

# THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

Disce quasi semper victurus; vive quasi cras moriturus.

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## Floral Snow.

The trees were laden with blossoms  
In the lovely month of May,—  
A light breeze played among them,  
And their petals bore away;  
The air seemed flower-laden  
As they wafted to and fro,  
And the springing grass was covered  
With a fall of floral snow.

The delicate peach blossoms,  
With their faintly blushing hue,  
Upon the air of morning  
Were lightly floating too:  
Like a soft pink cloud descending  
From heaven to earth below,  
And resting on the greensward,  
Like a fall of rosy snow.

Then I thought of the first fair garden  
When man dwelt among the flowers,  
When life was a beautiful springtime,  
In those perennial bowers.  
And I thought, if still we dwelt there,  
The only storms we should know  
Would be those of perfumed blossoms—  
Soft falls of floral snow.

—M. A., IN *The Ave Maria*.

## Roderigo.

BY S. W.

His name was Roderigo, and he always wanted to go to sea. He thought Roderigo was the proper sort of a name for one fated to do life-long battle with the winds and waves. It was a good name for the stern pole of a gondola; but the boy's soul soared higher, and nothing short of a gulf-stream with an iceberg in the distance could satisfy his lofty ambition.

As soon as he could walk he haunted the bath-tub, launching therein the parental slipper. Day

after day those slippers cruised up and down the confines of the bath-tub, under the captainship of Roderigo. Day after day Roderigo paid the penalty of these perilous ventures, until the slippers eventually sank, hopelessly water-logged, and Roderigo turned his attention to nobler craft, with a recklessness and a determination that was truly nautical.

Before he could swim, he came very near to an early grave in the untimely canal, but was, as usual, rescued by the inevitable amphibious Samaritan, who seems always to be lying in wait for the luckless creature that persists in tumbling into unexpected waters in a very natural, inexcusable, and commonplace manner.

Having upset in a yawl-boat the legitimate number of times, having broken through the ice one winter's Saturday and been rolled over barrels and rubbed with hot flannels in consequence, and having devoured whole libraries of sea-tales, Roderigo grew to be about sixteen or seventeen years of age; and at that very moment he made up a small package containing the fewest number of necessaries possible, and as many articles of a piratical nature as he could procure and tie comfortably under the four corners of his great silk pocket-handkerchief: a dirk-knife, for instance—a very dull one, with a loose handle,—a red sash, peculiar to corsairs, and some plugs of tobacco, such as no sailor is complete without.

One still night Roderigo seized this nautical toggery, crept stealthily out of his window across the kitchen-roof, and then let himself slide into the backyard, where he came within an ace of breaking his back across the saw-buck. It was a moment of horrible joy to Roderigo when he found himself utterly free—free as the birds themselves; free to go wherever he pleased, whenever he liked, without consulting his parents. The limitless earth lay all before him—China, India, the isles of the sea, the icy poles, the shadowless equator. Where? oh! where? or when? or how should his untrammelled feet find an insurmountable barrier, henceforth and forever? This was a little flight of fancy Roderigo indulged in as he sat on the saw-buck over which he had tumbled; and at the conclusion of

this apostrophe to his mercurial extremities, he quietly arose, walked out of the front gate, closing it softly after him, and passed gayly down the street under the shadow of the houses, winding his solitary way toward the wharves at the edge of the town.

He had, like a wise runaway who knows his business, made all necessary arrangements previously. A schooner—a long, low, rakish-looking craft, with the bloody flag and the skull and crossbones undoubtedly secreted somewhere in her lockers, Roderigo was sure of it—this piratical craft was lying quietly at her wharf when the runaway drew near. She was in good sea trim; but one thing was necessary to complete her happiness and assure her perfect fitness for the cruise: namely, a boy, about sixteen or seventeen years of age, who was desirous of running away from home in the very middle of the night—one who would willingly creep out of a back window, with his small bundle of dirk-knives and tobacco—who would risk breaking his back over a saw-buck and brave the sea at his earliest convenience, resolved that no man should board his ship unless he was willing to pass over the dead body of such a brave little fellow as the subject of this sketch.

Roderigo was just the boy for all this, and much more of a similar nature. He felt that if his father should request him to stay on the poop-deck of a blazing brig, he would gladly stay and scorch there, and have a ballad written of him in consequence. It was partly the bare possibility of this schooner at the end of the wharf bursting suddenly into a pyramid of flame, and of his being accidentally discovered walking up and down in the middle of it all, like a little Shadrach, Meshach, or Abdenego, that caused him to resolve upon ending his tedious days in her; to repel all thoughts of home, to forswear his father and deny his mother, and such other relatives as he happened to be possessed of at the time.

Roderigo walked boldly to the end of the wharf, gazed fondly down upon the narrow deck of the *Sea-gull*—which was the appropriate name of his future bride (he had called the schooner his “bride,” on one or two occasions)—and, seeing no one stirring on board, he hailed the skipper in a loud voice that rang out over the water, and set several dogs to barking on several vessels anchored off in the stream. White, woolly clouds sailed rapidly across the face of the moon, almost obscuring it at times, as though she had shut her bright eye for a moment and slowly opened it again. The current swirled and eddied among the docks; and when the dogs had ceased barking, a cock crew with a shrillness and longevity that amazed the runaway. Then all was still, save the water that seemed to be continually smacking its lips over something in a heartless, sensual way. Roderigo had been expected aboard sometime during the night; so the skipper slept with half an eye open—as skippers are wont to do in trying times. Soon the cabin hatch slid partly back, a faint gleam of light stole out of the opening and threw into bold relief a bushy head and face that yawned all

over, and then proceeded to inquire into the occasion of the unusual disturbance.

The matter was soon made clear, to the satisfaction of both parties, and Roderigo climbed down a rude sort of ladder nailed to the side of the wharf and boarded the *sea-gull*, where he was advised to “turn in at once and get forty winks, as the *gull* was going down on the flood-tide about three in the morning!”

Getting down a perpendicular stairway, Roderigo found himself in a cabin about the size of a dry-goods’ box—the same, however, which he had admired so greatly upon his recent visit, when he was bargaining with the skipper for the privilege of running away to sea with him. The skipper, having pointed Roderigo to his bunk under the steep stairway, at once rolled into his own shelf on one side of the cabin, and was almost immediately asleep and snoring a kind of nasal duet with the mate, who was likewise cook and crew, and who occupied the other side of the same little close-smelling cabin.

Now, Roderigo had never been to sea, but he had read nearly all the sea-tales in circulation. He therefore felt himself qualified to run a privateersman through an improbable crack in an impassable reef in a manner calculated to electrify Mr. Fenimore Cooper and Captain Marryatt, respectively.

“Why do these thoughtless men neglect the ship at this moment?” thought Roderigo; and he immediately arose from his bunk—which, by the way, he found a trifle stifling—and betook himself to the deck, where he stood watch for the next hour and a half, and was as wide awake as possible.

The water still gurgled among the mussel-coated piles, and seemed to be saying in a whisper something awfully mysterious. The moon wrote her monogram in molten silver upon the smooth, ebony surface of the water, where it was no sooner written than the ripples conspired to shatter it into a thousand animated fragments that suddenly disappeared as though they had sunk; then the moon began all over again, and again it was broken and swallowed up, until the young sailor-boy was tired of watching it. The *sea-gull* sat like a swan upon the wave. Roderigo observed this with satisfaction, because it was the correct thing for her to sit thus, and to be ready to spread her swelling canvas, and bear down before the gale, according to twenty ballads that he knew by heart, and had often sung to himself, spurning the earth the while like a born rover. From time to time, drift-wood floated slowly past with the tide. An empty orange-crate passed by, looking like a hen-coop in a deluge; and at sight of it Roderigo’s heart leaped within him; for he thought of the spice islands whence it came and of the possibility, yea, of the probability (with youth all things are probable), of his being wrecked there some fine morning, and of being rescued in splendid style and instantly married to the queen’s daughter.

The youthful mariner began to think it strange that no one shrieked for help in his immediate vicinity, since he could swim now, and was naturally a brave little fellow, whose greatest delight would

be to rescue any one in deep and watery distress. It seemed a little strange to him that the white and glaring face of some three-days-old corpse didn't rise up under the stern of the *sea-gull* and ask, with oozing lips, for Christian burial. Roderigo's self-appointed watch was certainly uneventful, and he thought sea-life very dull, as he sat on the rail of the schooner, tied to the wharf of an old town that slept and was silent as death for the space of four hours.

By and by, a boat with two occupants stole out from an adjoining dock and sped rapidly toward the dark hull of a vessel that was anchored in mid-stream. "Ha! ha!" cried Roderigo, under his breath, "somebody else's boy will be missing in the morning!" He wanted to hail the boat and have a talk with the other adventurer, comparing notes and marine prospects.

There are very long and empty spaces between the episodes of a night. The head of the runaway gradually sank upon his shoulder, and he slept quite uncomfortably, with a pain in his side and his cap in imminent danger of dropping over board at the slightest motion of the sleeper. When he came to himself again, he was chilly and full of aches. The east was sickly yellow; a thin mist lay upon the water, and the click of an anchor-chain assured him that some vessel was just upon the order of going to sea, and no time was to be lost if any one else chose to take the tide at the flood and be led to fortune in the prescribed manner. Down he groped into the cabin and reported the state of affairs. Now, if there is a skipper of anything afloat—from a clam-scow to a ship-of-line—who likes to be told of his business, and finds the information particularly enjoyable when offered gratuitously by a landsman, and a young one at that, I'd like to make his acquaintance. He would undoubtedly be the most amiable of his race.

Roderigo received no response for some moments. The cabin seemed like a tomb, though the nasal voices that issued from its depths were a sufficient guarantee of life and breath in some quarter of it. He continued, therefore, to howl, diligently, that "the other ship was *histing* anchor, and that it was almost morning on deck!" Anon, the disturbed sleepers aroused from their slumbers and came on deck, swearing like a brace of troopers. I am not sure that troopers swear any worse than other people; but I know that these fellows were swearing the worst kind. Roderigo was not accustomed to this kind of language. In his library of sea-tales the captains were fond of uttering mysterious blanks and dashes, the exact significance of which he had never comprehended. It was a new experience, and it startled him a little; but, as he was evidently right in alarming the dull-brained Captain and his comrade, they began at once to loosen ropes and stow away queer-shaped blocks and other things, all of which delighted the heart of Roderigo with their newness and novelty; and after some little trouble, the *sea-gull* swung stern foremost into the stream, and drifted about for a few moments helplessly,

acting as much like a wounded duck as anything.

Roderigo was constantly expecting to collide with vessels of every description. He was calculating upon the chances of escape in case a great hole should be stove in the bows of the *sea-gull*; his excitement was something intense, and he trembled all over, because he couldn't help it. From time to time he scanned the receding shore, seeking the familiar forms of his bereaved parents who might be expected to implore him, from the extreme end of the wharf, to come back to them and cease roving. He resolved to refuse them this favor tenderly, yet firmly. He needn't have troubled himself so very much, for they came not. In fact, they could scarcely have been expected to make their appearance at such an unseasonable hour—it was not yet sunrise; but Roderigo had a fashion of building up tragic castles upon lands that dissolved in the very first ripple of plain fact, and he was never so happy as when planning a new structure upon the crumbling ruins of his very last disappointment.

In a little while, the sails of the *sea-gull* were spread like great wings, and the schooner began to steady herself, as though she had at last made up her mind which way to go. Those wings flapped lazily; for the air was light, and she moved softly and almost noiselessly through smooth water. The little wavelets under the bows plashed musically, and a long chain of bubbles swam after them, with a sunbeam—the first of the morning—caught in each. It seemed the most exquisite moment in Roderigo's life: that early hour of dawn, the town slowly waking out of its death-like silence, the shadows lifting with the smoke-pillars from many chimneys, and the most delicate, cool and fragrant air breathing upon his hot cheek flushed with excitement. He looked along the docks with a sense of divination. He saw the dripping and slimy hulls under the wharves; sea-green colonnades, whose pillars were crusted with mussels and star-fish, and that needed only a tinge of moonlight to transform them into the submarine chambers of some sea-god. He saw small skiffs moving in and out among the docks, with two or three occupants, or perhaps a single one. They were gathering drift-wood, and gleaning the floating harvest of the sea. He wished he had been born in a sphere of life which would admit of his following the same picturesque profession; it was almost piratical in its nature, and it seemed to him even more attractive than life on the *sea-gull*, which was growing a little monotonous, since the schooner was not so swift a sailer as he had supposed.

For an hour or more they drifted with the tide, that was sweeping toward the sea, some miles away. The town had withdrawn into the distant horizon, and looked like a single line in some poem across a page of arabesque, with a cluster of exclamation points at the end of the line, which were masts, of course. Roderigo knew the whole poem by heart. This was the most touching line in it, and he began to think it over to himself with mixed emotion as they sailed.

On either side stretched measureless breadths of marsh land. The channel was by no means a wide one, and often they drifted close in upon the reeds that stood up to their waists in water, and bowed to them in a body as they passed. Now and then, a crane stalked by them; a few, whose bodies seemed to be roosting on the top of their tall legs, heard the soft ripple under the *sea-gull's* bow, and, suddenly uncoiling their long necks, they limped away on their clumsy wings—just above the top of the reeds—till they looked like a tuft of feathers blown across the marsh. A few pelicans sailed over the water, and Roderigo thought that if they got well under way they never could stop again, unless they ran against something.

There was a sort of breakfast after awhile—a breakfast that astonished Roderigo, who had expected to take his tankard of coffee in one hand—he didn't get it at home, however—and his piece of salt-junk in the other, eating and drinking alternately, while the jolly tars relieved one another at telling the wildest yarns conceivable. Roderigo had absorbed "Tom Cringle" and all his glorious contemporaries, and the skipper of the *sea-gull* was by no means to be thought of in the same moment. There was literally nothing to do, and the *sea-gull* led her crew a dull life, drifting slowly down stream between the lonesome marshes. In the midst of the passage, Roderigo fell asleep on deck: nature was seeking payment for the wakeful night he had passed. He roused from time to time, only to find the same dreary, gray-green, salt-odored desert, with sometimes a fisherman's cabin near the shore, or a stationary windmill in the distance, or a man standing motionless in the dead-level of the reeds, looking like a post; or, perhaps, to find another schooner swinging past them, with her great sails golden and beautiful in the sunshine.

The dullest hour is but sixty minutes long, and Roderigo's first day at sea, as he chose to consider it, was absorbed in a damp, gloomy mist that came out of the ocean, chilly and depressing, and by no means soothing to the minds of the seamen. Down went the anchor into the sandy bottom of the channel, that had grown to an amazing width since Roderigo last opened his eyes; down went the sails into a thick, cumbersome, moist heap, that had, nevertheless, to be clewed up in ship-shape; down went Roderigo's spirits, for the air was keen and penetrating, and his hands numb with cold. The wonderful sea was beginning to make itself known: you could feel its long-drawn breath, and hear its loud breathing even that far away. The *sea-gull* rocked upon the water; her booms swung to and fro in an impatient, spiteful fashion. The most miserable hour of Roderigo's life seemed to dawn upon him in the evening of that first eventful day. He went below into the close, ill-smelling cabin. The skipper and his mate smoked villainous pipes, played greasy cards, and drank a tin-cup full of something that made them noisy and brutal. It was the hour for Roderigo to lay his deepest plot for the capture of the schooner, and a peremptory return to his native town. Had he been in

better spirits he would have arranged all these matters. In imagination he would have seen himself, a slight, boyish hero, who had rescued this schooner from the hands of irresponsible men, and returned the same to her legitimate owners. A public reception, a speech or two of the most complimentary nature, a memorial medal, and the unbounded admiration of all his school-fellows would naturally follow. But, alas! Roderigo was in the depths of melancholy and despair. The atmosphere of the cabin was stifling; the persistent rocking of the vessel made his head ache and his stomach uneasy; it also troubled the polluted waters in the hold of the vessel, whose very breath was poisonous. The brutes who drank, smoked, and played till midnight, said nothing to him, save to advise him to "Turn in, youngster." Therefore, he turned into his little bunk, which was about the size of a coffin, and there he continued to turn and turn, and moan in the bitterness of his soul, and repent the sins of his whole life, but none more earnestly than the one scarcely yet a day old—the result of which, it seemed to him, must prove fatal to himself, perhaps to his mother also, and, possibly, to the whole family. Oh, youth and inexperience, how manifold are thy sorrows, and how sorely do they magnify themselves!

When the beneficent angel of Sleep finally visited the miserable little sailor-boy and softly shut down his eyelids, the lashes were all dripping with tears. It is needless to reproduce the *log* of the *sea-gull*. For two weeks that diminutive specimen of naval architecture wrestled with the elements: rough winds tore her sails into ribbons; rough waters engulfed her with perpetual avalanches; the little company put their trust in Providence, and took it back again more than once; the trough of the sea swallowed them with frightful greed, but threw them out into the air afterward, and they took hope once more; sometimes the waves shouldered them like a toy-ship, or held them trembling upon the verge of dark, cavernous abysses, too awful to be thought of without a shudder. Roderigo was of little service at such seasons: he wasn't of very much service at any time. But often he was found to be good company for the tough old sea-dogs, who seldom had the opportunity of looking back upon the childhood which they must have almost forgotten.

There were some days when the sea was like glass; when birds hovered about them—garrulous sea-doves, clamoring for crumbs that the runaway took great pleasure in casting upon the waters, solely for their sake. At these times the deck was more level, and the sunshine usually abundant. It was a joy to lie in some dry, warm corner, and coax the skipper and his man to reveal something of their past. They had dwelt years in foreign seas, and their hearts warmed at the enthusiasm of this boy while he listened to their recitals. They told of the Indies, East and West; of the Yellow Sea; of the Paradise Islands; of the frozen deeps where the great whales are sacrificed, and sometimes the whalers. They described the icebergs swimming the dark-blue seas, like floating palaces

hewn out of crystals and crusted with gems—temples whose transparent walls were too dazzling to look at without shielding the eye with your hand, even as it were the sun itself. Meantime, the sails flapped in the motionless air; the reef-points lashed them fretfully, as though it were idleness to be lying there, and the canvas were to blame.

The birds wheeled about them in great circles, or sat like corks upon the water. Floating gardens of sea-moss, never so delicate, and as beautiful as flowery meadows, drifted down close to the side of the vessel where Roderigo was not slow to capture branches of them with a hook and line, and to press the same carefully, with a view to exhibiting them upon his return home—if, indeed, he ever got home again, now that it seemed so long since he was there. He sometimes thought, while he was lying upon the deck, of opening a museum of trophies gathered in his foreign travels. It was a proud thought, and a fond one; but I believe he threw his entire collection overboard, before his return—they had such a disagreeable odor.

The one foreign port that they touched at—the destination of the *sea-gull*—could scarcely have been less interesting; yet it delighted Roderigo. There was a dilapidated wharf, tottering into the bay. It had an unstable air about it, as though it had waded out in some dark night, and being fast in the mud, was never able to get back again; and so remained, a sort of disappointed thing, doing half-duty for poor pay. Two or three warehouses and a shabby dwelling or two were all the evidences of civilization visible. The primeval forest crowded everything close upon the edge of the sea, and covered the place with deep, cool shadows early in the afternoon.

Three or four days of moderate work relieved the *sea-gull* of her freight, and intrusted her with fresh merchandise; so that, one fine evening the land-breeze took the little schooner right under the "shoulder of her sail," and walked her out into deep water again. It was as though the elements could not permit so drowsy a spot to be troubled any longer, even by that harmless little craft and her indolent crew. Then Roderigo's heart beat high; a new range of thought opened before him; every moment lessened the distance and the time that divided him from home. With his happiest dreams came half-suggested fears: accident, misfortune, death, perhaps, had wrought changes in his circle of beloved ones. His heart seemed actually to melt and run down his skeleton when he thought of these things. It was the dreadful *sinking* sensation which every living thing but the birds must feel—they evidently do not, or they wouldn't dive as often as they do, nor with such unmistakable relish. This was all that marred the jubilant emotions that filled the breast of that homeward-bound wanderer.

How long the hours seemed! How light the winds, though the spray was leaping as high as his head above the weather-bow, and covering half the deck with its descending shower! Often

and often he wondered if he could ever forgive himself for having uttered some harsh and thoughtless words, if he found not her to whom he owed so much, of whom in his heart he continually begged forgiveness.

I wish youngsters wouldn't grow serious and self-accusing, and deluge themselves with penitential tears, when their infantile hearts are scarcely old enough to conceive of the nature of sin! It is pitiful in any one, this despair of the soul; but in youth it is heart-rending, and ought to be stopped. Well, there is no need of working up an illusion only to dispel it in the last line of this leaf from a boy's log. Nothing at all happened. Nobody died, or was married, or troubled themselves specially about anybody else's business; in fact, they scarcely had time to. The *sea-gull*, having been upon the broad waters two or three weeks, returned in safety; and one summer sunset, when all the marshes were purple and all the rivers golden, when the distant town read like an illuminated text in the midst of a green and flowery page from some quaint and beautiful old record—in such an evening the *sea-gull* folded her white wings, and drew slowly to the shore. The sacred silence of evening was brooding over the peaceful town; there was surcease of rushing waters and of sighing winds: it was like stepping into a picture of pastoral contentment whose quietude had never been broken.

Roderigo could have knelt and kissed almost any plank in that weather-stained dock, he was so glad to get back again. With a step too light for earth, he hastened homeward. It wasn't far away, yet he thought how pretty a plot it would be to climb into his own little window and come down-stairs to the folks just as though he had been there all the time. He was a little nervous about his mode of leave-taking: what would they say to him, now that he had returned?—or, rather, what would they do to him when the first joyful impulse of greeting had spent itself? He got so excited about it, as he drew nearer home, that when he again saw the dear old house, just as it was a month before, and there at the window his mother looking out as though she were expecting him; and coming from the barn his father, milk-pail in hand, with its creamy contents for supper, which was, of course, just ready—well! he dropped his bundle in the garden-path, and ran in and fell upon the lap of his mother, where he cried himself nearly sick—having forgotten entirely the neat little ruse involving the back-window.

Of course, there was no trouble after that: Roderigo had been to sea, and got as much of it as he cared to have. He was never tired of narrating his adventures, in true sailor fashion—that is, with sufficient ornamentation to make them acceptable to the youthful mind.

Many times he revisited the old wharf, whereon he stole that memorable midnight; but he always wondered how he could have found such commonplace subjects so romantic. It was evidently the best thing that could have happened to him—that cruise along the coast—because his heart was set

upon it, and nothing but a genuine experience—which is always a gospel of revelations—could have possibly upset it. His parents knew this, and in their wisdom they resolved to sacrifice something, and run a little risk. This was the joke of it; and, by the way, Roderigo, to this day, doesn't suspect that those good souls knew he was going all the while. They smoothed the path for him, and made peace with the skipper and his man, and were praying that he might not be very sea-sick. The night he stole away they heard him, and looked after him with loving and hopeful eyes. The next morning they ate a silent breakfast, and looked intently into the bottom of their tea-cups, and said little, and thought never so much. They blessed God for fair weather, and hugged the hollow in their heart that none but one could fill, and which he had voluntarily deserted. They poured the oil of patience and hope and trust upon the troubled seas that surrounded the boy, and he came back wiser and better, and a heavier weight, and a greater eater—which was unnecessary, because boys always eat everything they can lay their hands on.

This is the way to do it, O fond and fearful parent or guardian, whoever or whatever you may be!—don't try to fight against him, but smooth his path, and the Prodigal will, in all probability, come back again and behave himself like a man. But for such wise management, Roderigo might have suffered lasting injury among the dangers on the high seas.

#### Recent Verses by the Holy Father.

In the last number of the *Civiltà Cattolica* appear the following epigrams from the classic pen of His Holiness Leo XIII:

##### I.

*Frustrata impiorum spe  
Pontificum Romanorum series  
non intermittitur.*

Occidit:—inclamant—solio dejectus, in ipso  
Carcere, in aerumnis occidit ecce Leo.  
Spes insana: Leo alter adest, qui sacra volentes  
Iura dat in populos, imperiumque tenet.

##### II.

*Auspicatus Ecclesiæ triumphus.*

Auguror:—apparent flammantia lumina cælo,  
Sidereoque rubens fulget ab axe dies.  
Continuo effugiunt, subitoque exterrita visu  
Tartareos repetunt horrida monstra lacus.  
Gens inimica Deo portentum invita fateri,  
Fletuque admissum visa piare scelus.  
Tunc veteres cecidere iræ, tunc pugna quievit:  
Pectora mox dulci foedere iungit amor;  
Quin et prisca redit pietas neglectaque virtus,  
Candida pax, castusque et sine fraude pudor.  
Illustrat vetus illa Italas Sapia mentes:  
Longius errorum pulsa proterva cohors.  
O Lætâ Ausoniæ tellus! O clara triumpho  
Et cultu et patria religione potens!

#### The Queen Bee.

The *queen bee*, distinguished by her superior size and dignified carriage, her short and feeble wings, her long and *curved* weapon, her higher color, and the care, attention and respect of her numerous subjects, is seldom seen by the apiarian except in the hive of glass, or at the head of a swarm, when a colony is sent forth from the parent hive. One of our most eminent apiarians, in a close watch from grey dawn to sunset, for ten weeks did not see the queen make an excursion from the hive.

The queen and certain fertile workers are the only mothers of the hive, and they are oviparous. The eggs productive of workers are laid in common cells; those which form drones in longer cells; while those from which royal insects are to spring are deposited in apartments of a totally different form and structure.

In a few days the egg of a drone, or worker, produces a worm, or larva, which, fed on the pollen of flowers mixed with a little honey, called "bee-bread," after a space of from three to six days, encloses itself in a cocoon, and remains for some time in a state termed pupa or aurelia; and then, issuing from its woven tomb, exhibits the lively, useful, winged insect in its full development. The worker appears on the twenty-first day; the drone on the twenty-fifth; and the queen on the sixteenth.

The birth of a queen is an important event in the hive; for on her depend the future welfare, and even existence of the society. According to the best authority, the nascent queen finds herself in undisputed possession of the government, as her predecessor and parent, guided by unerring instinct, leaves the hive at the head of a swarm, a few days or hours before her birth. The very first act of authority on the part of the new sovereign, and indeed the act of the first hour of her existence, is one of apparently unnatural severity. Diligently exploring the royal cradles, she inserts into each her long, curved sting, and kills every royal pupa. Often the workers endeavor to prevent the deadly act.

"No sooner," says Huber, "does she approach, than the bees bite, pull, and harass her, so that she is forced to remove; but the royal cells being numerous, scarce can she find a place of rest. Incessantly animated with the desire of attacking the other queens, and as incessantly repelled, she becomes agitated, and hastily traverses the different groups of workers, to which she communicates her disorder. At this moment numbers of bees rush towards the aperture of the hive, and, accompanied by the young queen, forsake it to seek another habitation. After the departure of the colony, the remaining workers set another queen at liberty, and drive her from the royal cells; she also, perpetually harassed, becomes agitated, departs, and carries a new swarm along with her. In a populous hive this scene is repeated, with the same circumstances, three or four times during summer."

When the bees, having sufficient room, do not go off in swarms, the new queen either kills her sisters before they emerge from their cells, or destroys them in single combat after they come forth.

In these combats the workers take no part; but when a stranger of royal degree is put into a hive they immediately surround her, cling to her, and, finally, either suffocate her or starve her to death. Huber supposed that even in this case the stranger was killed by the reigning queen, while Rheim and Schirach ascribed her death to the weapons of the workers; but the minute investigations of the Rev. W. Dunbar, revealed the more inglorious cause of destruction.

That such is the mode of destroying her is proved even by Huber's experiments. On the loss of a queen, if a stranger be introduced within twelve hours she is soon found dead. If less than eighteen hours have elapsed, she is at first imprisoned, but finally escapes and governs the hive. After an interregnum of twenty-four hours the new queen is joyfully and instantly received, and admitted to the sovereignty of the hive.

No part of the natural history of the bee is more interesting than that which relates to its attachment to the queen:

"Dr. Warder, being desirous of ascertaining the extent of the bees' loyalty to their sovereign, ran the hazard of destroying a swarm for that purpose. Having shaken on the grass all the bees from a hive which they had only tenanted the day before, he searched for the queen by *stirring* amongst them with a stick. Having found and placed her, with a few attendants, in a box, she was taken into his parlor, where, the box being opened, she and her attendants immediately flew to the window, when he clipped off one of her wings, returned her to the box, and confined her there for above an hour. In less than a quarter of an hour the swarm ascertained the loss of their queen, and instead of clustering together in one social mass, they diffused themselves over a space of several feet, were much agitated, and uttered a plaintive sound. An hour afterwards they all took flight, and settled on the hedge where they had first alighted after leaving the parent stock; but instead of hanging together like a bunch of grapes, as when a queen is present, they extended themselves along the hedge in small bunches of forty or fifty, or more. The queen was now presented to them, when they all quickly gathered round her with a joyful hum, and formed one harmonious cluster. At night the doctor hived them again, and on the following morning repeated the experiment, to see whether the bees would rise; the queen being in a mutilated state and unable to accompany them, they surrounded her for several hours, apparently willing to die with her rather than desert her in her distress. The queen was a second time removed, when they spread themselves out again as though searching for her. Her repeated restoration to them, at different parts of their circle, produced one uniform result; and these poor, loyal, and loving creatures, always marched and counter-marched every way as the queen was laid. The

doctor persevered in these experiments till, after five days and nights of (voluntary) fasting, *they all died of famine*, except the queen, who lived a few hours longer and then died. The attachment of the queen to the working bees appeared to be equally as strong as their attachment to her; though offered honey on several occasions during the periods of her separation from them, she constantly refused it, disdaining life without the company of her subjects."

Huber thus describes the effect of the removal of a queen:

"Bees are not immediately aware of the removal of their queen; their labors are uninterrupted—they watch over the young, etc. But in a few hours, agitation ensues; all appears a scene of tumult and confusion. A singular humming is heard; the bees desert their young, and rush over the surface of the combs with delirious impetuosity. I cannot doubt that the agitation arises from the workers having lost their queen; for on restoring her tranquillity is instantly regained among them; and, what is very singular, they *recognize* her: you must interpret this expression strictly. Substitution of *another* queen is not attended with the same effect."

Even the dead body of their queen is a subject for the respect and affection of the workers; and they have, according to Huber, "preferred the inanimate corpse to any living queen." Dr. Evans relates the following affecting anecdote: "A queen in a thinly-peopled hive, lay on a comb, apparently dying. Six workers surrounded her, seemingly in intent regard, quivering their wings as if to fan her, and with extended stings, as if to keep off intruders or assailants. On presenting honey, all the bees, *except the guards*, partook of it; but they, absorbed in their mournful duty, disregarded the proffered banquet. On the following day the queen, though lifeless, was yet surrounded by her guard; and of this faithful band of followers, not one deserted his post, until death came kindly to extinguish both his affection and his grief."

Professor Thomson relates that having separated a part of a *sectional* hive with its honey, he covered the hive as usual, and conveyed the separated portion to a dark room in his house. The queen happened to be in the part removed. After several days he found the bees which it contained at work on the combs, though the box lay in an inverted position and open at the top. Through a small aperture between the window-shutters they had gone out and come in, and were content to reside with their queen in a dark chamber and in a roofless box. The bees left in the *hive* soon discovered the loss of the queen, and kept lounging and clustering about the box, apparently without spirit and without aim. The restoration of the section with the queen reanimated them, and the business of the society again proceeded as usual.

H.

"HULLO, BOB! The coach is full! Guess we'll have to strap you behind." "No, you don't. I had enough of that when I was a boy."

# NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

Notre Dame, October 3, 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 NINETEENTH 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:

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

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

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

—From what has already been seen of the boys of '85-'86, it is safe to predict a year of unparalleled success at Notre Dame. There is a splendid array of talent, which signifies that many bright stars will shine forth during the year in the classical and scientific departments; there is plenty of muscle, which means that athletic sports will be assiduously pursued; and, above all, there is an abundance of good will on every side, mutually interchanged between the students themselves and members of the Faculty.

—As many as possible among the students should take at least two hours of Elocution during the week. Besides throwing open to them the chance of being prominent here at college in the Euglossian exercises, it will train them for public life. Many a man has been greatly embarrassed when called upon for a selection or toast, simply because he had not had the opportunities of a training in voice culture and elocutionary exercises. How pleasantly an evening may be spent reciting favorite selections before the family at home or in public assemblies! The study is one which not only develops a graceful and elegant carriage, but

is productive of a very agreeable manner and independence of spirit.

—Those intending to compete for the grand gold medal for essay-writing would do well to remember that they cannot begin their work too early in the year. Four essays—the first three on subjects chosen by the writer, and the last on a subject named by the Director of Studies—must be presented by each competitor before the month of June. The merits of these productions will be decided by a committee appointed by the Rev. President.

There are indications that the number of competitors this year will be unusually large, and the contest close and exciting. This fact, we are assured, will awaken and sustain an interest in English composition, which, whoever may be the victor in the present struggle, will be of lasting benefit to all who take part. May the best man win! and in the mean time the SCHOLASTIC throws open its pages to preserve imperishably the thoughts and ideas of the brilliant minds of the essayists.

—We have received the report of "the proceedings of the 11th Annual Convention of the Catholic Young Men's National Union, held in the city of Newark, N. J., May 20 and 21, 1885." The report states that

"in the same city, eleven years previous, the Union had its origin; and, from an experiment in which representations from only three archdioceses and six dioceses joined, it has, with the blessing of God and the approbation of our venerated hierarchy, as well as through the fostering care of our reverend clergy, grown to be an established institution, with delegates from sixty-two societies, representing four archdioceses and nine dioceses, and with an aggregate membership of over six thousand Catholic young men."

The success which has attended the growth and development of this Union is very encouraging, and commends itself to the attention of every Catholic student in the land. It is a matter of the gravest importance that every young man, before entering upon the arena of life, prepare himself well for the fulfilment of those duties which society and the proper discharge of his vocation may demand of him. That this grand end may be attained, the formation of good societies for the improvement of the mind and for the proper appreciation of one's future conduct in life must be assigned a high place as a means. Throughout the length and breadth of the land there are numerous societies which have for their object the cultivation of the intellect and the improvement of the heart, and those who take advantage of the facilities thus offered for the attainment of this object will exercise a stronger influence and attain a greater superiority in the grand future which awaits them than such as neglect the opportunities thus readily presented.

With a desire to see such associations more widely extended, and the advantages which they afford better appreciated, a number of these societies united, some eleven years ago, and formed the Union of which we speak. Already the Union counts



in its ranks a large number of associations, and has begun to exercise a most beneficial influence on the affairs of the country and make its effects apparent in the moral conduct and social position of all connected with it, and we cannot doubt that it is destined to wield a still more powerful influence for good throughout the land. As an encouragement to the members and an incentive to others, it has received the special blessing and emphatic approbation of the Fathers of the Third Plenary Council recently held in Baltimore.

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### Study.

We have again started in upon a new year of study—a year which, we all hope, will be a grand success.

One by one, we have left home and friends to reassemble in the "halls of learning"; one by one, we have broken our good resolutions—how many of them are made only to be broken!—and have wandered away from our associates, as a dim picture of home presented itself to our view, seeking solitude wherein to brood over our sorrows.

Again, one by one, the joys of home are forgotten; we return to our companions and soon find ourselves—as was the case two months ago—free and jolly students of Notre Dame. However, as in our unemployed moments we seem to pass from this world to a world of dreams, and a vision of those we love floats before our minds, only to be dispelled by some call to duty—as, with a start, we awake from our reverie to reality and find it harsher by comparison with our dreams—then, indeed, does the cross of life seem hard to bear.

But with fancy's dreams eliminated, we spring up with a determination to win the prize; gradually it comes nearer and nearer until, at last, we seize it and hold it fast forever. O! then, how great is our appreciation of the privileges afforded us!

Thus do we ascend the ladder of learning, but only to step off from the top round upon the highways of busy life; and there, as we look down upon our boyhood's trials, and upward upon the weary heights that are yet to be surmounted, how gladly would we choose the former as our portion and leave the latter forever!

C. (*Literature Class.*)

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### Pertinent Paragraphs.

When I was a boy, long before I had any knowledge of the world and its ways, I frequently tried to determine what profession or occupation in life I should follow. It was a momentous question with me, and it is probably one which has bothered the minds of most of those who read this article.

A little experience, mixed with a studious observance of the lives of those who have gone before, has taught me, though, that it is not well to be in too much of a hurry in this most important matter.

One should be of an age to weigh well the opportunities and disadvantages of the various occupations, both professional and commercial; then, after getting a well-defined notion of his future course, he should, by all means, endeavor to cultivate himself for it.

No one who has the opportunity should neglect to receive an education; for, no matter what one's avocation in life may be, an education will prove a source of the greatest good and pleasure. A wrong idea is this, which, unfortunately, is common to many of our honest people, that an education is necessary only for professional purposes, if not opposed to what is practical. The sooner they are rid of this idea the better it will be for them and the nation at large. The conclusion, then, is, when choosing a profession, to lay out a definite plan which is to be developed and prepared for by education, governed according to the nature of the occupation in view.

\* \* \*

Of course, at this season of the year the literary journals all over the country will be garnished by flowery rhetoric, and the gorgeous colorings embodied in the autumnal essays which will flood their pages.

The Autumnal Essay, like its fair sister, the Spring Poem, has come to be a distinctive element in the regular annual productions of the period.

It is not meant here to discourage these effusions, not at all; but could they not suggest to the already bored and unoffending public a few thoughts other than those associated with the conventional descriptions of "forests blazing in crimson and gold"? *Speramus id futurum.*

\* \* \*

Though not a model in matters of conduct myself, I am often forcibly struck by the inconsistency displayed in the conversation of those who, as far as class-work is concerned, are advanced students. Though well versed in the rules of Rhetoric, well read, and capable of appreciating and criticising the best authors, they experience no compunction whatsoever in stooping to loose and vulgar expressions, and not unfrequently to what can only be classed as degrading witticisms. Should you insinuate to these persons that they were committing offences against Rhetorical propriety, they would scout the idea as unworthy of notice.

Roughness of speech is excusable in an ignorant man; but vulgarity in an educated one, never! Purity of speech is the surest test of a true scholar.

\* \* \*

The incandescent electric lights are now being fitted up in the study-halls, where they will have a chance to demonstrate their superiority over the long-tried, but often troublesome, gas light. This is a remarkable century, whose close witnesses the realization of what its opening never dreamed of. Notre Dame keeps apace with modern progress in its ready encouragement of the latest innovations.

PETER PRIMROSE.

### Drawing as an Aid in Mental Training.

Regarded aright, drawing in general education is the most potent means for developing the perceptive faculties, teaching the student to see correctly, and to understand what he sees. Drawing, if well taught, is the constant practice of the analysis of forms. And by this practice the eye is quickened and rendered incomparably more accurate; and as the eye is the most open and ready road through which knowledge passes to the mind, the full development of its powers can be a matter of no small importance to all. In this respect, then, as an educator to the eye, drawing is a most valuable means, irrespective of any service that the power may be of in itself.

Drawing, therefore, is a most valuable discipline in early education, if it be viewed merely as a means of development of the faculties and one equally fitted for all ranks and both sexes, and this must be constantly borne in mind as one of the causes of its utility—that it teaches to see and do all things more perfectly; that it is a development of the general intellect of the country in an eminently practical direction.

There can be no doubt but that drawing, properly taught, is a most efficient means of developing the perceptive powers of the mind, and the greatest use to all; for it may be truly said that no one can know forms or objects thoroughly until he has drawn them. This assertion may be doubted by those who cannot draw; it will never be by those who can.

Education in drawing, then, will confer a power of seeing more correctly, of knowing more truly the forms and objects by which we are surrounded or with which we come into occasional contact. It will be a draught from the well of truth; and as we know more of the objects which we see before and around us we shall love more; and what can be a more fitting subject for the study of youth, of whatever sex or condition, than one which teaches them to admire and respect the works of the Creator of all things, whether emanating from His own hand or manifested through the agency of His creature, their fellow-man?

It is, perhaps, impossible to realize the different appearance which the world presents to the educated and uneducated eye; and yet, great as this difference is, every lesson, every attempt to draw will decrease it, and some slight glimpse into this world of glory is afforded for every effort.

—*Penman's Art Journal.*

### Books and Periodicals.

—The *St. Nicholas* for October is the twelfth and last number of the current volume. The boys who have been hard at work playing ball all summer will enjoy the story by a base-ball expert of "How Science Won the Game," which contains practical directions for pitching the "out" and "in" curves. E. S. Brooks tells about another "Historic

Girl," "Pulcheria of Constantinople," and how she afterward became an Empress. In the "From Bach to Wagner" series Agatha Tunis writes about Mendelssohn, whose bright and happy boyhood stands in pleasant relief to the lives of many great musicians. There is an interesting paper by John R. Coryell on "Honey-Hunters;" and Palmer Cox relates in his inimitable pictures and verses the adventures of "The Brownies at School."

—In the October *Century*, the space commonly taken up with the War Series has been devoted to articles and illustrations relating, in a timely and important way, to the life and services of General Grant. General Horace Porter, who was near to General Grant, both in military and civil life, contributes a forcible anecdotal paper on "Lincoln and Grant," including stories which were told by one or the other in their intercourse. General James H. Wilson gives entertaining "Reminiscences of General Grant," relating chiefly to his Western career; and General Adam Badeau writes, with entire knowledge and freshness of detail, of "The Last Days of General Grant." The latter paper is illustrated with two most interesting portraits, from old daguerreotypes, of General Grant as lieutenant and as captain. Two other portraits are after photographs which were taken during his last campaign. There are, besides, pictures of his birth-place and of his headquarters at City Point. "Riverside Park," the resting-place of General Grant, is the subject of a paper by William A. Stiles, which is illustrated with several drawings. Other illustrated articles of the October number are Lieutenant Schwatka's second and concluding paper on his explorations in Alaska; Mrs. Lizzie W. Champney's description of "The Haunts of American Artists," profusely illustrated with pictures of country studios; and Mr. Howells's "Tuscan Cities," illustrated with numerous etchings by Pennell. The subjects discussed in "Topics of of the Time" are "North and South," "Prejudice and Progress," and "Civic Rivers." In "Open Letters," some of the papers are Mrs. E. S. Willard's account of life in "The Chilcat Country, Alaska," and "Police Reform," by L. E. Dudley.

### Personal.

—Harry Spears (Com'l), '63, is an active business man in Chicago.

—William Walsh (Com'l), '62, has charge of the Postal Transfer Department in the Chicago Post-Office.

—A. ("Baby") Anson (Prep.), '65, the gallant captain of the Chicago Baseball Club, rejoices over a glorious victory.

—We welcome Mr. Martin McCue, of '78, who returned to Notre Dame last week, and will be numbered amongst the Faculty of the current year.

—Rev. President Walsh left for Fort Wayne, last Thursday, to attend the reception tendered

Rt. Rev. Bishop Dwenger on his return from Rome.

—Rev. D. J. Spillard, C. S. C., '64, will preach a mission next week to the Congregation of St. Bernard's Church, Crawfordsville, Ind., of which Rev. John R. Dinmen, '66, is the efficient Rector.

—Among the visitors during the week were: Miss Corn Congdon, Bristol, Ind.; P. W. Gray, Richbng, N. Y.; J. F. Gray, Jefferson, Cook Co., Ill.; Mrs. Patrick Coll, Miss Ellie H. Coll, Mary E. Coll, Philadelphia, Penn.; Mrs. E. Brown, Miss Kate Brown, Dubuque, Iowa; Mrs. M. Frash, Akron, Ind.

—W. L. Dechant, of '78, is meeting with deserved success in the practice of his profession as a lawyer at Lebanon, Ohio. He is now judge of the probate court having been appointed by the Governor to fill a vacancy. He is also a candidate for the same office on the Democratic ticket. Among several very favorable notices which Judge Dechant has received from the press we clip the following:

"W. L. Dechant, thrice elected chairman of the Democratic county central committee, received the nomination for probate judge at the convention on Saturday. The nominee is the junior member of the law firm of Runyan & Dechant, of Lebanon, and is well and widely known as an active, thorough and zealous Democrat, a young man of sterling and irreproachable character, a brilliant member of the bar, and a clever and genial gentleman. He was one of his political opponent's attorneys in the contest with the ballot-box stuffers, and it was largely through the energy and instrumentality of Mr. Dechant that the diabolical attempt of the gang to frustrate the will of the voters was completely unmasked. In recognition of his services, as well as rare ability, he has received the appointment from the Governor to fill the vacancy in the office of probate judge, and should be elected to succeed himself."

#### Local Items.

- Sabe de rat!*
- Poets thrive!
- Baseball is booming!
- How's the Boat Club?
- Watermelons *pro malone!*
- "Class Honors" next week.
- Who will win the mile race?
- "Rec" last Monday afternoon.
- "Anchors! well, I should smile!"
- Prepare for the sports on the 13th.
- Class Honors will open next week.
- Extra "rec" last Monday afternoon.
- "Chas." is going to loam on the 13th.
- Sport is good on the lakes.—Hurry up!
- "Sag" wants a belt donated for athletics.
- Do not forget to drop local items in our "box"!
- The bear had borne all that a bear could bear!
- The New Yorkers have given a boom to baseball.
- The old steam house is putting on a new wing.

—Watermelons have reached the minimum five cents!

—Moonlight "rec" was greatly enjoyed last week.

—"Apothegms from New Arts" are in great demand.

—Every student should subscribe for the SCHOLASTIC.

—All the Seniors appear on the "Roll of Honor" this week.

—A general manifestation of zeal is everywhere apparent.

—Brother Flavian is second prefect in the Minim department.

—The championship games of baseball have commenced.

—Hereafter competition for "Honors" will be open to the Grads.

—The boat crews say they will astonish the natives on the 13th.

—There should be a championship game of baseball on the 13th.

—The fast trains do not seem to benefit us in regard to postal matters.

—Yes, we shall have a boat race on the 13th— if the "inevitable" does not appear.

—The Rev. Prefect of Discipline has the thanks of the Boat Club for a nice drop light.

—We expect a number of *distingué* entertainments from our literary societies this year.

—Many visitors came to examine our printing-offices during the past week. All are welcome.

—Prof. Ackerman has transformed the St. Cecilia Assembly Room into a "thing of beauty."

—Our societies are in a flourishing condition. The Philopatrians are interested in a Moot-court.

—"Fire him, bodily!" was the cry when that young man caught Fatty Warner running with the football.

—The late warm spell made average temperature for the month of September higher than that of August.

—Among the latest improvements in the Juniors' reading-rooms is a handsome polished brass chandelier.

—The Euglossians mean business this time, and we are going to have a good play on the eve of the 13th.

—Father Zahm brought with him four prairie-dogs from the West. They are very interesting creatures, and may be seen at Science Hall.

—The agent of the Incandescent Light Co. of Chicago has his men actively at work putting up the electric lights in the study-halls and class-rooms.

—The game of baseball played on the 1st inst., between the "Universities" and the "Star of the East," resulted in a victory for the former by a score of 15 to 8.

—We have received a number of new subscriptions to the SCHOLASTIC. Let each one, instead of lending his SCHOLASTIC, induce his neighbor to subscribe.

—We are creditably informed that the authorities would do much more towards the furnishing of the Seniors' Gymnasium were the practice of smoking discontinued therein.

—The "Roll of Honor" and "Class Honors," published weekly, make the SCHOLASTIC of more than ordinary interest to parents and guardians; hence all should subscribe for it.

—The nocturnal slumbers of a few were disturbed on one occasion during the week, owing to the persistent efforts of our incandescent light man seeking to effect an entrance, *parietibus*.

—We are happy to state that we have been promised—and by one who has not been known to fail us—a highly original and primordially elevated poem on the states and idiosyncracies of the commercial world.

—Last week, the Juniors were allowed to remain in their reception-rooms in the evening till half-past eight. Many thanks are due Prof. Edwards for the part he took in making it pleasant for the boys at these extra "recs."

—One of the hardest things in this world is to umpire a game of baseball to the satisfaction of all parties. So one would think on witnessing the scene—not very creditable, we understand—which took place on the campus, not many days ago.

—The NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC for the current year has a new head, and bids fair, not only to maintain its past high standing, but to attain even greater excellence. It is worthy of the flourishing institution whence it comes.—*Ypsilanti Sentinel*.

—On last Saturday eve, and, in fact, on several evenings during the past week, the Seniors passed away a most pleasant two hours in Terpsichorean exercises. The boys return a vote of thanks to Prof. Edwards and Bro. Paul for extended kindnesses.

—A very interesting and closely contested game of baseball was played on the 1st inst., between the "Star of the West" and "The Crescent" clubs. The following is the score:

INNINGS:—	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
STAR OF THE WEST:—	1	0	0	2	3	0	0	3	=10
CRESCENT:—	1	2	0	0	1	0	3	2	=9

—A "Lawn Tennis Club" is in process of formation. As many of the boys who find it practicable should, by all means, become a member. It is a most invigorating as well as amusing exercise, and the amount of good, healthful pleasure obtained therefrom is well worth the initiation fee—about two dollars. See Finlay, Dexter, or Hagenbarth for particulars.

—The crews for the regatta on the 13th have been selected, and promise a good race. They are as follows: MINNEHAHA—captain, W. A. Cartier, 5; Albert Gordon, stroke; J. M. Hamlyn, 4; Harrison, 3; Voorhees, 2; Geo. De Haven, bow; F. Dexter, cox.; S. Murdock, sub. EVANGELINE—captain, L. Mathers, 5; P. J. Goulding, stroke; M. O. Burns, 4; J. Keegan, 3; Alex. Gordon, 2; P. Chapin, bow; A. J. McNulty, cox.; A. Jones, sub.

—Prof. Stace has taken charge of one of the Book-Keeping Classes, and thereby given fresh proof of the variety and versatility of his talents. The Professor brings to his new charge the knowledge acquired by a practical experience in business affairs. Having received his degree of M. A. in 1861, he subsequently engaged in various commercial pursuits, and for a number of years occupied the responsible position of chief Book-Keeper in a large jewelry firm, where untold treasures were confided to his trust.

—The following are the nines selected by the captains to compete for the championship of the Senior department: "Star of the East"—A. McNulty, captain, 2d b.; J. Nester, c.; J. Keegan, p.; Walter Collins, 1st b.; J. Crawford, 3d b.; R. Goodfellow, s. s.; J. Rahilly, l. f.; W. Breen, c. f.; L. Mathers, r. f.; W. Bolton, O. Ryan and A. McCartney, subs. "Universities"—P. Chapin, captain, 1st b.; C. Combe, c.; A. Brown, p.; W. Tiernan, 2d b.; E. Hampton, 3d b.; M. Dolan, s. s.; J. Cusack, l. f.; C. Duffin, c. f.; Wm. Collins, r. f.; A. Miller and J. Waggoner, subs.

—The second regular meeting of the St. Cecilia Philomathean Association was held Wednesday evening, September 30. C. E. Ruffing, J. Fitzgerald, F. Fisher, M. O'Kane, F. Nester, C. West, P. Brownson, F. Long, R. Newton and H. Robinson were admitted to membership. A well-written criticism on the previous meeting was read by J. Courtney. Essays were read by W. Wabraushek and P. Brownson. Masters Fisher and Fitzgerald delivered declamations. Public readers were appointed as follows: Masters Oxnard, Cleary, Porter, Cooper, Ewing, Cavaroc, Courtney, and Newton.

—The members of the Junior Baseball Association held a meeting on Saturday evening, September 26th, for the purpose of organizing. The election of officers took place, which resulted as follows: Honorary Director, Rev. M. J. Regan; Directors, Bros. Alexander and Lawrence; President, Bro. Marcellinus; Secretary, G. Myers; Treasurer, Jos. Courtney; Scorer, W. Borgschulze. Masters W. Wabraushek and E. Benner were elected captains, and chose the following players: Benner—Robinson, Courtney, Cartier, Fehr, West, Nester, Porter, Fitzgerald; subs., Regan and Warner. Wabraushek—Cooper, Myers, Holman, Hayes, Brownson, Preston, Dillon, Luther; subs., Smith and Baur.

—The Director of the Historical Department has received from Father Brady, of Wooster, an ambrotype portrait of Bishop Fenwick, of Boston; from Bishop Ryan, of Buffalo, Missions in Western New York, and Church History of the Diocese of Buffalo, by Bishop Timon; three historical photographs; from the Hon. Jacob Wile, of Laporte, Ind., silver dollars dated 1798, 1846; Mexican silver dollar, 1872; Ein Reichs Thaler 1813, Friedrich Wilhelm III, König von Preussen; 2 Thaler VII Eine F. Mark, 3½ Gulden, Wilhelm Herzog Z. Braunschweig U. Lun.; Friedrich Wilhelm IV, König von Preussen, 2 Thaler, 1846; silver five-franc

coin Louis XVIII, Roi de France; Corolus IV, 1790, 8 R.; Corolus IV, 1808, 8 R.; 13 specimens of bank bills used in the Southern States before the late Civil War.

—In a game of baseball played on the 27th inst., between the "Hairpins," of South Bend, and the "Universities," the college boys defeated the visitors with ease. The game opened with the "Universities" at bat; McNulty was retired; Chapin followed with a base hit, stole second, went to third on a wild throw, and came home on Combe's single. Deehan, the first of the "Hairpins" to bat, sawed wind three times and retired; McCabe came next, lifted the ball over the right field fence, and made a home run. After this the "Universities" had it all their own way. In the second, Keegan led off with a base hit, followed by Mathers and Goodfellow with a single each, and McNulty with a two-bagger. In the third, McNulty made a neat play, catching a man napping at third. From this, up to the fifth, Browne retired the "Hairpins" as fast as they came to bat; in this they got on to his pitching, and, aided by several errors, made six runs. In the seventh, the "Universities" had batted once around when Keegan, the second time at bat, pounded a ball that would have been a two-bagger, but refused to run. Game was called in the seventh inning on account of darkness. Score: 12 to 19 in favor of the "Universities."

—The first of the championship games of baseball between the "Universities" and "Star of the East" was played on the 28th inst. The "Universities" labored under a disadvantage, Brown, their pitcher, having a lame arm, while Goodfellow, of the "Stars," pitched a remarkable strong game. The features of the game were in the fifth, when Rahilly, tapped the sphere for three bases and brought home three men. In the sixth, the bases were again full; Breen sent the ball over the heads of the fielders and reached third; two men scored, but Bolton, through his own fumbling, was put out at home plate. The following is the score:

STARS.	T.B.	R.	I.B.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.	
Nester, c.....	5	3	3	3	10	2	1	
Keegan, s.s.....	5	1	1	1	0	2	1	
McNulty, 1st b.....	5	1	4	4	9	1	1	
Mathers, r.f.....	5	2	1	1	1	0	0	
Bolton, l.f.....	5	2	1	1	0	0	0	
Breen, c.f.....	5	2	2	5	0	0	0	
Rahilly, 2d b.....	4	1	2	4	4	2	1	
Crawford, 3d b.....	5	0	1	2	0	0	1	
Goodfellow, p.....	4	1	0	0	3	11	1	
<i>Total</i> .....	43	13	14	20	27	17	6	
UNIVERSITIES.	T.B.	R.	I.B.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.	
Chapin, 1st b.....	5	2	3	3	11	0	1	
Combe, c.....	5	1	1	1	4	2	2	
Browne, p.....	5	0	2	2	1	8	5	
Tiernan, 2d b.....	5	0	1	1	1	1	2	
Dolan, s.s.....	4	0	1	1	1	0	0	
Cusack, l.f.....	4	1	1	1	1	0	1	
Collins, r.f.....	4	0	0	1	1	1	1	
Duffin, c.f.....	4	0	2	2	1	0	1	
Hapton, 3d b.....	4	0	0	0	2	0	0	
<i>Total</i> .....	40	4	11	11	23*	12	13	
INNINGS:—I	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
STARS:—O	1	2	1	4	4	1	0	*=13
UNIVERSITIES:—O	0	0	1	2	0	1	0	0=4

Earned Runs, Stars, 7; Universities, 2. Two base hits: Breen, Crawford. Three base hits: Breen, Rahilly. \*One put out on foul strike. Time of game, two hours. Umpires, Duffin and Burns.

—The following books were placed in the Lemonnier Library during the past week: Biographical Dictionary of the English Catholics, A. C., by Joseph Gillow, Vol. I; Life of Cardinal Howard—Grand Almoner to Catharine of Braganza, by Father C. F. Raymund Palmer, O. P.; Life of Cardinal Mezzofanti, by C. W. Russell, D. D.; Life of St. Thomas à Becket, by Mrs. Hope; Life of St. Anselm, by ———, 2 vols.; Life and Letters of Sir Thomas Moore, by Agnes M. Stewart; Albert the Great, His Life and Scholastic Labors, by Joachim Seghart, translated from the French by Rev. Father T. A. Dixon, O. P.; Ill-Won Peerages; or, an Unhallowed Union, by M. L. O'Byrne; Luther, an Historical Portrait, by J. Verres, D. D.; Mary Queen of Scots and Accusers, by John Hosack; The Letter-Books of Sir Amias Poulet, Keeper of Mary Queen of Scots, edited by John Morris; Cromwell in Ireland, by Rev. D. Murphy, S. J.; Irish Landed Gentry when Cromwell went to Ireland, by John O'Hart; History of the Catholic Archbishops of Dublin since the Reformation, by Rev. Dr. Moran; Irish Pedigrees on the Origin and Stem of the Irish Nation, by John O'Hart, 2 vols.; Memoirs of the Most Rev. Oliver Plunkett, Archbishop of Armagh, who suffered death for the Faith in the year 1681, by Cardinal Moran; Persecution of Irish Catholics under the Rule of Cromwell and the Puritan, by Cardinal Moran; Keating's General History of Ireland, translated from the Original Irish by Dermot O'Connor; Professor O'Curry's Lectures on M. S.; Materials of Ancient Irish History; Psychology, by Antonio Rosmini Serbati, Vol. I; Christian Schools and Scholars, A. T. Drane, The Analecta of David Rothe, Bishop of Ossory, by Cardinal Moran; Beethoven's Letters 1790–1826, translated by Lady Wallace, 2 vols.; The Art of Thinking Well, by Rev. James Balmes, translated by McDonald; St. Peter, His Name and His Office, by T. W. Allies; The Catholic Doctrine of the Atonement, by Henry Nutcombe Oxenham; Life and Times of John Kelly, by J. Fairfax McLaughlin; History of the Catholic Church in New York, Archbishop Bayley; Painters, Sculptors, and Artists of the Order of St. Dominic, Meehan; Hendrick Conscience's Works, 10 vols.; St. Augustine's Works, edited by Rev. Marcus Dods—On the Donatist Controversy, Christian Doctrine, Enchiridion, The Anti-Palagian Writings, 3 vols.; The Confessions, Letters, 2 vols.; On St. John, 2 vols.; City of God, 2 vols.; On the Manichæan Heresy, On the Trinity, Sermon on the Mount, Harmony of the Evangelists, Catechism of Trent. The members of the Library Association return heartfelt thanks to Hon. Judge Scully for the Life of Cardinal Ximenes, by Rev. Dr. Von Hepele, translated by the Rev. Canon Dalton; to Rev. Father Shortis for S. Thomæ Aquinatis Summa Theol., 8 vols.

## 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.

A. Ancheta, F. Ashton, L. Bolton, T. Becerra, C. Bowles, M. Burns, J. Bates, D. Byrnes, F. Baca, W. Breen, A. Brown, H. Barke, E. Burrett, F. Brown, C. Crowe, J. Crowe, E. Cody, W. Congdon, Walter Collins, G. Crilly, J. Cusack, F. Combe, P. Chapin, W. Cartier, P. Carbajal, C. Combe, Francis Combe, J. Dohany, J. Dempsey, N. Davis, G. De Haven, F. Dexter, L. Daly, C. Duffin, C. Finlay, J. Ford, F. Forbes, A. Frash, J. Emmons, R. Goodfellow, Albert Gordon, G. Goble, P. Goulding, J. Gallardo, J. Glenn, H. Gould, Alex. Gordon, J. Horn, C. Hagerty, G. Houck, E. Hampton, J. Hampton, C. Harris, G. Harrison, L. Howard, L. Holden, G. Hasson, F. Hutchison, J. Hamlyn, F. Hagenbarth, C. Hausberg, W. Harless, A. Judie, J. Jackson, W. Jess, A. Jones, F. Jewitt, T. Keys, F. Kreutzer, H. Kenny, J. Kenny, A. Karst, J. Kabat, L. Kegel, J. Keegan, H. Long, L. Martinez, J. Murphy, A. McNulty, L. Mathers, R. McCartney, S. Murdock, A. Meir, P. McGuire, A. Miller, G. Morrison, A. Moody, B. Morrison, C. Neill, J. Nadeau, J. Nestor, W. O'Rourke, W. Ott, W. O'Connell, J. V. O'Donnell, P. Prudhomme, C. Paschel, H. Paschel, P. Paschel, K. Perley, H. Price, V. Padilla, H. Philips, J. Remish, E. Riley, C. Rothert, J. Rudd, W. Rochford, J. Ryan, F. Rodrigues, J. Rahilly, W. Redmond, J. Rice, F. Riley, R. Snapp, C. Shaide, I. Straus, C. Stubbs, D. Saviers, T. Sheridan, R. Stickner, F. Soden, J. Shields, W. Tiernan, A. Triplett, H. Vandercar, C. Voorhees, A. Williams, W. Williams, M. White, J. Wagoner, B. Wiley, E. Zeitler, H. B. Luhn, H. L. Luhn, Wm. Aubrey, Wm. Collins, E. Woodbridge, G. McErlain, J. Prudhomme, J. Reagan.

## JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

E. Adlesperger, W. Austin, D. Ackerman, W. Arts, E. Benner, E. Berry, G. Benson, J. Benes, O. Benes, E. Bodley, G. Brabrook, J. Baur, P. Brownson, J. Boos, E. Bowles, I. Bunker, W. Borgschulze, L. Bacigulpo, W. Curtis, J. Courtney, T. Cleary, A. Cooper, M. Cummings, C. Cain, G. Cartier, D. Cartier, J. Dougherty, J. Doss, A. Duffield, E. Dillon, E. Ewing, R. Edgeworth, C. Epple, A. Fitzharris, R. Frain, T. Flood, F. Fehr, J. Fisher, J. Fitzgerald, W. Gordon, O. Grothaus, F. Goebel, C. Galarneau, J. Garrity, F. Garrity, W. Hoffman, W. Houlihan, J. Hasson, H. Huston, T. Hake, W. Harris, A. Hake, S. Holman, J. Hayes, C. Inderrieden, R. Jacobs, E. Jeffs, N. Jacobs, W. Kern, F. Konzen, W. Konzen, P. Levin, M. Luther, F. Long, D. McKendry, A. Muessel, H. McConn, A. Meehan, C. Mueller, G. Myers, W. McPhee, J. McIntosh, R. Newton, J. Nealis, F. Noud, S. Nussbaum, F. Nester, R. Oxnard, M. O'Kane, L. Phillips, A. Press, C. Prudhomme, L. Preston, D. Regan, W. Rattighan, A. Redlich, C. Ruffing, A. Ruffing, H. Robinson, L. Rose, R. Ramirez, E. Sandoval, F. Smith, L. Smith, S. Smith, C. Smith, H. Smith, W. Short, C. Shields, C. Senn, C. Spencer, L. Scherrer, P. Servis, L. Thompson, W. Thompson, J. Talbot, F. Thurston, W. Vandercar, M. Violet, W. Vanselow, H. Warner, W. Walsh, W. Welch, C. West, W. Wabraushek, P. Wagoner, T. Williamson, C. Cavaroc, H. Ackerman, L. Chute.

## MINIM DEPARTMENT.

W. Ackerman, W. Bailey, J. Bull, S. Ciarcoschi, J. Connors, E. Connors, F. Cobbs, C. Campeau, F. Chute, F. Dunford, G. Dunford, E. Doss, L. Doss, M. Dewald, T. Falvey, F. Falvey, E. Falvey, E. Farmer, G. Garber, A. Griffin, C. Grant, J. Healy, R. Inderrieden, E. Jewitt, S. Jones, J. Kintz, A. Kintz, O. Kintz, F. Kellner, P. Keefe, G. Landenwich, J. Moncada, J. McIntosh, H. Morgan, W. McGill, J. McNulty, W. Martin, A. Mason, C. Mooney, F. Murphy, A. Nussbaum, B. Nealis, C. Nealis, L. Paul, J. Peck, J. Piero, C. Ramsay, J. Riordan, L. Stone, D. Sweet, G. Sweet, W. Smart, A. Smart, C. Scherrer, E. Scherrer, Algernon Sullivan, H. Tillenburg, A. Williamson, H. Wormer.

## Saint Mary's Academy.

*One Mile West of Notre Dame University.*

—Miss Eleanor McEwen, of Chicago, and Miss Jennie Duffield, of Galveston, Texas, former pupils, have accompanied their younger sisters on their return, and paid a welcome visit to the Academy.

—At the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament on Sunday an eloquent sermon was delivered by Rev. President Walsh, of the University. The deep impression evidently made will not, we trust, be soon effaced.

—The number of pupils in the three departments taking private lessons in Elocution has never been equalled in the annals of the Academy. Among them are many possessed of superior talent, and several have fine natural voices.

—The Roman mosaic cross was drawn, and is worn by Miss Sadie Campeau. Her equally honorable compeers are the Misses Clifford, M. Duffield, L. Griffith, Hertzog, Keyes, Mason, Prudhomme, Pierce, Parmelee, Regan, Robinson, Sheekey, Snowhook, Smith, and Van Horn.

—Letters were received from Miss Hannah Stumer, dated at Vienna. She has seen the Emperor, and writes very vivid descriptions of her journey. She likes "Home, sweet home" in America far better than the Old World. "They are not to be compared," she says. She will return with her parents in about two months.

—Miss Maggie Murphy, in a letter enclosing the subscription price of the SCHOLASTIC, writes with the warm affection of a grateful heart, and says that every number comes with the cheer of an old and tried friend. She would not, on any consideration, be deprived of the SCHOLASTIC, which brings her intelligence from St. Mary's.

—On Tuesday, at five o'clock, the monthly familiar instruction to the members of the Christian Art Society was given by the Directress of the Art Department, in the study-hall. The late fashionable whim of decorating common articles—such as barn shovels, chopping bowls, and the like—was keenly censured. The necessity of a clear and intelligent knowledge of the principles governing the world of art on the part of everyone pretending to a finished education was explained.

—A very affectionate letter was received from Miss M. Adderly, dated at her home in Greenville, S. C.:

"The remembrance of St. Mary's," she writes, "will ever be the happiest of all my life. How much do I not miss our sweet little chapel of Loreto and the many visits I used to make to it! I made the acquaintance of a very fine lady from Georgia, who has a little daughter twelve years old, whom she wishes to place at school. I induced her to apply for a Catalogue of St. Mary's. I love St. Mary's so much, I am going to influence as many as possible to go there. Every one thinks I am looking much stronger and better than when I left home, nearly four years ago. I am glad, as I wish to be a good advertisement for my dear Convent home."

## Edgar Allan Poe.

Chivalrous recklessness, high, imaginative and excitable temperaments characterized the race of Poe; and in the 19th century this family gave to the world a genius, "rare and radiant," in which all these qualities seemed to have culminated.

Edgar Poe was a child of moods, and as his mood; so did he write. From a "wild, weird clime" did he cull those beauties inimitable.

"From the torrent or the fountain,  
From the red cliff or the mountain,  
From the sun that round him rolled  
In the autumn tint of gold;  
From the lightning in the sky,  
As it passed him flying by;  
From the thunder and the storm,  
And the cloud that took the form  
(When the rest of heaven was blue)  
Of a demon in his view."

His disposition corresponded well with those very tales to which his pen gave existence. Sometimes on the very pinnacle of happiness,

"When Hope, the eagle that towered, could see  
To cliff beyond him in the sky."

At other times he would sink to the very depth of that melancholy which to him was "inseparable from the higher manifestations of the beautiful."

Poe's early education and training did much to foster a temperament naturally passionate and excitable. Every slight was to his sensitive nature as a blow, and every kindness was the ever-blooming flower which he cherished in his memory. Though his adopted father, Mr. Allan, lavished upon him all that wealth could offer, that parental affection for which the lonely boy yearned was withheld; and when, upon a visit to one of his schoolmates, he is welcomed by the mother of his friend with a kindly smile and a tender glance, an impression is made upon his hungry heart which can never be effaced, and which is commemorated in those beautiful lines "To Helen":

"Only thine eyes remain, they would not go;  
They never yet have gone, lighting my lonely path-  
way home that night;  
They have not left me, as my hopes have since:  
They follow me, they lead me through the years;  
They are my ministers, yet I their slave;  
They fill my soul with beauty which is hope,  
And are, far up in heaven, the stars I kneel to  
In the sad, silent watches of the night."

All the venom and malice that envy could call forth has been spattered over the character of Poe. Griswold headed the list of maligners, and, following close upon him, were those who had fallen under the cutting strokes of his critical, but thoroughly just, pen; for Edgar Poe never descended to that personal abuse which was the subterfuge of his enemies. Although a germ of truth might have lain at the bottom of much that has been circulated against Poe, this germ has been so tended and guarded, so well watered with base insinuations, that it has developed into a mature and full-blown falsehood which has been thriving ever since. But whatever may have been the character of "one whose woes were legion,"—

were his faults light or grave,—they cannot take from him the palm of genius—a genius which delights in weird and melancholy tales; a genius so versatile that it can solve the most abstruse philosophical question, can create and unravel the most complex mathematical problems, then rise from the depths and call forth almost unearthly music which speaks of,—

"Bottomless vales and boundless floods,  
And chasms and caves and Titan woods,  
With forms that no man can discover,  
For the dews that drip all over;  
Mountains toppling evermore  
Into seas without a shore;  
Seas that restlessly aspire  
Surging into skies of fire;  
Lakes that endlessly outspread  
Their lone waters—lone and dead,—  
Their still waters—still and chilly—  
With the snows of the lolling lily."

Poe's unerring literary judgment, his refined and delicate perception of the beautiful, gave him an exalted rank as a critic. Originality was that for which he first sought; and in his excellent criticism of Hawthorne he says: "Than the true originality there is no higher literary virtue." When he sat as literary judge he spared neither friend nor foe: faults were faults, it mattered not who was the guilty one. But though he displayed blemishes in a most glaring light, he sought always to bestow that praise upon beauty which was its due. In the invention of short, loveless tales Poe was a proficient. Among his masterpieces may be mentioned "The Gold Bug," "The Black Cat," "The Murders of the Rue Morgue," the "Mystery of Marie Roget," the "Purloined Letter," "Wm. Wilson," "The Imp of the Perverse," and the "Fall of the House of Usher." In the last occurred one of his most beautiful poems—Roderick Usher, the only male descendant of an ancient and noble family, manifests—in a poem which he composes and calls "The Haunted Palace"—a consciousness of "The tottering of his lofty reason upon her throne."

"And all with pearl and ruby glowing was the fair pal-  
ace door  
Through which came, flowing, flowing, flowing, and  
sparkling evermore,  
A troop of elves whose sweet duty was but to sing,  
In voices of surpassing beauty,  
The wit and wisdom of their king.  
But evil things in robes of sorrow  
Assailed the monarch's high estate.  
(Ah! let us mourn, for never morrow  
Shall dawn upon him desolate.)  
And round about his home the glory  
That blushed and bloomed  
Is but a dim remembered story  
Of the old time entombed."

Upon his strange tales of "The Ragged Mountain," "Ligeia," "Morella," "Metzengerstein," Poe has blown the damp breath of the grave.

In "The Gold Bug," the "Mystery of Marie Roget," the "Murders in the Rue Morgue," and in his explanation of the mechanism of "Maelzel's Chess Player," he exhibits a wonderful analytic talent, and although in "The Gold Bug" and the "Murders in the Rue Morgue" he weaves the web which he so dexterously unravels in the two

last—fact being the ground-work upon which he reasons—his chain of evidence has at the end, as a result, certainty.

Besides his above-mentioned tales, Poe wrote quite a number of humorous satires, among them "How to Write a Blackwood Article," "The Literary Life of Thingum Bob, Esq.," and "X-ing a Paragrab," in which he indulges in a few good-natured hits upon the slight recommendations deemed necessary by some would-be composers to have their names enrolled among the *litterati*. Poe's longest productions are his prose poem, "Eureka," an imaginative scientific theory of the universe; his essays on "The Poetic Principle," "The Philosophy of Composition," and his nautical tale of "Arthur Gordon Pym."

From out the "arabesque carving" of his prose Poe leads us, "by a route obscure and lonely," into a dreamland of poetry, whose never-ending cadences rise and fall to the "moaning and groaning" of that masterpiece of rhythm—"The Bells."

"The Coliseum," in all its antique vastness and desolate grandeur, is made to rise before us—

"Here where a mimic eagle gleamed in gold  
A midnight vigil holds the swarthy bat;  
There where the dames of Rome their gilded hair  
Waved to the wind, now wave the reed and thistle."

But from this mighty and colossal ruin, wrought by the hand of Time, a voice from out the "dim vales and shadowy floods and cloudy-looking woods of fairyland" calls us, through that "Valley of Unrest" within whose boundaries the Fates decreed that Poe should ever dwell, to "The City of the Sea," where

"Open fanes and gaping graves  
Yawn level with the luminous waves."

From thence we will wander to the "Ghoul Haunted Woodland of Weir," and the "Kingdom by the Sea," where repose the "Lost Ulalume" and the beautiful "Annabel Lee." But from the region o'er which he has scattered these rich poetical gems one—"The Raven"—rises, shining and brilliant, above all the rest—that production which alone would have rendered the name of Poe famous in the world of letters, and that which first made visible the diadem of genius with which nature had crowned him:

"And the raven, never flitting,  
Still is sitting, still is sitting  
On the placid bust of Pallas, just above my chamber door;  
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon that is dreaming,  
And the lamplight, o'er him streaming, throws his shadow  
on the floor;  
And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor  
Shall be lifted—nevermore!"

BELLE GOVE (Class '85).

### Roll of Honor.

#### SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

*Par Excellence*—Misses E. Allnoch, M. Alwein, V. Barlow, M. Bruhn, A. Butler, N. Brady, A. Blacklock, L. Carney, H. Clendenen, M. Chute, M. Chaves, E. Claggett,

M. Dillon, M. Ducey, A. Donnelly, E. Donnelly, S. Degan, E. Dart, B. Desenberg, B. English, A. English, A. Egan, M. Fuller, C. Griffith, Alice Gordon, Addie Gordon, H. Guise, A. Heckard, E. Horn, M. Hummer, B. Heckard, A. Henry, L. Haas, B. Haines, C. Kingsbury, N. Keenan, B. Kearney, N. Kearns, F. Kingsbury, B. Klingerman, C. Kendall, A. Kennedy, C. Lange, M. Longworth, M. Lyons, L. Levy, B. Lauer, A. Livingston, M. Munger, C. Morrison, J. McHale, L. Meehan, N. Meehan, M. McNamara, C. McNamara, M. F. Murphy, S. McHale, H. Nagle, E. North, M. Otero, F. Rowley, A. Riedinger, H. Rose, F. Robb, C. Scully, S. St. Clair, L. St. Clair, F. Sullivan, M. Scully, G. Stadler, C. Shields, F. Thornton, L. Trask, Terry, A. White, F. Wynn, L. Williams. *2d Tablet*—Misses L. Blaine, M. Blair, I. Bubb, L. Considine, A. Duffield, P. Ewing, G. Faxon, C. Fehr, C. Leahigh, M. Morse, M. Murphy.

#### JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

*Par Excellence*—Misses E. Balch, T. Balch, M. Barry, O. Boyer, S. Campeau, M. Clifford, M. Duffield, L. Griffith, F. Hertzog, A. Keyes, E. Martin, M. Mason, A. Odell, O. Parmelee, B. Pierce, C. Prudhomme, G. Regan, M. Robinson, A. Schmauss, E. Sheekey, H. Smart, B. Snowhook, M. Smith, L. Van Horn. *2d Tablet*—Misses M. Cox, M. Ducey, K. Service.

#### MINIM DEPARTMENT.

*Par Excellence*—Misses E. Blaine, E. Burtis, L. Caddagan, M. Goetz, F. Johnson, M. Lindsey, M. Philipps, H. Rhodes, J. Wallace, F. Spencer.

### Class Honors.

GRADUATING CLASS—Misses Ducey, Carney, Barlow, Heckard, Munger.

1ST SENIOR CLASS—Misses Dillon, Griffith, Horn, M. F. Murphy, Wolvin, Butler, Hummer, A. Donnelly, Morrison, Fuller, Clendenen, Williams, Keyes, Kearsey, Sheekey, C. Scully.

2D SR. CLASS—Misses Kearns, Snowhook, Fehr, Chute, Degan, Addie Gordon, Regan, Alice Gordon, Guise, Faxon, Sullivan, Trask, Brady, B. Heckard, Nagle, M. Scully, E. Donnelly, Rowley.

3D SR. CLASS—Misses Riedinger, Clifford, Kendall, Longworth, Stadler, Van Horn, Klingerman, Levy, Ewing, F. Kingsbury, Lyons, Bubb, L. Meehan, Rose, Henry, Hertzog, Egan, Blair, Cox, Dart, North, Robinson.

1ST PREPARATORY CLASS—Misses Kennedy, Campeau, M. Duffield, Leahigh, Robb, Haas, Shields, Schmauss, M. Ducey, Smart.

2D PREP. CLASS—Misses Spencer, Haines, Claggett, Odell, Wynn, Blacklock, Lindsey, Goetz, Burtis.

JUNIOR PREP.—Misses Johnson, Pierce, Boyer, E. Blaine, Quealy.

1ST JR.—Misses Caddagan, Garrity, Rhodes, Phillipps.

#### FRENCH.

1ST CLASS—Miss Bruhn.

2D DIV.—Misses Murphy, Barlow.

2D CLASS—Misses Van Horn, Snowhook.

3D CLASS—Misses Kearns, Kearsey, Lange, Sheekey, Hertzog, Considine.

4TH CLASS—Misses Fuller, Guise, Campeau, Otero, Faxon, Kendall, Clendenen, K. Kingsbury, Levy, Keyes, Gordon, Morse, Brady.

5TH CLASS—Miss Johnson.

2D DIV.—Misses Prudhomme, Pierce, Odell.

#### GERMAN.

1ST CLASS—Miss Horn.

2D CLASS—Misses Fehr, Wolvin, Keenan, Kearney, Lange.

3D CLASS—Misses Bubb, A. Donnelly, Allnoch, Cox, Stadler.

4TH CLASS—Misses Trask, Blair, Longworth, E. Blaine, Quealy, Schmauss, Rose, Butler, N. Donnelly.

5TH CLASS—Misses Degan, Kendall, Dart, Terry, Haas, Caddagan, North, Hummer, M. McNamara, Rowley, C. McNamara.