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Good-Bye, Summer!

No longer verdant is the tree, nor golden is the corn;
The sparkling dew no more we see, but hoar frost in the
morn.

We breathe no fragrance in the breeze; the birds are out
of tune;

And every thing in nature tells that we'll have winter soon.

The feathered chits have ceased among the flowery brakes
their fun

And flown away to other climes where summer's just begun.

The waving fields of golden grain in stubble now appear;

The farmer 'gins to "calculate" what crops will bring this
year.

The coxs'ain's gentle cry of "stroke!"—"now stroke there,
number four!"—

Is hushed upon the sombre lake; the rowing season's o'er.

The baseball fiends have disappeared from off the grassy
plot;

They hug the stove i' the smoky Gym., and grumble o'er
their lot.

Nor do we see the festive dude parading his white hat;

He's donned his winter over-coat and sombre-hued cravat.

The causes of this trouble are, my friends, if you would
know,

The rainy days of autumn and a little winter snow.

O! Time may bring its sure rewards, and Death may bring
us joys,

But one and all agree that Fall brings sorrow to the boys.

JNO. J. HAMLYN.

Historical Certitude.*

Before entering upon the discussion of our thesis, it is necessary to lay down a few elementary principles, and make some important distinctions. We, of course, admit simple or philosophical certitude; for we believe that the mind of man, far from being doomed to perpetual ignorance and doubt, may know certain primitive truths, or axioms, which,

being self-evident, need not be demonstrated. This principle is the base of Philosophy, as the primeval granite is that of Geology.

Certitude, objectively considered, is truth itself. Now, man is satisfied only when his intellect has a perfect possession of the reality of things; therefore certitude is the natural condition of man's intelligence. And this condition consists in a firm and unshaken adherence to things clearly perceived, or proven, as self-existence, or the difference between matter and spirit. Though certainty cannot be reconciled with the least ignorance or doubt, yet we must not forget that there are various degrees of certitude, and these may differ.

While certain laws, as those of mathematics, are so fixed and unalterable that the Omnipotent Himself could not change them—for it would involve a contradiction—others, as of the physical world, have not the same degree of certainty and immutability; the former depend on the essence of God, their Author, the latter on man's freedom. To submit facts of history to a geometrical demonstration, or to subject mathematical principles to the law of Nature, would be absurd. With these short introductory remarks, let us now approach more closely to the subject matter of the debate which this thesis is intended to uphold.

History is "a collection of events joined together in a connected narrative;" historical certitude, therefore, may be defined "a moral certainty concerning facts of which we were not the witnesses, but which we know on the testimony of others." This principle is the bulwark of human knowledge and the foundation of society—nay, more: of religion; for religion is but a fact, and unless we are certain beyond a doubt that God has spoken to man, we are not obliged to believe, and the beautiful system of revelation would fall for want of support.

Does it not seem strange that men should endeavor to knock out from under themselves the very support on which their knowledge stands, as is the case when they seek to prove, against all the dictates of judgment and of good, common sense, the uncertainty of facts? Since common sense and reason are not sufficient for these sceptics, let us subject the proofs in defence of our thesis to the

* Thesis defended before the St. Thomas Aquinas Academy, Wednesday evening, by FRANK H. DEXTER.

"iron clad" test, and the works we are to consider to the strictest rules of criticism. Although historical facts may take either an oral or written form, our intention at present is not to investigate the reliability of tradition, but to limit ourselves to books and manuscripts. And here, in the very beginning, we meet with two classes of opponents: the first is composed of Bayle and his followers, who deny altogether the value of human testimony, because it never gives a complete certainty,—and of those who, like the Scotch Craig and the French Laplace, maintain that the testimony of any witness can never possess more than a mere probability. The second class consists of such men as the Italian Vico and the German Niebuhr who, carrying their scepticism to the highest pitch, can see in the primitive periods nothing but a tissue of poetical fictions, calling in question even the existence of Homer, Romulus, and other remarkable personages of antiquity, of whose reality posterity in general entertains no doubt.

Far more daring and dangerous, though—as affecting Christian civilization and enlightenment—is the system known as Mythism, which consists in interpreting the facts contained in the Bible,—the history *par excellence*,—as symbols, allegories, or moral personifications. This is the system founded by Dr. Strauss in Germany, embellished by the French Renan, and supported in our own country by the wit and scoffs of Mr. Ingersoll. It is against these opponents that we turn our logical weapons, and undertake to defend the following proposition:

Historical events, under certain conditions, give us a motive of certitude. It is hardly necessary to appeal here to the universal consent of mankind, or to state that, at all times and in all places, men of sound judgment have accepted certain historical works as reliable records of the events which occurred during the period of which they treat. Time, so far from destroying the trustworthy character of these works or disproving the facts narrated, has only strengthened our confidence in them, and invested them with veneration and respect. Our confidence in the truth of the events narrated by History grows stronger when we find them fully attested by an oral tradition, constant, perpetual, and uninterrupted, which has been jealously guarded by successive generations from corruption and extinction.

According to criticism, three conditions are requisite to prove and establish the authority of a historical work, viz., *authenticity, integrity, and veracity*. A book is authentic or genuine when written by the person to whom it is ascribed.

How do we demonstrate the authenticity of a work? By showing that: (1) the subject matter and form are in harmony with the characteristics of the writer and the period in which the work was produced; (2) that its style and the ideas are an expression of the author's personality—his temperament and genius—or the manners, customs, and prejudices of his age. If the work stands this test we can safely assert it is entitled to our respect, and that, after passing through the crucible of criticism, it comes to us genuine.

In the process of our investigation we may, for the purpose of satisfying ourselves on the above points, refer directly to the original—the original, signed by the author himself,—or, if such be not in existence, we may find in contemporaneous works striking allusions and references made to the one in question, and sometimes whole passages quoted. We may also meet with a popular belief; and this is generally the case, which gives its exact date and the circumstances which caused its production.

In the face of such public notoriety and positive evidence, who would deny that: "Cæsar's Commentaries" were composed by the famous conqueror of Gaul? that Thucydides narrated the "Peloponnesian War," or Sallust the "Conspiracy of Cataline"? The Greeks, in the time of Pericles, and the Romans, in the age of Augustus, were fully convinced that Xenophon wrote the "Retreat of the Ten Thousand," and Livy the "Annals of Rome." The shifting currents of public opinion, during the progress of centuries, instead of undermining these great works, have only cast about them a solid wall of protection and respect which preserves them intact from the ravages of time.

It is impossible that we should be deceived, considering the means we have of knowing these facts; here imposture would be more wonderful than the composition itself; for fraud would instantly have been discovered and handed down to posterity. Modern critics have endeavored to involve the origin of the New Testament in doubt and gloom; but it needs only a reference to the works of the earliest Fathers and Doctors of the Church to find therein the four Gospels, substantial and complete—in fact, the whole of the Holy Scriptures could thus be found; and were the Bible to be lost tomorrow we could unearth and arrange it, word for word, from the great mass of living works. Thus it was that the great Renan himself was forced to exclaim: "In short, I admit as certain the authenticity of the four canonical Gospels!"

The second condition which we are to consider is the *integrity* of a work, which means that it has come down to us the same as it was written by the author, without undergoing any substantial change or alteration. As we proceeded in the demonstration of the authenticity, so may we proceed in proving its integrity by going back to the manuscript and comparing the work as it is to-day with the original, or the oldest copies of it extant.

We should not be surprised if some minute errors and changes were discovered; for in the early ages, before the printing-press was known, the work of transcribing and copying was a laborious and tedious one. By following the work up to its source, guided by references and allusions made to it in other works, we would at last arrive at the very fountain-head, from which we could drink its waters, pure and undefiled. This is the colossal task undertaken by the German philologists of the present century, through whose efforts we have those editions of the classics so superior to those of later centuries. There is a more popular mark of integrity among critics—the "perfect unity" of

a work. This condition would be violated when, by any material alteration or omission, the effect would be to break the continuity of the narrative, or involve the slightest degree of contradiction in fact or principle.

The *Iliad* of Homer and the *Æneid* of Virgil, for instance, are works whose subjects are taken from Grecian and Roman history, and although considerably embellished by the imagination of their authors, they were still considered as the narrations of actual events. So intimately were they associated with the history and popular institutions of their respective countries that a national interest was centred in them. Is it to be supposed, then, that any material change—in line or word—could have been made in these works without calling forth the protestation and attention of those who held them in such deep veneration? So would it be with *Magna Charta*, *History of the Revolution in America*, or any other popular work.

If such jealous care be exhibited in these works which effect only the particular nation to which they belong, how much more should this be the case with the Bible, which contains the moral law for all nations, and towards which the eyes of all peoples have always been turned?

Nowhere do we find such unity of purpose, such consistency in style, manners, and customs, and such harmony of principles as in the Holy Scriptures. Are we not justified, therefore, in believing that they have not suffered the slightest change; and that, after many centuries, these holy books possess now their original purity and fulness? Almost equally as forcible is the demonstration by the fact that the book had a very large circulation and was well known at the same period by many different nations hostile to one another. It is but reasonable to suppose, then, that no alteration could have been made without implying one of two things: either all the copies have been corrupted at the same time—which is physically and morally impossible—or some of them only have undergone several alterations. To suppose this latter fact would be to admit that one part of mankind, naturally averse to such forgery and suppression, acquiesced in, and kept complete silence on, the imposition and fraud of the other. Evidently, this would be entirely impossible. We now arrive at the third and last condition of an historical work—*veracity*, or truth.

It is especially against the truthfulness of an historical work that modern critics, in endeavoring to attack its reliability, direct all their efforts. If they do not deny the fact itself, they will assert that the narrator was influenced by prejudice or personal motives, and that the events are placed in a different light from that in which they should be. Well, if they know these things so well that they can tell when a historian departs a hair's-breadth from the truth, they acknowledge, then, that there *is* such a thing as historical certainty? Let us ask them, "How do you know that these men do not speak the truth? and if you are so certain of what you say, why not they of what they wrote? Just put your statements in print, and, in any case, we will have a reliable work."

It is, however, an undeniable motive of certitude when a narrative possesses the following conditions: that it be *important*—as, for instance, the discovery of America by Christopher Columbus; that it be *public*—such as the conquest of Gaul by Cæsar; and, lastly, that it be *not contradicted* by any reputable writer of the time. We may also investigate the character of the author, and if he possess the intellectual and moral qualities requisite for his work he is entitled to our confidence and respect. Such is Tacitus when he speaks of purely Roman affairs.

As a last mark, the book itself must not contain ridiculous, unlikely stories, but be supported by public opinion and popular tradition, and be written in a precise, clear, and serious style. Moreover, if both the historian and his book were constantly watched over and preserved from error by many men living at a period of highly intellectual culture, we must come to this conclusion: such a history gives us the greatest degree of certitude, or else nothing is certain.

It is said, however, that some events consigned to books, and believed by many generations as true, were afterwards clearly shown to be fabulous, such as the fictions of mythology and certain poetical legends and apocryphal histories of the Middle Ages. Since, therefore, we have not always the means of distinguishing what is erroneous from what is certain, how can we trust a book and be certain of the historical facts contained therein? We admit that many of the things related by historians, though untrue, were believed by credulous people, yet let us distinguish as to the nature of the facts and the spirit of the author. Were these fantastical stories important, public, or reasonable? or did it not appear evident that their author was inspired by his passions and misled by a blind patriotism or by vague rumors? But let us take a serious fact, as the victories of Annibal; or public, as the destruction of Carthage, the conquests of Alexander, or the assassination of Cæsar. Is it possible to deny the existence of such facts—facts which are inseparably entwined with the life and destiny of a great nation, and which have always been supported by a constant, universal and uninterrupted tradition? No: our faith in these events, consecrated, as it were, by old age, remains firm and unshaken; and after the lapse of centuries we are as certain of them as those who lived at the time they happened.

What a volley of hisses and an outburst of indignation would greet the man who, in some future year, would boldly stand up in the United States Senate and assert that Washington was an imposter, and the Revolution merely a delusion! Why is this? Because such an assertion deeply offends the feelings of a great nation, trampling under foot the most sacred rights of patriotism. Thus it can be seen how impossible it would be to corrupt, alter, or omit any portion of a standard historical work. But while all peoples would unite in preventing any fraud or conspiracy against the truth, the book stands before us, a material witness of the past; and this venerable monument of national glory and

progress, far from losing any of its value or solidity from the fiery ordeal of criticism and the corroding teeth of time, appears to us still more precious and indestructible.

From all that has been said we have a right to conclude that historical works, under certain conditions determined by criticism, give us certitude concerning past events. We have a right, also, to draw two most practical corollaries therefrom, and this, with your attention, we will do before closing our thesis.

Without question or doubt, the greatest work the world has ever seen is that universal and immortal book, the Bible. It stands pre-eminent among all other works, the giant among dwarfs, the colossal monument of civilization and morality, and the admiration of all peoples. From its very origin it has been venerated and accepted by an intelligent and civilized people, who have always cherished it as the most glorious record of their history and being.

It has been assailed in all ages by impious men who sought to cast contempt and dishonor upon it, and endeavored to bury it in oblivion; but to-day it shines forth as brilliantly as ever with the inextinguishable light of truth imparted by the Omnipotent Being who inspired it. We have a right to admit its perfect reliability with regard to all that it states; for who, after submitting it to the severest tests of criticism, would be so bold as to deny its historical certitude? By casting a glance through this incomparable work it is seen, at once, to answer all the previously stated conditions of a historical work; and, far from being the least bit uncertain, it stands more unshaken on its triple basis of *authenticity*, *integrity* and *veracity* than the Pyramids of Egypt, deep-sunken in sand.

The stamp and seal of the All-wise is upon the Holy Scriptures, and His awful glory is manifest in them. Could we desire better proof of the truth of their contents? The life of Christ on earth, and the perpetuation of His doctrines through the Apostles, the inspired writers of the Gospels, are facts as well authenticated as any in History.

The second corollary to be drawn is that we may be even certain of miracles; and why not? We have yet to learn that a miracle is an impossible thing; and that, although its performance demands an Almighty power, it cannot be less easily ascertained than any fact of the natural order.

The whole question, then, is to know if there were any good witnesses of the miraculous event. As to the miracles of Christ, we have the testimony of all mankind; and though some may say that they were disbelieved, and even unknown, at the time of their occurrence, we find in many works written in that period a direct reference to and recognition of them. Even men who hated Christ with a diabolical fury—such as Julian the Apostate, Celsus, Porphyrius, and Hierocles—admitted the fact of the miracles, but endeavored, unsuccessfully, to explain them away. Nothing is lacking to prove these facts as certainly as any other of history. But these miracles are found in the Bible, their original and most perfect record. We are, then,

forced to admit that either the Bible speaks the truth or no historical fact is certain; and that either these miracles are the mark of the All-powerful, or that He deceived us in abetting an imposture. But reason tells us that this holy work is the truthful narrative of actual miracles and the repository of most glorious doctrines. As such it stands, illumined by light from above, while from it proceed the three undefiled and vivifying streams of Light, Love, and Life.

This is the Bible, which has been the pillar of truth in the past and which, remaining so in the future and to the end of time, will be a rich treasury of morality and the hope of mankind.

Sancta Cecilia.

Quand elle improvisait, l'illustre musicienne,
Quelle divine extase! Alors, plus d'un romain
Se disait en son âme: "Oh! cette patricienne,
Quel mortel oserait aspirer à sa main?"

Et les jeunes païens qui la croyaient païenne,
Cécile les menait au saint pontife Urbain:
Car un ange du ciel lui montrait le chemin.
Et, ravis, les Chrétiens disaient: "Elle est Chrétienne!"

Or, à présent, unie aux célestes phalanges,
L'artiste sainte chante encor le Rédempteur,
Et l'harmonie, à flots, s'échappe de son cœur.

Nous, amis des beaux-arts, célébrons ses louanges,
Fiers de notre Patronne! Et, cette sœur des anges,
Aimons-la: car Cécile est aussi notre sœur!

P. C. C. (French Class.)

A Day Among the Mountains.

It was about the middle of July, and the sweltering heat rendered life almost unbearable. Having plenty of leisure—for it was my vacation trip—I had resolved upon a trip to the mountains on a fishing and hunting excursion. A companion, willing and eager to share the project, was found; and having agreed upon the day of our trip, we spent the preceding evening in preparing for the morrow.

Four o'clock the next morning found us sipping a cup of warm coffee; when that had imparted wakefulness and vigor to us, we mounted our ponies and "lit out" for a day's sport. That summer morning has associated with it such pleasant remembrances that I can never forget it; and like a spell it comes over me now. Dawn, just beginning to peep forth, shed her subdued light over all; and

"Now morn, her rosy steps in the Eastern clime
Advancing, sowed the earth with Orient pearl."

The morning air was pure and exhilarating, but a little cool; in fact so much so that, feeling chilly, we urged our horses into a "lope," and, lighting cigars, gaily pursued our way. We had ridden thus for perhaps a half mile or more, when the

golden tinge, lining the eastern horizon, indicated the advent of the King of Day.

Oh, the beauty of that sunrise! Literally spell-bound, we gazed in wonder at the charming scene. We were riding in a cañon, on the right of which, not a stone's throw distant, rising to an imposing height, were the palisaded mountains; at their base rolled along, harmoniously bubbling and rippling, "Garden Creek"; on the leaves and flowers of the willows, birches and wild rose bushes roving along its banks are glittering

"Innumerable as the stars of night,
Or stars of morning, dewdrops, which the sun
Impearls on every leaf and every flower."

On the left, stretching far, far away towards the horizon, nestled a chain of foot-hills, rising and falling as regularly as the ocean's waves; over this exquisite scene the sun had now risen, and already we began to feel the gentle warmth imparting itself to the air. The flowers raised their drooping bodies and the wild roses gave forth their choicest perfumes. Unconsciously conquered by the charm of the hour, infused through all surrounding nature, we threw away our cigars and began chatting to the merry accompaniment of the morning birds' gay notes.

At my request, my companion glanced at his watch, and, to my astonishment, declared that hours had slipped by, whereas I had not expected to hear more than minutes. It was a little after six, and already we began to realize that an important matter awaited our attention—breakfast! After a short consultation, it was agreed that I should seek a suitable camp, whilst my companion took his rod and tackle to try his luck for a few "speckled beauties." Having determined upon a *rendezvous*, we parted, I to seek a camp, he to fish.

Scarcely had I proceeded twenty rods, ere I fell upon a lovely natural bower formed by the over-arching of the willows and birches, carpeted with deep, green moss and thick, soft blue-grass. A tiny stream, perchance wandering from the brook, ran merrily on a few paces from the entrance. In the course of a half-hour or so I had a full, blazing fire, and the coffee giving off its delicious aroma profusely. I was about to begin culinary operations on the ham, when I heard shouts not far away.

After beating about the bush for awhile, I met my friend; in his hand he held a string of trout which would have driven an epicure mad with delight. Proceeding to "camp," we soon laid that impromptu breakfast "where thieves steal not, nor rust consumes."

Immediately we retired to the grotto. The trimming of our guns, etc., occupied us till about eight o'clock, when, "striking out" directly for the mountains, we went off on our hunt.

Has any reader ever *enjoyed* the *delightful* experience of climbing mountains? Mountains, too, that slope, or rather perpendicularize, at 60° or more? If not, shake, and thank your stars for your good luck. Move one foot upward an inch, the other slides back a foot. Claw the hill-side with your digits, dig in your toes, and then "one,

two, three, pull!"—back you slide another foot. Reason faintly shedding her glimmering light upon you, you wisely give it up. If one wants to make any progress at all on a steep mountain side he must go at it zigzag; walking, say, a hundred feet in one direction, on an easy incline upwards, and returning in the opposite direction, only going higher all the time. Ah! you feel encouraged now; you have progressed *upward* twenty feet in two hundred feet of climbing! Don't do anything rash about it; sit down calmly; wipe the rolling beads of perspiration from your brow; shake the gravel, gold dust, etc., from your boots and hair—and at it again!

But to return. By ten o'clock we had arrived at the hunting-grounds, Birch Creek. Here, among the lofty firs, cedars and pines whose spicy odors, wafted by the mountain breeze, both refreshed and gratified us, we began operations. Game was plentiful. At short intervals the dog pointed, and the covey proved to be one of grouse, sage hens, or doves; rabbits started from every bush, and the gray mountain squirrel—a huge fellow—frisked among the branches of the trees; so that by two we were weighed down by the productions of our phthiozoic exertions.

But now the fatigue incident on the trials of the day began to be felt; accordingly, we retraced our steps towards "camp," arriving there a little after three. Immediately we made preparations for lunch. Grouse, roasted on spits, and fresh trout, baked on the hot coals, disappeared with a rapidity that would have driven a *restauranteur* to despair. My friend, having expressed his desire for a little nap, spread the saddle-blankets on the mossy ground and cast himself on them, newspaper in hand; selecting a "book of flies" and a rod, I set out for a trout fish.

Who is there that has once experienced the delight of trout fishing, and has not ever afterwards remembered the experience with pleasure and longing? How cautiously one approaches to the edge of the brook! Ah! there is a pool quiet and shaded; fish, surely, there! Now the fly is produced, and slowly, gently lowered near to the surface of the water. Look! look! see that magnificent fellow gazing with all the ardor of greediness at the tempting morsel! He springs! quick! quick! jerk! Ah, you have him!

I have seen men so intent on the capture of a single trout that a fortune offered could not have moved them. Forgetting everything, they concentrate all their energy on that one object; neglecting, in the meanwhile, even to breathe.

* * *

That night, weary and exhausted, scarcely had I touched the bed ere I went off in the arms of Morpheus. That night the land of nod was replete with visions of monstrous horned trout and gigantic sage hens; squirrels grew to the size of Numidian lions, and jack-rabbits, metamorphosed into hippopotami, relentlessly tossed me on their horned snouts.

ROBERADO.

Imagination.

Imagination, strictly speaking, is a faculty by which we recall in our mind the image of material things. It is a very useful faculty, yet only of a secondary importance, and is also proper to animals. In man, aided by the intellect, its action may be widely extended. But imagination must not be confounded with imitation; for imitation is a particular art; I mean intelligent imitation, which has nothing in common with what is vulgarly styled "plagiarism"—*servum pecus*!

Imagination plays a great rôle in the domain of literature. We do not say, with Voltaire, that it is necessary to do something good, to have "*le diable au corps*," nor would it be safe to hold with an ancient author, alluding to this faculty, that "there is no great poet *sine furore*"; for the judicious Horace lays down as a rule that, "*scribendi 'recte sapere' est et principium et fons*"; and the mild Fenelon, with his lucid mind and exquisite taste, thinks that a "poet, to be equal to the best of the ancients, must have a judgment far superior to the most vivid and inventive imagination." To give, therefore, to this faculty a greater importance than it really has would be a mistake. Imagination simply follows the senses; intellect, on the contrary, examines the object before pronouncing an opinion. The object of imagination are the material things perceived through the aid of the sensitive faculties; the things which have reference to the intellect are said to be *intelligibiles*, and the reason of the intelligibility of things is founded on immateriality. Generally, these faculties go together; but seldom will a person be found possessing them in the same measure, though it is by no means impossible to find them admirably blended together.

Three qualities are required for a good imagination, viz., experience, good taste, and, of course, enthusiasm. Experience, because it is by observation we learn most things in nature; a good taste, to choose those things peculiar to one or the other object, and which contribute to the end we proposed to ourselves to attain; and, finally, enthusiasm; for it is necessary that the writer should use expressions vivified with the fire of his imagination in order to excite in the reader the same feelings experienced by himself in writing; and the reader, forgetting the author, should not see anything else, but contemplate, as if it were in reality before his eyes, the object described.

J. S.

The Cow-boy.

What a mistaken idea some people have of a cow-boy! They imagine him as a dark, brawny man, bristling with deadly weapons; one ever ready to do anything daring or reckless, and who would hardly hesitate to take your life without a moment's notice. But what an unjust supposition this is! That the class of people commonly known as cow-boys have among them many persons of questionable character is undeniable. However, as a rule,

the majority of them are honest men. Some of them are men who have been unsuccessful in their business transactions, and have found it necessary to have recourse to this mode of making their livelihood.

Some who, having been in bad health, have gone West to rough it awhile, and recuperate their strength; while others, who are mere boys, have been enticed away from home by the glowing accounts of the wonderful West. It is true, some among them are fugitives from justice; some are really vicious and unruly men, and these latter have finally secured for the cow-boy the unjust sobriquet of "*bad man*." This supposition has also in a great measure been deduced from the too common perusal of pernicious literature, which has portrayed the cow-boy in the many rôles of dashing recklessness which characterize the heroes of these frontier tales. In my dealings with the cow-boys, I have almost always found them quiet and manly. I have found among them polished gentlemen—men of education and means. It is true, some among them are rough in manners and dress, but this may, in a great measure, be attributed to their mode of living.

The wages of the average cow-boy range from thirty to sixty dollars *per* month—a very good compensation for his labor, as it is very light, save in the spring and fall of the year, when the "*round-ups*" take place. His principal duty consists in herding and guarding cattle. His expenses are few. Hence an economical man can save quite a comfortable sum yearly. Some of the most influential cattle men of to-day are men who began life at the bottom rung of the ladder. Their economical habits and their perseverance have placed them among the first cattle kings of the West.

Taking them, all in all, these *harum scarum* cow-boys, "or terrors of the prairie," as they have been pictured by the dime-novel and nickle library, are jovial, kind-hearted men. If you wish to know the true character of the cow-boy, inquire of those who have had dealings with him. Those who know his disposition and habits; who have experienced his hospitality as well as his unkindness. Secure your information from this source, and, if I am not mistaken, your opinion of him will be greatly changed.

FRED COMBE.

Art, Music and Literature.

—M. Blouet, well known to the public under his pseudonyme of Max O'Rell, the clever author of "*John Bull and his Island*," is about visiting the United States on a lecturing tour.

—Arthur Sullivan has undertaken to compose an oratorio expressly for the Leeds Festival next autumn. It is understood that the composition will consume half of a morning concert, and that the author will direct the performance.

—As an exchange in courtesy for the Barthold statue of "*Liberty*," a committee of American propose raising a fund for a gigantic statue o

Washington to be erected in Paris, the pedestal of which is to be decorated with bas-reliefs of the early Franco-American missionaries, and Generals Lee and Grant.

—The "Annals of the Cakchiquels," which was written by a native about 1560, and has never before been printed, is now in press. The Cakchiquels were a semi-civilized tribe in Guatemala, and were reported by the first Spanish explorers to have annals reaching back eight hundred years before the conquest. The work will be printed from the original manuscript in the peculiar alphabet of this tongue.

—An exhibition of colored sculptures is shortly to be opened in the National Gallery at Berlin, under the patronage of the Crown Prince. The works are being collected under the auspices of the chiefs of that establishment. The exhibition will illustrate the history of polychromic sculpture in all ages and countries, as well as the modern efforts to revive the art, especially by the sculptors of Germany.

—Gounod's new oratorio, "Mors et Vita," was produced for the first time in America at the new Musical Hall in St. Louis, on the 30th ult., under the direction of Theodore Thomas, by a local chorus of five hundred voices, the full Thomas Orchestra, and Miss Emma Juch, Emily Winant, Charles Turner, and Myron W. Whitney, soloists. The audience was one of the most brilliant ever seen in St. Louis, and numbered fully 4,000 persons. The oratorio was received with great enthusiasm, and was pronounced the grandest of Gounod's works.

—At the Palace Ciucci Fontana, Rome, near the gate of Porta Salaria, four sarcophagi, or marble coffins, covered with sculptures of excellent workmanship, have been unearthed. Ten most beautiful works of this kind were found quite close to this spot at the beginning of the present year. That a vast necropolis containing the remains of famous and, perhaps, historical personages existed here is beyond a doubt. Strange to say, no record in the shape of an inscription to tell the names of the dead has yet been brought to light, and history is silent regarding this spot. It is believed by archaeologists that in this quarter much remains yet hidden beneath the soil.—*Boston Pilot*.

Scientific Notes.

—At Whitsbeth, England, lately two or three oysters were put away in an earthen pan, and during the night a couple of young mice inserted their hungry mouths within the open shells of one of the bivalves. In the morning the mice were found fast held by the oyster, and the whole party were consigned to a naturalist, who placed them in spirits, and will put them in a local museum.

—The Russian traveller Fodtschenko recently discovered in Turkestan a plant which is said to

be an excellent specific against cholera and typhus. It is used by the natives of Central Asia against all kinds of maladies, and every effort has been made to keep its properties from the knowledge of Europeans. The plant, which is named *Ferula sumbul*, has been acclimatized in the Moscow Botanical Garden.

—A mammoth's remains have been discovered near Yreka, Cal., by miners. They were found 45 feet below the surface. The horn is $5\frac{1}{2}$ feet long, in the shape of a cow's horn, and is 8 inches in diameter at the base. The teeth and other bones are of mammoth size. An animal built in proportion to them would weigh at least ten tons when alive. The teeth, horn, etc., show that the animal was of the bovine species.

—A writer in the *Eastern Medical Journal* says that the medical idea of a teaspoonful is one fluid drachm. This is, in fact, about the measurement of that article as used by our grandmothers. But this and the dessert spoon are now made so much larger than formerly that they hold nearly two drachms, and people who measure medicine by them overdose themselves. The table spoon remains as in the old days.

—Prof. James Warren is announced as the inventor of a new process of reducing ores by the aid of electricity. While examining a piece of gold-bearing quartz, the Professor accidentally let it fall into one of the dynamos, which was in motion at the time. On looking for the piece of quartz the next day, he found it in the dynamo; and to his surprise the gold in the quartz had been melted and had run to one side of the rock, forming a beautiful button. He immediately instituted a series of experiments, and succeeded in evolving a process by which gold, silver and copper can be instantly smelted from concentrations by a powerful electric shock, almost equalling in intensity a stroke of lightning. The successful application of this process to other ores, as lead and antimony, is also expected.

—During the recent session of the Meteorological Congress at Florence, the President, Father Denza, telegraphed to Dr. Arthur Wolynski his congratulations on his noble efforts to inaugurate in Rome the foundation of the Copernican Museum, composed of the works, manuscripts, and other valuable remains of that celebrated astronomer, which were collected in Poland and fully described to the Congress by Count Brochocki. This museum, founded in 1882 in the late Roman College, now contains an almost complete collection of the writings of Copernicus, comprising 393 works bound in 497 volumes; 153 pamphlets bound in twenty-two volumes; and a catalogue containing 539 written lists; 102 medals in gold, silver and bronze; 107 silver coins; eighteen bits of sculpture in marble, bronze, terra cotta, and clay; thirty-three paintings in oil-colors and engravings; seventeen scientific instruments, and, finally, various articles of furniture. Professor Tacchini, the Director of the Central Meteorological Office, and Count Brochocki have charge of the collection.

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

Notre Dame, November 21, 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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Our Staff.

FRANK H. DEXTER,
F. J. HAGENBARTH,

P. J. GOULDING,
T. J. CLEARY.

—We may announce next week the subjects of the essays for the Junior and Senior series in the competitions for the collegiate medals. As stated in a previous number, the first three subjects of the series for the grand gold English Medal are left to the option of the competitor; the subject of the fourth to be determined by a committee, and made known two months before Commencement. Let this simple announcement give renewed impetus to our essayists. The SCHOLASTIC is ready to support them.

—Our great metropolis of the West may take a just pride in numbering amongst its citizens so true and talented an artist as Miss Eliza Allan Starr. This lady is one who has aided the accomplishments of a naturally gifted mind and skilful pencil by great and careful study and extensive travel through the celebrated art centres of Europe. As a result, her contributions to Catholic literature have placed her in the first rank among the distinguished writers of the present day, while her lectures on art and art literature have been, for some years back, highly prized by the social circles of Chicago. It is with pleasure, therefore, that we learn that Miss Starr resumed on last Tues-

day, the 17th inst., her regular weekly lectures on Art Literature, to be continued throughout the winter and spring. This series will consider the wonderful treasures of the Eternal City, and will receive a fresh interest by reason of new illustrations received from Rome and Florence during last summer. It is our earnest wish that her efforts for the advancement of true artistic taste and culture may meet with the due appreciation they so well deserve.

—The great event of the past week was witnessed on the evening of Monday last, when the new electric crown and crescent, which adorn the statue of Our Lady on the Dome of the University, were lit up for the first time. There, lifted high in the air—200 feet above the ground,—the grand colossal figure of the Mother of God appeared amid the darkness of the night in a blaze of light, with its diadem of twelve electric stars and under its feet the crescent moon formed of twenty-seven electric lights. Truly, it was a grand sight; and one which, though it is becoming familiar to the inmates of Notre Dame, must ever strike the beholder with awe and reverence, realizing, as it does, the most perfect expression, in a material representation, of the prophetic declaration of Holy Writ—*And there appeared a great wonder in heaven: a woman clothed with the sun, and the moon under her feet, and on her head a crown of twelve stars.*

It must indeed have been an inspiration, or a prophetic foresight of the great advance soon to be made in the domain of science, that, a few years ago, caused the venerable Founder of Notre Dame to conceive the grand idea which to-day we see so perfectly realized. In 1879, when the New Notre Dame was being raised upon the ruins of the old, comparatively little progress had as yet been made in electric lighting. In particular the great problem of the minute subdivision of the light remained unsolved; Edison had not then begun his experiments, and the incandescent light was not even dreamed of. To employ the arc light around the statue was out of the question, not only because the necessary appliances would detract from the beauty of the figure, but also on account of the daily attention which the lamps would require. But the idea had taken possession of the mind of Very Rev. Father Sorin, and was tenaciously clung to, in spite of discouraging report through the years that followed, until, at length, the success of subsequent experiments and the invention of incandescent electric lighting revealed the complete practicability of carrying out the grand design of the venerable Founder.

Now twelve of the Edison incandescent lamps encircle the head of the statue, while at the base are three semi-circles of nine lamps in each, which form the crescent moon. These, together with the lights in the halls of the College, are fed with the electric current by a powerful dynamo situated in the rear of the building. Thus the visitor to Notre Dame, as he comes up the avenue at night, or the wayfarer for miles around, can realize and revere that glorious

tribute to the Queen of Heaven, the Protectress of Notre Dame, as he sees her figure surrounded with its halo of light, typifying the watchful care she constantly exercises, by night as well as by day, over the inmates of this home of Religion and Science, which has been specially dedicated to her honor.

The Academy.

On last Wednesday evening a very interesting and animated discussion took place before the St. Thomas Aquinas Academy. The question debated was one the importance of which cannot be ignored by anyone. Its proper solution is of great moment for all, and consequently should be sought by each and everyone of us. Its importance is highly augmented by reason of the fact that, although it is evident that a great many objections may be adduced, nevertheless, it is no less certain that, by employing the proper means, they can all be successfully refuted.

The thesis under discussion was: "History, under certain conditions, gives us complete certitude." Mr. Frank H. Dexter, the defender, appeared to understand precisely the nature of the responsibility devolving on him. And after reading his well-studied and elaborate essay on the subject, and marking out definitely the scope of his arguments as set forth to substantiate and defend the thesis, he prepared firmly to repel the vigorous and well-directed attacks of his antagonists. As his essay appears elsewhere in the SCHOLASTIC, we forbear from presenting any detailed comments here.

The objectors—Messrs. Goulding and Ancheta—come in for a due share of congratulation, not only for the excellence of the objections which they hurled against the certainty of History, but for the able manner in which they defended themselves against Mr. Dexter's decisive answers to their syllogisms. The two gentlemen, however, were as different in their modes of reasoning as Law differs from Science. Mr. Goulding couched his arguments in forensic terms, and subjected History to the rules of Law conjointly with those of Logic. Mr. Ancheta's words savored of Science—a necessary result from the fact that he brought to bear upon his arguments the test of scientific investigation with a minuteness and precision indeed surprising.

On the conclusion of the debate, Rev. President Walsh congratulated all who had taken part, and then introduced to the assembly the Rev. Richard Howley, D. D., of the Propaganda, Rome. The Rev. Doctor said that the debate had been most interesting, both in point of subject matter, and also on account of the clever manner in which it was conducted. The counsel for the defense of historical tradition as a motive of certitude almost exhausted the usual arguments in favor of his theme, and guarded them well by his clear statement of the conditions on which alone History might be accepted as a witness of the truth. The counsel for the plaintiff, on the other hand, exhibited great in-

genuity in their method of attack, and occasionally seemed almost to succeed in "making the worse appear the better cause." All of those engaged in the debate manifested great ingenuity of resource, and, better than all, a due appreciation of the immense importance, especially in our day, of the question of historical certitude. Religion itself depended on the veracity of History. It is based, as far as its foundation facts are concerned, entirely on the testimony of men, and has been brought down to us in its outward structure by the hand of History.

Dr. Howley proceeded to say that the debate reflected very great credit on young gentlemen who were as yet novices in this sort of scholastic combat. He had witnessed very many such exhibitions of logical skill in various institutions in Europe and elsewhere, and this one did not yield to the majority of them in its substantial success and in its promise for the future. He hoped that these debates would be continued, for the instruction of the students and the pleasure of the Professors, and begged to congratulate Father Fitte on this successful display of the knowledge and talent of his class.

Pertinent Paragraphs.

The past week has been an eventful one at Notre Dame—one whose happenings will be recorded in large capitals and red ink in the "Class Annual Chronicles of '86."

First, the military company and the Band unanimously resolve that hereafter they shall appear in martial gray and brass buttons; then the Grads. and Junior Class adopt the collegiate cap, ycleped "mortar-board"; and, to cap the climax, the Dome suddenly blazes forth, early one night, in a flood of star-eclipsing light cast from the electric crown and crescent.

The Grads. are to be commended upon the heroic spirit with which they donned their new head-gear, and ran the gauntlet of criticism, wit, and admiration;—

"Their heads erect,
With marked effect,
To meet the popular stare."

And even though a body-guard was for awhile necessary, and the festive Junior and still brighter Minim greeted them with encouraging remarks—somewhat like, "Is it alive?" "Drop it and run!" etc.—their stoical spirit and "mortar-board" both remain uncrushed. What their agony and suspense must have been posterity will never know. The worst part of the experience, it is vaguely rumored, was on the occasion of a late visit ("but, for goodness' sake, don't say I told you!"). Theirs is the glory, however, of the movement toward class elevation, and the spirit, it is hoped, will be the means of lending a little more dignity to the higher classes.

* * *

An entertainment in celebration of the Festival of St. Cecilia is announced for this evening. From

the programme, a pleasant evening may be anticipated. *Apropos* of the event, we offer "a word in season."

An immemorial custom—that of greeting every performance with applause—is apt to be too strictly followed by the more juvenile and susceptible part of an audience on the occasion of entertainments in the hall. This, we know, is the result of a generous and friendly spirit; yet if carried too far it may lose its value.

A little judicious applause would do more good than pages of written criticism;—for when the actor receives it he may know that it is deserved; and should he not receive it he will be spurred on to do better work.

PETER PRIMROSE.

The "Courier's" Defence!

A week or two ago there appeared in these columns a review of a prize oration, published in one of our college exchanges, and entitled "France and the Huguenot." That the *Monmouth Courier*, of Monmouth College, Illinois—the journal most interested in the publication referred to—should take notice of our remarks was to be expected, and we were prepared and ready to give due consideration to any arguments that might be presented, or facts brought forward to disprove any statements we had made. To our surprise, the *Courier*—acting, no doubt, on the principle which actuated the barrister who told his colleague "No case: abuse the plaintiff's attorney!"—breaks forth into the following reply, which we present, *verbatim et literatim*:

"With one vicious bound the SCHOLASTIC is astride our neck. In a three column tirade it takes fierce exception to an article appearing in our last 'France and the Huguenot.' Some of its statements are really and wonderfully amusing—savoring more of the musty 16th century than of the enlightened 19th. For instance something like this: 'The Catholic is the divine element containing every thing necessary to elevate man, to guard his liberty and make him good and happy.' Then it comes down on Protestantism, Calvinism and Puritanism like a thousand of brick and then grinning a sickly self-satisfied grin looks upon itself complacently admiringly just as if its puny little carcass had eternally smashed the whole business. For your own good we would recommend you O SCHOLASTIC, to come from out those black and vampire infested caverns of superstition where grovelling and groping you allow yourself to be blinded and imposed upon by an extortionate and corrupt priesthood. Come out, brush the cobwebs from your brain, hug no longer the delusive phantom, lay aside errors' moth-eaten cloak, accept and believe the truth."

We give the foregoing this prominence because its simple publication is its best answer. It speaks for itself, and must serve only to convince any fair-minded, intelligent reader that weak indeed must be the cause which can merit no better defence. We stop only to correct a misquotation made by the *Courier*, and reproduce the exact words of our article. What we said was: "Let us recognize in the Catholic Church the Divine element, for she was founded by the Hand of God, and contains in herself everything necessary to elevate man, to guard his liberty, and to make him good and happy."

[From the St. Louis "Catholic World."]

Notre Dame.

Not quite one hundred miles to the southeast of Chicago, near the State line between Indiana and Michigan, lies the lovely religious and educational "town" of Notre Dame. The name "Notre Dame" has much to make it famous; but this particular Notre Dame has so much to impress itself upon the public mind that one scarcely knows to which feature allusion should first be made. Notre Dame was founded in 1841 by the Very Rev. Edward Sorin, now Superior-General of the Order of the Congregation of the Holy Cross. Father Sorin at once laid the foundations of the University of Notre Dame, which has risen to be, as those competent to judge freely admit, the very first of the Catholic educational institutions of our land. It has received from the State of Indiana faculties which render it in every way a university, and there is no college in the country whose diploma is better worth having than that of Notre Dame. That this is appreciated in all circles will be readily seen when it is noted that fully one-fourth of its 400 or 500 students are Protestants. Besides this giant concern, Father Sorin also established St. Mary's Academy, a school for young ladies, presided over by the Sisters of the Holy Cross. There is also at Notre Dame one of the most beautiful churches in all America, built by the votive offerings of those who love Our Lady. Already over \$100,000 has been expended on it. The offerings have come from all parts of the world—some of them from crowned heads of Europe.

Another of Father Sorin's good works was the establishment, some twenty years ago, of *The Ave Maria*, a weekly journal devoted to the honor of the Blessed Mother of God. It was the first journal of the kind to be established in the New World, and if any other has since been started, I am not aware of it. The venture was looked upon by many as a hazardous one; but Father Sorin had full confidence in it. His confidence has been richly repaid, for its circulation has steadily increased, until now the weekly mailing list requires several wagons to take it to the post-office. It has subscribers in all parts of the world where the English language is spoken, and in many places where it is not. It is no uncommon thing for its excellent articles to be translated and reproduced in the journals of Italy, Germany, France and Spain. Some years ago, *The Ave Maria* was placed under the editorial care of the Rev. Daniel E. Hudson, and surely it could have been placed in no more competent hands. Father Hudson, both by nature and education, is especially qualified for his work. He has labored by night and by day to make of *The Ave Maria* an offering worthy of her in whose honor it is published, and a well-spring of profit and delight to those who read it. Nobly has he succeeded in this work. *The Ave Maria*, aside from its religious character, and viewed from a purely literary standpoint, takes the most exalted rank among Catholic publications.

It is in every way a gem. Its contributors include such names as Dr. John Gilmary Shea, Maurice F. Egan, Mrs. A. H. Dorsey, Eleanor C. Donnelly, Eliza Allan Starr, "Christian Reid," Charles Warren Stoddard, and other gifted writers. *The Ave Maria* is to be enlarged at the beginning of next year to 24 pages, and will thus make two large volumes of over 600 pages each year.

The students at the University edit the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC, a weekly publication which enjoys an unusually high rank among college publications. A yearly volume of the SCHOLASTIC contains almost as much entertaining and instructive reading as a volume of any one of the standard monthlies.

The University of Notre Dame has always been noted for its substantial patronage of literature. The Rev. J. A. Zahm, Curator of the Museum, has recently published an excellent work on "What the Church Has Done for Science." He has also written much valuable and descriptive matter concerning the far West, Mexico and Alaska, through which regions he has travelled, not merely as a sight-seer, but as a practical seeker after information.

The senior professor, Joseph A. Lyons, A. M., LL. D., has wide repute as the author of "Lyons' Elocutionist," which has run through many editions, and also as author of several standard plays for male characters. But it is not alone as an author and editor that Prof. Lyons is known. "He knows everybody," is frequently said of him; and, certainly, if he were ever to be a candidate for the Presidency of the United States, there is no part of our wide domain where scores of people who know him would not turn out and proclaim his many virtues. By the way, I must not forget to mention Prof. Lyons' excellent *Scholastic Annual*, which the highly discriminating *Boston Transcript* once pronounced the very best of Catholic annuals, both as a work of reference, and in the excellence of its literary contents.

Prof. A. J. Stace, whose modesty is all that has prevented his acquiring a wide-spread reputation, has long since won an enviable position as an author and poet. He is a keen humorist, and his witty verses have all the delicacy of flavor and ingenuity of construction of some of the best things of Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Prof. Charles Warren Stoddard, "poet, traveller and eccentric," has a wide reputation as an author. He has not seen quite all the world, but few men have seen as much of it—especially its tropical regions. He has published many volumes of travels which have been widely circulated, and his contributions to *The Ave Maria* are among the richest and most treasured ornaments of its pages.

Many of the clergy at Notre Dame, while they do not speak of themselves as authors, have written much which is worthy of being placed between covers. This is especially true of the venerable Father Sorin, who has written many valuable and instructive papers. I hope they may some day be collected and published in book form. If Father Sorin could only be induced to write his autobiography, it would form an invaluable contribution

to the history of the Church in America, and to the history of the State of Indiana. Although more than seventy years old, Father Sorin rejoices in excellent health, and nothing but his excessive modesty prevents him from undertaking to leave to posterity this great legacy.

Aside from those writers living at Notre Dame, there are many others who have been encouraged by the people there, and who owe to Notre Dame their successful entry into the field of literature. And there are yet others who are no less patrons than patronized. Maurice Francis Egan, for some years past associate-editor of the *New York Freeman's Journal*, published a volume of poems to aid in the rebuilding of the University when it was destroyed by fire, in 1879. Some of his best sketches and poems have since then appeared in *The Ave Maria*. Eleanor C. Donnelly has also published a book of verses to aid in building the Dome of the University. Eliza Allan Starr gives to *The Ave Maria* much of her most excellent work. And there are many clergymen who find at Notre Dame a profitable publication of their literary efforts.

I wish it were possible for all those who, through ignorance or malice, assert that Catholics do not believe in education to spend a few days at Notre Dame and look over the ground with unbiased eyes. To no one man does the cause of education—and I do not mean simply what is commonly spoken of as "religious education"—owe more than to the Very Rev. Edward Sorin. Worthily and ably have his efforts been seconded by his assistants, and the work he has so firmly established will continue to flourish through many succeeding generations. Nor is Notre Dame content with such education as it can give on its own grounds. Through the *Ave Maria* press, thousands of tracts, pamphlets and good books are annually distributed over the land. They who seek the patronage of the Holy Mother of God usually do so for the furtherance of their own ends. Not so with the good Fathers of Notre Dame. Their lives are devoted to the honor of the Blessed Mother, and all the patronage they crave at her hands is increased power to benefit those she loves, and to win to her side those who know her not.

E. P. R.

Local Items.

- "Is it alive?"
- Next Thursday is Thanksgiving Day.
- The "Laws" are going to get a class cap.
- Dreams of Christmas already haunt the slumbers of ye student.
- It is refreshing to behold the "mortar-board" promenaders at this season!
- The Junior class cap is distinguished by a red tassel. Don't make a mistake!
- The fielding record of P. Chapin in last week's SCHOLASTIC should read .930.
- An interesting entertainment will be given

this evening by former St. Cecilians and present Euglossians.

—The "Cadets" of Notre Dame have been superseded by a new military company, the Hoynes Light Guards.—*Laporte Chronicle*.

—A portrait in oil of Rt. Rev. Bishop Dwenger, recently completed by Signor Gregori, has been added to the collection in Bishops' Hall.

—Our astrologer, after due study and investigation, has completed his predictions for the coming year. Look out for them in the *Annual*!

—RETURN—Mr. J. C. Rudd requests the return of the volume of *Waverly*, taken from the book-case in the Senior reading-room on Thursday last.

—Our genial, active gardener is overhauling the *parterre* in front of the College, preparatory to the planting of a fresh assortment of flowers and shrubs in the spring.

—The names published in the SCHOLASTIC last week under the head of "Class Honors" should have appeared in the "List of Excellence" for Elocution.

—In future, the Minims who shall succeed in keeping their names on the "Roll of Honor" for a month shall be provided with an entertainment in their reading-room. The first of the term was given last Monday evening.

—The plasterers and steam fitters have been actively at work during the week in the crypt of the new extension to the church. It is expected that before many days everything will be in readiness to permit of its occupancy.

—The Class in Physics took a trip to South Bend Wednesday afternoon to see the electric motors. An interesting visit was made to the power-house of the Electric Lighting Co. Thanks are returned by the members of the Class to Father Zahm.

—The 7th regular meeting of the Sorin Literary and Dramatic Association took place last Tuesday in St. Edward's Hall. An interesting debate was conducted by F. Peck, C. Campeau, S. Ciarcoshi, J. Piero, J. Moncada, F. Chute, S. Titus, J. Bull, J. McIntosh, and A. Smart.

—The entertainment this evening will consist of orations, elocutionary and dramatic recitations, interspersed with vocal and instrumental music. The regular exhibition of the St. Cecilia Philomathean Association will take place on the 12th prox., when a grand drama will be presented.

—At the fifth regular meeting of the St. Stanislaus Philopatrian Society, held Nov. 14th, Masters McPhee and Scherrer appeared to advantage in a dialogue. Masters M. McVeigh, A. Redlich and E. Berry delivered selections. Master H. Ackerman closed the exercises by singing a beautiful song.

—At the fourth regular meeting of the Thespian Society, held Nov. 13th, D. Latshaw was unanimously elected a member. A committee, consisting of Messrs. A. Brown, D. Saviers, J. A.

Ancheta, and F. Dexter, were appointed to select a suitable drama for Washington's Birthday celebration.

—We reprint elsewhere in this number an interesting article from the *South Bend Tribune*, descriptive of the electric crown and crescent on the statue of Our Lady on the Dome. It shows, better than any words of ours, the success of the work of the electricians, and the beautiful impression produced upon the visitor when he beholds the illuminated stars with which the statue is surrounded.

—The 6th regular meeting of the Columbian Literary and Debating Club took place Nov. 11th. An animated debate on "Capital Punishment" consumed most of the time of the meeting. Those who took part were Messrs. F. O. Ryan, Goodfellow, Hamlyn, C. Crowe, P. McGuire, McNulty, and C. Duffin. Essays were read by Messrs. Harrison, Daily, and Burke. A well-written criticism on the last meeting was presented by Mr. Harless.

—The Band is organized as follows: O. Ryan, Piccolo; W. Congdon, Clarinet; F. Thurston and J. A. Ancheta, E \flat cornets; C. Hausberg, J. Rahilly, P. Prudhomme and J. V. O'Donnell, B \flat cornets; W. Cartier, H. Paschel and A. Gordon, Altos; C. Paschel, I. B. McCue, and J. Dohany, Tenors; E. Riley, Baritone; J. Remish, B \flat Bass; A. Miller, Tuba; S. B. Wiley, Snare Drum; W. Loomis, Bass Drum; G. De Haven, Cymbals; P. Chapin, Drum-Major.

—Among the visitors during the past week were: Mr. Edward Moon and wife, Warsaw, Ind.; Mr. Jacob Raub, Chalmers, Ind.; Mr. J. F. Cunningham, Detroit, Mich.; Mr. Isaac Connors, Janesville, Wis.; Mr. George C. Bube, Miss Nellie Bube, Chicago, Ill.; Mr. Francis A. Sunobong, Chicago; Mr. Steinman, Sacramento, California; Mr. C. K. Clark, Grand Rapids, Mich.; Miss Clara Burns, Cincinnati, Ohio; Mr. D. T. Crowley, St. Paul, Minn.

—Last week Very Rev. Father General made the students of St. Edward's Hall a delightful visit. Finding a class at the blackboard, he took occasion to test the proficiency of the class by proposing some of his own difficult arithmetical problems. For an instant the faces looked puzzled; but the next moment the cloud was passed, slates and pencils commenced to rattle, and then came the correct answers which showed the Very Rev. examiner that his Minims are all that he expects—bright, promising boys.

—Last Sunday afternoon, the Class of '86, accompanied by the Rev. Prefect of Discipline, paid a visit to St. Mary's Academy, where, by the kindness of the Mother Superior, they were shown through the spacious buildings. From thence the Class were led to the beautiful Chapel of Loreto overlooking the mystic waters of the St. Joseph. But the beauty and sanctity of this exquisite chapel must be seen and felt in order to be appreciated. The Class all expressed themselves as highly pleased with the Academy and its beau-

teous surroundings. On their return they tendered the Rev. Prefect a vote of thanks for the many favors conferred.

—The 7th regular meeting of the St. Cecilia Philomathcan Society was held Wednesday, Nov. 11th. The exercises opened with a well-written criticism on the previous meeting, presented by Master Holman. A lively debate on the "Life and Acts of Julius Caesar" then took place. Those who participated in the debate were Messrs. J. Courtney, E. Darragh, R. Newton, P. Brownson, E. Porter, J. Fitzgerald, C. Cavaroc, and J. Fisher. The public readers for this week are: C. Ruffing, F. Long, T. Cleary, E. Porter, G. Myers, G. Cooper, J. Fisher, and E. Darragh. Frank Dexter, from the Senior department, was present at the debate, and, on invitation, closed the exercises with a spirited declamation.

—An interesting session of the Moot-court was held on the 14th inst., before Prof. Wm. Hoynes, presiding as a Judge in Chancery. The case involved the principle whether an infant who conveyed real estate during his minority could recover the same a considerable time after attaining his majority. F. X. Claffey and W. Redmond presented the cause of the complainant; J. A. Ancheta and P. J. Goulding represented the defendant. The arguments on both sides were able, and went fully into the merits of the case. The Judge, after summing up the facts and explaining the law on the subject, decided that the plaintiff could recover by returning the purchase money and paying for improvements made.

—The first regular meeting of the Senior Archconfraternity was held Nov. 15th, Rev. T. E. Walsh, C. S. C., presiding. A permanent organization for the present session was effected by the election of Rev. T. E. Walsh, C. S. C., as Director; A. A. Brown, President; F. H. Dexter, Vice-President; P. J. Goulding, Recording Secretary; J. A. Ancheta, Corresponding Secretary; M. A. Dolan, Treasurer; T. J. Sheridan, 1st Censor; S. Murdock, 2d Censor. J. Kleiber was appointed to prepare for next Sunday evening a paper on the Greek Church; C. Neill on the Dogmatic Doctrine of the Mass; W. Harrison on the liturgical part of the same. J. A. Ancheta, at some future time, will prepare an essay in refutation of the objections of Scientists to Religion.

—The St. Aloysius' *Petit Seminaire* was formally opened this (Saturday) morning with the celebration of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass by Very Rev. Father General Sorin. In an appropriate address to the young Levites assembled the venerable Superior told them of the opportunities now placed within their reach and which they should endeavor to profit by. After Mass the house was blessed, and placed under the patronage of St. Aloysius and the Blessed Virgin, on whose festival the imposing ceremony had taken place.

We may note here that many improvements have been made in the building which, together with the classic groves amid which it is buried, serve to make it an agreeable abode to the earnest student

seeking to make due preparation for the studies necessary to the aspirant to the sacred ministry. Not the least among the beauties which greet the eye of the visitor are the frescos from the skilful brush of Prof. Ackerman which adorn the time-honored chapel.

—The Director of the Historical Department returns thanks to the good Sisters of Mt. St. Vincent's Academy, New York, and to Right Rev. Bishop Neraz, of San Antonio, Texas, for kind favors received. He also acknowledges, with gratitude, the receipt of the following articles: From Rev. Father Barroux, of Big Rapids, Mich., a letter of Bishop Berneux, Missionary to Corea, written the year he was martyred by the Coreans; from Mr. Condon, of Ashtabula, O., a large lithograph of Bishop Rappe, of Cleveland; from Mrs. Shields, two photographs from life of the late Major Gen. Shields; from the American Catholic Historical Society, Philadelphia, 61 lithographs of exterior and interior of churches; from Rev. Dr. Howley, autograph letters of Cardinal Manning, Cardinal Lavigerie, Cardinal Simeoni, Cardinal Franchi, Archbishop O'Brien, of Halifax, Bishop Woodlock, of Ardagh, Bishop Lacey, of Middlesborough, R. D. Joyce, author of "Deirdre," Rev. L. A. Lambert, author of "Notes on Ingersoll," Sir John Macdonald, Premier of Canada, and Bart. Fitz Patrick, Abbot of Mellery Abbey, Ireland; from Very Rev. Father Bushart, Provincial of the Jesuits, St. Louis University, a fine large daguerrotype (from life) of the great Indian Missionary, Rev. Father de Smet, S. J.; from Master C. Cavaroc, two hundred and eighteen dollars, Louisiana money; from Master Bodley, five hundred dollar Confederate bond; from C. Finlay, of Kansas City, several coins.

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, Akin, R. Byrnes, Becerra, Bowles, Burns, D. Byrnes, Baca, Breen, A. Brown, Becker, C. Crowe, J. Crowe, Coady, Congdon, Walter Collins, Cusack, Fred Combe, Francis Combe, Craig, Dohany, Dempsey, De Haven, Dexter, Daley, Dolan, Ford, A. A. Gordon, Goble, Goulding, Gallardo, Glenn, Hamlyn, Horn, Hagerty, Houck, J. Hampton, Harris, Harrison, Hasson, Hutchison, Holden, Judie,* Jackson, Jewett, Jess, Kreutzer, H. Kenny, J. Kenny, Keegan, Karst, Kabat, Kegel, Kleiber, Latshaw, Long, W. Luhn, Martinez, G. Morrison, B. Morrison, Murphy, McNulty, Mathers, McCartney, Murdock, McErlain, Miller,* Moon, Neill, Nester, O'Rourke, Ott, P. Prudhomme, C. Paschel, H. Paschel, P. Paschel, Perley, Padilla, T. Ryan, Remish, E. Riley, Rothert, Rochford, Regan, Rodriguez, Rahilly, Redmond, Snapp, Shaide, Straus, Stubbs, Saviers, Sheridan, Triplett, W. Williams, White, Wagoner, Woodbridge, Wilgus, E. Zeitler, Bolton, Finlay, P. McGuire, M. Ryan.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Masters Adlesperger, Adams, Austin, H. Ackerman, Arts, Berry, Benson, J. Benes, Bodley, Brabrook, Baur, Brownson, Bowles, F. Benner, E. Benner, Bunker, Borgschulze, Bacigalupo, Cleveland, Colina, Courtney, Cleary, Cooper, Chute, G. Cartier, Cavaroc, Coles, Dougherty, Duffield, Dillon, Darragh, Dickinson, Ewing, R. Frain,

Finch, Flood, Fehr, Fitzharris, Grothaus, Goebel, Galarneau, Houlihan, Houston, Hayes, A. Hake, T. Hake, Harris, Inderrieden, P. Jacobs, N. Jacobs, Jeffs, Jacobi, F. Konzen, W. Konzen, Luther, Long, McKendry, McCourt, Muessel, McConn, Meehan, McVeigh, Mueller, McPhee, McIntosh, Myers, McNamara, Nealis, L. Newton, R. Newton, Noud, Nester, O'Connor, O'Gorman, Oxnard, O'Kane, Portillo, Press, Prudhomme, Porter, Preston, Regan, Ratighan, Redlich, A. Ruffing, C. Ruffing, Rose, Ramirez, L. Smith, F. Smith, S. Smith, N. Smith, Short, Shields, Senn, Spencer, Scherrer, Servis, Steele, L. Thompson, W. Thompson, Talbot, Thurston, Vanselow, Vandercar, Woodman, Warner, Walsh, Welch, Wabraushek, Wagoner, West, Williamson, Akin.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

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

PREPARATORY COURSE.

Messrs. Glenn, Miller, Hutchison, Redmond, Neill, R. Snapp, Houck, J. Crowe, J. Hampton, Martinez, L. Thompson, Aubrey, Nuhn, T. Ryan, McNamara, Tarrant, Darragh, Coady, H. Vandercar, Thurston, Bolton, Chapin, C. Harris, Harrison, C. Bowles, De Haven, H. Long, Goble, J. Kenny, O'Donnell, Gallardo, Stickney, Rodriguez, J. Nadeau, Clarke, Cavaroc, Ramirez, Sandoval, Fitzharris, Daly, Servis, Bacigalupo, Cain, Galarneau, Duffield, Dempsey, Nealis, Austin, H. Jewett, Press, Jeffs, J. McIntosh, F. Nester, E. Bowles, McPhee, W. Harris, Meyer, A. Ruffing, West, McConn, Senn, T. Hake, A. Hake, Bodley, Short, Adlesperger, Grothaus, Hayes, L. Smith, Colina, Portillo, O'Connor.

[From the "South Bend Tribune."]

Our Lady on the Dome.

SHE IS EMBLAZONED IN A HALO OF ELECTRIC GLORY.

South Bend is growing to be quite an electrical centre. With her streets, business houses and homes lighted by electricity, and her street cars propelled by the electric current, she challenges the admiration and envy of her sister cities. But the Dome of Notre Dame—for we claim Notre Dame as ours—is the crowning glory of all. The centre of attraction at this grand old institution of learning just now is the figure of Our Lady, the Holy Mother, on the top of the dome of the main building, upon which has been ingeniously expended the latest fruits of the best electrical science and study. It will be remembered by our South Bend people that Notre Dame University was considerably ahead of South Bend in adopting a system of lighting by electricity. There is nothing

too progressive for Notre Dame. She is abreast of the times in all that goes toward making her one of the finest equipped institutions in this country. As she was ahead of South Bend in adopting the electrical system, she has also been ahead in perfecting her plant and in adopting the best mechanisms for securing the finest light. The latest acquisition in this line is an Edison incandescent plant, which has just been established at the College by Mr. J. Willson, the agent of the Edison Company. The plant reaches its climax of splendor in a corona of incandescent light around the head of the statue and a beautiful crescent at the feet.

By the courtesy of Mr. Willson, of the Edison Company, and the kindness of Father Zahm, of the University, a *Tribune* reporter was enabled to visit the College last evening for the purpose of inspecting their new triumph of electrical engineering. As seen from the city, the light on the dome appears to be a solid blaze, having the appearance of an elongated moon. The light can be seen for miles from Notre Dame, and as last night was the first time it was fully lighted up, a great many people were filled with wonderment as to what it was. As you approach the College the lights gradually assume definite shape, and the crown and crescent present a magnificent spectacle of scintillating splendor. As you near the College grounds the features of Our Lady become more distinct and the stars become more brilliant. The whole dome is the centre of a halo of glory, and the sight produces a sensation in the beholder that is akin to an inspiration. The statue of Our Lady is 18 feet from the foot to the crown. Around the head is a corona consisting of 12 Edison incandescent stars. At the base of the statue is a crescent, or half-moon, made of 27 incandescent stars. In addition to these, there are 94 lights in the two study-rooms of the main building and a large chandelier, making 104 in all. The lights are operated by a 13 horse-power steam-engine, which runs an Edison dynamo with a capacity of 100 lights. The number of the revolutions of the dynamo is 1,600 *per* minute. A special feature of the Edison system is the Edison regulator, by which the current is so regulated that the lights are always steady and perfect. This is the crowning beauty of the Edison system. The light is very penetrating, but at the same time very soft and mellow, and has a pleasant effect upon the eye. The fact that the same light shining from a dome which may be seen for miles can be placed in a study-room, and at the same time have a pleasant effect upon the eyes, is the triumph of the Edison system.

Mr. Willson, the gentleman who placed the plant and arranged the lights, is undeniably an electrical engineer of uncommon skill. The arrangement of the conducting wires is such that the ceilings and walls are not marred by any bungling contrivances of any kind. The Faculty of the College have already ordered a 42 horse-power engine, and a new Edison 250 light dynamo will be ordered when the number of lights in the College will be increased.

Saint Mary's Academy.

One Mile West of Notre Dame University.

—The monthly lecture before the St. Cecilia Society was delivered on Saturday.

—Rev. Father Martin Regan, of the University, sang the High Mass on Sunday, and also gave the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

—The beautiful career of St. Stanislaus Kotska and that of St. Gertrude were made the subject of a valuable instruction to the Children of Mary, in the Chapel of Loreto, on Monday.

—On Thursday morning a *Requiem* Mass was sung by Rev. Father Shortis for the repose of the soul of his intimate friend and co-laborer, the late Rev. N. H. Gillespie, C. S. C., it being the eleventh anniversary of his death. His mother, Mrs. M. M. Phelan, his niece, Miss Mary R. Ewing, Class '80, and his cousin, Mrs. Steele, all of Lancaster, Ohio, were present.

—Among the late arrivals and visitors are, Mrs. M. M. Phelan, and Miss Mary R. Ewing—Class '80—of Lancaster, Ohio; Mrs. Edward Brown, Mr. John F. Burns, Mr. M. Duggan, Dubuque, Iowa; Mr. T. W. Turner, Mrs. Gætz, Chicago; Mr. A. W. Bailey, Miss May Bailey, Denver, Col.; Mr. and Mrs. Moon, Warsaw, Ind.; Miss Hetta Hamilton, Salt Lake City, Utah.

—The Roman mosaic cross was won by Ellen Sheekey, who kindly waived her claim in favor of Belle Pierce. Those equally entitled were the Misses E. Balch, T. Balch, Barry, Boyer, M. Cox, Clifford, M. Coll, M. Duffield, L. Griffith, Hertzog, Keyes, Martin, Mason, McEwen, Odell, Parmelee, Prudhomme, Regan, Robinson, Schmauss, Servis, Smart, Smith, Snowhook, and Van Horn.

—*Rosa Mystica*, Vol. XII, No. 2, was read at the regular Academic reunion. The editresses were the Misses Mary Dillon, Lora Williams, Marie Fuller, and Estelle Horn. After the paper, Very Rev. Father General called attention to the fact that the day was the forty-third anniversary of that upon which he and his party of six Brothers started from the present Washington, Ind.—then St. Peter's—to come to Notre Dame. They had an old carriage, drawn by two horses, and a third horse. There was no room for all to ride, so each took his turn in walking; and the compulsory pedestrianship served an excellent purpose, that is to say, it kept them warm, as it was cold and snowing all the time. It was a long, tedious journey, and at the end they found everything white with snow. The log hut that then marked the site of Notre Dame had no chimney; but a hole in the roof let the smoke of the fire—they made of the trunk of a great tree which they cut down—escape without injury to the rustic cabin. They had no cook, but each took part in the important operation of preparing the simple meals. They were all healthy and happy. Very Rev. Father said he was never more happy in his life. It was over a year before he saw the place we now call

St. Mary's. The attraction to bring him here now did not then exist. The change, he said, was not his work, though some people seemed to think so; it is only an example of what the Blessed Virgin can do for those she chooses to assist and protect. He had only laid the foundation. Those who will live fifty years hence will see something far more praiseworthy.

Kindness.

I.

The altar, brilliant with fair lights,
To holy thought the soul invites;
Each mute, pale flower, like angel guest,
Is here at the Divine behest.

II.

Wait for the Benediction hour,
New beauty lends to light and flower;
Now round the Tabernacle door
Soft clouds of fragrant incense pour.

III.

They, like our aspirations, rise
All unimpeded to the skies.
Gently they sway like living things,
Hovering, as if on Seraph's wings.

IV.

The golden monstrance gleams aloft;
Around float white waves, pure and soft:
There, there they rest, as at their goal,
Like prayer ascending from the soul.

V.

The choir in solemn chant is heard,
With adoration in each word:—
O precious incense! rise above,
And bear with thee our hopes, our love!

VI.

O teach, as we adoring bend,
Our hearts to evermore ascend;
To rest not till they reach God's throne,
Where peace is found—found there alone!

VII.

But stay! sweet clouds of incense, tell
How far abroad your odors swell;
They penetrate afar, anear,
They fill the quivering atmosphere.

VIII.

Sweet incense, thy ubiquity
Is like the kindness rich and free
That flows from hearts imbued with prayer,
And finds its home there—only there!

Entertainments.

The spirit of Christianity is that of joy and congratulation. That of infidelity is one of cold exclusiveness; of morose distrust on the one hand, or clanish partisanship, and inconsiderate, reckless hilarity on the other. In the first instance there is a noble acknowledgment of the highest gift in the power of Omnipotence itself to offer to a fallen race, that of Redemption; animal excitement is the sole ostensible purpose of the latter.

To keep with loving remembrance the saint's day of a friend or benefactor is not only a graceful act of courtesy, but it is far more. At the font in baptism the Christian receives from the hierarchy of heaven, composed of those who were once citizens of earth, a patron whose name he is to bear. To celebrate the anniversary of that patron's entrance into heaven is the object of the feast-day. What the birthday is to other people, the name-day is to the Christian—a time of felicitation and delight.

As the life of the Christian, to entitle him to the name, must be one of labor, either mental or physical, what more appropriate than that he should, from time to time, enjoy a respite from toil and celebrate the feasts of those he esteems and reveres? Be the answer what it may, we know that the custom of all convent schools is to embrace these occasions, and to make of them refreshing stopping places on the road of study and mental application. No one is harmed, but all are benefited. The graceful, affectionate regard for others which we are obliged to cultivate in our hearts finds means to manifest itself, and our expressions of respect increase in our souls that charity which is the mark of distinction between the skeptic and the believer.

Independently of every other consideration, the example presented to the young should render festival entertainments of an affectionate and noble character very dear to pupils. The customs will be carried with them to their homes, and an interest imparted to simple, homelike enjoyments, which are safe in comparison to most public entertainments, which are, at best, of questionable utility to the young.

An entertainment in which home talent is employed, either of an artistic or literary nature, promotes ease of deportment, and is a stimulus to improvement, aiding and perfecting the class exercises by giving zest to the labor in the excitement of the preparation.

The weekly gathering which marks school-life at the present day, and at which, after the distribution of good notes, a little intellectual repast is served, confers an occasion for improvement upon all, not only of those who participate, but of those who are merely spectators.

Mrs. Dahlgren tells us that Daniel Webster called a well-appointed dinner "the climax of civilization." Very well! The climax of Christian enlightenment is something quite beyond the comprehension of such a civilization. It involves something higher than mere pleasure. It is the ability to make others *better*, and, as a matter of course, *happier* by one's presence. Should this be beyond the ambition of school-girls? Far from it! Why should sound, intellectual conversation be distasteful? It is not to the well educated; for not to laugh, but to improve, even at an unpretending little reunion, will be very satisfactory. There is no harm in eating; there is no harm in laughing; but to make these the object of serious attention, in a social point of view, is certainly far from ennobling.

M.

Roll of Honor.

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

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Par Excellence—Misses E. Allnoch, M. Allwein, V. Barlow, Bruhn, Butler, L. Blaine, Brady, Blair, Brown, Carney, Clendenen, Chute, Claggett, Coll, Dillon, A. Donnelly, E. Donnelly, Dart, Egan, Fuller, Fehr, Farnsworth, Fitzpatrick, Fenton, Griffith, Alice Gordon, Addie Gordon, Guise, A. Heckard, Hummer, B. Heckard, Henry, Haas, Haines, C. Kingsbury, Keenan, Kearney, Kearns, F. Kingsbury, Kennedy, Lang, Longworth, Lyons, Levy, Lauer, Livingston, Laskey, Lawrence, Munger, J. McHale, M. F. Murphy, S. McHale, L. Meehan, N. Meehan, M. McNamara, C. McNamara, M. Murphy, Monahan, Nagle, North, Riedinger, Robb, M. Scully, C. Scully, S. St. Clair, L. St. Clair, Sullivan, Stadler, Shields, Stafford, Trask, Terry, White, Wynn, Walsh. *2d Tablet*—Misses Considine, A. English, Faxon, Horn, Kearsey, Krapf.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Par Excellence—Misses E. Balch, T. Balch, Barry, Boyer, Cox, Clifford Coll, Duffield, Griffith, Hertzog, Keyes, Martin, McEwen, Odell, Parmelee, Pierce, Prudhomme, Regan, Robinson, Schmauss, Sheekey, H. Smart, Snowhook, Servis, Smith, Van Horn. *2d Tablet*—Misses Campeau, M. Ducey, Mason.

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, F. Spencer, J. Wallace.

ART DEPARTMENT.

HONORABLY MENTIONED.

DRAWING FROM THE CAST.

1ST CLASS—Misses Ewing, Lang, Fuller.

2D CLASS—Misses Van Horn, Fehr.

3D CLASS, 2D DIV. — Misses Butler, Griffith.

ELEMENTARY PERSPECTIVE.

3D CLASS, 2D DIV.—Misses M. F. Murphy, E. Donnelly, Egan, N. Meehan, C. Scully, Shields, Rose, Mason, Levy, Clendenen, Sheekey, Brown, Schmauss, Steele, Laskey, Fenton, Stafford, Blaine, Coll.

PAINTING IN WATER-COLORS.

Misses F. Kingsbury, Considine, McHale, Leahigh, Stadler.

PAINTING ON CHINA.

Misses A. English, A. Duffield, M. Otero, Addie Gordon, Alice Gordon, Walsh.

LUSTRA PAINTING.

Misses Keyes, Leahigh, Considine, McHale.

PAINTING ON VELVET.

Miss Walsh.

OIL-PAINTING.

1ST CLASS—Miss Heckard.

2D CLASS—Misses Kearney, Shephard, Munger, Rowley, Cox.

3D CLASS—Misses Nagle, Keyes, St. Clair.

GENERAL DRAWING.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses E. Donnelly, A. Donnelly, N. Meehan, Shields, L. Meehan, F. Kingsbury, Haas, Longworth, Kennedy, Henry, Trask, Blacklock, Haines, Allwein, North, Lyons, Kearns, E. Coll, Laskey, Guise, Monahan, Morse, Faxon, Livingston, Claggett.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses Van Horn, Campeau, Keyes, Sheekey, Martin, T. Balch, Paul, Pierce, Parmelee, Smart, Haney, Odell, Schmauss, M. Duffield, M. Coll, Phillipps, Qualey, Wallace, Caddagan, Burtis, Johnson, Goetz, Spencer, Rhodes, Blaine, Lee, Hertzog, Lindsey, Prudhomme.