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Ideals.

BY MARION MUIR.

A certain spirit once was free
To pass the silken shades of night,
And, through the wide world, seek to see
The hand that held the greatest might.
What pictures passed before her eyes,
Like wind-blown cloud-lands in the skies!

She heard the trumpet's summons shrill,
And host on host of warriors wheel
In lengthened files 'round glen and hill.
Saw, dazzled by the ordered steel,
Their banners, over marching crowds,
Droop gorgeous as the sunset clouds.

While he who led the proud array
Whose eyes flashed forth a warning light,
Rode foremost in the rising day
Lord of himself and legions bright.
And yet, not here the moving power
That, under all things, guides the hour!

This faded, and she saw where dwelt
Genius, by careless steps unsought,
Whose slender sceptre, scarcely felt,
Swayed all lands with a thought.
Not yet *there*, was it hers to find
More than the cold content of mind.

And next, a grand cathedral rose
Its marble towers old and hoary,
Its altars lit with golden glows
And columns crowned with carven glory,
Where high beneath the sacred rood,
A preacher famed through cities, stood.

Before his eloquent, strong spell
The reverent audience bowed,
For on their souls, like morning, fell
The promise of the risen God.
And still not talents high and true,
The greatest ruler bring to view.

The long tree-branches swung above
And either side a summer glade,

Through which the rose her tresses wove;
And here, within the fragrant shade,
The cottage mother hushed to rest
Her infant clasped upon her breast.

Thus slumbers in its mountain glen
The well-spring of some mighty tide
Whose waves pour on, till fleets of men
May glass in it their white-winged pride.
And so, beneath weak woman's eyes
To-day the Nation's future lies.

Fair Mother-vision that the Lord
Wrought from our common clay.
Beyond all shapes of strength adored
Thy patience found its way,
And holds within its sacred shrine
The royal force of Love divine!

Recent Progress in Ballooning.

The subject of aeronautics has of late years been resumed with unusual activity and expectation. A large number of experiments have been made, in different parts of the world, for the purpose of proving that balloons of an elongated form may be steered and propelled against the wind. Some of these trials, and particularly those of the French, have been so successful as to excite the most jealous attention of the European powers. So great, indeed, was the impression made by them that England, France, Germany, and other governments, have authorized their aeronautical societies to expend considerable sums of money in the study of this subject, so that in the event of a war they may be fully prepared for a contest in the air as well as upon the land or water. It is well known what advantages the balloon gave to Napoleon III, in his Italian campaign and to the officers of the Union Army in their attack upon Richmond. On the latter occasion the motions of the enemy were observed from a convenient height, and promptly telegraphed to the officers' head quarters. Instantaneous photography from such positions has been lately introduced, and is likely to give

good results. Enormous captive balloons may also be employed as condensers of thunder and lightning, to be discharged at rapid intervals upon a hostile army. Such balloons could be rendered perfectly manageable if they had attached to them conductors of a galvanic current, compressed air, or other motive power to be used in driving large propellers.

It has been demonstrated by the celebrated experiments of the Tisandiers and of captains Renard and Krebs, that an aerostat of small dimensions may be propelled at a speed of some ten miles per hour, and from this it has been calculated that a velocity of twenty-five or thirty miles per hour may be attained. The extraordinary success of these gentlemen marks a new epoch in the history of aeronautics.

The time and labor that have been devoted to this subject in the last century, the innumerable ascensions made everywhere, the dangers and fatal accidents, the useful observations of scientists and professional aeronauts, have all contributed to important modifications and improvements. They have taught us the advantages of the various ways of inflating balloons, of manufacturing the gas on a large scale and the most economically, of providing against the dangers of expansion and contraction at different altitudes and temperatures. Aeronauts have tested and perfected the various varnishes, so that now the purest hydrogen may be retained for weeks; they have shown us the best methods of constructing the bands and netting, of suspending the boat, and of arranging the valves. The use of ballast, anchor, and, above all, of the parachute, have been carefully studied, although in the latter there is room for improvement and for application in other directions: I mean that of aerial sailing (*à la buzzard*) which, with a wind of variable direction and intensity, it seems easy to explain and possible to imitate.

But, notwithstanding these improvements, men were unable, after a hundred years of experience, to control a balloon in even a moderate wind for want of proper motive power. There was, however, taking place throughout the world that priceless accumulation of scientific knowledge which has lately broken upon the world and made its influence felt in all the arts and industries of man. The immense mechanical energy to be obtained by the evaporation of liquids, from the various explosives, from compressed gasses, and, above all, from electricity, is now awaiting the aeronaut who has the courage and means to apply it.

The idea of employing a number of men to propel an aerial vessel was tried by M. Dupuy de Lôme, but without satisfactory results. He succeeded in acquiring a speed of some five or six miles per hour; which, of course, was too small, and could not well be increased. Somewhat better results were obtained by Henry Giffard in his celebrated attempt to apply steam to the propulsion of balloons. There is no good reason given why his experiments were not repeated, but it seems that the gas companies of Paris failed to supply him, and thus the steam-engine was abandoned without a fair trial.

The successors of these two pioneers, the Tisandiers, have adopted electricity as their motive power, because it has the advantages of constant weight and comparative security from fire. Their generator is a battery of bichromate of potash and sulphuric acid kept constantly hot and agitated. The zincs and carbons are coupled in series of twenty-four cells. The whole is neatly enclosed in an ebonite trough, which is extremely light and yet capable of sustaining violent shocks and agitation. The dynamo has a very long armature, and is made of fine wire for the purpose of giving the greatest amount of power with a minimum of weight. The propeller is a screw of two blades made by stretching silk upon ribs of bamboo, bent to the most appropriate form. The total weight of propeller, dynamo and battery, including the vessels for holding the acid, is about 180 or 190 pounds per horse power. The battery will work at full capacity for two hours and a half.

They have made many brilliant experiments in the last few years, sailing above the city of Paris in every direction, and although they never succeeded in returning to the place of departure, owing to some misfortunes, still they may claim the honor of having first succeeded in driving directly against the wind and of steering satisfactorily.

The propeller and electro-motor of Renard and Krebs are very similar to those of the Tisandier brothers, but the battery is guarded a secret. In their celebrated experiments of the 9th of August, 1884, they arose from the military station of Meudon, crossed over to Villacoublay, whirled about, and returned in a straight line to the station, having in 23 minutes travelled a distance of about 6 miles. Here, then, was an achievement which had been aimed at for years; it demonstrated conclusively the possibility of aerial navigation, and gave to France the well-merited honor of having first solved this difficult problem.

On the 8th of November of the same year they made another trial, in which they faced a wind of 6 miles per hour. Against this they were able to move at the rate of 12 miles per hour, and with it at a speed of 24 per hour. Their route was in a direct line from the woods of Meudon across the Seine to Billancourt where, by a slight movement of the rudder, they described an arc of a circle of 500 feet diameter, and returned straight to the place of starting.

These experiments were decisive. There is now no doubt, even in the mind of sceptics, about the possibility of steering balloons; but the science is yet in its infancy; the experiments just described are, like those of Jouffroy in France, or of Fitch in this country, but the beginning of what may prove a revolution in the modes of transportation and travel. It is true, the same burdens may not be carried as easily in the air as upon the land of water, but there are many other considerations of great importance. We have, in the first place, the advantage of more comfort and luxury; we can go in all directions and to all places; we may, by a careful study of the atmospheric currents, surpass the ocean steamer and the railway train in velocity.

The data for these achievements are being rapidly accumulated by the united efforts of a thousand active minds. The power of electricity, which is being so rapidly applied in other directions, seems expressly designed for the propulsion of balloons. It is the only force that can be conducted to a great distance and taken up by a body in rapid passage above it. By dint of a little time and expense a cable might be thrown across the most rugged country, or even high mountains and extensive waters, and long trains of aerial vessels driven over it in rapid succession. This method of delivering the current is actually employed in the case of electric railways and street cars, so that there is no longer any question about the transmitting of sufficient power.

Besides this, the secondary battery may, upon further improvement, give the requisite amount of motive power, and at a moderate cost. The thermopile, too, is in its infancy, and the direct transformation of heat into electricity only beginning.

But electricity is not the only agent that deserves our attention in this connection. When we consider that certain substances, by their combustion, yield a mechanical energy equal in foot pounds to many million times their own weight, when we reflect upon the immense duty of many steam engines in actual use, when we behold the rapid progress of the gas engine, which has been introduced in our own day and already competes with every other kind of motor in lightness and efficiency, we have reason to be encouraged. These engines, it is true, require the use of fire in close proximity to a volume of inflammable gas, and the products of the fire, smoke, vapor, etc., cause a diminution of weight; but Mr. Giffard and others have shown that fire may be safely carried by keeping it at a proper distance and well enclosed; and the variation in weight may be remedied in various ways. Fuel and a furnace mean a gas factory; and if, when the discharge of smoke and vapor took place, a part of the gas of the balloon were consumed, the ascensional tendency would remain unchanged, and the gas could be replaced, if desirable, by operating a small generator in the furnace. It would not, however, be necessary to replace the gas until the load were increased at the station where also the inflation could be renewed. Thus, then, might be removed the two great obstacles to heat engines of all kinds, and the fact that inventors are still working in this direction shows that the way is clear.

Compressed air has been proposed by Mr. Stapfer, of Marseilles, as a motive power. This has the advantage of cheapness, safety and readiness of action to such a degree that the duty can be changed instantaneously from a maximum to a minimum, or the reverse.

Hydrogen has recently been liquified and a method proposed for its manufacture on a large scale. This element contains, per pound, a greater amount of mechanical force than any other substance known to science. A single pound in burning produces in heat units an equivalent of 25 horses working for an hour; in the liquid condition it

can be retained in strong metallic receivers, and by its evaporation made to drive a high pressure engine, the exhaust of which can be used to inflate the balloon, feed an explosive engine, and generate steam for a high-pressure-compound-condensing engine, and what not? This is a wonderful element! It will expand, explode, produce heat and cold, and float in the air!

But hydrogen is only one of a number of gases that can be employed as a source of power, for they have all been liquified, and it only remains to reduce the cost of production to make them useful in all places where a light and powerful motor is wanted. A very efficient motor might also be obtained by evaporating petroleum, or other inflammable liquid under great pressure, and using the exhaust for fuel and explosive engines.

What may be expected from the various high explosives, I will not venture to guess; but they all have a great capacity for work, and the whole list of them—dynamites, fulminates, gun-cottons, powders and liquids—are, when wisely handled, as harmless, at least, as the hip-pocket revolver. But how are these gentle, pent-up forces to be harnessed? Shall they be discharged in separate chambers and sent with a whiz into the cylinders of strong engines, or shall they have designed for them special recoil motors—rotary cannon placed mouth to mouth, for instance—to be operated by the “kick” of the elements as they leap from bondage? The idea, in all cases, is to have a substance solid, liquid, or gas, to expand to many times its original volume, and in so doing to drive a piston, or other transmitter of pressure. The number of ways in which this can be done is, as we have seen, very great; but the number of investigators in the field is equally great. Philosophers, inventors, cranks, military men and governmental powers are bent on its perfection.

There is a great tug-of-war between the forces of science and the barriers of nature, with the odds in favor of science; and as the struggle draws to a close, the news of victory will flash around the world and strike new life into all men. A domain of height and depth and width illimitable will be added to our possessions. Then shall the fleets of commerce and the yachts of pleasure float in wild magnificence from pole to pole; then shall tumult and confusion and mad fanaticism, heedless of the laws of society and the boundaries of empire, live and rule with uncontrolled fury. And when the shout of battle is raised, and winged hosts, by myriads, marshalled in the fields of air, and vast aerial navies, darkening the face of the sun, shall from high heaven discharge their grim artillery and the direst thunderbolts of war upon our unprotected cities, how shall the terror-stricken women and helpless children and aged men burrow into the earth like timid hares, or bury themselves beneath the depths of the sea! How then shall the bone and marrow and life-blood of nations be taxed to support this awful spectacle until the cost of war forbids it and brings us peace forever. Then shall we rise and fall and toss about upon the billows of this aerial ocean, revelling in the land of the rainbow, and in the caverns of the storm cloud, and in the home

of the lightning; and, though the lot of man be not improved by the change, we shall know more, see more, live more, and enjoy the swelling sum of human privileges—to which all hail!

A. F. Z.

Ab Origine Decus.

Lustravi medium mente sinum globi:
Montes ante oculos et latebræ meant,
Urbes, oceanus, mnemosynum frequens,
Haud spernenda oculis puto.
Quos vidi populos, non numerus notat
Omnes qui sapiunt terra; pauculos,
Qui sursum rogitant, hos, labor est levis,
Percensere—Locus mihi
Lectus de variis lumina pellicit,
Mentes exhilarans, pectora replicans,
Quem Nostræ Dominæ nomine nuncupant,
Porro aponitur huic Novæ.
Gemmis effigies Virginis inclytæ
Auroque irradiat: sex iterum micant
Stellarum in capitis vertice sicuti
Per cælum celerat rubens
Arcus versicolor; sub pedibus jacet
Sertum flammiferum: sic species sacra
Est tanquam columen solis amiculo
Velatum—velut ipse sol.
Sic Te fervidius filius invocat,
Et votum juvenes mittere conflagent,
Mater non, bona, non rejice vim precum:
Fortunæ memor es malæ.
Tu scis excidium, nec similis juvat
Pectus pernicis. Floreat ut prius
Imo plus vigeat: Te Duce, culmina
Doctrinæ, studii artium
Attingat, nitidam mittere sitque illi
Lucem per radios orbis ad ultimos
Terrarum populos, et Decus hinc Tibi
Servanti omnia Virgini.
Augustam legimus Te, Genitrix Dei,
Patronam: faveas liminibus tuis,
Defendas sobolem.—Religio viret
Nam regnum moderabitur
Quæ cælo omnipotens cum Patre splendide
Exornata sedet Virgo Puerpera.
Spes surgit vehemens, vota que servida,
Nec sistunt humiles preces.
Oh, certe liceat carpere vim novam!
Quid, virtus Mariæ nonne potentior
Sit pravis?—Pueri, tollite gaudia,
Regnat Virgo-Dei-Parens!

J. S.

Abraham Lincoln.

Among the bright names that adorn the pages of American History, not one stands out with more prominence than that of Abraham Lincoln; for all that is noble, inspiring, and patriotic in man we find interwoven in his life and character.

He was born in Larue County, Kentucky, in 1809, and, when eight years old, moved with his father to the backwoods of Indiana. Here Abraham grew to manhood as a farm laborer and store-

clerk. In 1818 he was hired as a flat-boatman, and made a trip to New Orleans. After his return, his father removed to Illinois, where Abraham was employed for some time in various occupations—as surveyor, town-clerk, postmaster, and pilot-captain. In 1832 he took part in the Black Hawk War as captain; afterwards, taking an active part in politics, he was elected to the State Legislature in 1834.

In the midst of his various occupations he found time to study Law, and was admitted to the bar in 1837, and soon gained for himself quite a reputation as a lawyer. He took an active part in the Presidential campaigns of 1840–44, and was elected to Congress in 1846.

Most striking is the contrast between the present Congress and its labors and what they were when Lincoln first entered its halls. The period that ushered him upon the stage of American politics was the most momentous in its history. It was at the beginning of that contest, in the political arena, between the North and South for supremacy, that was only to be decided by hard-won victories on many a bloody field of battle. It was a time that called for patriotic statesmen; it was a time to try men's souls, their patriotism, and their valor; it was a time when politics was "alive," if we may use the expression, and "issues," as they are called, were secretly defined, and within party limits. Opinions formed and expressed, as regards them if antagonistic to either party, had to be defended with courage and wisdom.

Let us recall the political situation of that time. Drawn thither by the fertility of the soil, the West was becoming rapidly settled; territories were acquiring the requisite number of inhabitants for states; they were knocking for admission, and it had to be granted. The North, East and South had been early settled, and, under the order of existing things, such an institution as slavery was allowed to exist among the people. Thomas Jefferson, the promulgator of the Jeffersonian principles of democracy, made the first proposal to abolish it in 1784. This proposition was gracefully accepted by the North, and their slaves were liberated. But not so with the South: they would accept no such measures, and consequently slavery existed in the South exclusively, but with some restrictions. Time rolled on, and slavery flourished. It became a powerful institution, and the people, becoming acquainted with its power as well as its injustice, began to take some measures towards lessening its influence, curtailing its power, and preventing its further extension.

Upon the application of Missouri for admission into the Union, in 1821, the important question arose as to whether it would be wise to admit any more slaves into the Union. The question was ably agitated on both sides—that is, between the North and South—and finally resulted in the passage of the famous Missouri Compromise. This measure prohibited the "further extension of slavery in any territory of the United States, North of 36° 30' north latitude." Henry Clay, of Kentucky, was the advocate of this measure, and did

much by his eloquence to assuage the bitter feelings the discussion brought forth.

California applied for admission in 1879, and the South demanded that she be admitted as a slave State, as its boundaries came within the limitation prescribed by the Missouri Compromise. The North opposed them, and this resulted in the passing of the Omnibus Bill. The sixth proposition of this Bill was very displeasing to the people of the North, and they were not slow to express themselves. The people were becoming thoroughly aroused, and when Stephen A. Douglas introduced the Kansas-Nebraska Bill in opposition to all other measures conciliatory to the South, its people knew no bounds in which to confine their wrath. This Bill provided for the organization of the territories of Kansas and Nebraska, giving its people the right to vote on whether slavery should or should not be allowed. Pending the discussion, Douglas became a candidate for Senator from Illinois, and, in reply to repeated calls at a mass-meeting in Springfield, Ill., Abraham Lincoln made one of the best speeches of his life. The people went wild, and he was pitted against Douglas for United States Senator. Douglas defeated him, but the canvas brought Lincoln so prominently before the country that it resulted in his nomination for the Presidency in 1860.

Slavery had now become the all-important question of the hour. The North said it must go, and the South answered that they would secede from the Union before being deprived of what they called their birth-right. The Democratic Convention at Charleston, in 1860, split upon the question. The minority repaired to Richmond and nominated Breckinbridge, while the majority convened at Baltimore, and nominated Douglas. The Republicans meanwhile nominated Abraham Lincoln. Thus he had risen from an humble rail splitter in the backwoods of Illinois to the nomination for the highest office in the land. In his example we learn the lesson of energy and perseverance; that poverty and wealth are no considerations to success; that caste or rank has no influence with the American people; that all are equal, with like opportunities and like possibilities. Lincoln was elected after an exciting and bitter campaign. In the victory of Lincoln, the South saw that the star of slavery was soon to sink behind the cloud of public infamy. Though silent, they were not inactive; defeated, they were not crushed. Their threats regarding slavery they meant to fulfil. The North knew of their resoluteness and courage, and they anxiously awaited the course of coming events.

No President ever took the oath of office under more embarrassing circumstances than Abraham Lincoln did, March 4, 1861. But, in a firm and resolute manner, he told the people that the Nation would and should be preserved, and there should be no conflict unless the South choose to take the initiative. With these sentiments he undertook the duties of his office, conscious of his own weakness, yet trusting for support from a higher power. Could he have realized at that time what the future would bring forth, the situation into

which the country was soon to be placed, the great Civil War, the battles of the contending armies, the suffering of the people, the final extermination of slavery, and lastly his own assassination, we wonder if he would have shrunk from his post? Happily for him, happily for the Nation, that no man can pierce the veil of the dim future!

The smouldering fire at last burst forth. The South chose to begin the struggle, and fired upon Sumpter. Lincoln called for arms, and the terrible struggle began in earnest. The Nation was plunged into a war such as the world has never known. It was prolonged through months and years, and heavier and heavier grew the burden upon the shoulders of Lincoln. Victories and defeats brought hope and despair. The year '64 came on, and with it another Presidential campaign. Lincoln was re-elected to carry out the work that he had begun. The memorable New Year's of 1865 ushered in another year of the war, and the Nation was still in arms. Lincoln laid great hopes upon the termination of the struggle; he was no mere enthusiast; he calculated upon a practical basis; he knew the end could not be far off; the backbone of the Confederacy, so to speak, had been broken by the repeated Union victories in the fall of 1864, and they had scarcely a fighting chance left. Lee was sorely pressed before Petersburg; Atlanta had fallen; Tennessee was again Union territory; Sherman was on his march to the sea, and the tide of Union victories seemed almost unchecked. The spring of '65 renewed hostilities; Lincoln took the oath of office, and, assuming his duties with "charity for all and malice towards none," he endeavored to terminate the struggle. April saw Grant before Richmond; Richmond fell, and, as the world knows, Appomattox followed soon after. Peace was entered into, April 9, 1865. The terms of surrender showed the true spirit of Lincoln and contributed much to heal the wounded feelings of the defeated "Boys in Grey."

Such is a brief *resumé* of the period in which Lincoln rose to distinction. Throughout that ordeal he bore himself with a degree of patriotism and courage that has been rarely equalled among the heroes of antiquity. His character is above reproach, and, in dwelling upon it, words fail to pay a proper tribute.

In appearance as well as character, Lincoln was a most remarkable man. He was six feet, four inches high, gaunt and rugged—a fitting type of the class from which he sprang. But the rough exterior covered a heart "with malice towards none and charity for all." His sympathies would go out to the brute creation almost as much as to human beings, and the plant of tenderness nurtured by the sunlight of the prairies of Illinois had its splendid fruitage in the White House at Washington. His nature was so unaffected, simple, and engaging that his friends could never retire far enough from him to admire its noble proportions. His solecisms, whether of speech or manner, were never vulgar or coarse. Conscious of his mistakes, he laughed at them, but never apologized, revealing thereby the appreciation of the fact that gen-

tility never despises nor ridicules awkwardness or inexperience. Without being learned, in the true sense of the word, he was a profound student of books and nature. Few subjects of thought escaped his attention. With him "knowledge came, but wisdom lingered." Hard and laborious thought systematized his ideas and made him thus forcible and positive in his utterances. He loved humor, in the true sense of the word, and many are the stories told of the manner and times he cheered up the drooping spirits that gathered round him during those momentous hours when the fate of the Nation hung trembling in the balance. While he did not openly profess any religion, he was a firm believer in the existence of God and of a future state of rewards and punishments.

In his death, by the hand of an assassin, the South felt that they had lost their best friend, the North its grandest President, the colored people their emancipator. His name is fitly compared with that of Washington, and will ever remain sacred in the memory of the American people.

M. O. BURNS.

A Trip Through the Indian Territory.

We left Denison, Texas, about eight o'clock a. m., and after a few minutes' ride passed the boundary line into the Territory. The country was prairie-like, and resembled in a great measure the pasture land of Texas. As far as the eye could reach the long, low plain extended. The rolling prairies were covered with a variegated carpet of flowers, and the air pregnant with their delicious odors. All was quiet and beautiful. The aspect of the country began slowly to change, and before mid-day we had entered a district of a hilly and rugged nature. I was tired of reading; I was tired of looking out of the car window. Indeed, I was in a state in which you, perhaps, have been while travelling—feeling miserable, and not knowing what to do. All that lone afternoon we traversed a rocky, rugged country. Sometimes threading deep ravines whose steep sides reached away up over our heads, and whose dense shadows surrounded us with gloom; anon, rushing through small patches of scraggy timber, whose shade was hardly enough to protect a few heads of cattle from the rays of the scorching sun. I cannot say that the fertility of the soil impressed me very favorably; however it is rich in the picturesque element, and decidedly so, I should judge, in mineral products. The scenery in some parts of the Territory is sublime.

I am not gifted with the power of description, or I would attempt to give you an idea of the beauty and grandeur of the landscape. An accident—the breaking of the piston rod on our engine—delayed us for the night at a small town near the Canadian River. The conductor informed us that there was to be an Indian dance not far from the depot, and, not having anything to do, he proposed that we should attend it. Of course, I, for one, con-

sented eagerly. After a few minutes' walk we reached a level piece of ground; over it numerous bonfires had been kindled, surrounding one which was particularly noticeable for its size, now for the first time did I look upon a band of red skins. They were grouped all about us. Some were gambling, others were dancing; but such dancing I never saw before. It consisted in their joining hands and circling around the large fire, whooping, yelling, and making the most demoniacal noises. Their occasional "Yip! yip!" sounded like the yelp of a dog. But what added a great deal to the grotesqueness of the scene was, that they were in war dress, or rather, that they were not dressed at all; for they had on a breech cloth only, and were hideously painted all over. Their favorite colors were red and yellow, and with these they daubed themselves profusely.

I observed that the ladies were left out in the cold—or, in other words, the squaws had all the drudgery to do; but they seemed to do it cheerfully. After observing these strange creatures until we were tired, which was some time later, we returned to the depot, missing nothing but my handkerchief which had mysteriously disappeared; I had a strong suspicion that I saw it around a brave's neck as he swaggered through the camp.

Next morning we rose bright and early and resumed our journey. The scenery was still rough and rugged, but in some respects interesting. At noon we stopped to refresh ourselves, and as I learned from the conductor that there was an Indian school near by, I gulped down my lunch and made for the school-house. It was a small frame structure, such as nearly all the Government buildings are. The teacher, a tall half-breed—one wholly incompetent to fill his position—was laying right and left over the shoulders of an Indian youth. But I was the boy's preserver. As I entered the teacher came forward to do me honor. He explained to me his method of instructing these children of the forest, though, while he was telling me this, I was thoroughly convinced that he was doing more harm than good. I asked one youth his A, B, C. He did not know them. I asked a second and third with the same result. I walked away in disgust, thinking: "poor creatures, how much happier would you be if you had those over you who were really interested in your welfare!" Instead of starving, ill-treated Indians we would have civilized men. The agents' treatment of the Indian is not always very humane. He is frequently a man who is perfectly unqualified to fulfil the functions of his office. When he is able to do so, his cruelty and dishonesty too often predominate.

From these few remarks you may judge of the treatment to which the Indians are subjected. Much more could be said upon this subject; it is one which, when properly handled, would, I have no doubt, be of very great interest. Let me say, before closing, if the Indians had more good men among them who, by influence and example, would show them the benefits of a civilized life, if our missionaries, instead of seeking a field for their good works in Africa, or the Indies, would

go to these creatures, then the poor red skins would be a better, a happier and a more industrious people. F.

College Gossip.

—The inauguration of Charles Kendall Adams as President of Cornell University took place on the 19th ult.

—Oblate Sisters, lately arrived from Mill Hill, near London, England, recently opened a school for colored children at Richmond, Va.

—It is stated that a charitable Catholic of Philadelphia has given Archbishop Elder \$100,000 with which to re-open and maintain St. Mary's Seminary in Cincinnati.

—James Russell Lowell has given to Harvard Library about 600 volumes of rare historical books and works of *belles lettres*, chiefly Spanish, which he picked up in England.

—PROFESSOR IN ASTRONOMY:—"In one evening, I counted twenty-seven meteors sitting on my piazza." Class expresses great astonishment at the sociable character of the heavenly bodies.—*Ex.*

—The trees on Boston Common are again labelled with their names, common and systematic, as was the case many years ago when Gould, the naturalist, was alive. The Common thus becomes an object lesson in botany.

—"Sir," said the master of Balliol, in his parting address to a distinguished alumnus, "your fellow-students think highly of you; the tutors and professors think highly of you; I think highly of you; but no one thinks more highly of you than you do yourself."

—The teeth of pupils in Chicago public schools, under a resolution adopted by the Board of Education of that city, are to be examined by the Chicago Dental Society "in the interests of science." The examination is to be made without cost to the children and without interfering with their studies.

—Professor Asa Gray, of Harvard University, acknowledged as one of the leading botanists of his time, passed his seventy-fifth birthday on the 18th ult. A large number of friends called to congratulate him, and he was presented with a beautiful silver vase by brother botanists. Professor Gray is a native of Paris, Oneida Co., New York.

—One of the needless offices that President Cleveland ought to have abolished is the so-called Bureau of Education. John Eaton, the Commissioner of that Department, whose reports have for years been a mine of wealth to the junkman and the paper maker has resigned. The Bureau is a costly and pretentious humbug. The office of Commissioner ought not to be filled again; and if not abolished, Mr. Cleveland should leave it vacant.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—The five academies that comprise the Institute of France celebrated recently the nineteenth anniversary of their foundation. The Institute includes the French Academy, chartered in 1635 by Riche-

lieu; the Academy of Inscriptions and Polite Literature, founded in 1663; the Academy of Sciences, founded in 1666 by Colbert; the Academy of Fine Arts, founded in 1648 by Lebrun, and the Academy of Moral Sciences, suppressed by Napoleon, but restored in 1832.

—A public school-teacher in San Francisco recently explained to her class that the prefix "pan" meant "all," illustrating by several examples, such as pantheon, pandemonium, etc. She then called upon the pupils to write, each for himself, one example. There was much scratching of heads, knitting of brows, and other indications of mental struggle, and at last a hand was raised. "Well, Tom, what is it? What have you written?" Tom arose, and, glancing proudly around, read in a loud and resolute tone: "Pancake—all the cake."—*Ex.*

—The Catholics of France, wishing to provide for one of the most urgent wants of the day, have lately undertaken to create a superior school in connection with the Catholic University of Lille, for the higher instruction of future manufacturers. In spite of the great number of establishments existing in many parts for the practical formation of factory foremen, paid directors and engineers of different kinds, there has been hitherto no school where the sons of manufacturers, future manufacturers themselves, could receive an education suitable to their situation in life. The French Catholics, after long considering, at their annual Congress, how to remedy this defect, decided on presenting the project of the present creation to the Holy Father, who gave it his high approbation during the pilgrimage that 1,000 French manufacturers made to Rome at the beginning of this year.

—Bishop Ireland was interviewed recently in regard to the proposed Catholic University at Washington. He said there are \$600,000 on hand—all voluntary contributions. The work of solicitation has not yet begun, but he doubts not that there will be \$1,000,000 in readiness January 1, 1886. It is the intention of the directors to proceed at once with the erection of one wing. Work will probably be begun on it within a few weeks, and will be continued during the winter. The plans under consideration contemplate the expenditure of \$250,000 on it. In answer to the question, "What branch of the University will first be established?" Bishop Ireland said: "The philosophical and theological department for the higher education of the clergy. There will be no collegiate course. Ours will be a University of a grade above anything that has yet been attempted in this country. Its course of study will compare with the post-graduate courses of other higher educational institutions. We shall have no trouble filling our chairs. The plan of funding contemplates the endowment of each chair with \$100,000, the interest on which is expected to provide very handsome salaries. The faculties of philosophy and theology, of course, will be filled at once. Those of law, science and medicine will follow on as rapidly as possible, but it is hardly probable that more than one faculty will be added each year."

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

Notre Dame, December 5, 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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The Editors of the SCHOLASTIC will always be glad to receive information concerning former students and graduates of the University.

Our Staff.

FRANK H. DEXTER,
F. J. HAGENBARTH,

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

NOTICE—Classes will be continued up to the evening of the 21st inst. The authorities authorize us to announce that no demands should be made to leave before that date.

—The course of lectures in Political Economy will be opened during the coming week. The lectures of the present series will be twenty in number. It need not be said that as many as possible should endeavor to benefit by them.

—The recent encyclical letter of the Head of the Christian world, Leo XIII, deservedly attracts the attention and commands the respect of every thinking mind. No candid, intelligent man, after a careful perusal of the papal document, can declare in good faith that it contains the utterances

of an enemy to Liberty, Progress and Science. Indeed, the Pontiff declares that these three great boons to man are looked upon with love and solicitude by the Church, who approves of true liberty, but not that licence which, based on mad opinion, means sedition. Says the Pope:

"If, on the one hand, the Church rejects immoderate liberty—which, in both the case of individuals and peoples, results in license or in servitude—on the other hand, she willingly and with pleasure embraces those happier circumstances which the age brings, if they truly contain the prosperity of life which is, as it were, a stage in the journey to that other which is to endure everlastingly. Therefore, to say that the Church is jealous of the modern political systems, and repudiates in a mass whatever the disposition of these times has brought forth, is a vain and contemptible calumny."

—An interesting as well as instructive feature in the parliamentary elections now being held in England, is the prominence which the question of education is made to assume as one of the "issues" between the two great English parties—the Conservatives and the Liberals. The leaders of the latter party favor the introduction into the country of a system of "free" education—practically similar to the public school system which obtains here in the United States—whereby the little support hitherto given to so-called denominational schools would be withdrawn and the sole support of the State given to secular schools, in which education would be furnished free to all, and religious instruction, of any kind whatsoever, would be rigidly excluded. This movement on the part of the Liberals aroused the active and energetic protest of Christian teachers, who clearly and succinctly put before the minds of Christian parents the truth that these so-called "free" schools meant schools to which they could not conscientiously send their children, and to the support of which they would be obliged to contribute by being burdened with an increase of taxes; that the movement, therefore, implied the destruction of one of the fundamental principles of a government truly free—namely, *no taxation without representation*. Indeed, apart from the direct principles that underlie the grand truth that education cannot be such without religious training, the lessons taught by the evils resulting from a purely secular training—evils to which President Eliot, of Harvard College, graphically referred in a recent address delivered before the public school-teachers of Boston, and for which the only remedy, he said, lay in making education religious—these lessons of themselves would have been sufficient to convince any intelligent, sincere Christian of the grand defect of a State system of education.

It is therefore with interest that we watch the struggle now going on across the water. At the present writing, the Conservative party seems to be in the ascendancy, thanks to the aid of the *truly* Conservative Irish party. To our mind the contest will determine whether England, by rejecting a system of State education utterly at variance with the principles of Christianity, will choose to remain and be recognized as a Christian country.

Floral Odors.

The pleasures we receive through the senses range themselves naturally under two heads—those which relax the nerves and those which stimulate them; but opposite as these two classes seem, they pass into one another by imperceptible gradations. Operatic music, for example, relaxes the nervous energy, while martial music stimulates it; but between these extremes exist an indefinite number of means. Of waltz music we may say that it is to some extent stimulating, since it suggests motion; but motion of so gentle a kind that we should rather rank it among the enervating class. Now I wish the reader to observe that the more intense pleasures belong to the relaxing order. If we prefer the forms of enjoyment that brace the nerves, our preference is the result of after-thought. It arises from the consideration that all that enervates us unfits us for the struggle of life. But if it were not for this, we should prefer the restful comforts. The idea of an after-life, in which there shall be no more struggle, presents itself to us as the ideal of perfect happiness. What kind of music is it that we style “heavenly”? Is it the clangor of fife and drum, with well-marked rhythm, such as animates the soldier in the field of battle? No: it is rather the dreamy *sonata*, to which we listen without any effort, which carries us out of self-consciousness, beyond the squalor and sordid conditions of our mortal existence.

But it is not with the sense of hearing that I am now concerned. Of the five senses there is one which, although eminently useful to the lower animals, is least of all important—considered as a human faculty—to the utilitarian. The dog may depend for his meal on the accuracy of his sense of smell, and may be enabled to find his way to his master by no other agency; but to man it barely serves to point out unwholesome articles of diet and poisonous atmospheric surroundings, and even in that capacity is not entirely reliable; for indigestible food has frequently an appetizing odor, while milk may contract a most revolting smell without losing its nourishing qualities. None of the other senses, however, produce such mysterious effects upon the nervous system as does this one. Sights and sounds affect our nerves chiefly by association, or at least—as in the case of music—some connection can be traced between cause and effect. But why should the fragrance of tuberoses cause headache, and the aroma of wormwood relieve it? Why should the smell of celery excite the salivary glands?—celery itself is not at all remarkable as a nourishing article of food. A man would starve, if confined to it, in a very short time. Why should peppermint refresh us and cool us? Walk along a dusty road in hot August weather, and strike a patch of it by the roadside, where it often grows, and I think you will agree with me that the mere odor relieves you. Horse-mint (*Monarda*) will do the same in a less degree, and so will thyme, sage, and most of the order *Labiatae*. Wintergreen, on the contrary, always seems to me to excite warmth. I think that

there is some reason in making smell the “sense” *par excellence*, according to its Latin derivation. If to us, the least useful, it remains the most powerful of the senses, and the one whose influence upon the nerves is such as to enable us to form a scale, tracing the gradual transition of enervating impressions into those that are stimulating, somewhat like this:

1. *Animalized Fragrance*, such as the odor of the musk-plant (*Mimulus moschatus*), of the syringa (*Philadelphus coronarius*), of buckwheat, and some others.

2. *Overpowering Fragrance*, that of the tuberoose, hyacinth, jessamine, orange-blossom, lilac, white lily, night-blooming cereus, lily-of-the-valley, and many others. These plants belong to widely different orders, but nearly all resemble each other in the waxy texture of their blossoms, which are generally white, or if normally colored, easily produce white varieties, as do the lilac and hyacinth.

3. *Perfect Fragrance*. Here the maximum of delight is afforded by the rose, violet, cyclamen, mignonette, grape-blossom and others, possessing no characteristic in common but that of pleasant odor, and, even in this respect, each is easily distinguished from the others.

4. *Gustatory Fragrance*, suggesting something good to eat, yet not exactly appetizing, by reason of its cloying sweetness. This kind of fragrance may be subdivided into:

(A) *Spicy fragrance*, as of pinks, carnations, sweet-williams, etc.

(B) *Honeyed fragrance*, as of clover, sweet pea, honeysuckle, mahernia, *Ribes aureum*, English cowslip (*primula veris*), and others.

(C) What, for want of a better name, I will venture to call *cauline fragrance*. If the reader will compare the smell of sweet alyssum, stock gilly flower, or wall flower, (*cheiranthus cheiri*) with that of white clover, he will notice that while the latter suggests honey, the former suggest honey and something else. On reflection, he will find that “something else” to be cold slaw or turnips. It is, in fact, the odor of the order *cruciferae*.

(D) *Fruity fragrance*, and this may be again subdivided, according to the fruit suggested, into:

(a) *Malic*: apple-blossom, and may-flower, or trailing arbutus, hawthorn.

(β) *Prussic*: heliotrope, blossoms of wild plum and cherry.

(γ) *Citric*: Water-lily (*nymphaea odorata*), rose-geranium, lemon verbenia.

(δ) *Nutty*: European furze, which smells like cocoa-nuts.

5. *Balsamic Fragrance*, like the leaf-buds of “Balm-of-Gilead” (*Populus candicans*). All the genus *Populus* emit a slight degree of this fragrance in spring time.

6. *Antiseptic Fragrance*: lavender, bergamot, rosemary, cedarwood. Here, or hereabouts, we cross the line into the stimulating odors.

7. *Pure aroma*: Spice-wood (*Benzoin odoriferum*), Bay (*Laurus poetica*), and many others of the laurels and sandalwoods.

8. *Balsamic aroma*: Chrysanthemum, Pot-mar-

igold (*Calendula*), and some of the wild asters—*A. puniceus* and *A. Novæ-Angliæ*, particularly.

9. *Refreshing odor*: Peppermint, thyme, and most of the *Labiata*.

10. *Appetizing odor*: Celery, parsley and many other *Umbellifera*.

11. *Calefiant odor*: wintergreen, sweet fern (?).

12. *Bitter-tonic or absinthine odor*: wormwood, southernwood, tansy, chamomile, yarrow, and many other plants, belonging, like those in No. 8, to the great order *compositæ*. They generally have medicinal virtues attributed to them which they do not always possess, at least in so high a degree. Yarrow, for example, is really one of the most worthless members of Flora's kingdom, having come over from Europe without paying its passage, and crowding out the rightful occupants of the soil with the impudence of a professional tramp. But nobody thinks of considering yarrow a weed, simply because of its bitter-tonic odor and taste.

Beyond the limits of this scale, floral odors become unpleasant. After 12 we should pass into the rank smell of *Maruta cotula*, the common may-weed. Stimulating odors still more powerful would be found in the genus *Allium*, containing the onions, garlic, etc. Again, on the enervating end of the scale I might have begun with poppy and stramonium, tulip and petunia, but I wished to form a scale of *agreeable* perfumes. Even the limits of the scale I have furnished—Nos. 1 and 12—are disagreeable to many persons.

Some floral odors are neither enervating nor stimulating. They are simply "weedy," like, for example, the smell of the dahlia, the French marigold, and others. These do not impair the general fragrance of a garden, and seem to have little sympathetic effect on the human system.

ARTHUR J. STACE.

[From the "South Bend Times."]

Address of Prof. William Hoynes at the Memorial Services of Vice-President Hendricks, at South Bend, November 30.

This is an occasion of peculiar solemnity. A man known and loved throughout the Nation is no more. Vice-President Hendricks is dead. He died at his home in Indianapolis. The dread summons reached him when he was among his own—in the home to which he was so ardently attached, and in the capital of the State he so long served—and he answered it as calmly and peacefully as a tired child might fall asleep. Though he was in the 66th year of his age, yet the call was sudden—so sudden as to be startling—and to the remotest ends of the land the first news of it was doubted and questioned. But soon the appalling intelligence was confirmed, and all room for doubt was swept away. To the last moment, however, people clung to the hope that the sad news might be unfounded, for they disliked to believe that one who stood so near them in sympathy and affection—one whom,

a year ago, they raised to the second station of honor and power in the Republic—had been summoned to pass forever from the sight and companionship of men. But so it is. No more shall his silvery voice be heard; no more shall his stately form be seen. He has gone forever.

"He sat, as sets the morning star, which goes
Not down behind the darkened West, nor hides
Obscured amidst the tempests of the sky;
But melts away into the light of heaven."

Indiana mourns his death; for long and faithfully he served her. As a citizen, in her courts of justice, in her General Assembly, and as her Governor, he was faithful to the voice, and the policy, and the principles of the political party with which throughout life he was identified. He never betrayed its trust. As a federal official, as a Member of Congress, and as Vice-President of the Nation, he was pure, upright, faithful in the discharge of his duties, and unflinchingly true to the political principles that he deemed it his duty to maintain. He was cautious by nature, and not aggressive; but no man could stand by principle and defend it with greater firmness and fortitude. He was a philanthropist, and his charity and sympathy were world-embracing. Tyranny, injustice and oppression he detested, no matter where they appeared throughout the world. His heart was tender as a woman's, and the sight of suffering touched him almost to tears. To the claims of deserving charity his hand was ever open. Religion, education and morality ever found him a devoted advocate. By nature he was kind, courteous, affable, affectionate, pacific and gentle, and it is not remarkable that the ring of rifles and the boom of cannon in deadly warfare grated harshly upon his ears. At any rate, to his nature and his conscience he was true, and that fact must ever serve as an antidote against the poisonous fangs of malignant and obtrusive criticism.

"His life was gentle, and the elements
So mixed up in him that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world, 'This was a man.'"

He loved this State and its people, and it is meet that among them he closed his eyes for the last time upon the world and sank to his final rest. At a short distance from his home—a distance that may be measured by steps—his remains will tomorrow be laid away with manifestations of sincerest sorrow. Thousands will be there from all parts of the country to bear witness to the common regret that attends him to the solitude of the grave. A city sombre with the drapery of mourning, the bowed heads of multitudes, and the falling tears of friends, will testify to the grief with which the people take leave of one who was always faithful to them, one who was always true to his sense of duty, one who was always upright in the discharge of his official trust. And his friends will not deem it a mark of weakness to have their tears fall upon his grave. They know how honorable he was in all the relations of private citizen. They know how devoted he was to his home. They know that the breath of scandal never sullied the brightness of his domestic life. They know that

"He had kept
The whiteness of his soul, and thus men o'er him wept."

As American citizens, we all stand closer together in common aspirations, and sympathy, and regard, than as members of any political party. As American citizens, we have a common destiny and common duties that last through life, and as adherents of party, we but seek occasionally to give effect to our views as to the best means of attaining that destiny and fulfilling those duties. If successful, we are bound to endeavor to promote the public good—the common welfare—by our method. If unsuccessful, we feel comparatively at ease in believing that our opponents, having the same general aims, will be likely to reach similar results by their method. The whole issue may generally be summed up in the question: "Will the people be happier and the country more prosperous by the adoption of this policy than by the adoption of that one?" Men may honestly differ in taking sides upon a question of that kind, and when they differ conscientiously it is unfair to asperse them, to misrepresent their motives, to judge them harshly. It is extremely absurd for any man to regard his own views as registering the only correct standard of what is right and proper, and to treat as wrong and dangerous the opinions of those whose views do not square with his. In every successful movement the opinions of all its advocates combine to form a sort of general average, and this it is which finds expression in the results attained. And besides, is it not a part of the experience of every person that, as he grows in power of observation and increases in knowledge, he often has occasion and feels obliged to change his opinions? Such facts ought to teach every man that it is unwise to count too confidently upon the correctness of his own views. He should always be charitable in respect to the views of others.

In that spirit we meet here to-night, instinct with the feelings of American citizens, and without distinction of party. A statesman, of whose popularity, eminent public service, and singular purity of character all of us may feel proud, has been called to his reward. As an American citizen and Vice-President he represented all of us; and his honorable life, so closely identified with great historical events, is a valuable heritage to the State and Nation. It is no small thing for one who served the people in an official capacity for so many years to be able to say—

"Whatever record leaps to light,
I never will be shamed."

And to the moment of his death it was his privilege to say this. He has gone as gently and peacefully as he lived, and we have here assembled to unite our voices in the sad concord of lamentation and mourning that fills the land. We deplore the death of one who so worthily bore the honors conferred upon him by the State and Nation. But though dead, yet shall he live in the memory of the public acts with which his name and labors are interwoven, and in the salutary and inspiring ex-

ample which his useful life affords to the youth of our country.

His death was painless and peaceful. It was gentle as his life. Quietly he fell asleep in the privacy of his chamber, and quietly and calmly a great soul passed away forever.

"So fades a summer cloud away,
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er,
So gently shuts the eye of day,
So dies the wave upon the shore."

Books and Periodicals.

THE ANGEL GUARDIAN ANNUAL FOR 1886.
Seventh Year. Published by the House of the Angel Guardian; Boston, Mass.

Besides the matter contained in Almanacs generally, this little annual has also a collection of interesting and instructive articles. There are several excellent engravings, prominent among which are portraits of Cardinal McCloskey, Archbishop Williams, Daniel O'Connell, Rev. G. F. Haskins and Hon. Hugh O'Brien, Mayor of Boston, accompanying biographical sketches. Subscribers also aid a very worthy work of charity—the Society of the Angel Guardian—the main resource of the Orphan Asylum conducted by the Brothers of Charity in Boston.

THE MAD PENITENT OF TODI. By Mrs. Anna H. Dorsey. Notre Dame, Indiana: The "Ave Maria" Press. 12mo. 100 pages. Price, 10 cts.

This beautifully printed little volume is one of a series of dime publications—part of a larger series, including higher-priced books—now issuing in rapid succession from the "Ave Maria Press," that have already acquired wide popularity. And deservedly so. No greater contrast could be than that existing—both in character and appearance—between the "Ave Maria" series of cheap publications and the trashy, pernicious literature that has so long flooded the market and invaded the homes of young people everywhere.

The story of "The Mad Penitent of Todi," strictly historical, was originally sketched by one of the most gifted sons of France—Frederick Ozanam—and is here presented in a more elaborate form, bedight with all the graces of style of one of the most charming of our Catholic novelists. It need scarcely be said that this little book will be read with pleasure and profit. We should be glad to see a number of such delightful stories bound together in handsome form and widely circulated through our leading libraries.

—The Christmas *St. Nicholas* is all that the double promise conveyed in its title implies, and fairly bristles with holiday features, from the opening poem, "The Little Christmas-tree," by Susan Coolidge, to the amusing pictures, by A. E. Sterner and O. Herford, on the last page. "Santa Claus on a Lark" is the immensely suggestive title of a story by Washington Gladden, which is illustrated by Sol Eytinge; Frank R. Stockton contributes a

whimsically humorous tale, called "Christmas Before Last," with five appropriate pictures by E. B. Bensell; there is a decorative Christmas card by D. Clinton Peters; "Our Holiday Party," which tells of a party of the holidays, contains clever suggestions for those looking for a novel form of vacation entertainment; "Through the Register" is the name of the "Middle-aged Little Folks" Christmas story; and there are other bright and timely contributions by favorite writers.

—*The North American Review* for December may be called an historical number, both from its topics and its contributors. It opens with an article by Colonel Fred Grant, entitled "Halleck's Injustice to Grant." This article explains how Halleck so misrepresented General Grant, after the capture of Fort Donelson, that General McClellan authorized his arrest. Gov. Ireland of Texas describes the progress of that State. Gen. Fry, in his "Acquaintance with Grant," describes the cadet life of the future "General of the Army," and vindicates Gen. Fitz-John Porter. S. Dana Horton gives a rejoinder to the silver symposium of the November number. Israel Green tells his versions of the capture of John Brown at Harper's Ferry. Gen. W. S. Rosecrans writes on "The Mistakes of Grant," and gives many new facts relating to the Army of the Cumberland while it was under his command. Mr. Rice, the editor, contributes the closing article on "A Disfranchised People," which, he claims, the citizens of Delaware are.

Personal.

—Rev. D. Duehmig, the genial and energetic Rector of Assumption Church, Avila, Ind., was a welcome visitor to the College during the week.

—Rev. D. J. Spillard, C. S. C., '64, conducted the exercises of the mission held at the Church of the Sacred Heart, Notre Dame, during the past week.

—Mr. Charles J. Vandepoel, the well-known inventor and electrician, paid a flying visit to the college one day last week. He is now engaged in superintending the erection of the new electric railway in South Bend.

—Prof. J. W. P. Jenks, of Brown University, Providence, R. I., was among the visitors to the College during the week. He called to see his fellow-travellers to Alaska—Father Zahm and Prof. Stoddard. He expressed his surprise and admiration of the University buildings and the advantages they afforded.

—Among the visitors during the past week were: Miss Mary Boyer, Paw Paw, Mich.; Dr. William D. Hamilton, Columbus, O.; Mr. and Mrs. John Graham, New Jersey; E. W. Dart, Lansing, Mich.; Thos. Nester, Detroit, Mich.; Jas. Baker, A. D. McDonald, Warsaw, Ind.; Mr. and Mrs. M. W. Egan, Miss Agnes Egan, Independence, Iowa; Miss Effie Davis, Lincoln, Neb.; Mr. G. B. Lesh, Warsaw, Mich.; Rev. James Ryan, Louisville,

Ky.; Rev. Boniface, C. P., Cincinnati, O.; Rev. Wm. Kroeger, Elkhart, Ind.; I. C. Pushing and daughter, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Mr. and Mrs. Scherrer, daughter and niece, Denver, Col.; Mrs. Howard and daughter, Mrs. Dr. Wonderly, Galena, Ill.

—The Indianapolis *Times* names as probable candidates before the next Democratic State Convention Josiah Gwinn, of the New Albany *Public Press*, and Captain T. E. Howard, of South Bend, for Clerk of the Supreme Court. The *Times* says: "Captain T. E. Howard is regarded as a very strong candidate, coming, as he does, from the northern part of the State, and having a good record as a soldier, as well as being a member of the G. A. R. He is an ex-Clerk of St. Joseph county." All that is he e said in commendation of Captain Howard is the exact truth; but we are quite certain that that excellent gentleman has not avowed himself a candidate for the position named. He would, however, not only make an excellent candidate, but an officer of whom his party and the State could well feel proud. In all that constitutes a true gentleman, a fine scholar, a noble citizen and an honorable man Timothy E. Howard stands pre-eminent. The Democracy of St. Joseph county would esteem it a great honor to see Prof. T. E. Howard placed upon the State ticket.—*South Bend Times*.

The SCHOLASTIC takes pleasure in re-echoing the sentiments expressed by the *Times* in regard to Prof. Howard, of '62. Notre Dame is justly proud of the career of one of her early graduates, who, for a number of years, held a distinguished position in the ranks of her honored Faculty, and whose record in the walks of public life reveals the possessor of high intellectual gifts, united with true moral endowments. We hope that the splendid qualities of mind and heart which Prof. Howard possesses may speedily meet with the public recognition they so well deserve.

Local Items.

—Winter!

—Two weeks more!

—Reports of the various societies will appear next week.

—Our local weather prophets predict a very severe winter.

—Why are not our literary societies more frequently heard from?

—The number of recent arrivals is unusually large for this season.

—Tuesday next will be the Festival of the Immaculate Conception.

—The next session of the Moot-court will be held on Monday evening.

—Competitions next week will be held in the Course of Modern Languages.

—Our friend John says that the players in the Band keep step with the right foot.

—The increased attendance in the various courses is a matter of very general satisfaction.

—"Dr. Pangloss and his pupil" showed to the best advantage at the entertainment on the 30th.

—The "closing of navigation" is unusually late this year. We suppose it will take place some time during the next two weeks.

—Prof. Hoynes spoke at the Hendrick's me-

morial services at South Bend on Monday evening. His address appears in another column.

—The St. Cecilians will give their annual winter entertainment on the 16th ult. We are told that the play for the occasion will be "A King for a Day."

—All the members of the military company will have their uniforms in a few days. The Band boys have received theirs already, and present a fine appearance.

—It is recommended that all should strive to have the best bulletins of the year sent home during the holidays. For which reason the best work should be done during the next two weeks.

—McDonald, of South Bend, has produced several splendid photographs of Father General in different attitudes. Among them is one of life-size, which, *connoisseurs* say, is a most artistic piece of work.

—A number of families are represented at the University by three members. We may mention the Nealises, the Jewetts, the Combes, and others. But the palm for excellence in representation must be given the Gordon family, of Elkhart, five of whom are at Notre Dame. In fact, when it is desired to have a notable family reunion it is only necessary for Mr. and Mrs. Gordon to come up from Elkhart.

—THE HUNTER.

A go-out-a-hunting young man,
A game-bag-and-boot young man,
A love for his rifle that nothing can stifle,
A something-to-shoot young man
A come-back-crestfallen young man,
Bedraggled-and-lame young man,
With his rifle and Rover he sought the field over—
This brought-back-no-game young man.

—*Columbus Dispatch.*

—The Society of the Guardian Angels of the Sanctuary (Minim dep't) held a meeting on last Sunday evening for the purpose of reorganizing. The following officers were chosen: Director, Very Rev. Father General; Assistant Director, Rev. A. Granger, C. S. C.; President, Mr. B. Lineyborn, C. S. C.; Promoter, Bro. Cajetan, C. S. C.; 1st Vice-President, C. Mooney; 2d Vice-President, J. McCourt; Recording Secretary, T. Peck; Corresponding Secretary, A. Nester; Treasurer, F. Dunford; Librarian, J. Peck; 1st Censor, M. Dewald; 2d Censor, D. Morgan; Standard-Bearer, R. Graham; Sergeant-at-Arms, C. Quinlan.

—The *Fort Wayne Sentinel* says:

"Notre Dame University is not asked to participate in the State Oratorical Contest, as its standing is not to the liking of the *literati* of Indiana. This is the highest possible tribute to Notre Dame, whose aim has been to send out scholarly and practical young men, to battle with a stern world, and not infinitesimal molecules or a heighth of oratory that assumes to darken even the fame of Mr. Clay."

To the last proposition *The Times* must take exception; for while Notre Dame University gives a finished education to its students it can also be said that there is some splendid oratorical talent in that institution. We rather think that the participants in the State Oratorical Contest can thank their stars that Notre Dame sends no representatives.

—*South Bend Times.*

—A meeting of the Senior Branch of the Arch-confraternity was held last Sunday evening. An interesting address was delivered to the members by Rev. D. J. Spillard, C. S. C., who related many reminiscences of the society during the years '62, '63 and '64, when he was its President. He spoke also of the great good which could be accomplished by intelligent, enthusiastic members of such an association, and in this respect it would be well for many to imitate the enthusiasm so often observed among members of the Y. M. C. A. An instructive paper on the "Holy Sacrifice of the Mass from a Dogmatic Point of View" was read by Mr. C. Neill, and reviewed by Mr. F. Hagenbarth; another well-written paper on "The Mass from a Liturgical Point of View" was read by Mr. G. Harrison, and reviewed by Mr. F. Dexter. Messrs. Kleiber, Dolan, and M. Burns were appointed to prepare papers for the next meeting. At a subsequent session of the society papers on the "Harmony Between Religion Science" will be presented by Messrs. A. Ancheta and F. Dexter, and Mr. F. Hagenbarth will treat the subject, "Why are we Proud of Being Catholics?"

THE MINIMS' ENTERTAINMENT.

On Monday the 30th ult., the 43d anniversary of Very Rev. Father General's first Mass at Notre Dame, the members of the Sorin Literary and Dramatic Association honored the occasion by giving an entertainment in St. Edward's Hall, which was beautifully decorated for the occasion. Besides the students and those who had assembled to honor the day, we noticed in the audience Rev. Fathers Granger, Shortis, Spillard, Frère, Saulnier, Zahm, Hély, and Brother Edward; Mrs. Steele and Miss M. Ewing, of Lancaster, Ohio; Mr. and Mrs. Scherrer, with their daughter Miss Estelle Scherrer, and Miss Emma de Hadiamont, of Denver, Col.; Mrs. J. E. U. Nealis, of St. John, N. B. Rev. President Walsh, who was attending Vice-President Hendrick's funeral, sent his regrets for not being able to be present. The following programme was carried out with an effect that delighted the audience who, one and all, speak in praise of it:

Entrance March. (Piano).....	R. Oxnard
Address.....	F. Crotty, C. Scherrer, S. Jones
Notre Dame in Forty-Two.....	C. Mooney
St. Joseph—Chorus.....	Minim Orpheonics
Father General and the Young Prince.....	F. Crotty
"Only Small Boys"— <i>Recitation</i>	A. Jones
Sacred Silence— <i>Recitation</i>	F. Cobbs
My Mother's Letter— <i>Recitation</i>	C. Mooney
Song—"Petitions to Mary".....	Lambillotte
	Minim Orpheonics.
November Thirtieth.....	F. Crotty
Bruce and the Spider— <i>Recitation</i>	C. Mooney
Joseph's Letter— <i>Recitation</i>	R. Graham
Dr. Pangloss and his Pupil (Dialogue).....	L. Scherrer,
	W. McPhee
Gualberto's Victory.....	F. Crotty
Notre Dame's Great Priest (Chorus).....	Miss Donnelly
	Minim Orpheonics.
Closing remarks.....	Very Rev. Father General,
	Rev. Fathers Shortis and Spillard
Retiring March (Piano).....	R. Oxnard

At the close of the entertainment, Very Rev. Father General arose—his majestic figure, as one in the audience remarked, giving additional expression to his beautiful words—and said that he was prouder than ever of his princes, but would forego the pleasure of speaking to them, and call upon Rev. Father Shortis, who had the rare faculty of complimenting people without spoiling them by praise. The Rev. Father responded to the invitation by saying that he was not only delighted but very much surprised at what he had witnessed for an hour and a half. No one would expect so much from boys of their age. But the Minims are called princes, and, as far as the entertainment was concerned, they deserve the title. The parts were performed in a refined and princely manner—the intonations of the voice were perfect, and the gestures appropriate and graceful.

In alluding to the 43d anniversary of the venerated Founder's first Mass, he said: "The occasion must be one of deep joy to all at Notre Dame, but particularly so to Very Rev. Father General, when he contrasts the Notre Dame of '42 with the present. Then there were no Minims to gladden him, but only rattlesnakes, panthers, bears and wolves; and instead of the beautiful surrounding, the grounds laid out with such æsthetic taste, there were but swamps and a dense forest; neither was there a palatial building with frescoed walls, but a solitary, dilapidated log house. Father General had, under God, through the powerful help of His Immaculate Mother effected the wonderful transformation." Rev. Father Spillard was next called upon, and spoke in the kindest and most encouraging manner to the *amateur* performers. He said that Alexander wept when he found there were no more empires for him to conquer, and the speaker said when he saw the last piece on the programme performed he felt somewhat sad like Alexander. He concluded his humorous speech by saying that he felt certain he expressed the sentiments of all present in saying that the graceful entertainment reflected the highest credit on all who took part in it. Mr. J. Scherrer was the next speaker. His speech was brief, but to the point. He complimented the members of the Sorin Literary and Dramatic Association on the marked talent they displayed, and said the success of the entertainment was such, that it should entitle the whole Minim department to *congé* for the day. His request was immediately granted, to the great delight of the "princes," who applauded the speaker so heartily that the echo could almost reach his home in the city that is styled the "Paris of the Mountains."

While the audience were expressing their delight at the pleasure afforded by the intellectual treat, they were cordially invited to be present, at 3.30 p. m., in the Senior refectory at a lunch gotten up in honor of the occasion. Thus happily ended the festivities in honor of the 43d anniversary of the venerated Founder's first Mass at Notre Dame. We, of the SCHOLASTIC, unite with his many friends in wishing him many other such happy returns of the thirtieth of November.

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, Aubrey, Akin, Burke, R. Byrnes, Bolton, Bowles, Burns, D. Byrnes, Baca, F. Browne, A. Brown, Becker, Conlon, C. Crowe, J. Crowe, Coady, Congdon, Walter Collins, Chapin, Cusack, C. Combe, Craig, Dohany, Dempsey, Duffin, Dexter, Dolan, Finlay, Forbes, Ford, Goodfellow, A. A. Gordon, Goble, Goulding, Gallardo, Glenn, Hamlyn, Horn, Hagerty, Houck, J. Hampton, Hagenbarth, Harris, Harrison, Howard, Holden, Jones, Judie, Jackson, Jewett, Kreutzer, H. Kenny, J. Kenny, Keegan, Kegel, Kleiber, Latshaw, H. Luhn, W. Luhn, Lannon, Martinez, Mathers, McCartney, Murdock, McErlain, McGuire, Miller, Moon, Neill, O'Rourke, O'Donnell, Ott, O'Connell, P. Prudhomme, C. Paschel, H. Paschel, P. Paschel, Perley, Padilla, T. Ryan, O. Ryan, Remish, E. Riley, Rothert, Rudd, Reagan, F. Riley, Rodriguez, Rahilly, Redmond, Snapp, Stubbs, Saviers, Sheridan, Shields, Stickney, Strasser, Triplett, Voorhees, A. Williams, W. Williams, White, Wiley, Wagoner, Wilgus, Zeitler, E. Ryan,

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Masters Adlesperger, Adams, Austin, H. Ackerman, Arts, Akin, Berry, Benson, J. Benes, O. Benes, Baur, H. Blakeslee, P. Brownson, J. Boose, E. Bowles, E. Benner, Borgschulze, Bacigalupo, Curtis, Cleveland, Colina, Courtney, Cleary, Cooper, Chute, Cavaroc, Coles, Coad, Dungan, Dougherty, Doss, Duffield, Dillon, Darragh, Dickinson, Ewing, Edgeworth, Epple, Frain, Finch, Flood, Fehr, Fisher, Fitzharris, Grothaus, Goebel, Galarneau, J. Garritty, Gordon, Houlihan, Hayes, T. Hake, A. Hake, Hiner, Holman, Harris, Inderrieden, Jewett, P. Jacobs, N. Jacobs, Jeffs, Jacobi, Joyce, Kern, F. Konzen, W. Konzen, Levin, Luther, Long, McKendry, McConn, Meehan, McVeigh, Mueller, McPhee, McIntosh, Myers, McNamara, Nealis, Noud, Nester, R. Newton, Nations, L. Newton, O'Connor, Oxnard, O'Kane, Portillo, Press, Prudhomme, Preston, Porter, Regan, Ratighan, C. Ruffing, A. Ruffing, Robinson, Rose, Ramirez, L. Smith, S. Smith, N. Smith, F. Smith, Short, Shields, Senn, Scherrer, Spencer, Sandoval, Steele, L. Thompson, Tewksbury, Talbot, Tarrant, Vandercar, Valasco, Welch, Wabraushek, Wagoner, West, Williamson, Woodman, Chaves.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Masters Ackerman, Bull, Barger, Ciarcoschi, Cobbs, Chute, Campeau, E. Connors, J. Connors, L. Doss, E. Doss, Dewald, Dunford, T. Falvey, F. Falvey, E. Falvey, F. Garber, E. Garber, Grant, Graham, Griffin, Haney, Healy, Holway, Jones, Jewett, Klaner, Keeffe, Kellner, J. Kintz, A. Kintz, O. Kintz, Landenwich, Mainzer, Moncada, McGill, McNulty, Martin, Murphy, Mooney, Mason, Morgan, Munro, C. Nealis, B. Nealis, Nester, Nussbaum, Paul, Piero, F. Peck, J. Peck, Quinlin, Ramsey, Riordan, Stone, Sullivan, Steele, D. Sweet, G. Sweet, E. Scherrer, C. Scherrer, A. Smart, W. Smart, Taft, Tillenburg, F. Titus, Williamson, Wormer.

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. Sheridan, Mathers, Becker, Browne, Saviers, Goulding, Dolan, Burke, Murdock, Kleiber, J. Wagoner, Latshaw, Craig, F. Combe, Baca, Brownson, Goebel, Porter, Ewing, P. Wagoner, Rothert, Ancheta, Byrnes, Burns, Cleary, Stubbs, Hagenbarth, C. Crowe, Hull, Harless, Maguire, White, Cartier, Hausberg, Congdon, H. Paschel, C. Paschel, Hamlyn, Hagerty, Newton, J. Crowe.

Saint Mary's Academy.

One Mile West of Notre Dame University.

NOTE—On the morning of December 23d, the pupils leave for the holidays. They will be accompanied to Chicago by two Sisters—in a special car, at reduced rates—where their parents may meet them, or have them placed on their respective outgoing trains by the Sisters.

—Among the Juniors who take French, all are to be commended for their application; but Sadie Campeau, in particular, is deserving of praise.

—Letters have been received from Miss Hannah Stumer, who is congratulated upon her safe arrival on American shores, after her six months' absence in Europe.

—Thanks are extended to Miss Marie Bruhn for obliging favors; also to the Misses M. Scully, A. Butler, M. Hummer and B. Kearney, in the interest of the Sodality of the Children of Mary.

—At the meeting of St. Agnes' Literary Society the beautiful and very useful story of "A Garden of Roses," by Maurice F. Egan, was read. Edna Burtis recited "The Bells of Abingdon," by Miss Starr.

—Thanksgiving was very quietly celebrated. Boxes, most acceptable in their contents, indicative of the affection of "*home, sweet home*," occupied the attention and made the recreation of the day pleasant to all.

—Lala Chapin, the "Princess" who is enjoying life in Scotland, writes from the land of the heather, to several of her friends. She says not one word about the thistle or the plaid, the heather or the bag-pipe.

—Rev. Father Hugh Maguire, Pastor of St. James's Church, Chicago, and Rev. Father Green, his assistant, paid St. Mary's a visit on Tuesday. The Rev. Pastor of St. James's is noted for his interest in Christian schools.

—Miss Gregori has presented an appropriately beautiful gold frame with a matting of blue for the precious painting of the Immaculate Conception painted for the 23d ult. by Signor Gregori. This gem of art adorns the little parlor at the north of the main parlor.

—The reunion of the princesses was enlivened by some pleasing recitations from Edna Burtis, Maude Goetz and Mary Philipps. The politeness badge was drawn by Helene Rhodes, who, having drawn it last week, begged her little friend Edna Burtis to accept it and wear it this week, since she was among the favored ones who drew.

—Laura Griffith was the recipient of the Roman mosaic cross. Those who drew with her were the Misses E. Balch, T. Balch, Barry, Campeau, Coll, Clifford, Duffield, Hertzog, Keyes, Martin, McEwen, Odell, Parmelee, Pierce, Prudhomme, Regan, Robinson, Schmauss, Servis, Sheekey, Smart, Smith, Snowhook, Steele, and Van Horn.

—A large and elegantly-framed picture of Our Lady of Good Counsel of Genazzano—the frame of exquisitely carved oak—by the kindness of the Elocution pupils, now adorns their class-room. To a former pupil of St. Mary's, however—the accomplished wife of Hon. James H. Ward, Mrs. Agatha St. Clair Ward, Class '76—we are indebted for the beauty and richness of the frame, and for the superior taste displayed in the framing of the treasured picture so popular at present. Warm acknowledgments are affectionately extended to all concerned.

—The eve of St. Andrew's, and the address upon the occasion, gave rise to some most interesting reminiscences connected with the first winter passed by Father General and his six Brothers at Notre Dame. Their fuel consisted of huge logs, or trunks of trees; and while one end was burning and heating their little cabin, the other served as seats instead of chairs or benches. But, humble as the place was, when he came back from an absence of a few days in Chicago, and found the log cabin burned to the ground, his regret was very great; but had he been able to have preserved it, it would now be cherished as one of the dearest objects among all the treasures at Notre Dame.

—On Sunday evening, at the Academic reunion, in honor of the forty-third anniversary of Very Rev. Father General's first Mass at Notre Dame, Miss St. Clair read the following words of congratulation:

Forty-three years ago, were the grounds white with snow
Dear Father, or fell there a warm autumn glow
Over lakes, over lands, won from death at your hands
By your Mass—your *first Mass*, where the College now
stands?

Whether snow or brown grass hailed that memorable Mass,
It now matters little: such details we pass
To recall the deep grace, we most reverently trace,
As founded that morn in our loved dwelling place.

A coincidence deep in fond memory we keep,
For a lesson divine from its beauty we reap.
Ah, it was not in vain that day opened the reign,—
The novena of Mary Conceived without Stain!

Likewise, let us pause, for a sweet yearning draws
True hearts to remember the time that it was:
Worthy friends must at least in great St. Andrew's Feast *
Find a wonderful day for a Holy Cross priest,

His first Mass on the soil where his lot is to toil
Till, vanquished, the legions of error recoil;
Therefore we essay with warm thanks to repay
The debt made for us in those times far away.

A gardener with care, over plants prized and rare,
Spreads protection which none but the choicest may share;
You, our Father, have spread o'er the paths that we tread
A shelter more tender than florist e'er shed.

Each event, every date that the years consecrate
To sacred reminders we fondly await.

† St. Andrew was called by the Redeemer of the world even before St. Peter, his brother.

And repeat, like our prayers—like refrains to sweet airs—
The tale that each glad anniversary bears.

On the record of time, the saint most sublime
In his love of the cross marks the Church ere her prime;
And the "Proto-elect,"† as we well might expect,
Is the patron God sent your first deeds to direct.

Aye! Your work in the West, where your name shall be
blessed,

Till the sun, till the stars in oblivion rest,
Great St. Andrew shall share with devotion we bear
To the kind Father sent to us under his care.

The waters of life, to allay the wild strife
With which, at its best, earth is fearfully rife,
Were conferred, it is true, on full many by you—
How great is the debt from those neophytes due!

Dear Saint of the Cross, who computed our loss;
Who saw our poor bark at the cold mercy toss
Of dark heresy wave, thou didst rescue, didst save,
Make, make us, dear Saint, ever firm, ever brave!

Father General, believe, every gift we receive,
While imparting fresh joy, gives a fresh cause to grieve;
Since so often we fail, since inconstant and frail
Are our efforts to render your cares of avail.

By intention you made in the primeval shade,
By the fervor with which at that first Mass you prayed,
Keep the grand aim in view; keep it holy and true,
And the grace of that Mass God will ever renew.

* "The Apostle of the Cross" is the name, by excellence,
belonging to St. Andrew, as he hailed that upon which he
was martyred with the greatest joy.

Roll of Honor.

FOR POLITENESS, NEATNESS, ORDER, AMIABILITY, COR-
RECT DEPORTMENT, AND OBSERVANCE OF RULES.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Par Excellence—Misses Allnoch, Allwein, V. Barlow, Bruhn, Butler, Blaine, Brady, Blair, Bubbs, Brown, Blacklock, Carney, Clendenen, Chute, Chaves, Considine, Claggett, Coll, Carmien, Cox, Dillon, A. Donnelly, E. Donnelly, A. Duffield, Dart, Desenberg, B. English, A. English, Ewing, Egan, Fuller, Faxon, Fehr, Farnsworth, Fitzpatrick, Fenton, Griffith, Alice Gordon, Addie Gordon, Guise, A. Heckard, Horn, Hummer, B. Heckard, Henry, Haas, Haines, Keenan, Kearney, Kearsy, Kearns, Kennedy, Krapf, Lang, Longworth, Lyons, Levy, Lauer, Leahigh, Laskey, Lawrence, Munger, Morrison, J. McHale, M. F. Murphy, S. McHale, N. Meehan, L. Meehan, Morse, M. McNamara, C. McNamara, Monahan, Nagle, North, Otero, Rowley, Riedinger, Rose, Robb, C. Scully, M. Scully, S. St. Clair, L. St. Clair, Stadtler, Shields, Shephard, Stafford, Trask, Williams, Wolvin, White, Wynn, Walsh.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Par Excellence—Misses E. Balch, T. Balch, Barry, Boyer, Campeau, Cox, Clifford, Coll, Duffield, Griffith, Hertzog, Haney, Keyes, Martin, Mason, McEwen, Odell, Parmelee, Pierce, Prudhomme, Paul, Regan, Robinson, E. Sheekey, Steele, Schmauss, Smart, Snowhook, Servis, Smith, Van Horn.

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.

CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC.

HONORABLY MENTIONED.

1ST CLASS—Misses Barlow, Bruhn, Shephard.

2D DIV.—Miss Keenan.

2D CLASS, 2D DIV.—Misses Chute, Carney, Horn, Morrison, Van Horn

3D CLASS—Misses M. Dillon, Fuller, Guise, Munger, Riedinger.

2D DIV.—Misses Brown, Fehr, Kearney, M. F. Murphy, Robinson, Snowhook, M. Scully, Wolvin.

4TH CLASS—Misses Fitzpatrick, C. Griffith, L. Haas, L. St. Clair, Shields, Sullivan,

2D DIV.—Misses Brady, Egan, A. English, Lauer, Regan, Walsh

5TH CLASS—Misses Barry, H. Coll, Cox, A. Duffield, A. Donnelly, Alice Gordon, Addie Gordon, Krapf, Keyes, Lawrence.

2D DIV.—Misses Allnoch, Clifford, Cox, M. Duffield, M. Ducey, E. Donnelly, B. English, Faxon, Longworth, Livingston, M. Murphy, Nagle, Philipps, Parmelee, H. Smart, Servis, S. St. Clair, Stadtler, Smith, M. Stafford.

6TH CLASS—Misses Bubbs, Clendenen, Chaves, Considine, Fenton, Farnsworth, Hummer, Kearsy, Kingsbury, Kennedy, Levy, N. Meehan, Odell, Qualey, Robb, Spencer, Trask.

2D DIV.—Misses Blacklock, Carmien, Claggett, Dart, Desenberg, Goetz, Heckard, S. McHale, Henry, Kearns, Lang, Leahigh, M. McNamara, L. Meehan, Mason, Morse, C. McNamara, Pierce, McEwen, Otero, Steele, Schmauss, White, Wynn, Wollensek.

7TH CLASS—Misses Alwein, Burtis, E. Balch, T. Balch, Blair, Campeau, Caddagan, M. Coll, Hertzog, Lyons, Monahan, North, Rhodes.

8TH CLASS—Misses E. Blaine, Lindsey, Prudhomme.

9TH CLASS—Dott Lee.

HARP.

2D CLASS—Miss Dillon.

3D CLASS—Misses Fitzpatrick, Shephard.

GUITAR.

6TH CLASS—Misses Otero, Servis.

VIOLIN.

Misses Brown, Carney.

ORGAN.

Miss Congdon.

COUNTERPOINT.

Miss Bruhn.

HARMONY.

Misses Barlow, Horn, Keenan, Shephard.

VOCAL DEPARTMENT.

1ST CLASS—Miss Bruhn.

2D DIV.—Miss B. English.

2D CLASS—Misses S. St. Clair, M. F. Murphy, B. Lauer.

2D DIV.—Misses L. St. Clair, A. English, H. Guise, S. McHale.

3D CLASS—Misses N. Donnelly, Sullivan, Stadtler, Walsh.

4TH CLASS—Misses Brown, Chaves, Cox, Levy, Wynn, Robb.

5TH CLASS—Misses Allnoch, Bubbs, Regan, M. McNamara, Otero, Barry.

SINCE every true thing must necessarily proceed from God, whatever of truth is, by search, attained, the Church acknowledges as a certain token of the divine mind. And since there is in the world nothing which can take away belief in the doctrines divinely handed down, and many things which confirm this, and since every finding of truth may impel man to the knowledge or praise of God Himself, therefore, whatever may happen to extend the range of knowledge, the Church will always, willingly and joyfully, accept; and she will, as is her wont in the case of other departments of knowledge, studiously encourage and promote those also which are concerned with the investigation of nature.—*Papal Encyclical.*