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Youth.

[This poem, by Robert Burns, hitherto unpublished, has been found in one of the poet's manuscript exercise-books; and is given to the world by the *Dramatic Review*, of London, which endorses it as genuine:]

Youth is the vision of a morn
That flies the coming day;
It is the blossom on the thorn
Which wild winds sweep away;
It is the image of the sky
In glassy waters seen,
When not a cloud appears to fly
Across the blue serene.
But when the waves begin to roar,
And lift their foaming head,
The morning stars appear no more,
And all the heaven is fled
'Tis fleeing as the passing rays
Of bright electric fire
That flash about with sudden blaze,
And in that blaze expire.
It is the morning's gentle gale
That, as it swiftly blows,
Scarce seems to sigh across the vale
Or bend the blushing rose.
But soon the gathering tempests soar,
And all the sky deform;
The gale becomes the whirlwind's roar,
The sigh an angry storm.
For Care, and Sorrow's morbid gloom,
And heart-corroding Strife,
And Weakness, pointing to the tomb,
Await the Noon of Life.

Alaska.

II.

FORT WRANGEL (Alaska), Aug. 6, 1885.

DEAR SCHOLASTIC:—Some days ago I wrote you from Sitka regarding the natural and economic features of this interesting but imperfectly known country, but was unable then to say anything of its people, their manners and customs, or of their

means of subsistence. To the general reader a letter about the people will possess more of interest, I take it, than one concerning the country itself. It is the people the tourist always wishes to see when he visits a new country; and a study of their peculiarities attracts probably more attention than the country's scenery, however beautiful or grand it may be. He wishes to know something about their language, their traditions, their habits of thought, and their peculiar modes of living. So with the reader. He always desires a wider acquaintance with the various branches of the extensive family to which he belongs.

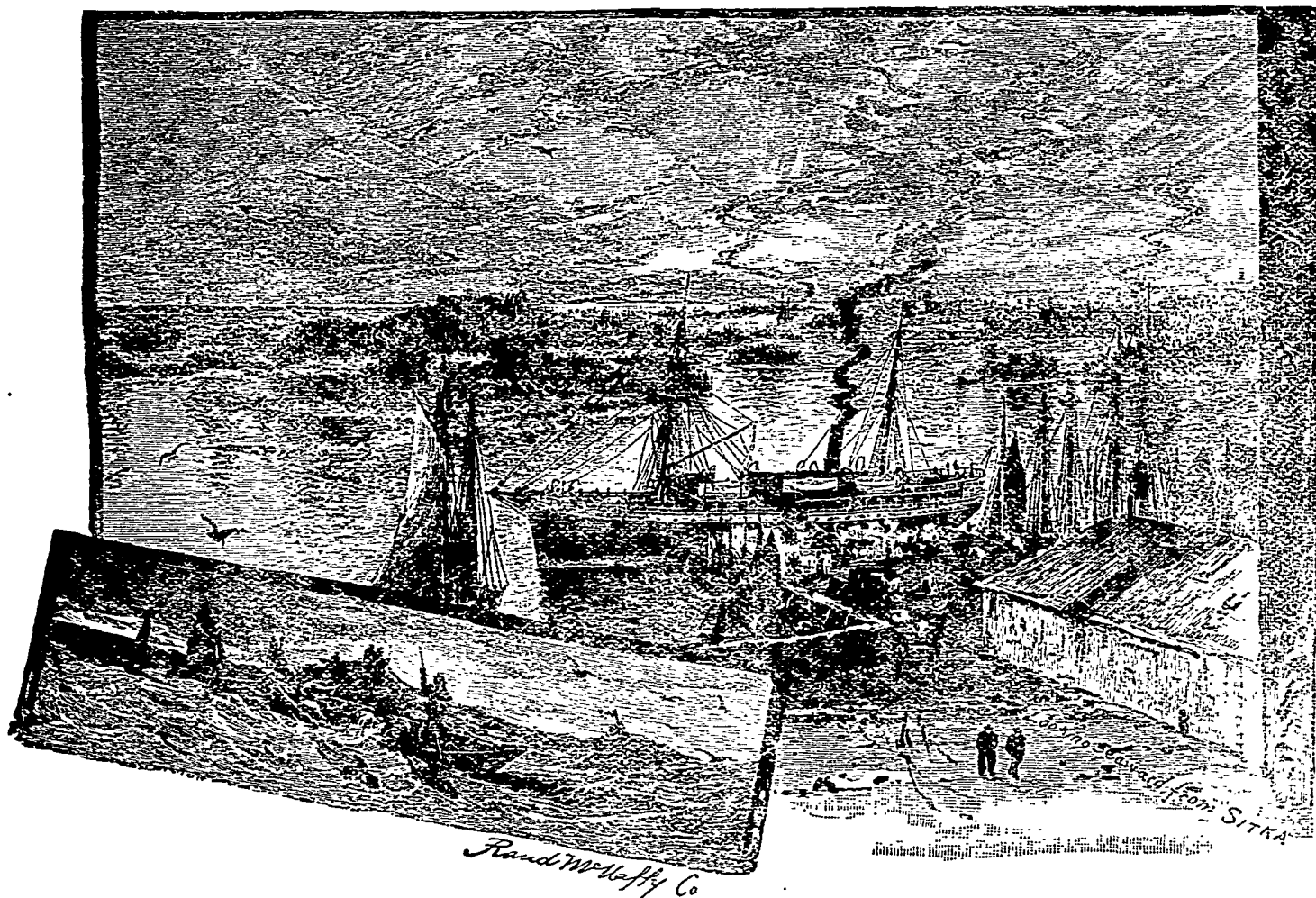
Before it was ceded to the United States, Alaska, as is well known, belonged to Russia by right of discovery. Hence one meets in the country many Russians, either native or by descent. But the number is rapidly decreasing, being now only a small fraction of what it was when the country was a dependency of the Czar. Still there are found several Greek churches in the territory, but most of them are in the Aleutian Islands. The only one of any consequence on the mainland is in the south-eastern portion of Alaska, at Sitka. It is one of the most notable structures in the town, and is built in the form of a Greek cross, surmounted by an emerald-green dome, in which is a very fine chime of bells. The interior of the church is quite richly decorated, and is ornamented with a number of rich paintings of the Muscovite or Russo-Byzantine style. There are kept here also some very rich vestments and candelabra; but since the purchase of the country by the United States, the richer vestments and ornaments have been returned to Russia.

In its day, Sitka was a place of almost imperial splendor, and the Russian governors held court here in a style that contrasted most strongly with the plain and simple democratic form of government that now obtains. Sitka, too, has been the seat of a Greek bishopric; and it is the glory of this see that one of its bishops, Innocent Veniamoff, was recalled to Russia and made the metropolitan of Moscow, the highest position in the Greek Church. Under Russian rule, Sitka had its schools, and likewise boasted of an ecclesiastical

seminary. In its halcyon days in Alaska the Greek Church had seven missionary districts, and counted some twelve or fifteen thousand communicants. But now everything is changed. The bishopric of Alaska has been transferred from Sitka to San Francisco, and the number of members belonging to the Church has greatly diminished. Father Metropolski, assisted by a deacon, has charge of the parish of Sitka; and although his flock is now small, the number—composed of Russians, half-breeds, and others—is still decreasing. Among the passengers who came up on the steamer with us were two of his daughters—Niza and Xenia—who had been going to school at the Academy of the Sisters of St. Anne, in Victoria, B. C.; and although Russian is their native tongue, they

and in a few mining camps. Still, if the mines lately discovered meet the expectations of their owners—and there is every reason to believe that they will—the number of people from the United States must soon be much greater here than it is at present.

In Alaska, too—would you believe it?—we find the soon-to-be omnipresent Chinaman. Here in Wrangle Chinatown is confined to a large boat that used to ply up and down the Stickeen River when the Cassiar mines were “in bonanza,” but which now lies on the beach as an old and almost useless hulk. In Juneau one meets them, and in the celebrated Treadwell mine, of which I told you in my former letter, they constitute, it would seem, a majority of the workmen employed in



ALASKA'S THOUSAND ISLANDS, AS SEEN FROM SITKA.

speaking English with the same fluency as they do their own language, and show a more than ordinary degree of intelligence. Like all the priests of the Greek Church in America, Father Metropolski receives his salary from the imperial treasury of Russia. It may not be generally known, but it is nevertheless a fact that the Russian Government annually sends to the consistory in San Francisco 100,000 rubles to be distributed among the missions of the Greek Church in America, and most of this goes to the churches of Alaska.

Besides Russians, there is a gradually-increasing number from the United States. These are chiefly interested in mining, fishing, hunting for furs, and in general trading. The total number as yet is not great—not exceeding, probably, in the whole territory more than a few thousand souls, and most of these are found in this town, Juneau and Sitka,

drilling and blasting. I have never gotten on the steamer anywhere in the territory without coming across some of them. Often during the past few weeks have I thought of the prediction of the late General Gordon: that it was only a question of time until the Chinese would overrun the world, and become, not its servants, but its rulers. And when one sees how they have taken possession in many parts of the Pacific coast, and how they have fastened themselves like a cancer on the richest and fairest parts of the two most important cities west of the Sierras—San Francisco and Portland—one cannot help thinking the illustrious General had reason for speaking as he did. No one who has not witnessed their blighting influence on the parts they inhabit in the cities named would credit it; and no one who has not observed their untiring industry, and noted their persistence in

thrusting themselves forward, in spite of all legislation to check them, would believe their ultimate domination among things possible. But here is a fact. It is only a short time since they have begun to come to our country in any numbers, and now, between San Diego and Sitka, they are counted by the tens of thousands—no fewer than thirty thousand being in San Francisco alone, not to speak of the multitudes scattered throughout the rest of the United States. It is well for Eastern sentimentalists to talk about the equality allowed by the Constitution to all men, but I venture to say that if these same Utopians were to make a study of the "heathen Chinese," as he is found in California or Oregon, or even here in Alaska, their ideas regarding Anti-Chinese Legislation would be wonderfully modified. But this is a digression.

The major portion of the population of Alaska is, of course, composed of the various Indian tribes who are distributed over it from the territory occupied by the Hydats of the south to that inhabited by the Esquimaux of the north. Their number is variously estimated at from 30,000 to 50,000. So far, however, it is like the census of an Arabian city—something that, as yet, "no man has found out."

The Indian villages are for the most part scattered along the coast and the various water-courses of the country. The population of any one village is never very large, although at certain times of the year, when the hunting season is over and the hunters have returned to their homes, one may, in a few instances, find as many as a thousand or more people living in one place. Unlike the Indians of our plains, they rarely live in tents, except when moving from place to place. They construct houses, or huts rather, twenty or thirty feet square—and in some cases larger—of large, thick, upright planks or the bark of trees, and some of their dwellings, it must be said, show evidences of considerable comfort. As a rule, there is only one room in the house; but occasionally one finds it partitioned off into a number of smaller rooms used as sleeping apartments. There is only one entrance to the house in the typical Indian dwelling, a door a few feet above the ground, and no windows. In the more pretentious buildings one always finds a plank floor, in the centre of which there is a small depression, and an area prepared for the fireplace. The smoke ascends through an opening in the centre of the roof, and, contrary to what might be expected, the inmates are troubled with very little smoke in the building itself. Indeed, I have visited some Indian houses that were comparatively models of neatness. In the older Indian dwellings the planks used are split or hewn from large logs; but in those sections of the country in which saw-mills have been established, or where lumber can be obtained, sawn boards are much used, and in these cases an Indian village would not differ much from a Western mining camp in the States. Frequently, too, the Indians build their houses of logs, and they are so constructed as to be quite comfortable even during the coldest days of winter.

Their beds consist of skins or blankets, which are placed in the corners and along the sides of the house, and they have usually such a large supply of them that there is never any suffering from want of covering. Indeed, the average Indian's wealth in this country is measured by the number of skins and blankets in his possession. Some of them count their blankets by the hundreds, and they hold on to them with the same tenacity with which their distant relations in the States cling to a Government bond. Occasionally, however, they dispose of them, but only with the hope of getting them back again with a handsome interest.

Gift-feasts—"potlatches" they are called here—are common among them; and an Indian's standing in his tribe is determined by the number of blankets and presents of other kinds he is able to give his guests. An ambitious Indian will toil and moil for years, investing all his earnings in blankets, with the hope of one day giving a potlatch that will outdo anything that has been attempted by his neighbors; and should he never receive any substantial return for his generosity, he is satisfied to be able to tell his children and his grandchildren of the grand potlatch he once gave his friends. One potlatch, however, presupposes another. All the guests who have attended a potlatch are supposed to give one also, and in this way their host gets back as much as he gave away, and his hope always is that he will receive more. If an Indian builds a new house he has a "house warming" in the way of a potlatch; if he aspires to a position of trust, and wishes to secure the suffrages of his fellows, he secures their good will, or bribes them, if you prefer it, with a potlatch. He can never hope to become a "tyee" (chief), without bankrupting himself beforehand with a potlatch, and his importance as a "tyee" is in a measure gauged by his liberality in distributing presents. When Secretary Seward visited the territory he immortalized himself among the Indians by the magnificence of his gifts; and he is to this day remembered here as the "big tyee of the United States."

Among the most striking objects of interest to the visitor to an Indian village in south-western Alaska are their quaint and curious *totem* poles. These are large poles, thirty, forty, and even sixty feet high, and of proportionate diameter, on which are carved the forms of various animals and birds. They are usually erected in front of the house, and an Indian's rank is judged by the size of his *totem*. It is a kind of a genealogical tree, on which is carved in a sort of hieroglyphical language, intelligible to the Indians, the history of the family of the owner. Here in Wrangel the number and size of the *totems* are quite remarkable. On some is carved—rather rudely, one may imagine—the figure of the bear; on another that of the eagle; whilst on the third one may see that of a whale or raven. On some *totems*, again, are found several figures, one above the other. The tribes being divided into different families, named after the bear, raven, wolf, etc., one can, by looking at his *totem*, see into what families an Indian has married, and what relation

he bears to other families of his tribe. An Indian belonging to the family of the bear, for instance, may not marry into the family of the bear, but must look for a consort among some of the other numerous families of his tribe, as that of the eagle, the wolf or the whale. In making his *totem* the Indian, unlike ourselves, will trace his genealogy from his mother's side. Suppose, for example, his grandfather on his mother's side belonged to the raven family, his father to the eagle family, and himself to the bear family, his *totem* would have the figures of the raven carved at the bottom, that of the eagle next above, and that of his own family, the bear, would surmount the other two. But these crests or emblems are not confined to the *totem* poles only. They are marked on the houses, canoes, blankets, clothing, culinary utensils, etc., and, like a brand, they serve to indicate who are their owners.

(CONCLUSION NEXT WEEK.)

A Literary Curiosity.

[What may be called a "Literary Curiosity" attracted much attention about six years ago. It was published in the Northampton *Mercury* over the initials "C. H. B.," and is remarkable for the fact that each verse has in it all the letters of the alphabet save the vowel most used in the language, which does not once appear in any of them. The lines are as follows:]

A jovial swain should not complain
Of any buxom fair,
Who mocks his pain and thinks it gain
To quiz his awkward air.

Quixotic boys who look for joys
Quixotic hazards run;
A lass annoys with trivial toys,
Opposing man for fun.

A jovial swain may rack his brain,
And tax his fancy's might;
To quiz is vain, for 'tis most plain
That what I say is right.

The Cause and Consequences of the Crusades.

The theatre of that sublime Act which broke the chains that bound the guilty soul of man—the sacred spot where a God had died—has ever been held in the deepest veneration by every pious Christian. The path from Jerusalem to the West was worn by pilgrim footprints; kings and noblemen had knelt in low humility before the Saviour's tomb. There all were equal: the emperor and the meek, retiring monk bedewed alike with tender tears the road to Calvary, and every year countless numbers of repentant sinners journeyed to the Holy Land.

What, then, may we not believe, must have been the just indignation which inflamed the breasts of the Christians when they beheld a rude, licentious

horde of blasphemous Turks pouring into Palestine, pillaging and then massacring their fellow-beings, and desecrating the holy places! Picture the nobleman, his family, guests and retainers all assembled, after supper, in the great hall of the castle; the fire blazing cheerily on the hearth, and the pilgrim, just returned from the Orient, relating his tale of Moorish injuries and insults. Many are the hearts that burn with shame and wrath; and as the palmer ceases his sad recital, the dying fire, perhaps, may flicker up, and by its ghostly light reveal the bent brow and lowering eye, depicted full on the dark background of gloomy shadows, while a low murmur of anger steals round and round the circle.

The fearless and manly disposition of the age was well calculated to receive and retain the impressions naturally produced by such wild and almost incredible stories of Oriental barbarity. While the love of romance and a thirst for adventure fired the souls of the young, graver motives turned into the selfsame groove the desires of the more experienced. They saw the tide of Turkish power rolling on in an unbroken course of prosperity, threatening, at any moment, to hurl itself against the unguarded coasts of Europe, and sweep all over the land. They heard the piteous cries of the Eastern Christians, imploring protection against their ruthless persecutors. Dismayed, they received the messengers of the terrified Alexis calling upon them to aid in repelling the Mussulmans from his defenceless empire. And when their beloved Pontiff—whose predecessor died of a broken heart—turned towards his people, and, with burning eloquence, besought them to crush the enemies of their religion, what wonder if, like men, they rose, sword in hand, to defend their liberty and their faith?

Nothing can picture the enthusiasm with which the breathless knight leaned forward to catch the import of those words—words that moved the swain to tears; and as the Pope drew near the end of his thrilling exhortation, the cry of "God wills it!" rolled, like the deafening crash of thunders, from one portion to another of that vast assembly, while the echoes reverberated with prophetic fury among the hills of Clermont.

Had our forefathers remained deaf to the Papal entreaties, had they lain supinely in disgraceful inactivity, we would, in all probability, view to-day, with feelings of horror, the pale crescent glaring like a spectre over a land drenched in the blood of Christians. The remnants of the European nations, bereft of all but the bare means of subsistence, must perforce have either trampled on the sacred image of their dying Lord, or, hounded about from one place to another, have cowered and trembled beneath the sway of the lustful Saracen.

But our Catholic ancestors were not slaves: they were men; and the very thought of such a possibility as has just been hinted at would have been to cast an indelible blot on the stainless principles of chivalry.

To show His power, God frequently effects His grandest designs by the weakest instruments.

Even thus, an event which was to change the character of a world was guided by the hand of an insignificant monk, who of himself was powerless, but, through divine assistance, could move to tears a heart of stone. This humble being, the very life-spring of that greatest of warlike enterprises—the First Crusade—journeyed in monastic simplicity from one end of Europe to the other, exhorting everywhere the Christians to do penance for their sins and to defend the sepulchre of their Lord. With what unparalleled success he preached the first Crusade you are all acquainted. I will not attempt to record the wonderful adventures of Godfrey de Bouillon and the other French knights; neither will I relate the romantic exploits of England's lion-hearted king; and I will pass over in silence the sufferings and heroism of St. Louis. While some loftier tongue sings the praises of their valor and the dangers that they underwent, I will in prose set forth the consequences of their daring expeditions.

When the last bulwark of Christianity in the East, the strong town of St. John of Acre, had fallen into the hands of the Saracens, an honorable peace was concluded between the Christians and the Mohammedans. In this treaty it was stipulated that the Christians should enjoy the free exercise of their religion and be allowed to visit, unmolested, the Saviour's tomb.

In the deepening twilight of the 13th century the scattered champions of the Holy Cross departed from the Orient; some to seek, perhaps, the sunny banks of Don, others the Loire, or the Rhine. Numberless were the difficulties they had to encounter, and the snares that lay hidden beneath their feet at every step. Not a few, in the face of a new-made treaty, were sold as slaves and borne away to row an Emir's galley, or, mayhap, attend some tawny Sultan's favorite; and not a few, deprived of liberty by the perfidious Greeks, rotted in "durance vile," waiting in vain for ransom. But there were others whose lot was harder yet than these.

Tanned by the blazing sun of Palestine or Africa, and scorched by the fiery winds that sweep the Oriental deserts, they returned, one by one, to the land of their fathers. The perils they incurred and the hardships they endured along the route were lightened by the presence of that bright phantom—Hope. Hope cheered their drooping spirits, and promised them the palm of their sufferings and the laurels of their victories.

But arrived, at last, at the dear old homes that had witnessed the innocent sports of their childhood, or the first sweet dawns of a maturer age, what found they?—A recompense for their countless toils? Alas, no! they found their fondest hopes were blasted, and that the fairest blossoms of their youth had withered and faded away; they found, in short, that man is doomed to hope, to disappointment, to despair.

The king saw with consternation an usurper seated on the throne. The old nobleman, grown gray in the holy war, beheld in silent grief the desolate hearth and crumbling towers of the ancient

castle where his forefathers had lived and died. And the only thing that could give him news of those he held most dear was the cold, heartless stone.

The young man who returned ready to fling himself into the arms of his parents, how was he received? He was disinherited, and his name had been struck from the ancestral roll.

It is unnecessary to go any further. Everywhere the mean, the cowardly, the selfish had replaced the noble, the brave and the generous. The wanderers were either despised or looked upon with cold neglect. They had no right to anything, it was told them, who must needs abandon their families and desert their homes to chase a fairy phantom in a far-off land. Let me not mention justice. But is it even possible that the souls of men could be so degraded, so lost in ignorant, selfish stupidity as to have flung as a reproach into the face of the Crusaders those very deeds which have immortalized their memory and placed their names on the topmost arch of Fame's eternal temple? Was it not enough for the imbecile cowards to have basely deprived the Red-Cross warriors of their just possessions? must they also term villains and ingrates those noble men who, far from abandoning their families, had so generously poured out their blood like water on the burning sands of Arabia, that they might protect their homes, and hand down to posterity the inestimable gift of liberty? And yet there are some to-day who, instead of gratefully recognizing the immense advantages which accrued to Europe from the holy wars, tell us that the Crusades were the result of infatuation and superstition, and that, far from producing favorable consequences, they brought misery and poverty into Europe.

We have been told that two millions of men were offered up at the shrine of superstition during the 12th and 13th centuries. Two millions of men, then, coming from all parts of Europe, have laid down their lives willingly and cheerfully to preserve the freedom of a world! "How," it is asked us, "could the Catholic Church sanction and encourage such a wholesale slaughter?" And yet, in our own age, seven or eight millions of men have perished on the battle-field or on the scaffold,—and all to pleasure the ambition of one Frenchman, whom our questioners style the greatest hero of modern times! But enough of this. Let us go further on. In the beginning of this essay I showed that the Crusades proceeded from none but the highest and purest of motives. Let us now cast a glance upon the advantages which society has reaped from the exertions of our Catholic ancestors.

The Crusaders gained their object. They weakened the power of the Arabs, delayed and crippled the inevitable invasion of the Greek empire, and opened a path for pilgrims to the tomb of Christ. Moreover, the Crusades, by uniting all Christendom against the common foe, effectually put an end to the quarrels, which from time immemorial had existed between the different feudal despots, and joined in harmony the various members of

society. Then their journeys into distant countries enlightened and enlarged the minds of men.

One of the principal means of transporting an army to the scene of action, and thus avoiding the snares of the Greeks, was to voyage thither through the great inland sea. This gave employment to numerous workmen, required skilful pilots, brought the compass into practical use, and increased the knowledge of navigation. The ships that, bounding over the blue waves of the Mediterranean, bore the bold Crusaders to the Holy Land, returned laden with the silks and perfumes of the East. The well-tempered steel of Damascus replaced the fragile and unwieldy weapons of ancient times, and the rich spices and gums of Arabia lay in unwonted profusion on the tables of ungrateful Europe. The wind-mill stretched its large, white arms, with an air of paternal protection, over the fields of waving grain that lay around its feet, and all bespoke increased activity and prosperity.

I do not intend touching upon the art of glass-blowing and the sciences introduced at this time into Europe, but rather to bestow a few passing remarks on the effects of the Crusades upon Literature.

Had the Crusaders never attempted their glorious enterprise, or had they failed, the inevitable conquest of Europe by the Saracens must, perforce, have been fatal to the cause of Literature. The important and valuable documents, the rare manuscripts and rich treasures of the monasteries would have shared the same fate as did in earlier times the grand library of Alexandria; and the world would never as yet, at least, have applauded and admired the brilliant productions of a Dante, a Goethe, a Hugo, a Shakspeare, a Hawthorne or an Irving.

But our Catholic ancestors broke the increasing power of the rapacious Mohammedans, and one of the immediate effects was the so-called "Miracle Plays," which had such a mysterious and astounding influence on all who witnessed them. Music struck a higher key, and the bards and troubadours, inspired by the romantic tales of the Orient, sang in gifted numbers the deeds of Charlemagne and the knights of the "Table Round." The Spanish romances, the German poems, and even many of the most beautiful and striking passages of the "Divine Comedy," were suggested by the holy wars.

Thus the Crusades not only saved Literature, but gave to it an irresistible impulse which advanced it far on the path to perfection. And can we, viewing impartially and justly all these gifts and benefits, refuse to the Crusaders the praises which they merited by their suffering and their valor? Can we, unblushingly, state that those mighty efforts were productive of evil, which, exalting the Red Cross, dimmed the pernicious lustre of the crescent? We have heard tell how the old Greeks and Latins, being destitute of the true Faith, deified and worshipped those mortals who gave to their fellow-being an intellectual enjoyment or a physical benefit—a lyre or a plough. Shall we, Christians, display less gratitude towards our bene-

factors than the old pagans of Italy and Greece? If an Orpheus sang something sweet that charmed their ear, he was straightway made a god. If a Janus taught the people some agricultural improvement, they, in their child-like simplicity, believing that no earthly reward was adequate to his merits, imagined for centuries after that he was quaffing nectar on the heights of Olympus. And if a Hercules astounded them by the prodigies of his strength, he was crowned with poplar, and, as a proof of their admiration, became an immortal.

But the Crusaders performed far greater exploits than the petty heroes of ancient times: they saved all Christendom; they rescued a world from destruction. They not only endured the chains of the Moslems, but, what deserves a prouder recompense, they patiently suffered the unmerited insults and injustices heaped upon them by their own countrymen.

Posterity can never repay the debt of gratitude that she owes to the Crusaders! Let us all, then, unite in praising the deeds and venerating the memory of those knights and warriors by whom the Red Cross was so gallantly upheld; for they received no crown for their valor, their heroism, their courage, save only the crown that virtue always bears—the consciousness of having benefited, in a sublime manner, their fellow-creatures, and of having deserved the applause of all succeeding generations.

PHILIP VD. BROWNSON.

The City of Dubuque, Iowa.

Dubuque, though not the resort of the tourist or pleasure-seeker, has many natural attractions, blended with various traditions, that lend an air of romance to the place wherein we passed childhood's gladsome days. From the historian we learn that the first white man to take up his abode in this region was Julien Dubuque, a young and vigorous Frenchman, direct from the wild woodland of Canada. He was impatient and eager to enter into the arena of commerce, and in pursuance of this design he accordingly established a fort a short distance south of the present situation of Dubuque, and immediately became an active and popular Indian trader. His honesty and square dealing gained for him, not only the confidence, but the fervent love of the Indians—which, while the flame glows, is the predominant feature of Indian character; but let it be subverted by fraud, and it is transformed into life-long hate. Among the tribes then inhabiting this section was one composed of several hundred braves; it was, perhaps, the most potent of all the numerous tribes then comprising the great Fox Nation; and it is said, though not supported authentically, that young Dubuque became a victim to the bewitching charms of the chief's dusky daughter, and after a brief wooing, married her, thus firmly implanting himself in the affections of the simple savages whom he loved and cherished. Such was the

first temporary settlement of Dubuque, and thence comes the name.

The first permanent settlement was made in 1833 by a party of miners, who came intent upon developing the vast deposits of lead contained in the surrounding hills. The news of their success, and the princely remuneration that attended their labors, flew with the velocity of the wind, bringing a vast number of people into the new-born village, who joined in tempting the smile of Fortune. Thus the first great impetus to immigration was produced directly through the lead mines, and short was the transition from a wild, uncouth mining town to a city teeming with bustle, business and industry.

But that was fifty years ago! Let us go to Dubuque to-day, and we find a city—the abode of 30,000 souls—unsurpassed in the beauty of its situation and the elegance of its surroundings. Seldom, indeed, has nature distributed her ever-graceful offerings more lavishly, and rarely is the vision charmed by a scene so picturesque and pleasing. Surrounded as it is by beautiful small hills, intersected by pleasant valleys on the west, and on the east by the great Mississippi, let us ascend one of those hills, and the vision of the most fastidious becomes gratified. Turning the eye toward the East we behold the Mississippi, on whose noble bosom float countless crafts, which tell of a vast and growing commerce; and the eye, as it unconsciously gazes beyond, beholds the well-tilled fields of Illinois, girded by the green hills and lofty pines of Wisconsin; while away in the hazy distance appears Sinsinawa Mound, the highest point of land in southern Wisconsin, and the seat of a large and famous institution of learning. After intently admiring this scene, the eye is brought nearer to view what has been overlooked from the eminence. At your feet you note the sloping hillside, covered with vineyards from whose luscious fruits ascend a delicious odor, spreading a tempting fragrance through the beautiful breeze.

Following in order comes Dubuque in all her majesty and splendor, the lofty spires of handsome churches, mingled with residences of palatial magnificence, harmonizing to perfection with beautiful parks and clustering shade-trees, and forming in all a scene so enchanting that the eye is loath to leave. Then, as you turn to the West, you behold Iowa's great prairie-land, groaning beneath bountiful crops, and waving proudly as beacons of a nation's labor, industry and prosperity. Standing there, with those broad fertile fields behind you, and the gentle, placid Mississippi before you, arouses in the mind a sublime thought, and a feeling of gratitude bursts irrepressibly from the heart to the great and supreme Giver of all good things.

Such is Dubuque to-day; and is the change not marvellous? The same hills that, fifty years ago, were a sheltering eminence for the wigwam of the Indian now stand as bulwarks protecting 30,000 souls against the ravages of the western storm. The same valleys that are now dotted with the homes of a happy, civilized people were then the haunts and play-grounds of the Indians. There it was the dusky Indian maiden sang her quaint, ro-

mantic love-song; and there, undiscouraged, she awaited patiently the return of her recreant lover. But such musings can bring naught but sad recollections, accompanied with sympathetic feelings for that unfortunate and nigh-extinguished race. For as Dubuque grows in business importance, the fanciful traditions and romantic legends grow correspondingly dimmer, and ere long they will be but a colorless page in the book of the past! That theme, once so enlivening and interesting at the winter fireside, is now almost forgotten; and as the broad Mississippi flows on smoothly and unruffled to the sea, so does Indian legend and tradition pass from our memory.

WILLIAM JESS.

Slang in America.

In the November number of the *North American Review* is a short article from Walt Whitman on "Slang in America." The "good gray poet" deals mercifully, nay, generously, with slang, and traces some of the most sinewy words in our language to slangous sources. We give a few extracts:

"Slang, profoundly considered, is the lawless germinal element, below all words and sentences, and behind all poetry, and proves a certain freedom and perennial rankness and protestantism in speech. As the United States inherit by far their most precious possession—the language they talk and write—from the Old World, under and out of its feudal institutes, I will allow myself to borrow a simile even of those forms farthest removed from American Democracy. Considering Language, then, as some mighty potentate, into the majestic audience-hall of the monarch ever enters a personage like one of Shakspeare's clowns, and takes position there, and plays a part even in the stateliest ceremonies. Such is Slang, or indirection; an attempt of common humanity to escape from bald literalism, and express itself il-limitably, which in highest walks produces poets and poems, and doubtless in pre-historic times gave the start to and perfected the whole immense tangle of the old mythologies. For, curious as it may appear, it is strictly the same impulse-source, the same thing. Slang, too, is the wholesome fermentation or eructation of those processes eternally active in language, by which froth and specks are thrown up mostly to pass away, though occasionally to settle and permanently crystallize."

The annexed list of slang names for States, or their citizens rather, will not be new to the surviving veterans of the war:

"Always among the soldiers during the Secession War one heard of 'Little Mac' (Gen. McClellan), or of 'Uncle Billy' (Gen. Sherman). 'The old man' was, of course, very common. Among the rank and file of both armies it was very general to speak of the different States they came from by their slang names. Those from Maine were called Foxes; New Hampshire, Granite Boys; Massachusetts, Bay Staters; Vermont, Green Mountain Boys; Rhode Island, Gun Flints; Connecticut, Wooden Nutmegs; New York, Knickerbockers; New Jersey, Clam Catchers; Pennsylvania, Logher Heads; Delaware, Muskrats; Maryland, Claw Thumpers; Virginia, Beagles; North Carolina, Tar Boilers; South Carolina, Weasels; Georgia, Buzzards; Louisiana, Creoles; Alabama, Lizards; Kentucky, Corn Crackers; Ohio, Buckeyes; Michigan, Wolverines; Indiana, Hoosiers; Illinois, Suckers; Missouri, Pukes; Mississippi, Tad Poles; Florida, Fly up the Creeks; Wisconsin, Badgers; Iowa, Hawkeyes; Oregon, Hard Cases. Indeed I am not sure but slang names have more than once made Presidents. 'Old Hickory' (Gen. Jackson) is one case in point. 'Tippecanoe, and Tyler, too' another"

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

Notre Dame, October 31, 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.

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—A series of lectures on Political Science will be inaugurated in the course of a few weeks. The lectures will be delivered by Prof. John G. Ewing, who for a number of years has made special studies of the subjects to be treated, and brings to his work every qualification to insure a thorough knowledge of this branch of study, which, though to some extent neglected, has its importance in the completion of an education. No doubt many of the students, especially those in the Junior and Senior years, will not be slow to take advantage of the opportunity which is now afforded them.

—At the last meeting of the Faculty, an important decision was reached in regard to the awarding of Class Medals at the end of the scholastic year. In order to make sure that these prizes may always indicate a standard of excellence, and not merely superiority over other competitors, it was decided that the minimum percentage entitling the student to a medal should be 85. The percentage will be determined by the average percentage of the monthly competitions of which a record will be kept for that purpose. Furthermore, a student must have studied all the branches, as set down in the Catalogue, of the course in

which he aspires to a medal; and, in addition, in the Junior and Senior years, a certain number of essays must be presented by the students.

—The exercises of the Annual Retreat, which opened on Thursday evening, have been well attended by the students. The eloquent and appropriate sermons preached by the Rev. J. M. Toohey, C. S. C., have been listened to with an attention which indicates the deep impression they have made, and augurs well for the lasting benefit they are calculated to produce. Indeed the seriousness and good spirit displayed by all who have taken part in this most important event of the scholastic year give the greatest satisfaction to everyone who has at heart the real interest of the students and the Institution. A retreat is a short period of time in which the student reflects and is made to realize fully that he is possessed of an immortal spirit, the training and perfection of which is a duty which, as a rational being, he cannot neglect. Thus he sees what forms an essential element in the education which he aspires to obtain, namely, moral training; and he is thereby led to cultivate the heart as well as the mental powers that he may the more perfectly attain the end of his creation for the present life and for eternity. Therefore the success which is attending these religious exercises gives the assurance that the year '85-'86, which has been so auspiciously entered upon, will be a happy and useful one to the students of Notre Dame, and one of which they will retain many pleasing and joyful recollections.

(Communicated.)

From Chicago to Salt Lake City.

Leaving the Garden City about noon on the 6th of October, seated in a luxurious palatial Pullman car, on the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy RR., we were quickly gliding through the rich corn fields of Illinois. Late in the afternoon of the same day we entered Iowa for the first time. As we sped onwards, we could not help noticing the richness of the soil, the thriftiness of the people, and the dryness of the climate. The next morning brought us to the Missouri River, a dark, murky stream, which seems to carry its bed on its surface, judging from the yellowish and chilling appearance of its waters. The large bridge which spans its bosom was crossed in a few minutes, and we were in Nebraska, whose rich soil lay outstretched before us for miles, with nothing to impede the view except the numerous villages and towns which have sprung into existence within the past few years.

Nebraska is noted for the richness of its soil, and its broad acres are capable of producing corn and wheat enough to supply the entire nation. It is now the poor man's "Land of Promise, overflowing with milk and honey," and awaits only to be tickled by the ploughshare to yield an abundant crop.

During the night of the 7th we crossed the line which separates Nebraska from Colorado, and when the morning's bright light dispelled the darkness of night and the sun arose resplendent in the East, shedding his golden rays upon the newly-awaked earth, we gazed out on the far-famed hills of Colorado. For the first time our anxious eyes beheld the snow-capped hill of the "Rockies," and as far as the eye could reach we could discern the outlines of the World's Crest. Nestling within their bosom, the curling smoke, as it ascended gracefully, revealed Denver—the "Paris" of Colorado. About 7 in the morning we found ourselves in its beautiful Union Depot.

We decided to spend a day in Denver to see its many attractions. We were surprised to find in such a new city the advance made in architecture. We were principally attracted by the public buildings, and especially by the magnificent palatial residences. The site of the city was happily chosen. Nestling at the foot of the Rockies, it is protected from storms—especially from the western blast which sweeps along from the Pacific coast. We noticed, among the many educational institutions, the beautiful Seminary of the Sisters of Loreto; among the natural curiosities we were struck by the petrification of many of the trees. Denver, being a great railroad centre, is destined to rank soon among the first-class cities of the States. Of this we do not doubt, judging from the energy and business qualities displayed by its citizens; nor do we hesitate to predict a brilliant future for the "Paris of the West." Speaking of its citizens, we cannot refrain from mentioning the courtesy shown by the officers of the Rio Grande to travellers. We had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Lee, the gentlemanly assistant of Mr. S. K. Hooper, General Passenger Agent, and Mr. Reed, one of the courteous agents of the most popular route to the "City of the Saints."

Friday morning, Oct. 9th, found us on board the Rio Grande train, and moving still further westward. The weather was propitious; the clear, blue sky without a single cloud to cast a shadow on earth's majestic plains. Nothing of note occurred until we came to the "City of the Prairie Dogs." These little creatures we found sunning themselves on their mounds, which covered hundreds of acres. They seemed to be entertaining themselves by sitting on their tails and shaking their fore paws at the passing train. Leaving the city of these little animals undisturbed, we were soon borne to the base of the mountains, whose heads rested among the clouds.

It was about 2 p. m., Friday, when we were ushered into the grand cañon of the Arkansas. It follows the bed of the river for miles. Search the world for wild grandeur, here you will find it unsurpassed. You are hurried from cave to cave, each scene surpassing the other. Now you find yourself passing through a dark, gloomy cave into which the rays of the sun never penetrated; again you are at the base of what appears to be a giant castle, rising thousands of feet and sending its spire beyond the range of human sight; soon again

you are enclosed in a beautiful space, with nothing visible but the two smooth rock walls; all is still. The very engine, as she swerves noiselessly around the outstretched peak, seems a thing of life. The human heart is too much impressed to give expression to its feelings. The awful stillness of the scene is only broken by the rushing waters of the Arkansas, thousands of feet below. Not a bird is visible; no form of human life is seen, except now and then the ever-watchful section guard of the company. Flowers and trees do not grace or charm this place of indescribable grandeur. Solitude reigns supreme.

A little distance, and Poncho Pass is reached. We dash up its steep declivity, which reveals to us Marshall Pass. Now the grand triumphal flight of the "iron horse" begins, as it dashes along, with lightning speed, over the steep precipice beneath the overhanging rock, or along the base of the rock wall, which ascends thousands of feet. Bereft of timbers, the view is now less obstructed. The eye takes in at a glance the coneshaped summits of a hundred mountains. Towering ranges remind us that we are now dwelling among the clouds. Look to the left, and there is the most perfect scene of all the Sierras. The range of the *Sangre de Cristo* lift their spires crowned with snow. All along the side of the mountains are visible spires and dazzling pyramids whose snowy peaks are lost in the clouds above. Look to the right, and you behold gloomy Ouray frowning upon you. At last we halt on the top of Marshall Pass, which stands two miles above sea-level. The traveller, looking down, beholds four lines of rails on rock shelves lying one below the other, so remote that the last is almost indistinct.

Whilst gazing on such scenery awe takes the place of admiration, and one feels that the mighty Hand that shaped the world and gave it form is invisibly present. After resting a little while, to look back on the glorious scenes we left behind, we start again; "Black Cañon" is now whispered by the passengers. We reach a little mountain town, and again a halt is made; other "iron horses" are attached to convey the long line of cars through difficult passes. We all stand upon the rear platform of the Pullman car, and wait anxiously, for something unusual is expected. Suddenly the echo of the engine's whistle reverberates from the mouth of the mighty cave—we are entering the Black Cañon—and after a few moments our train appears cautiously hastening around the projecting corners of the extending cliff. Her foothold is placed on a carved-out shelf of the rock; the smallest accident, such as the breaking of a wheel or the unloosening of a mighty rock from its fastenings above, would dash her to pieces. The eternal masonry of God's walls hems her in on each side; there is nothing to be seen above but a little patch of the blue heavens. Now the train rushes along, threatening to dash herself to pieces against an obstructing rock; we are agreeably disappointed, for she barely reaches it ere she bounds aside to avoid it and to gain her foothold on the other side. Now she shoots along like the arrow; again,

like the serpent, she glides around the curving rock. Thus she moves for hours, and the traveller's interest never wearies. Admiration gives place to awe, and awe, in its turn, to terror. I say terror, because we are crushed with the thought that He whose mighty word created such wonderful works of nature and built to the clouds such mighty walls, that He it is who grants us protection—that protection which we are liable to forfeit by one unchristian act, one ungodly thought. On beholding such scenes in nature one detects the mirrored form of the Almighty, and submissively bows his head in acknowledgment of his own insignificance.

The mountains we just passed are noted for their rich mines, gold and silver being found here in abundance. These mines at present yield a rich harvest to their operators.

We are now on the Pacific slope, and we recall, as we enter on a quieter pathway, the grand scenery we left behind. Having seen the phantom-shaped rocks rise up before us; their dark, sombre shadows falling across our pathway; the rushing waters of the Arkansas, and the less noisy stream of the Price, with the various hues and colors of the leaves of the trees which find root in the rocky banks of the river, we are reconciled to the tamer path now taken by the iron horse through the Valley of Utah. Our reconciliation is at an end in a few hours, for we have entered a veritable desert, which appears to us the most desolate part of the earth. It could be compared to nothing but a wilderness, or produce no other feeling than that said to be produced by the Dead Sea. The railroad ties are laid for miles on a yellow, dauby, sticky, slate-colored substance. Not a blade of grass is to be seen to refresh the eye, and the air becomes dull and heavy, and makes life for the time being intolerable.

No living creature appeared in this wretched place, with the exception of a poor mongolian, who thrust his head through an opening in what appeared to be intended for a house. We travelled through this dismal solitude from 3 a. m. until about 2 p. m., when we entered a mountain town known as Pleasant Valley. From this point to the end of our journey everything betokened the prosperity of the inhabitants, and revealed beautiful scenery. Large, green meadows stretched out before us as far as the eye could reach. The waving grass and the sweet perfumed clover give the country the appearance of old pastoral fields. Lowing herds and fleecy flocks are to be seen on beautiful verdant plains.

The nearer we approach Salt Lake City, the more we feel that we are traversing a cultured garden. Picturesque and antique houses present themselves as we enter the town. Orchards of fruit and gardens of flowers, with dashing brooks from the mountain side, lend an enchanting appearance to the view. The city is surrounded by the Wahsatch mountains and part of the Rockies, and appears to be located in a basin scooped out from between them. The "stars and stripes" are to be seen gracefully waving over Fort Douglas.

Polished cannon are trained on the city, and their appearance is ominous for the would-be fanatic who might be tempted to make an onslaught on the "Gentile" citizens. The Oquirrh mountains bind the city to the West, and from their summit a magnificent view may be obtained of the far-famed Salt Lake, the great inland sea.

Some of the most striking buildings are to be found in Temple Square. Here is the Temple in which the Mormon prays to the Prophet, and here are the Tabernacle and Assembly Hall. These buildings display magnificent architectural proportions. The only dark cloud which hangs over this favored city rises from the Mormon Temple. The Gentile inhabitants are made to feel the influence of the Mormons, who have a majority of twenty thousand, which is sufficient to secure them all the town, city and county offices, leaving the Gentile without any representation whatsoever. Notwithstanding this disparity, the Gentiles bravely hold their own.

Within the last few years, educational institutions have been established under the auspices of the Sisters of the Holy Cross from St. Mary's Academy, Notre Dame, Ind. These devoted ladies, encouraged by the Very Rev. Father Scanlan—the devoted and efficient pastor—have built up a magnificent Academy, which is attended by about 100 boarders and 200 day pupils. Among the young ladies may be found many professing the faith of the Prophet.

Another Institution has grown up beneath the shadow of the Holy Cross—one wherein the Cross finds a congenial resting-place. It is the Institution where pain is alleviated, where grief is assuaged, where the unsightly afflictions to which poor mortality is subject are cared for by the tender hands of her who in the days of her youth turned her back on the pleasures of the world to take up her cross and follow Jesus. That cross has become "sweet," and that burden "light," judging from the cheerfulness of those self-sacrificing ladies who flit from ward to ward, room to room, and bed to bed, to soothe and encourage the patients confided to their care. The rough miner who comes from the camp wounded and bruised by the falling rock finds a home here. Far away, perhaps, from his beloved family, who in some Eastern State await his return, he finds himself solitary and alone. Death is upon him, and every joy, comfort and hope seem frozen, until he hears the kind word and sees the happy smile of the Sister, who takes his cold, rugged hand and assures him that there is a better world awaiting him, and that the Hand that feeds the sparrow will protect the dear ones far away. Then the smile of relief breaks upon his pallid features, and resignation sits upon his brow; for he realizes that he has found a haven of rest. In many of the wards may be found sick Mormons, who, recognizing the gentleness and devotedness of the Religious nurse, break through the barrier of prejudice and come to receive attendance from the Sisters. Connected with the hospital are eminent physicians and skilled surgeons who are most attentive to the suffering

patients. A short distance from the hospital are the warm sulphur springs which are becoming quite popular, and have already effected many cures of a rheumatic and dyspeptic nature.

The climate is the most beautiful in the world. Living in Salt Lake, you live in the midst of a summer encased in winter. For, whilst enjoying the delightful warm sunny air in the valley, you lift your eyes to the mountains around you and you will see the snows and icicles of hoary winter encircling their brow, and dazzling you by the brilliancy imparted to them by the rays of the scorching sun. Salt Lake, considered all in all, may be called Earth's Eden, where the weary may find rest, the invalid health, and the zealous Christian missionary plenty of labor in the vineyard of the Lord.

E. A. TIGHE.

Books and Periodicals.

RIP VAN WINKLE. A Posthumous Writing of Diedrich Knickerbocker. By Washington Irving. New York: Arthur Hinds, Publisher, 3 West 3d Street. 1885.

In examining this dainty little book, we could not help regretting that the contents was not new to us, it would be such a pleasure to read the sketch for the first time as here presented; in fact, we are tempted to reread it, as we feel sure many others will be when they see the handsome type, superfine paper, nicely arranged page, and clear print of the Amsterdam edition. A further embellishment is the fac-simile signature of Washington Irving, taken from a letter written in Switzerland when he was twenty-two years of age, which is given as a frontispiece. The tint of the paper and color of the ink used in printing are novelties, and are doubtless for the benefit of weak eyesight. Altogether a delightful little volume.

LITTLE MONTH OF THE SOULS IN PURGATORY.

Translated from the French of the Author of "Golden Sands." By Miss Ella McMahon. New York, Cincinnati and St. Louis: Benziger Brothers.

Those having a special devotion to the Souls in Purgatory, to whom the coming month of November is particularly consecrated, will find this little manual of great service. It is made up of a series of pious considerations on that place of suffering where souls that have departed this life in the state of grace, but with unsatisfied transgressions, are purged of the least stain of sin. There is also a variety of devotions in their behalf. The book is nicely and appropriately gotten up, but the appearance of the pages is marred by the numerous italicized words that are to be met with. We should be glad to know that the author of "Golden Sands" was a favorite with all our readers.

MEDITATIONS ON THE MYSTERIES OF THE HOLY ROSARY. From the French of Father Monsabré, O. P. By Very Rev. Stephen Byrnes, O. P. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co., 9 Barclay Street.

The beautiful devotion of the Rosary consists, not only in reciting the prescribed prayers, but also in piously meditating on the principal mysteries in the

Life of our Lord and His Blessed Mother proposed at each decade. To those who would perform properly this most excellent devotion the "Meditations" of the learned and devout Father Monsabré will be found of great utility, suggesting pious thoughts and religious sentiments from which the Christian soul can draw inestimable fruit. The present volume contains three of the original seven series of "Meditations" published by the distinguished French Dominican. It is the intention of the translator to give the remainder in English, should this "first venture" meet with the success it so well deserves.

—The *North American Review* for November has interesting articles on the following subjects: "Progress of Democracy in Europe," "Recollections and Letters of Grant," "Slang in America," "Style and the Monument," "Abraham Lincoln in Illinois," "United Bulgaria," "Race Prejudice," "Shall Silver be Demonetized?" etc.

—The *Catholic World* for November is an excellent number. The contents are as follows: "The Legend of St. Alexis," by Aubrey de Vere; "The Divine Authority of the Church," by Rev. A. F. Hewit; "A French Reformatory," by Louis B. Berisse; "St. Winifred's Well," by Agnes Repplier; "Solitary Island," by Rev. J. T. Smith; "Much Ado about Sonnets," by Appleton Morgan; "The American Catholic University," by Rev. A. F. Hewit; "The Twins: A War Story," by Thomas F. Galway; "The Irish Schoolmaster before Emancipation," by C. M. O'Keefe; "The Death of Francis of Guise," by J. C. B.; "A Chat by the Way," by Condé B. Pallen; "Novel-Writing as a Science," by R. P.; New Publications, etc.

—RECEIVED:—"Notes of Travel in Northern Europe," by Charles A. Sumner, M. C. New York: Andrew J. Graham, 744 Broadway.

Personal.

—Sydney Dickerson, '85, is prosecuting his law studies at Denver, Colo.

—Arthur Jackson (Com'l), '82, is prospering in business at Lexington, Ohio.

—Mark M. Foote, '72, occupies a lucrative position in the General Offices of the C. B. & Q. R.R., Chicago.

—J. B. Patterson, of '77, is conducting an extensive wholesale mercantile establishment at St. Paul, Minn.

—Among the welcome visitors of the past week was Mrs. Thomas E. Steele, of Lancaster, O., who visited the University, accompanied by her little son, Sherman T.; Mrs. W. W. Cleary, of Covington, Ky., visiting her son; Mr. Jacob Scherrer, of Denver, Col., visiting his three boys at the College.

—Senator Miller, '58, of California, was recently met by a member of the Faculty, and had many questions to ask concerning his old *Alma Mater*. He was interested and much pleased to hear of the progress of the University, and prom-

ised himself the pleasure of a visit before the end of the year.

—Mr. J. Sullivan, Mayor of Helena, Montana, spent two days of this week at Notre Dame visiting his son Algernon, of the Minim department. Mr. Sullivan is a cultured gentleman, and expressed his appreciation of the educational advantages of Notre Dame. He was very much pleased with the improvement he noticed in his son, physically as well as intellectually.

—Among the visitors during the week were: Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Fast, Princeville, Ill.; Mrs. Inderrieden, Mr. E. A. Blake and son, P. J. McCarthy, and J. C. Allen, Chicago; Miss Le Beau, St. Louis, Mo.; Rev. Thomas Lloyd, Huntsville, Ontario; Rev. J. Lloyd, Milwaukee, Wis.; Miss Jean Davidson, Louisville, Ky.; W. H. Welch, Des Moines, Iowa; Rev. L. J. Plamondon, P. P., Montreal, Canada; John A. Malone, San Francisco, Cal.; Bernard C. Shields, New Orleans, La.; W. E. Sheridan, New York; the Misses Lulu and Florence Henkle, Indianapolis, Ind.; Mr. George Hummer, Iowa City, Iowa.

—Rev. A. M. Kirsch, C. S. C., returned last Saturday week, after a vacation in the East, whither he had gone in search of greatly-needed improvement in health. We are glad to say that the object of his journey has been fully realized, and he has resumed the direction of his classes in Natural Science with all his old-time vigor. Owing to the united efforts of Drs. Rushmore, Corbally and De Castro, all of Brooklyn, his health has been perfectly re-established. As a surgeon, Dr. Rushmore is well known in the East, and the fact that he has been called to fill the Chair of Surgery in the Long Island Medical College vouches for his eminence in that branch of medicine. Dr. Corbally held at one time the Chair of Physiology in the same college. Father Kirsch wishes to express, through the columns of the SCHOLASTIC, his gratitude for the special attention received at the hands of the above-mentioned gentlemen.

Local Items.

—This is All Hallow E'en.

—Football has supplanted baseball for the season.

—It is time to begin work for the English Medal.

—Prof. Lyons has had his room handsomely frescoed by Prof. Ackerman.

—Preparations will soon begin for the proper celebration of St. Cecilia's Day.

—*Matins* and *Lauds* of the Office for the Dead will be chanted at 8.30 a. m. next Monday.

—The Band is now in a good condition, and will be able to discourse fine music during the year.

—Those from here who attended the opening of the new opera house in South Bend were attired *écru* and *fichu*.

—There was a Scotch mist last Wednesday

morning. Our friend John says it was discovered before it was *missed*.

—The boat crews and baseball nines were photographed by Bonney last week. Send in your orders early, and avoid the rush.

—The Minims return thanks to Mrs. S. S. Ramsey, of Crawfordsville, Ind., for the fine canary that makes melody in their reading-room.

—Messrs. Dexter and Hagenbarth are spending the week in Kansas City. We expect to be remembered with a piece of wedding cake on their return.

—Prof. Lyons is preparing his *Scholastic Annual*, which will be ready about the 1st of December. It will be made unusually interesting this year.

—The Seniors should begin to set about the work of improving their Gymnasium. Winter is coming on, and indoor exercises will be found particularly advantageous.

—An exciting game of football was played on the Seniors' Campus last Thursday afternoon. We are unable to present the details, as our reporter failed to "connect."

—When shall we have our first musical *soirée*? We hope that these *musicales* will be as frequent and as excellent during the coming winter months as they were in past years.

—The Rev. J. B. Cotter, of Winona, Minn., the appointed lecturer of the National Temperance Union, is expected to address the students some evening within the next two weeks.

—A handsome donation of one hundred dollars (\$100) in gold was received last Tuesday by Father General to aid in placing the electric crescent on the statue of the Blessed Virgin on the Dome.

—The ground around the new extension to the church, and between the Presbytery and the College, has been dug away to the depth of several feet so as to bring it almost to a level with the crypt of the church.

—The question of organizing a "Glee Club" is being agitated, and we hope that something will come of it. There is plenty of good material, and if somebody takes the matter in hands, a splendid club will be formed in a short time.

—To-morrow morning, the Festival of All Saints, the retreat will close. The concluding sermon will be preached at the High Mass by the Rev. J. M. Toohey. Monday will be the commemoration of the Souls in Purgatory, and a solemn *Requiem* Mass will be sung at ten o'clock.

—Last Thursday, the 29th inst., was the 11th anniversary of the death of Rev. President Lemonnier. Many, who at one time had been under his direction, testified to the affectionate memory in which he is still held, by visiting and decorating his grave, and by their prayers to the Throne of Mercy for the repose of his soul.

—Workmen have been busily engaged for the past few days in removing the *débris* from the crypt of the extension to the church, and before the end

of the next week it will very likely be ready for occupancy by the Community. At the same time work has progressed on the roof, which is now almost entirely slated.

—We hope to present next week full reports from the Thespian, Columbian and Philomathean Societies, which have been holding very interesting meetings. The same may be said of the Arch-confraternities recently organized.

—Prof. Ackerman is engaged in repainting and decorating the chapel of the new *Petit Seminaire*—formerly St. Aloysius' Scholasticate. It is interesting to note that it was Professor Ackerman who, thirty-five years ago, frescoed this chapel after its erection as part of the Novitiate building. The work is still well preserved, but will be superseded by newer and fresher products of the artist's skill.

—Sig. Gregori is perfecting plans for the further decoration of the statue of Our Lady on the Dome. It is proposed to place a crescent of electric lights at the base of the statue, thus forming a companion-piece to the electric crown and intensifying the brilliancy with which the statue is illuminated at night. The Rev. Professor of Physics will have charge of the arrangements, of which we shall speak more in detail in a future number.

—Among the feast-day presents sent to Very Rev. Father General on the 13th were some delicious oranges from the sunny South. On the 24th inst., the Feast of the Archangel St. Raphael, they were distributed among the Minims; St. Edward's cake was disposed of on the same occasion. The Minims return grateful thanks to their beloved patron, not only for the cake and oranges, but for the constant marks of affection that he gives them.

—The Edison dynamo arrived last Tuesday, and was placed in position in the new wing of the steam-house. Many of the lamps have already been brought into use, and the remainder will be ready in a few days. The immense chandelier in the Rotunda is particularly beautiful as it sheds its mellow light throughout the corridors. The light gives unusual satisfaction, and with its soft, yet brilliant, illumination is a decided improvement on the gas hitherto used.

—On the afternoon of the 25th inst., an interesting and exciting game of baseball was played between the Junior "Eclipse" club of Notre Dame and the "Red Stockings" of Mishawaka. The home team, with the exception of a few excusable errors, made a perfect record, Benner pitching and Wabraushek catching in splendid form, and receiving excellent support from the base and field men. All agree, however, that Sam Holman "took the cake" for splendid and efficient service on the diamond and at the plate. The Juniors gained a well-deserved victory by a score of 20 to 5.

—Rev. President Walsh, who has been making a visit of the classes, called on the Minims last Wednesday. He examined the Arithmetic Class, proposing what the Minims call "crooked" prob-

lems. But he was greatly pleased with their analysis and clear explanation. He told them that in a class of Juniors, which he examined last week, there were five ex-Minims, and the Professor had said that they stood at the head in their competition duty. He hoped the Minims of the present year would study earnestly, and be in like manner a credit to the department.

—The military company was reorganized on the 25th inst., under the name of the "Hoynes' Light Guards." Temporary organization was effected by the choice of Prof. Wm. Hoynes as President, and Chas. Finlay, Secretary. On permanent organization, the following officers were elected for the present session: Director, Rev. T. E. Walsh, C. S. C.; President, Rev. M. J. Regan, C. S. C.; Secretary, E. Riley; Treasurer, W. Cartier; Commander, Prof. Wm. Hoynes; Captain, F. Combe; Lieutenants, Jas. Cusack, Geo. De Haven; Sergeants, A. Goodfellow, Wm. Harless, S. B. Wiley, Chas. Finlay, and A. McNulty.

—A close and exciting game of baseball was played on the 25th inst., between the "Atlantics," of the Manual Labor School, and the "Universities," of the Senior department. The principal features of the game were two neat double plays. The following is the score:

INNINGS:—	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
ATLANTICS:—	2	2	0	0	1	1	1	2	1=10
UNIVERSITIES:—	0	3	0	0	2	0	2	0	4=11

Earned Runs: "Atlantics," 4; "Universities," 4. Two base-hits, Browne, Combe, Harless; Sullivan, McCarthy. Double plays, Hampton, Chapin, Combe, 2; Burns, Sullivan. Time of game, two hours and ten minutes. Umpire, Fred. Combe.

—The fourth regular meeting of the St. Cecilia Philomathean Association was held in St. Cecilia Hall Wednesday evening, October 21. Masters Philip Brownson and E. Darragh were elected, respectively, first and second monitors. The members of the society were favored with essays by Masters Cavaroc and Darragh. Masters Courtney, Cooper, Chute, Cleary, Ewing, Myers, Oxnard and West were appointed to read compositions at the next meeting. The readers appointed for the ensuing week were as follows: R. Newton, G. Cooper, C. Cavaroc, J. Fitzgerald, M. O'Kane, E. Darragh and P. Levin. Preparations were made for a Moot-court, which will take place in the near future.

—Probably the most valuable contribution to Chinese literature in recent times is the work of a Catholic missionary, the Rev. Father Zottoli, S. J. It is in five large volumes, and required years of laborious toil and research for its completion. It draws from the bulky stores of the most renowned writers of China all that is most interesting and precious. The object of the work is to furnish a complete course of Chinese literature. A Latin translation of the text is given in parallel columns. The printing was done at the orphanage of To-sai-wei, near Shanghai. We believe the only copy of this work in the United States is in the Library of the University of Notre Dame.—*The Ave Maria*.

—In the University Moot-court, Judge Hoynes presiding, the case of the State *vs.* Jetton was called, Oct. 24th. To the indictment charging the prisoner with murder, the plea of "not guilty" was entered; M. Burns and Chas. Finlay appeared for the prosecution, D. Byrnes and J. Redmond for the defense. The witnesses on behalf of the State were W. Jess and B. F. Becker; for the defense, J. A. Ancheta and P. J. Goulding. The case was one of the best-conducted and most interesting that has been tried before the court, and gives promise that the sessions this year will be more interesting than ever. The attorneys all showed skill and ability in the management of their case; the arguments in summing up were both logical and eloquent. Mr. Redmond deserves special mention, this being his maiden effort; his plea, in particular, was able, and came near convincing the jury of the innocence of his client. The jury, consisting of Messrs. A. Jones, G. Harrison, G. De Haven, O'Donnell, Keegan and Triplett, after a short deliberation, returned a verdict of manslaughter, and recommended that the prisoner receive a sentence of five years in the penitentiary. A. A. Gordon acted as clerk, J. W. Talbot as sheriff.

—THE JUNIOR SPORTS, which had been postponed from the regular field-day, the 13th, came off on Wednesday, the 21st inst. The first race of the day was the three-legged race, in which two boys run with two of their limbs bound together in such a manner that they must move in perfect harmony or the runners will inevitably be thrown. The distance run was 100 yards. In the first division G. Myers and W. Borgschulze were first; J. Courtney and F. Fehr second. The second division had more starters than the first, but very few reached the end of the course. In this race Masters Curtis and Jacobi were first; C. West and W. Vandercar second. The 3d division was won by D. Tewksbury and A. Redlich; M. O'Kane and W. Welch second. Following the three-legged race came the sack-race. In the first division Gordon came first, with Regan second; Regan led until nearly to the line, but fell, enabling Gordon to come in ahead. In the second division J. Garrity won; O'Connor second. In the fourth division Cain was first, C. Senn second. Throwing the ball came next. In the first division G. Cooper won, throwing 324 ft., 8 in.; E. Benner second, 272 ft. In the other divisions no measurements were made. In the second division M. Luther won; F. Thurston second. Third division, —C. Muessel won; P. Servis second. Fourth division—A. Cleveland first; F. Benner, second. The third and fourth division of the hop-step-and-jump were next on the programme. In the third division J. Fisher was first, and P. Servis second. 4th Division—A. Ruffing, first; O. Benes, second. The run and jump followed. In the first division E. Benner was first, jumping 15 ft., 7 in.; F. Fehr second 15 ft., 6 in. 2d division—Luther first, 15 ft., 4½ in.; A. Ruffing, second, 14 ft., 5 in. Third division—W. Rattigan first, 12 ft., 7 in.; I. Bunker second, 12 ft., 5 in. Fourth division—A. Hake first, 11 ft., 3½ in.; W. McPhee second, 11 ft., 1 in.

The mile race for a handsome gold medal was postponed till a better day.

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. Ancheta, Ashton, Ashford, Aubrey, Bolton, Becerra, Bowles, Burns, Bates, Byrnes, Baca, Breen, A. Brown, Becker, C. Crowe, J. Crowe, Coady, Congdon, Walter Collins, Chapin, Crilly, Cartier, Cusack, F. Combe, Craig, Dempsey, De Haven, Daley, Dolan, Finlay, Forbes, Ford, A. A. Gordon, Goulding, Gallardo, Glenn, Hamlyn, Horn, Hagerty, Houck, J. Hampton, Harris, Harrison, Howard, Hasson, Hutchison, Harless, Holden,* Judie, Jackson, Keys, Kreutzer, H. Kenny, J. Kenny, Keegan, Karst, Kabat, Kegel Kleiber, Latchaw, H. Luhn, W. Luhn, Martinez, Murphy, McNulty, Mathers, McCartney, Murdock, McErlain, McGuire, Miller, Neill, O'Rourke, Ott, P. Prudhomme, J. Prudhomme, C. Paschel, H. Paschel, Perley, Padilla, F. Ryan,* E. Ryan,* Remish, E. Riley, Rothert, Rochford, Regan, Rodriguez, Redmond, Snapp, Shaide, Stubbs, Saviers, Sheridan, Stickney, Soden, Triplett, Vandercar, White, Wiley, Wagoner, Zeitler.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Masters Adlesperger, Adams, Austin, H. Ackerman, Arts, Benson, J. Benes, O. Benes, Bodley, Brabrook, Baur, Blakeslee, Brownson, Boos, Bowles, E. Benner, Bunker, Bacigulpo, Curtis, Cleveland, Colina, Cummings, Courtney, Cleary, Cooper, Chute, G. Cartier, J. Cartier, Coles, Cavaroc, Dougherty, Doss, Duffield, Dillon, Darragh, Dickinson, Ewing, Edgeworth, Epple, Frain, Finch, Flood, Fehr, Fisher, Fitzharris, Grothaus, Goebel, Galarneau, J. Garrity, F. Garrity, Gordon, Hoffman, Houlihan, Houston, Hayes, A. Hake, T. Hake, Holman, Harris, Joyce, Inderrieden, Jewett, P. Jacobs, N. Jacobs, Jeffs, Kern, F. Konzen, W. Konzen, Luther, Lesh, Long, McKendry, McCourt, Muessel, McConn, Meehan, McVeigh, Mueller, McIntosh, Myers, Nealis, L. Newton, R. Newton, Noud, Nester, O'Connor, O'Kane, Oxnard, Portillo, Prudhomme, Preston, Porter, Regan, Ratighan, A. Ruffing, C. Ruffing, Robinson, Rose, Ramirez, L. Smith, S. Smith, F. Smith, N. Smith, Short, Shields, Senn, Spencer, Scherrer, Servis, Sandoval, Stattman, W. Thompson, L. Thompson, Talbot, Thurston, Tewksbury, Towner, Vanselow, Vandercar, Walsh, Welch, Wabraushek, Wagoner, West, Williamson, Coad.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Masters Ackerman, Bailey, Bull, Ciarcoschi, E. Connors, J. Connors, Chute, Cobbs, Crotty, Campeau, Dunford, L. Doss, Dewald, T. Falvey, F. Falvey, E. Falvey, F. Garber, E. Garber, Griffin, Grant, Healy, Haney, Inderrieden, Jones, Jewitt, J. Kintz, A. Kintz, O. Kintz, Keeffe, Kellner, Klaner, Landenwich, Mainzer, Morgan, McGill, McCourt, McNulty, Martin, Murphy, Mooney, Monroe, Nester, Nussbaum, C. Nealis, B. Nealis, Paul, Piero, J. Peck, F. Peck, Ramsay, Riordan, Stone, Sullivan, D. Sweet, G. Sweet, W. Smart, E. Scherrer, F. Titus, Tillenburg, Williamson, Wormer.

* Omitted last week by mistake.

Class Honors.

[In the following list may be found the names of those students who have given entire satisfaction in all their classes during the month past.]

COLLEGIATE COURSE.

Messrs. Kleiber, Becker, Harless, Hagenbarth, Maguire, White, W. Cartier, Wiley, Dexter, Hausberg, Byrnes, Burns, Rothert, Ancheta, Baca, Saviers, Goulding, Sheridan, J. Wagoner, Congdon, C. Crowe, Hamlyn, Courtney, Stubbs, Hagerty, C. Paschel, H. Paschel, Jones, F. Combe, A. Browne, O'Connell, Brownson, Ewing, E. Porter, R. Newton, P. Wagoner, Goebel, Cleary.

Saint Mary's Academy.

One Mile West of Notre Dame University.

—Thanks are returned to Miss Lizzie Walsh and Miss Agnes English for obliging favors extended by them on the 18th inst.

—The *Rosa Mystica* issued its first number for the present scholastic year Oct. 18th. We hope soon to hear the merry peal of the *Chimes*.

—On the Feast of St. Luke, the pupils of the Art Department were treated to a feast in the refectory. A beautiful letter from Miss E. A. Starr, addressed to the Christian Art Society, was read.

—St. Agnes' Literary Society was reorganized on Tuesday. The election of officers resulted as follows: President, Mary McEwen; Vice-President, Cora Prudhomme; Secretary, Mary Duffield; Treasurer, Theodora Balch; Librarian, Alice Schmauss; Reader, Margaret Ducey.

—The Roman mosaic cross was won by M. Robinson. Those who shared with her the honor of drawing were the Misses T. Balch, Barry, Boyer, Campeau, Cox, Clifford, Duffield, Griffith, Hertzog, Keyes, Martin, Mason, McEwen, Odell, Parmelee, Pierce, Prudhomme, Regan, Ryan, Sheekey, Smart, Snowhook, Servis, Van Horn.

—The delightful weather has been fully enjoyed by the pupils. On Saturday, at three p. m., the art pupils, with oranges, and other picnic fare, wended their way northward from the gate, while the German classes and the lovers of ornamental needle-work, similarly equipped, took the opposite direction. The picnics of each were greatly enjoyed, as well as the autumn-day ramble.

—In the Minim department birthdays are events that are not passed over by kind parents. Two weeks ago, Edna Burtis received from her mother a beautiful *souvenir* of her birthday anniversary, in the form of two pretty dolls. This week, Maude Goetz's birthday was signalized by the reception of two very rare and handsome cakes, and a large box of confectionaries, beside other graceful complimentary gifts, which were freely shared by her little companions.

—In a letter dated Chicago, Oct. 14th, Miss Anna Murphy alludes to the Feast of St. Edward:

"Yesterday I thought of St. Mary's all day. It seemed that I ought to be there, after spending three St. Edward's Days with the good Sisters. It is needless to ask if the play was a success, for I know it could not be otherwise. Enclosed you will find the money for the SCHOLASTIC. Please be kind enough to send it to me each week. I am lost when I do not know of St. Mary's proceedings. If convenient, please secure the back numbers from Sept. 1st, and forward them to my address."

—The gold class badge of the Graduates of '86 is a charming piece of artistic work. It has in the mystic motto engraved upon it a beautiful lesson embodied. The invention of the device is to be attributed to the venerable teacher of the Class, the Rev. Father Shortis. He has been particularly

happy in the significance attached to the motto of the present year, though classes of former years seemed to regard their own, respectively, as the most appropriate possible. To Father Shortis for a long time the Graduates have been indebted for their class mottos. No badge at St. Mary's has ever equalled that of the present Class in beauty of design and finish.

—The great event of the week was the visit, after his long absence in Europe, of the venerated and beloved Bishop of Ft. Wayne. On the Feast of St. Luke, the pupils had the pleasure of presenting their welcome to his Lordship in the study-hall. Miss Munger, on the part of the Academy, read a poetical address, to which he responded in an instruction full of excellent advice and valuable information. On Tuesday morning he honored the institution by celebrating the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass in the Convent Chapel, and by delivering an eloquent sermon, after which he administered the Apostolical Benediction. The highest pleasure was afforded to all by this treasured visit.

Power.

"The masterpiece of creation stands in awed silence as he beholds above, beneath, on every side, manifestations of power whose source is the Omnipotent. Man's resting-place—the earth,—sustained by unseen hands, controlled by unseen forces, governed by laws no finite power can change, is the subject of profound thought and wondering admiration."

Power governs the universe; we see it exemplified in small as well as in great things—in the tiny flower, as well as in the earth from which it springs. Who can behold the great dome of heaven, with its innumerable stars, and stand unmoved? A Kepler and a Herschel have explored that vast stellar sea, have demonstrated the size and position of those far-away planets, have even pierced the distant nebulae, and yet the power exerted by each of the heavenly bodies is too sublime for finite creatures to conceive.

Let us confine our attention to earth, and what do we find? A power within the globe that the science of a Newton does not make less mysterious—a force ever acting, never exhausted.

Every atom of the universe is a potent agent. The blade of grass at our feet; the purling streamlet as well as the ocean that receives it, the soft summer breeze, and the mighty tornado—all are powers whose laws we may learn, whose depths we may penetrate, but whose source none can fathom.

A Galvani or a Faraday may diffuse much light on the wonders of electricity—

"That power which, like a potent spirit, guides
The sea-wide wanderers over distant tides,
Inspiring confidence where'er they roam
By indicating still the pathway home."

Man may guide that mighty agent, as at his bidding it flashes words of weal or woe far and

wide; he may study the laws that govern this magnetic fluid, and yet who can tell us what electricity is?

Living as we do in the midst of powers, we are not impressed as we would be if we considered the effect their suspension for a single instant would produce. All compound matter would separate into its constituents; the mighty ocean would rise from its bed; in fine, chaos would reign supreme.

The power of the material world finds its reflection in the mind and heart of man. History tells us that the power of nations is vacillating; from obscurity to fame, and from fame to obscurity is the common national fate. Follow Rome—that city first peopled by fugitives and outcasts—through the various stages of her existence. Behold, under the Cæsars, the strength of her arms, the majesty of her power, to which all tribes bow, and which none dare resist. Step by step, we might traverse the past, and mark the eras of power in different nations; now in the history of France, anon in that of England; but the source of these evidences of mastery we will find in the intelligence and ability of a Napoleon, a Richelieu, and a Wellington.

Yes, the mind of man, ever seeking, ever tending to higher things, is the fountain-head of national as well as of individual power. It holds sway over the life of man as well as over the fate of dynasties. It is to the grand intelligence which grasps, as it were, the heart of mystery, that we owe the civilization and culture of this our boasted century.

Eloquence is a power whose efficacy none will deny. Political campaigns owe their potency mainly to the energy which characterizes the speeches of their leaders. The daring eloquence of a Marat has the power of swaying fiercest mobs; while a Pitt, a Patrick Henry, an O'Connell and a Grattan stand as monarchs over auditors whose hearts burn, whose patriotism kindles under the power of their words.

The eloquence of a Bossuet and a Lacordaire has, with mighty power, softened the hardened hearts of men whom all, but God, had forsaken; has humbled the pride of intellect, and has taught the lesson of true power—a lesson learned by contemplating Him who is the Author of mind and matter, and who alone is unmoved by the powers of the universe;—powers which are but faint reflections of the wisdom of God, the All-powerful.

ESTELLE HORN.

Roll of Honor.

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

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Par Excellence—Misses Allnoch, Barlow, Bruhn, Butler, L. Blaine, Blair, Brady, Blacklock, Brown, Carney, Clendenen, Chute, Chaves, Considine, Claggett, E. Coll, Carmien, Dillon, A. Donnelly, E. Donnelly, A. Duffield, Degan, Dart, Desenberg, B. English, Ewing, Egan, Fuller, Fehr, Farnsworth, Fitzpatrick, C. Griffith, Alice Gordon,

Addie Gordon, Guise, A. Heckard, Horn, Hummer, B. Heckard, Henry, Haas, Haines, C. Kingsbury, Keenan, Kearney, Kearns, F. Kingsbury, Kennedy, Lang, Longworth, Levy, Lauer, Leahigh, Livingston, Laskev, Munger, J. McHale, M. F. Murphv, S. McHale, L. Meehan, N. Meehan, M. McNamara, C. McNamara, Monahan, Nagle, North, Otero, Rowley, Riedinger, Rose, Robb, C. Scully, M. Scully, S. St. Clair, L. St. Clair, Sullivan, Stadtler, Shields, Trask, Williams, White, Wynn. *ad Tablet*—Misses Alwein, Bubb, A. English, Kearsey, Lyons, M. Murphy, Shephard, Walsh.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Par Excellence—Misses E. Balch, T. Balch, Barry, Boyer, Campeau, Cox, Clifford, M. Coll, M. Duffield, L. Griffith, Hertzog, Keyes, Martin, Mason, McEwen, Odell, Parmelee, Pierce, Prudhomme, Paul, Regan, Robinson, Schmauss, Sheekey, H. Smart, Snowhook, Servis, Smith, Van Horn. *ad Tablet*—Miss M. Ducey.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

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

Class Honors.

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

1ST SENIOR CLASS—Misses M. F. Murphy, Butler, Horn, Hummer, C. Scully, Sheekey, Dillon, Kearney, Williams, Keenan, Wolvin, A. Donnelly, Morrison, C. Griffith, L. St. Clair, Kearsey, Keyes.

2D SR. CLASS—Misses Fehr, Kearns, Alice Gordon, Brady, B. Heckard, Regan, Snowhook, Trask, E. Donnelly, Chute, Carmien, Degan, B. English, Addie Gordon, M. Scully, A. Duffield.

3D SR. CLASS—Misses M. Clifford, Bubb, Longworth, Riedinger, Stadtler, Dart, Henry, Hertzog, Smith, Van Horn, Lyons, Coll, Brown, Barry, Blair, Cox, E. Balch, Rose, Farnsworth, Chaves, F. Kingsbury, Lauer, Levy, North, White, L. Griffith, Egan, Ewing.

1ST PREPARATORY CLASS—Misses Shields, N. Meehan, M. Duffield, M. Ducey, Campeau, Smart.

2D PREP. CLASS—Misses Monahan, Haines, Claggett, Blacklock, Spencer, T. Balch, Burtis, Goetz.

JUNIOR PREP.—Misses E. Blaine, Johnson, Pierce, Boyer, Lee, Qualey.

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

FRENCH.

1ST CLASS—Miss Bruhn.

2D CLASS—Misses Murphy, Barlow.

3D CLASS—Misses Snowhook, Van Horn, C. Griffith.

2D DIV.—Misses Kearsey, Kearns, Sheekey, Servis, Regan, Hertzog, Ducey.

4TH CLASS—Misses Campeau, Guise, Fuller, Otero, Brady, B. English, Clendenen, Faxon, McEwen, Kingsbury, Keyes, Levy, Gordon, Morse.

5TH CLASS—Miss Johnson.

2D DIV.—Misses Prudhomme, T. Balch, Smart, M. Coll, Pierce, Odell.

GERMAN.

1ST CLASS—Miss Horn.

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

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

4TH CLASS—Misses Longworth, Trask, Butler, Smith, Schmauss, Lauer, Blair, E. Blaine, Rose, Qualey, Livingston, Carmien, E. Balch, N. Donnelly.

5TH CLASS—Misses Degan, Hummer, Terry, Dart, L. Griffith, Haas, Caddagan, Lee, North, Rowley, M. McNamara, Kennedy, Desenberg, Lawrence.