections which, however, we print in the regular programme. As a fitting conclusion of the evening's entertainment, a beautiful tableau was presented with Gregori's celebrated painting of Shakspeare, around which were grouped the principal characters of the plays presented, approaching with wreaths to crown the immortal Bard. It was received with great applause.

Prof. T. E. Howard, of South Bend, a former student and for many years a Professor in the University, in response to an invitation from Rev. President Walsh, made the closing remarks. He spoke of the great pleasure afforded by the entertainment, complimenting in the highest terms all who took part in it,—characterising it as one of the most successful he had ever witnessed at Notre Dame.

The remarks of Prof. Howard were heartily endorsed by each and everyone of the delighted audience. Taking the exhibition as a whole, without considering a few inevitable individual defects, it was a complete success. The various scenes were "mounted" in a most correct manner, every attention was paid to the least detail of costume, and the different performers entered with spirit and earnestness into the parts allotted them. The Eulogians, by their effort, reflected the greatest credit on themselves and their worthy Director—  
Prof. J. A. Lyons. M.

## Exchanges.

—The *Phonetic Educator*, the ably edited, handsome and very interesting monthly published by Mr. Elias Longley at Cincinnati, has, with the beginning of the 7th volume, removed its quarters to No. 737 Broadway, New York city. Although greatly enlarged, the price of subscription remains as heretofore, \$1.50 a year. The new publisher, Mr. E. N. Miner, has for some time been associate-editor with Mr. Longley, and the latter still retains his editorial connection with the paper.

—The editors of the *University Press* deserve credit for their full report of the joint debate on "Bi-Metalism," at the University, given in a recent issue. The arguments for and against take up twenty-nine pages of the paper, to the exclusion of all other matter, but we feel confident that subscribers made no complaint against the arrangement. The contrary must have been the case. The subject of "Bi-Metalism" is handled in a masterly manner by the disputants on both sides.

—The Exchange-editor of the *College Speculum* says:

"The Exchange editor of the *Niagara Index* has been connected with journalism for sixteen years, so we are told. We have long wondered at the superior knowledge of this renowned critic, this author of a new literature, and now we read his wonderful productions with more awe than ever before."

The foregoing item will, of course, go the rounds of the college press, or at least the large but insignificant portion of it that passed round the story of the *Niagara Index* editor's gray or bald head—we forget which,—but we can vouch that there is not a word of truth in either story. We happen to know that the Exchange-editor of three years ago has long since left the University, and at the same time severed his editorial connection with the *Index*. The stories of the bald or gray head and the sixteen-year Exchange-editor of the *Index* are a pure fabrication. The *College Speculum* has, therefore, been deceived by its informant. We are not in the habit of taffying the Exchange-editor of the *Niagara Index*—or any other Exchange-editor, for that matter,—but such lying, cowardly stories about a man whom Exchange-editors in general dislike, and with whom they cannot cope, are despicable in the extreme. The *Speculum* owes to itself and its readers the duty of checking, as far as possible, the slanderous story which its gullibility induced it to start.

—The *Blair Hall Literary Magazine* is the title of a handsome 40-page monthly, published by the students of Blair Hall, New Jersey. We have received this magazine from its first issue, in November last, but could find nothing in it to justify a complimentary notice—such a notice as many of the college papers have given it—so we remained silent. It is not to criticize the poorly-written articles of the *Blair Hall Lit.* that we now call attention to it, but to criticize the critics who, without any justification whatever, are heaping complimentary notices upon it and praising its "well-written articles." With one or two ex-

ceptions, these display a wonderful ignorance of our mother-tongue, and set at defiance all the rules of grammar and rhetoric. The writers will no doubt do better in time, but the flatulent compliments that are paid them will not conduce to their improvement. To be worth anything, criticism and compliments must be discriminating, must be honest. So much for the manner of writing; with the exception of one article—from a female "missionary" in Taos, New Mexico—the matter is unobjectionable. But in the exceptional case the matter is highly objectionable. We fear the writer is much like Goldsmith's philosophical vagabond, who went to Holland to teach the natives English without knowing a word of the Dutch language. Miss Anna McKee has evidently undertaken to write of the Spaniards and "Greasers," and their religion and customs, without a proper understanding of either. She says:

"I went last week to High Mass in the Penitent Catholic church. It is an immense, gloomy structure of the 16th century style and quite ancient—built solely of adobe. They have no seats, and when the people come they kneel, during the whole service, on the cold mud floor,—with, no one knows, how many buried dead beneath them. The priest is a French Jesuit, and it is really wonderful the power these avaricious and cunning fellows have on the terrified imaginations of these benighted people. Their religion is of a very sombre nature, and yet there is a great deal of the ridiculous mixed with it. In Mora the priest charged a poor man twenty-five dollars for saying mass for the soul of his favorite mule which had died—and, as the priest said,—was suffering in purgatory. This priest actually stood in the doors of the corrals and baptized the sheep, hogs and other animals of some of his people."

To describe the Catholic religion as "of a very sombre nature" may be delightfully new and piquant to some, but we think the majority of well-informed Protestants will hardly concede its truth. The people of Mora, too, may be woefully "benighted," but we doubt very much that they are such fools as Miss McKee represents them to be. The stories of the "poor man paying twenty-five dollars for saying mass for the soul of his favorite mule which had died," and of the priest "baptizing the sheep and hogs," are, of course, purely fictitious, as untrue as they are blasphemous. We advise the editors of the *Blair Hall Lit.* to take such "fishy" stories with a very large grain of salt.

## Books and Periodicals.

SCOTT-BROWNE'S TEXT-BOOK OF PHONOGRAPHY. Part II. By D. L. Scott-Browne, Author of the American Standard Series of Phonographic Text-Books, and Conductor of Scott-Browne's College of Phonography in New York. 183 pages, cloth, embossed, \$2.

This book, supplementary to Scott-Browne's Manual, reviewed in the SCHOLASTIC some time ago, is in many respects an original and valuable addition to the standard phonographic literature of our day. It is not a mere hackneyed text-book. It takes a wider scope; it gives the results of study and practical experience in the application of the art, and therefore contains a great deal of valuable information for young reporters as well as students.

Apart from the merits or demerits of the system it advocates, the student and the young reporter—no matter what his system may be—will find the elaborate instructions on Analogy and Syllabication of a very practical character, and applicable to all systems. These, together with the chapters on Speed, on Law and Newspaper Reporting, on Rates and Salaries, etc., are of themselves worth more than the price of the book.

We might take exception to many things that Scott-Browne says, and to many of his conclusions, but we have not the time or space for a review. When phonographic authors touch upon the relative merits of systems they are prone to exaggerate, and Scott-Browne is no exception to the rule. There are defects, and misstatements not a few, in this book, but in our brief remarks upon it we do not wish to dwell upon these. We would rather descant upon its merits, had we time and space. Suffice it to say, in brief, that Scott-Browne here presents a volume that will be studied with interest by the practical reporter as well as by the tyro in the art.

—We have received from the publishers, Benziger Brothers, New York, a copy of the new edition of Very Rev. Faà di Bruno's admirable book "Catholic Belief." This work, carefully edited by the Rev. L. A. Lambert, the well-known author of "Notes on Ingersoll," has now reached its twentieth edition, although published only a short time.

The same publishers, and also the Baltimore Publishing Co., Baltimore, Md., send us copies of the new Catechism prepared and enjoined by order of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore.

—We have on our table the numbers of *Science* for April 3d, 10th, 17th and 20th, all replete with most interesting and most useful scientific matter. The articles in general are short,—sometimes too short for us on account of their interest; but, we presume, many others of the patrons of *Science*, prefer to read many things rather than much of one thing, and the publishers, of course, must take cognizance of this fact. But we would prefer to see at least one extensive article in each number; and possibly even this article to be continued, if necessary, through several numbers. The article in April 3d, on "The Relations of Microbes to Life," expresses exactly our views upon this question which we had even stated several times before in some of the class lectures; and therefore, when looking at the contents of the number and seeing this title, we expected a treat; but, alas! we were disappointed, not so much on account of the matter contained in the article as on account of its brevity. Of particular interest in *Science* are the reviews of scientific text-books and the lists of recent scientific publications. The "Comments and Criticisms" as well as the letters to the editor are one of the most characteristic features of *Science*, and calculated to do much good in the advancement of science.

A. M. K.

—*St. Nicholas* for May opens with an amusing and characteristic story by Frank R. Stockton,

entitled "The Tricycle of the Future," with strikingly descriptive illustrations by E. B. Bensel. A timely paper on the New Orleans Exposition, from the stand-point of a boy and girl who have lately visited it, will interest their compeers; the illustrations are by W. H. Goater. E. P. Roe, in his farm serial, "Driven Back to Eden," tells of the tasks and pleasures of spring-time; while Lieut. Schwatka, in "Children of the Cold," shows how, even in the land where Winter lingers in the lap of Autumn, the boys and girls are not without their games and amusements. J. T. Trowbridge's story, "His One Fault," and "Among the Law-makers" have entertaining installments, and a comprehensive sketch of Handel forms the second of the "From Bach to Wagner" series. In addition to the foregoing, and a great deal else that is interesting, beautiful, and instructive, are another "Brownie" poem, a long Persian legend put into verse by H. H. (Helen Jackson), and some bright jingles by Laura E. Richards, with several full-page illustrations by Reginald B. Birch.

—For special reasons, in the May *Century*, more space than usual is devoted to the War Series, and sixteen pages are added to the regular number, 160, in order that other subjects of public importance should not be slighted. Of superior interest is General Adam Badeau's anecdotal paper on "General Grant" as a soldier. General Badeau's article covers the whole period of General Grant's military experience, from his brilliant services in the Mexican War to the surrender of Lee at Appomattox, concluding with an interesting analysis of General Grant's soldierly characteristics. The frontispiece of the number is a striking portrait of General McClellan, engraved from a photograph taken especially for this purpose. General McClellan contributes a graphic account of "The Peninsular Campaign," and makes special reference to his official and personal relations with Secretary Stanton and President Lincoln. The rescue of "Greely at Cape Sabine" is the subject of a noteworthy paper by Ensign Charles H. Harlow, of the rescue-ship *Thetis*. Other illustrated features of the May number are the first of a series of two humorously illustrated papers on "The New Orleans Exposition," by Eugene V. Smalley; the first of a series of papers on "Typical Dogs," by writers having special knowledge, the article in the May number including short accounts of the Mastiff, the St. Bernard, the Bull-Dog, the Bull-Terrier, the Grey-hound, and the Chesapeake Duck-Dog, together with engravings of a fine animal of each kind. George de Forest Brush's account of "An Artist among the Indians" is beautifully illustrated with full-page engravings of two notable paintings by the author. Edmund Clarence Stedman's paper on the poet "Whittier" is the important literary feature of the number; and the Reverend T. T. Munger, in a careful essay, discusses the relations of science and faith in a paper entitled "Immortality and Modern Thought"; the same subject is treated in "Topics of the Time."

### Obituary.

#### BROTHER RAYMOND, C. S. C.

It is our sad duty to record the death of one long and familiarly known at Notre Dame, Brother Raymond (Martin Gilfoyle), who was called to his reward on Thursday, the 30th ult. The deceased religious had, for a number of years, been engaged in teaching the parochial school at South Bend, afterwards acting for some time as Prefect in the University. He was well known to many a former student, and was esteemed by all. May his soul rest in peace!

### Personal.

—We learn with pleasure that the Rev. John B. McGrath, '80, was ordained at Rome during Christmas week. The *Xavier* says that he has been appointed to St. Monica's Church, New York city.

—Mr. Sam Terry, of Rochester, Ind., a former student of Notre Dame, paid a flying visit last Monday "to see the boys." The "boys were pleased to see him," and hope he will call soon again and stay longer.

—The Rev. James P. Kiernan, of St. Patrick's Cathedral, Rochester, N. Y., was a welcome visitor to the University during the week. Father Kiernan is a genial, whole-souled priest, and his visit was greatly enjoyed. He expressed himself agreeably surprised at the beauty and proportions of Notre Dame. It is hoped his visit will soon be repeated.

—Mr. Alexis Coquillard, '44, the first student of Notre Dame, celebrated his 60th birthday on last Tuesday, the 28th inst. A grand banquet was spread at his elegant residence near South Bend, and many friends met to compliment him upon the happy occasion. Among the guests were Very Rev. Father Superior-General Sorin and Rev. Father Granger, of Notre Dame.

—Among the numerous visitors in attendance at the Shakspearean entertainment we noticed the following: Mrs. Judge Cleary, Covington, Ky.; Mrs. P. L. Garrity, Mrs. Antoine Maguire, Chicago; Miss Angela Ewing, Lancaster, O.; Miss Gregori, St. Mary's; Mr. and Mrs. L. G. Tong, Prof. and Mrs. Howard, Mr. and Mrs. P. O'Brien, Mr. Aaron Jones, Mr. Geo. E. Clarke, South Bend, Ind.; Mr. and Mrs. Curtis Thompson, Darlington, Ind.

### Local Items.

—Tragedee!

—"O noble Judge"!

—"The will"! "The will"!

—"Brutus is an honorable man."

—The Minims have a beautiful May altar erected in St. Edward's Hall.

—The costumes for the Shakspearean Entertainment were magnificent and appropriate.

—There is a table in the Senior refectory at which the army and navy are represented.

—The "List of Excellence" has been crowded out this week. It will appear in our next issue.

—On Wednesday last the Euglossians were photographed in costume by Mr. Bonney, of South Bend.

—A portion of the programme of "Shakspeare night" will be repeated some time within two weeks.

—The spring dude has put in an appearance, but "those March whinds, he says, are too hawfully chivly."

—Profs. Edwards, Gregori, and Bro. William have the thanks of the Euglossians for favors received in connection with their exhibition.

—Dreams of Commencement—honors, medals, victory, ice cream, etc.,—have begun to haunt the nocturnal slumbers of the average student.

—The festive bicyclist appeareth with the spring, and as he skimmeth around the level lakeside, lendeth a charm to the vernal landscape.

—The first nines will be chosen during the coming week, and the prospects are that they will be the best the College has had in a long time.

—The crews are under active training now, and have begun practice on the three lengths. Their names and positions will be published in the next issue.

—Our genial horticulturist has received from Washington a large variety of ornamental trees to be placed in the College park and the surrounding premises.

—"A Troubled Heart and How it was Comforted at Last" is the title of a new book just published by Prof. Lyons. A notice will be given in a future number.

—A victory over an outside nine is needed to give an impetus to hard and careful work among the home teams. We have the necessary material, let us have the honor.

—The Euglossians return a unanimous vote of thanks to Messrs. Lyon, Marsh, Mills and Duey, of the St. James' Quartette, for musical selections at the late entertainment.

—The Military Company is becoming proficient in tactics under the efficient instruction of their worthy Captain, and his *aids*. We hope for a public drill in the near future.

—Lost—A scarf-pin: the design is a half moon with an owl on it bearing the word "magic" on the side. The finder will confer a favor by leaving it with the Rev. Prefect of Discipline.

—The picnic season is now at hand, and the antiquated band-wagon will soon be called into requisition. The Temperance Association will probably head the movement in a short time.

—Our genial master tailor, Bro. Augustus, has received a large supply of goods suitable to the season, and is prepared to provide clothing in all the latest styles—fine dude's pants included.

—Navigation is rather dull at present, the vessels being run only on half time. But the prospects are that everything will be in good working order before long, and a lively season is expected.

—The Sorins offer a special vote of thanks to Rev. President Walsh, to Bros. Simon, Charles, Julius and William, as also to Prof. J. A. Lyons, for favors received in connection with the entertainment on Saturday last.

—Last Saturday evening, the Junior branch of the T. A. U. held a reunion to which the other students of the department were invited. With music, refreshments, social converse, etc., a very enjoyable time was had.

—We are obliged, owing to the unexpected and unavoidable absence of Prof. Hoynes, to defer until next week the publication of the concluding portion of his excellent lecture on "The Country West of the Mississippi."

—Less than two months of the scholastic year remain. Students should redouble their efforts so that when Commencement arrives they may look back on a year well spent, and thus look forward to a vacation well earned.

—A chart giving the history of the various political parties that have existed in the Republic since its formation, together with the various platforms, Presidents, etc., has been placed in the corridor leading to the refectories.

—The beautiful devotions of the Month of May began on Thursday evening. An eloquent sermon, explaining the origin and object of the devotion was preached by Rev. President Walsh, followed by solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

—Rev. Father Boland, of Lakey, Minn., presented the Baseball Association with a medal,—to be known as the P. J. Boland Baseball Badge,—to be contested for only by the Minims, and to be held by the nine in that department winning the greatest number of games during the season.

—In addition to the *Ave Maria* and the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC a new publication is now issued from the printing-office, entitled "The Annals of Our Lady of Lourdes." It will be published monthly in the interests of the members of the Confraternity, which is canonically established at Notre Dame.

—There is war in the camp!—we regret to learn that the Greek play for 1885 has been given up. The one chosen for representation this year was the "Medea" of Euripides, in which there are several female characters, and —, the Hellenist who was to take the part of "Trophos," refused to part with his mustache—he would not be thus led like a lamb to the slaughter; so the Greek play had to be sacrificed.

—Portraits of Rt. Rev. Mgr. Chabrat, Coadjutor to Bishop Flaget, of Louisville; Rt. Rev. Mgr. Reynolds, second Bishop of Charleston; Rt. Rev. Mgr. Dubourg, third Bishop of New Orleans; Most Rev. Mgr. Marechal, third Archbishop of Baltimore; Most Rev. Mgr. Whilfield, fourth

Archbishop of Baltimore; Rt. Rev. Mgr. Garcia, y Moreno, first Bishop of California; Rt. Rev. Mgr. McNeirny, third Bishop of Albany; and Rt. Rev. Mgr. Verot, third Bishop of Savannah and first Bishop of St. Augustine, Fla., have been placed in the Bishops' Gallery during the past week.

—The *Scholastic Annual* predicts that a great war will break out in May, in which the United States will be greatly interested. Constantinople is to be besieged by sea and land in June, and peace is to be made in the fall, by which the face of Europe will be greatly changed. These calculations were made last year, of course, and at present things look very much as if they are to be realized, in part at least. Last year's calculations in respect to the presidential election were almost exactly fulfilled in the election of Cleveland, and maybe the astrologer will make a centre shot again.

—*Ypsilanti Sentinel*.

—The Euglossian Society of Notre Dame gave their annual Shakspearean Entertainment in the Academy of Music at the College last evening, before a large and highly delighted audience, including, besides the Faculty and students of the University, a goodly number from this city and vicinity. The entertainment, in honor of the immortal bard's natal day, was devoted in the main to scenes from his wonderful dramatic writings, by members of the society, and it proved a rich treat indeed. . . . The affair was a notable success throughout, and much of this success was due to the skilful management of Prof. J. A. Lyons, who for more than a quarter of a century has had personal charge of all public entertainments at Notre Dame.—*South Bend Tribune, April 30.*

—The *South Bend Register* of April 30th contained the following notice of the Shakspearean entertainment:

"An enjoyable entertainment was afforded by the Euglossian Society of the University of Notre Dame, last evening. The special occasion was the anniversary of the birthday of Shakspeare, which was fittingly celebrated by dramatic presentations from his immortal plays. As the night was pleasant, a large number attended from the city. Very Rev. Father Sorin was present. He has just returned from another trip abroad, and is looking more vigorous and elastic, if that were possible, than ever. He states that the ocean ride always invigorates him. Previous to his entrance to Music Hall, a great number of friends paid their respects to him, expressing the general pleasure felt for his safe return. He was attended by Rev. T. E. Walsh, President of the University; Rev. R. Shortis, Chaplain of St. Mary's; Rev. J. A. Zahm, and others. The introductory consisted of music by the University orchestra, under direction of Professor Paul; an oration—'The Day we Celebrate'—by D. C. Saviers; prologue, F. J. Hagenbarth; personation of Shakspeare in soliloquy, by W. E. Ramsay; and singing by the St. James' Quartet—Messrs. Lyon, Duey, Mills and Marsh,—of this city. Mr. Ramsay wore a costume designed by Sig. Gregori, and as the ideal Shakspeare certainly made a superb appearance. His lines were well spoken, making this scene a leading feature of the evening. In this connection it may be mentioned that a final tableau disclosed a magnificent painting of Shakspeare recently completed by Sig. Gregori, a work of art which receives the highest encomiums of all who have the pleasure of seeing it. The Shakspearean selections were from the "Merchant of Venice," "Julius Caesar," "Richard III," and "Macbeth." Owing to the length of the pro-



gram, it was found necessary to cut some of the acts. A good degree of histrionic ability was exhibited by the students participating in the rendition of the several plays. They are evidently studying Shakspeare to some purpose and advantage, and their progress cannot fail to be gratifying to their very capable instructor, Prof. Lyons. The stage properties, scenery, etc., of the hall are among the finest in the State. Other features of the evening were further music on brass and stringed instruments by the University students; another selection by the St. James' quartet: "Home, Sweet Home," charmingly sung by Mrs. Maguire, of Chicago, followed by "Way down upon the Suwannee River," as an *encore*; and brief but appropriate and interesting concluding remarks by Prof. Howard."

—At the grand Shakspearean Entertainment by the Euglossian Association of the University, given on the evening of the 29th inst., the following was the

## PROGRAMME:

Music—"Zampa" (Herold)..... N. D. U. Orchestra  
Oration—"The Day we Celebrate"..... D. C. Saviers  
Serenade..... St. James' Quartette  
Prologue..... F. J. Hagenbarth

## SHAKSPEARE AT NOTRE DAME.

## SHAKSPEARE AND HIS PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS.

William Shakspeare..... W. E. Ramsay

## THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

## ACT IV.

Shylock..... D. C. Saviers  
Antonio, Merchand of Venice..... W. E. Ramsay  
Duke of Venice..... L. Mathers  
Portia..... J. Kleiber  
Gratiano..... P. J. Goulding  
Bassanio..... H. Paschel  
Nerissa..... C. Paschel

Attendants, etc., etc.

Music—"Zur Waldschenke," (H. Zahn).. Brass Quartette

## JULIUS CÆSAR.

## ACTS I, III and IV.

Marc Antony..... T. E. Callaghan  
Cassius..... H. P. Porter  
Brutus..... T. McKinnery  
Casca..... H. Steis  
Cæsar..... D. Byrnes  
Trebonius..... E. Hotaling  
Flavius..... L. Austin

Attendants, Citizens, etc., etc.

Music—Song.....

## RICHARD III.

## ACT I.

Richard, Duke of Gloster..... F. H. Dexter  
King Henry..... A. A. Browne  
Clarence..... V. Burke  
Brakenbury..... J. Conlon  
Attendant..... J. Jess

## PART II.

Oration—"Shakspeare,"..... W. H. Johnston  
Music—"Wandermarch," (H. Zahn)..... Brass Quartette

## HAMLET.

## ACT III.—Scene 1.

Hamlet (Prince of Denmark)..... W. E. Ramsay  
Ghost..... W. H. Johnston  
Horatio..... T. McGill  
1st Grave-digger..... J. McKinnery  
2d Grave-digger..... M. Mulkern  
Music—Song Without Words (Mendelssohn)  
Piano and Violin..... Prof. Paul and Chas. Porter

## MACBETH.

## ACT I.—Scenes 1 and 2.

Macbeth..... W. E. Ramsay

Lady Macbeth..... D. C. Saviers  
Attendant..... W. Breen

Scene from Richard II..... A. J. Ancheta  
Scene from Henry V..... P. Howard  
Scene from Othello..... W. Cartier  
Characteristic Declamation..... A. Alvarez  
Closing Remarks..... Prof. T. E. Howard  
Music..... N. D. U. Orchestra

## Roll of Honor.

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

## SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Messrs. Arce, Austin, Ancheta, A. A. Browne, Baca, Becerra, M. Burns, Byrnes, Breen, F. Burke, V. Burke, Callaghan, Conlon, Chapin, Crawford, F. Combe, Carbajal, Cusack, Cartier, Campbell, De Groot, Dwan, Dexter, Dickerson, Estrado, Finlay, Goulding, A. A. Gordon, Garcia, Goodfellow, Gould, A. Gordon, Horn, Hamlyn, Halligan,\* Howard,\* Hotaling, Hausberg, Hasson, Johnston, Kolars, King, Kleiber, Kegel, Kavanagh, Livingston, Loomis, McMillian, McKinnery, McGuire, Meyer, McErlain, McCartney, McMurray, Miller, Jno. Murphy, C. Paschel, Perlev, Padilla, P. Prudhomme, J. Prudhomme, H. Porter, Phillips, Price, Rother, Reach, Rice, Ramsay, Ruppe, T. Ryan, Roth, G. H. Smith, A. T. Smith, Sheridan, Steis, Spillard, Saviers, Snapp, Triplett, Jno. Troy, W. D. Williams, Wagoner, Wilson, Woodbridge, Werst, Zeitler.

## JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Masters H. Ackerman, Arts, Amoretti, Borgschulze, Bastable, Berthelet, Baur, Congdon, Cummings, Clarke, Colina, G. Cartier, Cavaroc, Cleary, Cleveland, Chute, Dillon, Dempsey, Dorenberg, Donnellan, Daly, De Haas, Darragh, Devine, Ewing, Fisher, Fehr, Flood, Grunsfeld, L. Grever, J. Garrity, Hoye, Howard, Hieronimus, Hibbeier, Holman, Hagenbarth, Johnson, Kegel, Kenny, Luther, Lewis, Levin, Martinez, Mulkern, McCourt, R. Morrison, Monschein, Myers, Mullane, Macke, Meehan, Nester, Nussbaum, Oxnard, O'Brien, O'Kane, Portillo, Prudhomme, Porter, Regan, Real, Rose, Rebori, Ruffing, Remish, Reynolds, Rogers, Robinson, Ryan, Stubbs, Senn, Sokup, Soden, F. Smith, H. Smith, Shaw, Sedberry, Servis, Tewksbury, Talbot, Tarrant, Thurston, Thompson, Wabraushek, Williamson, Wieting.

## MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Masters Adams, Ackerman, Boos, Bunker, Berry, Bull, Barger, Blakeslee, Baker, Bloomington, Crotty, Campau, Chute, Carnahan, Cobbs, F. Dunford, J. Doss, E. Doss, L. Doss, Ernest, T. Falvey, F. Falvey, E. Falvey, Garber, Grimes, Grunsfeld, Henry, Haney, Hopkins, C. Inderrieden, R. Inderrieden, Jones, J. Kelly, E. Kelly, Kellner, Landenwich, McPhee, McVeigh, Murphy, Morgan, McGill, C. Mitchell, J. Mitchell, McCourt, McNally, Moncada, Millard, Mason, McNulty, McGuire, Mooney, Nussbaum, Noonan, O'Kane, F. Peck, J. Peck, Piel, Piero, Paul, Perkins, Quill, Quinlin, Ramsey, Rugee, Salman, Sweet, Stone, Smith, Shöneman, Scherrer Tracy, Weston, Williamson.

\* Omitted last week by mistake.

## Class Honors.

## COLLEGIATE COURSE.

Messrs. Mulkern, V. Morrison, E. Porter, Hagenbarth, Courtney, Goulding, F. Combe, A. Browne, Wagoner, Rother, Halligan, Sheridan, Kolars, Saviers, Ancheta, H. Porter, C. Porter, Johnston, Guthrie, Steis, Conway, Callaghan, Mathers, Cartier, Reach, Howard, Dexter, S. Murdock, Ewing, V. Burke, Dolan, Wilson, Hausberg, Kavanagh, G. H. Smith, Dickerson, McKinnery, Coghlin, Wiley, Goodfellow, Burns F. Burke.

## Saint Mary's Academy.

*One Mile West of Notre Dame University.*

—Thanks to Mrs. M. V. Regan, of Indianola, Texas, for beautiful specimens of silk and cocaine kindly donated to the Museum.

—We are soon to be favored with a visit from our devoted friend, Miss E. A. Starr, when she will favor us with one of her valued lectures on Art.

—On Wednesday, a very interesting lecture on "The Country West of the Mississippi River" was delivered in the study-hall by Prof. Hoynes, of the University.

—Mrs. Johnson, of Chicago, has presented a very handsome Japanese work bracket to the Princesses for their fine new clock. They are very thankful to the kind donor.

—The notice of the visit of Mr. John Reed, of Reed's Temple of Music, Chicago, was crowded out of last week's report. As an old-time friend, he came to be present at the funeral of Sister Mary Cecilia.

—The Sodality of the Children of Mary attended Mass on Monday morning in the Chapel of Loreto, the Mass being said especially for them by Very Rev. Father General, after which he gave a beautiful instruction, with a full and detailed account of the origin and devotion of Our Lady of Genazzano.

—We are indebted to a kind friend for the valuable work entitled "Memorial Volume of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore," which contains the many admirable discourses given by distinguished prelates during its session, and is embellished with portraits of all the members of the Council. It forms no slight acquisition to our useful Library.

—Last Sunday evening Very Rev. Father General presided at the weekly reunion in the Seniors' study-hall. The usual recitations and readings were dispensed with in order to give more time to listen to a delightful description of his voyage to and from Rome. All rejoice to see our venerable Father at these pleasant reunions once more, where his smile of approval and words of advice prompt each and all to renewed ardor for the coming week.

—On Wednesday, at about four o'clock p. m., the pupils of the Academy assembled in the Seniors' study-hall to welcome the return of Very Rev. Father General home from his late trip abroad. Miss Marie Fuller read, in excellent taste, a touching address, and Father General expressed his great pleasure in being once more in the midst of those whom time and the associations of even scores of years had rendered dear to him. The accustomed musical entertainment on such occasions was suspended on account of the recent bereavement, because that music, to quote a line from the address,

"Would bring the void too vividly to mind."

—At the regular reunion in the Juniors' study-hall, on Tuesday evening, Very Rev. Father General made his first visit to the department since his return from Europe. Belle Snowhook read a short, but cordial address of welcome, and was followed by Grace Regan in a well-rendered recitation, "The Grey Swan," by Alice Cary; Clara Richmond next recited "Gaulberto's Victory," by Miss E. C. Donnelly; and Hannah Stumer closed the little programme with "Borrioboolagha," by O. Goodrich. Very Rev. Father praised the Juniors' manner of presenting themselves to receive their points, as well as the elocutionary efforts of those who recited. He then gave a charming instruction on the power and prerogatives of the Blessed Virgin, to whom the beautiful month of May is so appropriately dedicated. He proposed to the Society of the Children of the Holy Angels a suggestion made, he said, the day previous, by him to the Children of Mary, that they deposit on slips of paper their wants for the month of May, and place them in the golden heart which is suspended over the heart of the statue in the Chapel of Loreto, and that, if presented with love for her, their petitions would be heard by a Mother who is not only full of love, but full of power to meet the wants of her children. He cited the case of Suarez as one who owed his extraordinary mental powers directly to his devotion to the Blessed Virgin. For over half an hour he delighted the Juniors with his excellent instructions. After him, Father Shortis added a few remarks, in his usual pleasing style. Father Saulnier was requested to speak, but declined, saying he corroborated the praises already bestowed on the Juniors.

### Conversation.

The interchange of sentiments and ideas called conversation, which constitutes the larger proportion of our social life, and which is so fraught with power to make or mar our happiness is well worthy of our most careful consideration. How often has the spell of delight and admiration cast by the charm of friendship been broken, and even the friendship itself destroyed forever by an ill-timed expression! A word has, more than once, changed the entire current of a life-time. Even an inflection has often carried with it, on the one hand a repellant, or, on the other, an attractive force that has set the final seal on the ruin or the success of the speaker.

Random conversations are seldom, if ever, instructive, and are not the outgrowth of a well-disciplined mind. It is the thoughtful nature, the well-stored intellect, the susceptible, the loving, the grateful heart which confer upon the individual the means of rendering her conversation a source of real pleasure and benefit to others. Not so with the dissipated, ill-informed; the selfish and the vulgar. Gossip of the most trifling stamp forms the subject-matter of the talk engaged in, and which is generally as incessant as it is pointless.

Slang and inapt quotations from questionable sources—and not unfrequently even malicious personalities—are as ready on the point of the tongue as the clatter with which the blackbird regales us on a spring morning: the talker as regardless of consequences as the blackbird.

How far removed from this picture is the unassuming deportment of one whose words are duly presented, and whose heart is too gentle to wound even the meanest, the most insignificant! Her intelligent mind is at the command of her good judgment, and her sincerity is so true and deep that her conversation never wearies, but places all around her at their ease. No one in her presence need fear to be misunderstood; no one need dread the keen satire, or the ill-concealed criticism.

On the other hand, while the pedantry of the pretender is far from her manner, she will never

“Be so civil as to prove unjust;”

and, while avoiding controversy and disagreeable points of dispute, her very silence curbs the voice of the detractor, and thus the truth is defended.

It is in our conversations that we exert our most powerful influence; and, much as evil books do harm, perhaps it is not a hundredth part of that infused into the lives of others by bad or trifling conversations. A very large proportion of society, is composed of people who have neither the time nor the disposition to read; but who does not talk? From the prattler to the grey-beard we lead others by our words. Again, even a salutary literature has nothing like the power of spoken language. Timely advice from the lips of a true friend, or a letter couched in the familiar expressions of one who, we are convinced, esteems us for our own merits, goes much farther than even much better things said or written by a stranger. A personal interest brings with it a personal influence, and in this fact we find the great advantage of prudent conversations. Good impulses are not rare, and when encouraged they resolve themselves into good habits. As with our thoughts and sentiments so is it with our impulses; they are fed by the fuel of our conversations; we speak of what is nearest to our hearts, and imbue others with our own feelings, our own opinions, our own esteem or disesteem for that which is good and praiseworthy.

We are not at liberty to say what we please, if what we please to say is offensive to good breeding or to good morals. Our endeavors to provide the mind with abundant and suitable topics of conversation should be tireless and constant. “Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh,” and if the fountain be pure and healthy, the conversation will be good. We shall strengthen what is most worthy in ourselves by our exertions to make those with whom we associate admire what we admire, prize what we prize, and love what we love.

### Roll of Honor.

#### SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

*Par Excellence*—Misses M. Adderly, Alcott, Allwein, M. Bruhn, Barlow, Brady, E. Call, F. Carmien, Carney, S. Dunne, A. Donnelly, E. Donnelly, M. Dillon, M. Fuller,

C. Ginz, B. Gove, Griffith, Gavan, A. Gordon, A. Gordon, A. Heckard, B. Heckard, Hale, Helpling, L. Hutchinson, N. Kearns, Kearney, Keenan, Lange, A. McSorley, T. McSorley, McHale, O'Connell, O'Halloran, Ramsey, Rose, A. Richardson, Sharrette, Sheekey, M. Scully, C. Scully, Shea, Schuler, Stull, L. St. Clair, Thornton, L. Walsh, E. Walsh, White, Walker. *2d Tablet*—Misses M. Blair, Blain, Cox, M. Ducey, C. Ducey, B. Dwan, English, Fehr, Horn, Kearsey, A. Murphy, M. Schmidt, S. St. Clair.

#### JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

*Par Excellence*—Misses N. Brown, O. Boyer, T. Balch, B. Erlenborn, F. Hertzog, A. Keyes, M. McEwen, L. Norris, C. Prudhomme, E. Preston, M. Paul, C. Richmond, G. Regan, E. Sheekey, B. Snowhook, H. Stumer, G. Searls, G. Stadtler, L. Trask, L. Van Horn. *2d Tablet*—Misses M. Smith, C. Servis.

#### 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, Keenan.

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

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

1ST PREPARATORY CLASS—Misses Blair, Hutchinson, M. Shea, M. Smith, F. Hertzog, M. Barry, Dwan, L. Blaine, E. Balch, S. Campeau, G. Stadtler, Bubb.

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

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

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

2D JR. CLASS—Misses Lee, Hammond, Hopkins.

#### BOOK-KEEPING.

1ST CLASS—Misses A. Heckard, D. Fitzpatrick, B. Kearney, E. O'Connell.

2D CLASS—Misses I. Alcott, B. Morrison, M. Dillon, G. Regan, M. Newman, L. Blaine.

3D CLASS—Misses Alice Gordon, Addie Gordon, F. Carmien, J. McHale, L. Walsh, M. Scully, A. Keyes, A. Dwan.

4TH CLASS—Misses C. Cox, E. Rose, G. Faxon, B. Sharrette.

#### LATIN.

Misses C. Lange, Trask, C. Scully, Helpling, L. Blaine.

#### FRENCH.

1ST CLASS—Misses Call, Bruhn.

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

3D CLASS—Misses C. Richmond, B. Snowhook, L. Van Horn (each 100).

4TH CLASS—Misses T. McSorley, Kearsey, E. Kearns, Norris, Brown, Barry, B. English, F. Hertzog, Servis, McEwen.

5TH CLASS—Misses H. Stumer, M. Ducey.

6TH CLASS—Misses F. Johnson, B. Murray, L. Chapin, C. Prudhomme, M. Hopkins.