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## An Æsthetic Youth.

I strolled one eve by a woodland stream,  
When the sun was sinking low,  
And the radiant flush of his parting beam  
Made the purling waters glow.  
And I asked a youth whom by chance I spied:  
"Fair youth, which love you best—  
The morn or eve?" And the lad replied:  
"Old gent, pull down your vest."

I pulled down my vest, and we walked along  
'Neath the shade of o'erhanging trees,  
While the notes of a thousand birds of song  
Rose clear on the evening breeze;  
And I stroked the curls of that winsome lad,  
(My locks, alas! are thin)  
"My boy," I said, "why look you sad?"  
And he said: "Wipe off your chin."

My chin I wiped, and we sat us down  
To gaze on the evening star  
That held its watch o'er the distant town,  
Like some sentry stationed afar.  
And I spoke of the stars and the curious laws  
That govern each fiery ball;  
And the youth remarked, as I made a pause:  
"Hadn't you better hire a hall?"

I told of those orbs in their early state,  
How the rays of the sun are bent,  
How the earth moves round at a fearful rate,  
—And the youth said: "Let her went."  
Then I said: "My son, it grieves me sore  
That for science you have no zest."  
But he shrieked, before I could utter more:  
"Oh! stash it—give us a rest."

OUELLE I. SHUDSMYLLÉ.

A beautiful rosebush, said to have been planted by Charlemagne, is one of the great curiosities of the ancient city of Hildesheim, in Hanover. It is gnarled and rugged, as becomes its extreme age, and in some places the principal stem is as thick as a man's body.

## A Cruise in the Homeric Sea.

CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

The deck is covered with easy chairs, the awning is spread. Everywhere I meet familiar faces, companions of voyages past, and within an hour have settled myself to the full enjoyment of a cruise in classical waters. It is time for us to lay old Homer wide open upon our knees; let him be our guide among the blessed islands that flock about us like low-hanging clouds—Telos, Syne, Chalce; they are not much sung of, and never were, but they have at least a harbor and a temple to Apollo—the former deserted and the latter in ruins.

It is the chaste *Diana*, the swift, black ship that bears us over the watery paths of the much-resounding sea. They are watery paths, indeed, that separate island from island, and finally lose themselves between the thousand shores through which we thread our way. It is like river-sailing, this coasting among the Isles of Greece; it is the Nile over again, but with more variety and less beauty; for these islands, despite their name and fame, are bare and bleak—even Kalimno, Astypalæa and Kos, the most picturesque of the Sporades. Do you remember how Juno bore Jove away in a sleep to well-inhabited Kos?

High-thundering, hospitable Jove! Saturnian, lofty-throned Jove, father of gods and men! Were you mocking us mortals, or are we god-like when we fall from grace even as you fell?

Little Nisyros, with its population of twenty-five hundred almond and wine growers, was torn from the island of Kos by Poseidon who hurled it at the giant Polybetes—but you would hardly believe it if you did not hear it on the spot.

We are deeply interested in our progress now. Not an hour passes without the upheaval of some new island from the deep. They file past us in august procession—the shades of the gods of the Iliad; we seem to sleep upon the sea as they float by—the islands of our dream.

Yonder lies a wild and barren bluff that has held our eye for half an hour. We turn from the rocky

coast close at hand, with the ruins above it, and from all the magical isles that are fast fading in the distance and losing themselves in the sea—for yonder is Patmos, where St. John wrote the Apocalypse during his exile, A. D. 94, and where the Monks still show his cave and a deep fissure in the rock through which the Apostle heard "a voice from heaven like the sound of a trumpet."

And there is Samos, once the centre of Ionian art and luxury, whose ancient capital Herodotus reckoned one of the first cities of the world. Antony and Cleopatra caroused there; and, doubtless, their fair-prowed galleys, manned by Jove-nurtured youths, were of a piece with the beaked ships and the hollow barks of Homer's rolling-eyed Greeks.

Methinks I see them now, as they erect the mast and expand the white sail; the wind streams into the bosom of the sail and they cruise under the blameless escort of the gods. Anon, the ripple of the west wind, just risen, is poured over the ocean, and the sea begins to darken under it. Evidently, the marine old man meditates mischief. Antony speaks winged-words to the lads in the fo' castle; Cleopatra screams and wrings her hands, but the boys rather like it: they propose to appease the gods by chanting the joyous pæan, hymning the "far-darter," and they do it in the good old style. The result is highly satisfactory. It is written, "Whoever obeys the gods, to him they hearken propitiously." The hoary sea, the darkling vision subsides; they 'bout ship and make for land.

Antony whistles softly to himself; Cleopatra sighs and smiles faintly; the boys raise a hearty chorus, which has unhappily not been preserved to us, and as they enter the deep haven, furl the sails and store them in the sable bark; bring the mast to its receptacle, loosing it quickly by its stays; come to the moorings, heave out the sleepers and tie the hawsers, and then give three lusty cheers and a tiger, and all go up town in a body to conduct a sacred hecatomb.

Such was the life they led of yore, perhaps; but now Samos is a little land, quiet and productive, crowned with grapes and yellow corn, and anointed with sweet oil.

Off yonder, Iris, swift as the whirlwind, half way between Samos and rugged Imbros, plunged into the dark sea; and the ocean groaned. Here is Icaria in the Icarian Sea, where Icarus fell when the sun softened his waxen wings, as he flew out and over from Crete.

And Scio—Chios—let us make a libation to Jove! O Jove! Cloud-compelling son of Saturn! Olympian thunderer! Provident Jove! Is this not the cradle of him who sang of your unhappy family perched upon many-peaked Olympus, so that for all your wranglings you were indeed god-like?

Homer! Every line of his breaks like a resounding wave; there is the long roll of the sea in it, and the strong swell of the tide. Would the ever-existing gods have given color to our lives but for him, I wonder? And he, at whose beck the Immortals plunged from splendid Olympus into the profound sea, hateful darkness seized him, black death overshadowed him.

Thou far-seeing son of Saturn, seated on lofty Gargarus, encircled round with an odoriferous cloud, didst thou order mourning for forty days in thy court when the blind old man of Scio's rocky isle went down to shameless death?

Now must we search in vain for his shrine who possessed the most royal of the distinguished gifts of the gods—a gift he left richer and more distinguished than when he first received it. But for him, thou fickle and foolish god, because of thy childish pranks and the folly of thy crew, the world would quake with inextinguishable laughter!

Through the olive, citron, and mastic groves of Scio, the shade of Homer drifts. Let us embark a hecatomb; let us apply the iron strength of fire, that the savor of lambs and unblemished goats may ascend to snowy Olympus and salute the nostrils of the gods derisively; they have done ill by him who did well by them, for his name is worthiest to shine among the glorious stars.

Beyond Scio is Lesbos—Mytelene—the birth-place of the Lesbian Sappho. Our pleasure voyage here suffers a break, which is, however, temporary. We shut Homer between finger and thumb, keeping a digit on the last line, and turn our hearts to the gods who have stirred up the elements to our discomfiture. These placid seas are swept by sudden winds, bitter cold, charged with sleet, and bent on destruction. A capital place this for a general smash up of navies; islands on every side, strong sea currents rushing between them; fleets of merchantmen tacking hither and thither, now hidden by a headland, anon coming suddenly into view, close at hand and perhaps bearing down upon us wing and wing; the steamer must turn out for each and all of these flying sails, and some of the turns are pretty sharp ones.

We were basking in a delicious twilight when the gale struck us; sea and sky were charged with color; we floated in a flood of wine, under a canopy of roses. Instantaneously the heavens opened, and all the winds sprang at us like wild beasts; it was as if we were about to be torn to pieces and scattered broad-cast over the rocky waste.

The decks were cleared for action; everyone leaped out of the easy chair in which he had been couched the whole day long; hats went overboard; shawls fluttered in the wind like banners; scarfs and kerchiefs floated in the air; naught but the sound of hurrying feet and the screams of women were heard above the crash of elements.

We turned in uneasily; the *Diana* was heavily laden. A whole harem, booked for a deck passage to Constantinople, was stored aft, just under my cabin window. I had seen the faces of these women who, swathed to the eyes in ample wrappings, forgot themselves in the placid hours of the afternoon, and thoughtlessly revealed more of their features than the law allows. I had even stolen a glance at their proud lips; their full, pale, olive cheeks; their slumberous eyes veiled in shadow-fringed lids; their fine aquiline noses with nostrils such as eastern poets sing of in their brilliant hyperbole—it is all one to them whether it be houri, or lustrous-

eyed, pink-nostriled mare of the desert: but I was discovered; the merry wives turned on me a look of scorn, and all the heads were hastily covered amid shrieks of horror such as only the ladies of the harem have brought to the pitch of dramatic perfection.

Well! While the wind blew and the waves rose, I lay in my narrow bunk and said the rosary of agonies over and over, for I hate to be knocked about in a box of a state-room. The ship behaved nobly, rising easily on the tremendous swell and taking headers like a huge porpoise. By and by the harem lifted up its voice and wept; babes moaned piteously; mothers sobbed and implored *Allah*. In this extremity we fled into Lesbos and hid for four mortal hours under the lea of the land.

There was no sleep that night. The air was fraught with terror, and when the gale was highest and the long roll of the thunder made our good ship shudder in her watery bed, I fancied I could hear the crashing of ill-fated barks as they were hurled upon the horrible rocks about us, or dashed together in the blackly-boiling waters and swallowed in abysmal depths.

The morning after the storm, being again under way, we sat about the deck, silently regarding one another. Many and various were my fellow-voyagers. There was a haughty Greek patriarch, who played with his beads, letting them *click* one after another as they slid down the silken thread which confined them. There was a babyish Count, and a stiff Pole, also reputed to be of noble birth; a fat and jolly Englishman, and a stiff and bristling one,—the latter with a piping child-wife, whose hair streamed down her back in a yellow torrent; there was an ice-cold universalist who buttoned his coat to his chin, and whistled "Annie Laurie" very softly, by the hour; and a nervous little New Zealander who has been everywhere two or three times, and is going over the whole round forever and ever, like the hour-hand of a clock. We picked up strangers at the several ports we visited, and nearly always looked upon them as intruders; and such they were in many cases; for they sat in our chairs and crowded us out of our places in the coolest manner possible.

I turn again to my notes to find this record: "Just now a rabbit-faced man, with protruding globulous eyes has taken a seat opposite me. He is frequently abstracted, and looks like a maniac as he loses himself in thought and lets his eyes roll out on his cheek-bones. I glance up in search of a word, detect him in one of his trances, feel guilty, turn from the table to stare out of the window, and there discover a white city glowing among delicious groves of cypress on the shore of a fair island. Thus life drifts away with us through all the pages of Homer, while we roll among the dashing waves of the Ægean Sea."

One or two Greek professors—or rather professors of Greek—are in a state of siege. We apply to them continually and, as is not unfrequently the case, find them dumb without their text-books. All the vexed questions are tossed from mouth to

mouth, until the whole subject has been worn to shreds and scattered to the four winds.

Over our larboard quarter lie divine Lemnos, Imbros and Tenedos; before us is the Hellespont, and there is the Troad. Speed us, thou of the silver bow, who nightly rulest over Tenedos! Here, beneath us, is the ample cave in the recesses of the deep sea, between Tenedos and rugged Imbros, where earth-shaking Neptune loosed his horses, cast beside them ambrosial fodder, threw golden fetters about their feet, irrefragable, indissoluble, and departed toward the army of the Greeks.

There is a report current in the ship that we shall not be permitted to pass the Hellespont; that if we succeed in this, there will be no landing at Constantinople; in any case, danger threatens us on every hand. Shall we put back? is the question. Certainly not! As of old, when the well-greaved Greeks were turned afresh upon lofty-gated Troy they grew doughty in the din of battle, so with us: war, or the rumors of war, became instantly sweeter than to return in the hollow ship to our dear native land. On we move, over the broad back of the deep. To our right is a low, gray plain, a picture of desolation. Mountains rise in the distance, colorless and bare. A channel opens before us; it is about five miles broad at the mouth; poor villages and forts dot the shore on either hand; fleets of boats blow hither and thither in a chopping sea. The current is very strong, so is the wind. We draw our wraps closely about us, shut our books and maps to keep them from flying overboard, and turn our attention to the progress of the ship.

Personally, I find nothing lovely or interesting in the scene; on the contrary, it seems to me uncommonly bleak and stupid. The shores are irregular, bare and brown; we cross and re-cross from side to side, like a huge ferry-boat, dropping a boat-load of passengers at one port, taking up a few at the next. Rather dull work this, though we are detained only a few minutes at each stopping-place, and these intervals are enlivened by the advent of numerous natives who importune us to buy their pottery; they bring earthen vases and rude toys moulded in clay; bits of metal work of dubious date, and enough rubbish to distract a traveller who has not been out of his valise for months; yet he covets a toy horse done in terra-cotta, ludicrously fashioned and spotted over with paint. This is offered as a *souvenir* of the "Odyssey." Who would not bring a trophy from the shores of Troy?

There is no spot in the world more interesting to the classical student than this dreary waste. We are in the Dardanelles, the Hellespont! Lander swam it; so did Byron; so do we—in a ship! That bleak plain is the very fertile Troad. Somewhere within its borders is buried wind-swept Ilium. O wise Homer! who spared not that city for all its pomp!

Almost with laughter we study the howling wilderness where stood the wide-wayed Troy; it is a wilderness, and it howls as we steam to and fro, touching along its shores from time to time. Up yonder is many-rilled Ida. Do you remember how

sleep sat in a lofty fir on Ida, covered with branches like a shrill bird?

There, on the one hand, is Asia, and here, on the other, is Europe; the channel that divides them bristles with cannon; they hold their peace at present, but they are ready at a moment's warning to spit fire and to deluge the earth with blood, even as it was deluged when Mars, the man-slayer, the gore-stained stormer of walls; and Ulysses, the sacker of cities; the horse-breaking Trojans; the hair-tufted Thracians, and all the gods, made it hot in the vicinity of well-turreted Troy.

Imagine a hero, clothed in dazzling brass, strutting and fuming among his soldiers, athirst for blood and glory as he thus addresses them: "Pile up for him a tomb on the wide Hellespont, and thereafter will some one of the future men say, as he sails over the sea in his many-benched ship, 'This, indeed, is the tomb of a hero long since deceased, whom once, bearing himself doughtily, illustrious Hector slew.'"

I did not hear it remarked in our many-benched ship, save by the Professor who has a finger on the passage at this moment; but times have changed since then.

What days were those when the warriors came in from the sea and forty dark ships followed—recruits from the isles that lie as far as the eye can reach; some in red-sided ships, some in sable and curved ships, from steed-nourishing Argos, and from all the sunset lands; each fleet with its admiral and its clear-voiced heralds, and forty dark ships following!

From the deck of the *Diana* we try to trace the field where thunder-delighting Jove—he must have been somewhat of a bore as to his noise—watched the waving-crested Greeks in the game of battle. We try to mark where Mars ran along Simois over Callicolona, between Troy and the sea-coast; to follow the course of the fairly-flowing river the deep-eddying Xanthus, Jove-begotten; to conjure the shades of swift-footed Achilles, Jove-sprung son of Peleus; of much-counselling Ulysses; of helm-nodding Hector, fair-haired Helen, laughter-loving Venus, and all those beauteous girt women! We strive to see—in our mind's eye, of course—the huge bulk of the seven-hided shield of Ajax, the glance of impetuous Achilles' spear of Pelian ash, and to hear the noble Achilles grieving, for he was sending a blameless companion to Hades.

It didn't seem to matter much how many fellows satiated the swift dogs at Troy with their white fat, so long as they were not personal friends. We hope to hear, also, the tramp of high-necked steeds, nourished on lotos and lake-fed parsley, as they print the ground with their solid hoofs—but all this is mere fantasy!

Troy is no longer a city of articulate-speaking men; nor is it likely that we shall ever know more of it than we have learned from Homer.

Dr. Henry Schliemann's explorations and revelations prove nothing that has not been known since Homer's time, namely, that the Troad was inhabited, that the people and the cities have perished;

that in all respects they were, both people and cities, much like other people and other cities.

Mr. Gladstone in his "Homeric Synchronism" upholds the Doctor in his dreams of Troy. Neither the one nor the other has proved, or is likely to prove beyond question, that the Hissarlik Mount is the site of ancient Troy. Sir William Gell's "Geography of the Troad" will, if they choose to consult it, set these gentlemen right on certain important points. Mr. Gladstone rushes at the conclusions offered him by Dr. Schliemann, and the two seem to have settled affairs entirely to their own satisfaction. Yet, Dr. Schliemann, who is seeking to identify the Ilium of Homer with nothing more substantial to base his judgment on than a few pieces of metal work and a good deal of earthen rubbish, does not hesitate to adjust his geographical outline according to his requirements, and to correct Homer, as is necessary, in order to prove his case.

Dr. Schliemann is not merely seeking to prove that he has unearthed a long buried city—there is no doubt as to that fact,—but he insists that it is the veritable city of Homer's song, and offers as evidence the relics that have been discovered during his excavations. Is this not the dream of an enthusiast?

You will remember that Homer, in the seventh book of the Iliad, after the battle, tells how the long-haired Greeks built a wall and lofty towers, a bulwark of their ships and of themselves. Neptune complains to Father Jove, and Jove replies:

"When the crest-waving Greeks shall have departed with their ships into their dear fatherland, do thou, overthrowing this wall, sink it all into the deep, and again cover the great shore with sand. Thus may this mighty rampart of the Greeks be wholly effaced"

We read in the beginning of Book XII that

"In the tenth year the city of Priam was sacked, and the Greeks went in their ships to their dear fatherland; then, at length, Neptune and Apollo took counsel to demolish the wall, introducing the strength of rivers, as many as flow into the sea from the Idaean Mountains. . . . The mouths of all these Phœbus Apollo turned to the same spot, and for nine days he directed their streams against the wall. Jove, in the meantime, rained continually that he might the sooner render the walls overwhelmed by the sea. . . . And he (Neptune, the earth-shaker) made all level along the rapid Hellespont, and again covered the vast shore with sand, having demolished the wall; but then he turned the rivers to go back into their own channels in which they had formerly poured their sweet-flowing waters."

When we bear in mind that the very site of Troy was forgotten after the fall; that the country was colonized by Æolians and other races; that these cities and peoples have passed away in turn, and that the Troad was only retained in history because it lay in the track of the invading armies crossing the Hellespont from side to side, is it natural to suppose, after so many and such various vicissitudes, that the foundations of the ancient Ilium should be laid open, relics discovered, houses and tombs identified, and all this in opposition to certain lines in the Iliad—our earliest history of Troy—which point to a different site from that fixed upon by Dr. Schliemann.

Do we not read in the eighth book of the *Odyssey* how Demodocus, the bard, sang of the sons of the

Greeks who destroyed the city (Ilium), being poured forth from the horse, having left the hollow ambush? One laid waste the city in one way and another in another—so runs the song.

Then Virgil, in the second and third books of the *Æneid*, adds his testimony:

"But the gods, the unrelenting gods, overthrew this powerful realm and levelled the towering tops of Troy with the ground. . . . Here, where you see scattered ruins, and stones torn from stones, and smoke in waves ascending with mingled dust, Neptune shakes the walls and foundations, loosened by his mighty trident, and overturns the whole city from its basis. . . . Then, indeed, all Ilium seemed to me at once to sink in the flames, and Troy, built by Neptune, to be overturned from the lowest foundations."

The truth is, we are trying—or the speculative Doctor is trying—to excavate a city founded by the gods and once peopled by mythical heroes; can anything be less practical, less profitable? Having cast our eyes over the nakedness of the land, we turn our thoughts to the future; joy cometh with the morning—a sunrise over the golden Horn, under the gardens of Stamboul!

It is more quiet this evening; the winds went down with the sun, even as the winds departed homeward returning through the Thracian Sea with its groaning billows, after having fed the fires that consumed the manes of Patroclus amid the bewailing Greeks. Some one has been giving a gratuitous dissertation on the events of the day, while I busy myself with these notes in a corner of the *salon*; then some one also sighs deeply—I look up to find the listeners listless and the speaker dumb; for, lo! ambrosial slumber is diffused around.

At an early hour, while we swim the *Marmora* like a black swan, I seek my room-mate, a jolly, blond English lad, known to everybody as "The Eton Boy." He rushes everywhere, sees everything in a wild state of delight, writes up his journal nightly—though for the most part his entries are copied from my loose notes borrowed for the occasion. To him life is fresh and sweet, the world his play-ground, and on his well turned biceps he bears the arms of Eton tattooed in a Jerusalem Bazaar. What more can one ask of a beneficent Providence when one has youth, health, hope, and when one sleeps like a school-boy through tempest and tribulation, as he did the other night of storm?—slept with his head pillowed on his elbow, the arms of Eton still visible in the dim light of our cozy cabin, and his bare feet thrust into the side-light above his berth, as if, like a young Hercules, he had half a mind to kick out the ribs of the ship.

#### Education in the Middle Ages.

And now we feel no reader will find it irksome to accompany the "star-quickening angel of the dawn," as he travelled, nearly seven centuries ago, "with broad, slow wing from the Levant to the Pillars of Hercules, and from the summits of the frosty Caucasus across the Alpine ridges to the dark nakedness of the western isles," and, resting on the sweet, quiet bosom of the Bay of Naples, view the softest sunrise that ever lit up the East, or view the

most gorgeous sunset that ever sank below the West. Our purpose, however, will carry us farther north. Let us leave, then, sweet Naples, pass by Rome with its classical antiquity, stop but a moment at ocean-born Venice, "rising with her tiara of proud towers," and keep on our way to the capital of France, to Paris, the fountain of fashion and the seat of science. Collected together in this splendid city, from England and Germany, from Italy and the East, was the highest that could be found at that day of courage, eloquence, and learning, the flower of chivalry, the depth of science, troubadours and minstrels, wits and beauties. Here were fostered the disciples of Averroës, the most celebrated of Arabian philosophers; astrologers from Bagdad, with their loose garments and flowing beards; and Hebrews, learned and sedate, the interpreters of the hidden wisdom of precious manuscripts brought over from Arabia; learned professors of Humanities and Rhetoric, mature and masterly doctors of Philosophy; while men of profound scholarship poured forth the wealth of their accumulated learning in the University chairs of Theology. Let the reader fancy, if he can, the agitation that prevailed in Paris on the 23d of October, 1257, when the two noblest children of St. Francis and St. Dominic—Bonaventure and Thomas of Aquin—were to make their "public act" for the highest academical honors. Whoever knows anything of academical life, of doctors and lecturers, of students and professors, of those whose life labors are spent in unwavering devotion to literature and learning, and of the texture of their minds, can paint for himself a picture of the excited preliminary debates in the very streets of the University town, as men gathered in groups and bands to discuss and canvass the probable issue of the coming intellectual joust. He will see the long files of Dominicans—clothed in their religious habit that seems to blot out all idea of sensual admiration and carries away the mind into a loftier sphere, a higher range of thought, where beauty of far nobler sort finds congenial habitation—advancing from their convent—*L'ancien St. Jacques*—with elastic tread, and a perceptible expression of satisfaction, as they pick their passage through students, professors, and wondering crowds, towards the episcopal palace, where they will see their brother Thomas receive his ring and cap. The children of St. Francis, too, clad in their habit of coarse brown serge, girdled with their knotted cord, move somewhat more rapidly than usual their sandaled feet to witness Bonaventure display his wondrous knowledge before the assembled learning of Europe.

To defend a wide field of theological and philosophical truth before such an assembly and against the longest and keenest heads and the most skilful and practiced dialecticians, against well-seasoned professors and the *élite* of every Faculty, required a stout heart, a clear intellect, and an imperturbable coolness and self-possession which the pigmy intellects of our day, in spite of their endless boasting of enlightenment, and inane insistence on progress and originality, could never furnish.

Seated in their chairs on a raised platform, in

view of the whole multitude, sit, solemn and majestic, the authorities of the University—the highest exponents of learning in the then civilized world—arrayed in the various robes symbolical of their various offices, and the different insignia representative of their different degrees: Bishops and Doctors of Divinity; Jurists and Canonists; Rectors and Provosts; Masters and Bachelors; Superiors of Religious Houses and Generals of Religious Orders; the secular element and the regular; the gown and the hood, all are represented. Nor were the different ranks of the clergy alone in manifesting their interest in the approaching spectacle. Doubtless there was many a gallant knight and many a roguish varlet, many a thriving merchant and many an honest bourgeois, many a sturdy artisan and bright minstrel, many a noisy *jongleur* and witty singer of canzonets, who would willingly join himself to the joyful crowd that flowed uninterruptedly towards the palace, assured that his trouble would be overpaid to hear Thomas of Aquin “pour forth his wealth of learning, his novelty of proof, his calm eloquence, his divine fire, his inimitable simplicity, that had filled the world as it had never been filled before, and that now would be called forth in all their splendor as the Great Master makes his solemn act, performs the grand *tour de force*, in which he will be obliged to display what he ever so modestly tried to conceal—the wide circumference of his knowledge, the matchless grace of his dialectical skill, and the full swing of his gigantic intelligence.”

Men were not startled in those days as they are in these by the unusual deeds and privileges of chosen souls. Conscious of the supernatural, they took God's work for granted. They believed what they saw; they did not pry, and test, and examine, and lose their souls. Generally, they got nigher the truth than we do. Their minds were not scaled and corroded by false science. Much ignorant rhetoric is poured out in these days upon the great theologians, philosophers, and teachers of the Middle Ages. One writer pilfers the platitudes of another and parades them before the public—the public which never hardly has the time or the inclination to read the originals for themselves, or to study the real current of events.

The Scholastics, like all men, were not faultless; their system can be criticised. But one thing is certain: they were no mere “snowy-banded, delicate-handed, dilettante” performers. Science and education absorbed their whole strength, and occupied the most precious portion of their lives. They were, generally, men who had abandoned this world out of love for the next. They had something noble and heroic in their spiritual make to start with. They passed their days amid grand ideas; their convictions and their lives were above the earth. St. Thomas of Aquin was the living embodiment of the influence of the supernatural in moulding the mind. He belongs to the highest order of human greatness; a student, a contemplative, and a thinker, possessing the most architectonic mind the world has ever seen. In him the intellect reigns supreme; and not only is he supreme in

intellect, but the calibre of his mind, its depth, exactness, and balance, its rapidity, splendor and strength, class him with Socrates, Plato, and Aristotle; while his illumination through grace, the influence of the supernatural, and the knowledge acquired by the light of revelation, at once lift him to a more eminent position than could possibly have been attained through the power of mere human genius and unassisted reason.—From “*The Supernatural and Intellectual Development*,” by F. J. Cummings, in the “*American Catholic Quarterly Review*” for January.

#### Art, Music and Literature.

—John Murphy & Co., Baltimore, have in preparation and will shortly publish “Poems of Leo XIII,” with an English translation.

—According to the *Statistique de la Presse Française*, no less than 4,092 periodicals are published in France and the French colonies. Of these Paris itself claims upwards of 1,586, or rather more than a third, and less than half of the whole number; 87 are political organs of various shades of opinion.

—The Pope takes great interest in the preservation of Roman art treasures, and, so far as his power permits, practically assists in the work. Travelled and travelling Americans will be interested in learning that he has just closed, by special order, the Sistine Chapel for all public services, the frescoes of Michael Angelo having been reported to him as needing instant repairs and a special temperature.—*Home Journal*.

—German literary papers report, with regret, the death at Kirchroth, in Holland, of one of the most learned Jesuits of our times—F. Schneemann—at the age of fifty-six. He was chief editor of the well-known periodical *Stimmen von Maria Laach*. When the Jesuits had to quit Germany in 1872, he went to reside in England; but the climate not agreeing with him, he went to Holland, where he taught divinity in a diocesan college.

—Father Van den Gheyn, S. J., M. R., A. S., the distinguished Orientalist, has collected his principal essays and reprinted them in a handsome volume, under the title *Essais de Mythologie et de Philologie Comparée*—a work of over 400 pages. The volume is divided into two parts: the first sketches the history of the science of Mythology, and criticises its results, and contains several interesting papers on Comparative Mythology and Folklore, such as one on the “Cerberus Myth,” and one on “Harlequin,” besides a translation of a Hindu apologue, “The Tale of Viravara.” The second part contains some very important studies on the languages of Central Asia, on Sanscrit Grammar, and on traces of a middle participle (in *memes minus*) in Latin. The work is one, however, which appeals, not merely to the specialist, but also to the general literary reader.

## THE POPE AS A POET.

It has long been known that the Supreme Pontiff was no mean proficient in the scholarly accomplishment of Latin verse writing; but his works, hitherto visible to a few chosen friends, have now been collected and given to the world in a most handsome volume by the Abbé Brunelli. The Abbé is the director of a Patronato—a kind of training school established at Udine for the *figlii del popolo*—or, as we would say, the street arabs—of the Province of Venice. There the boys are taught printing, bookbinding, and cognate trades. With a view to help the funds of this establishment—which started in 1875, with thirty inmates, and now numbers 400—the Abbé asked and obtained the Pope's permission to collect and edit the poems, to which he has added a remarkably clever Italian version, an introduction, and explanatory notes. The result is a most handsome volume presented to the Parisian public by the clerical publishing firm of Victor Palmé. The book is printed by the boys of the Patronato, and is an admirable specimen of typographical art; the illuminations and vignets are specially good, considering that they are the workmanship of a charity school, and the paper and print are perfect. The subjects of most of the poems are, as might be expected, religious, in honor of saints of the Church—as, for instance, that on the martyrdom of Saint Constantius—or of ecclesiastical dignitaries. There are, however, many lighter pieces, notable one “De Seipso,” in which he compares his early life to that of a flower:

“Quam flore in primo felix quam læta Lepinis  
Orba jugis, patrio sub lare, vita fuit.”

And, after recounting his various labors, missions, and rewards, he says:

“Verum quid fluxos memoras, quid prodis honores?  
Una hominem virtus ditat et una beat.”

Another poem, in an entirely different style, is “Ars Photographica,” one of those *tours de force* in which modern Latinists delight:

“Expressa solis spiculo  
Nitens imago, quam bene  
Frontis decus, vim luminum  
Refers, et oris gratiam.

“O mira virtus ingeni  
Novumque monstrum! Imaginem  
Naturæ Apelles æmulus  
Non pulchriorem pingeret.”

The illustrious writer, however, is evidently a thorough master in every style, and his poems are models of pure versification—especially in some of the Horatian metres, in which he has caught the spirit and the true ring of the ancient master himself—for instance, the lines

“Panditur templum; facibus renidet  
Ara Constanti; celebrate nomen  
Dulce Pastoris, memoresque fastos  
Dicite cantu.”

Moreover, he has, for the most part, kept clear of that common fault of the scholars of to-day—that of making their writings unintelligible by striving to be profound. The simplicity of his style is only equalled by the beauty of his language and the perfect taste in which all his subjects are treated.—*Chicago Tribune*.

## Scientific Notes.

—It is said that a New York scientist is devoting himself exclusively to the discovery of some means of making the shells of eggs transparent without injury to their membranous lining. His object is to make a study of the changes and processes by which life is developed from the ovum.

—The veteran biologist of Louvain, Prof. Van Beneden, who will shortly celebrate his golden jubilee as professor, has received the *Prix Cuvier* of the Institute of France. This prize is the “blue ribbon” of science, for it is never awarded as the recompense of any single work or discovery, but rather as the crowning of a long life entirely devoted to science, and marked by multiplied and brilliant services. The names alone of the predecessors of Professor Van Beneden in this dignity are a proof of this: Agassiz, Dwen, Muller, Ehrenberg, Sir Roderick Murchison, Von Baer, and Heer.

—The discovery in California lately of considerable quantities of the peculiar stone used by lithographers is the subject of much remark in the papers of that State. Heretofore the best lithographic stones have been found at Kelheim and Solenhofen, near Pappenheim, on the Danube, in Bavaria; but they have been found also in Silesia, England, France, Canada, and the West Indies. They are found in beds, commencing with layers of the thickness of paper till they reach the dimensions of one and several inches in thickness, when they are easily cut, being yet soft in the quarries, to the sizes required for printing purposes.

—There are some very curious plants in the island Madagascar. The sensitive plant, growing in abundance about 100 miles south of Tamatave, is a conspicuous object, with its delicate flowers resembling tufts of pink threads, and its highly sensitive leaves and leaf stalks. When touched, the leaves immediately fold themselves up, and then the leaf stalk falls, almost hiding the leaves under the branches of the plant. The pitcher plant also grows in the marshes along the east coast, but generally out of sight among the rushes and sedges at the water side. At the end of each leaf, which narrows to a mere stalk at the tip, it carries a vase-like excrescence, very much resembling a pitcher, with lid and all complete. This pitcher seems provided for the purpose of keeping the leaves well supplied with moisture, as a considerable quantity of water is often found in these receptacles. The lace-leaf plant has frequently been described. In the rivers west of Tamatave great quantities of this fresh-water yam may be seen sending its two-forked flower just above the eddying of the water, in which it bobs backward and forward in a fantastic dance. The root is edible, but the interest of the plant centres in its leaves, which are about eight to fourteen inches long, and resemble a square-patterned lace, or a skeleton leaf with parallel veining, the whole space between being empty. These are supported on stalks two or three feet long, just sufficient to raise the leaf to the level of the water.

# NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

Notre Dame, February 20, 1886.

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 Editor 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.

—The announcement that His Holiness Leo XIII is about to create the Most Rev. James Gibbons, D. D., Archbishop of Baltimore, a Cardinal of the Church, has been received with general expressions of joy and congratulation throughout the United States. The distinguished prelate who is thus to be raised to the highest dignity in the Church—next to the Papacy itself—presents in his life-work a career, as priest and bishop, marked by successful zeal and devotedness in the cause of religion, to which the honors of the purple form a fitting crown of glory. His position as Apostolic Delegate, presiding with such efficient dignity over the late Plenary Council of Baltimore,—the labors of which have been so glorious and are destined to accomplish such immense good in the moral and social order in this country,—naturally led to the ex-

pectation that his elevation to the dignity which now awaits him would soon follow. And this honor with which the Head of the Christian World invests a Prelate of the Church in America is accepted by all classes as an honor conferred upon the nation at large, and recognized as such by those great exponents of public opinion, the daily journals of our large cities. May the eminent prelate live long to wear the purple of a Prince of the Church, and be blessed with health and strength to fulfil successfully and gloriously the duties of his high dignity. Long live Cardinal Gibbons!

—The cable has brought the news that Bismarck has laid before the German Parliament a measure for the repeal of the famous—or rather infamous—"May," or "Falk," laws. What a change has come over the spirit of his dreams! Just fifteen years have passed since these laws were first enacted. The policy of the great minister then was to enslave Germany, to establish Cæsarism, to abolish the freedom of the constitutive States of the Empire, to enthral religion and make it a mere creature of the state. He knew that the people were, as they are to-day, attached to their freedom and to their religion. He understood well that the Catholic religion was, as it is ever and always, the only efficient barrier against despotism, the only protector of the rights of the people; and all his efforts, therefore, were aimed at its destruction. He sought to effect—as was well caricatured at the time—what the powers of hell had for more than eighteen centuries tried in vain to bring about—the overthrow of the Church. The religious orders were banished, bishops and clergy subjected to persecution, and, finally, the Catholic press was gagged. But now, after these few years have displayed the impotency of Prince-Bismarck's efforts, the order of things is changed, and we witness a complete revolution. And thus it goes on: history is ever repeating itself. The grand old Church remains still the same—the princes of the earth bow to her.

—We are pleased to note that among the students interest has been revived in the study of vocal music, and we hope it will meet with all the encouragement and success it so well deserves. Let the good move be pushed forward until a grand vocal society be organized, such as will rival, and even surpass, the boasted "Choral Unions" of days of yore. At a very low estimate a hundred good singers could be formed in a short time, if all those who have voices would learn to sing. And each of these would be taking an exercise that would be beneficial to his health, as well as qualifying himself to furnish innocent pleasure to himself and others, not simply for the short time he remains here, but for the greater part of his life. What a glorious treat they could furnish to their companions in producing some of the noble choruses



from oratorios and operas—and even songs, duetts, trios and quartettes, by way of variety! With a good will, a great deal can be done in a few months, and if the interest becomes general, there will always be good voices left from year to year to train and guide new members.

—We sincerely hope that there is some foundation for the report that the Philodemics are preparing a programme of literary exercises for some date in the not distant future. We have not been favored with an entertainment of this character during the present year, and this is all the more surprising as we know no other form of society work that would be more beneficial to those taking part in it or more appreciated by the students in general. While everyone is gratified with the zeal and activity displayed by the societies devoted to the cultivation of elocution and the drama, and while these societies deserve, and receive, unstinted praise for having assisted so materially in keeping up life and interest in our little college world, we would regret to believe that the objects which they have in view monopolize the attention and energies of the advanced students. The study of elocution and the dramatic art is a necessary preparation for oratory—it is the means to an end; but it should not be mistaken for the end itself. It should stimulate students to do original work, but it can never replace such work. The orator must be a good elocutionist: the skilful elocutionist is not necessarily an orator. To deliver the speeches of the great masters with understanding, grace and spirit is, no doubt, a very creditable accomplishment, but to give expression to their own ideas and sentiments, either from the platform or through the press, is what will be expected of many students in after-life. The work of preparation cannot, therefore, begin too soon. Our literary societies ought to be excellent training schools for the speakers and writers of the future. That they are fulfilling their mission well, we have not the least doubt, and we are pleased to learn that the oldest and most prominent of these bodies has decided to let the whole college see what kind of work they are all doing.

#### Secular Education.

There are others besides Catholics who are opposed to the public schools. There are many non-Catholics who are opposed to secular education and are moved to oppose it, because of a profound conviction which they feel of its inadequacy to the needs of the children and of the community. Secular education develops calculation, cunning and intellectual sharpness, it is true, but it develops them at the expense of conscience and moral sensibilities. It forms a type of character which is clever, capable, and even brilliant, but at the same time completely selfish and hard. It gives ability, but it does not awaken any corresponding disposition to make use of the ability for noble and pure ends;

and experience teaches that, bestowing culture upon an utterly bad man is like putting weapons of destruction into the hands of a crazy man. We are no admirers of Herbert Spencer, nor of his teachings, but if he has done one act for which he deserves praise, it is for exposing the shallow sophistry which supposes there is any moral in Mathematics, or that any kind of purely mental training will make a kind father or a good citizen. The educational institutions of our land have increased; there is much that is excellent in our public schools; and yet the growth of vice and crime, we might say, has kept at even pace, if it has not surpassed the progress of the schools. There is among the very classes in which the advocates of secular education looked for the best results of their system, a most distressing deterioration of character. Can it be otherwise than natural, when such evidences of demoralization stare them in the face, that religious people of all denominations should oppose themselves to the public-school system, and should hold in dread and suspicion the system which seeks to diminish the moral instruction of children and eliminate all religious influences in the schools? They know that the health of the mind is not produced from such a restricted diet. They feel that the principal object of education is not to teach this or that branch of knowledge, but to make good and upright citizens. They know that there is no connection between geology and goodness, between arithmetic and morality.

The grand objection to the public schools is that they do not "graduate" the class of men and women we want; that, notwithstanding the magnificent educational institutions and the lavish use of the people's money for schools, there is an acknowledged increase of crime and a demoralization of character which shows that there is some real, radical defect in the public-school system.

This defect of the public-school system lies in the fact that the head is trained to the neglect, or rather at the expense, of the heart. The moral virtues, without which education is a real curse, are left to take care of themselves. In the present school system the graces, humanities, the charities, the noblest sentiments of human nature receive no recognition. In the words of a non-Catholic writer, "The idea of duty, which is the foundation of character; the sentiment of reverence, which makes subordination and greatness possible; the sympathies, which are sources of respect for the rights and feelings of others; the beautiful amenities which bind human beings together and make life lovely—all that belongs to the distinctively moral side of human nature, and falls into the category of the heart—are pushed aside and left to such precarious invigoration as they may chance to get elsewhere."

These are the reasons why good persons of all denominations are opposed to the public schools; but Catholics have a still further objection to them. They hold that the child should be taught his religion while at school, and in the public schools, as they are now conducted, this is impossible.

[Kalamazoo "Daily Telegraph," Feb. 12.]

Rev. President Walsh on Voltaire.

There was a large audience at St. Augustine Church last evening to hear this eloquent and pleasing speaker give his admirable lecture on the great French Infidel,—the more than Bob Ingersoll,—of the 17th century. Father Walsh is a model lecturer; his voice is clear and resonant, his utterance very distinct, his manner most pleasing, his style and matter admirable, and his presence fine.

The speaker gave a brief biography of this, one of the greatest and wickedest of French writers, and outlined his stormy but brilliant career. At 12 years of age he wrote poems. At 17 he was an acknowledged poet, and at 24 he composed his "Henriade," the most brilliant of epics in the French language. He early became a hater of religion and aimed all the powers of his brilliant mind against sacred things. To show something of the spirit of Voltaire as a young man, the speaker related an episode which illustrated the times, the intolerance of the aristocracy, as well as the spirit of Voltaire. At an evening party, a person belonging to the nobility noticed the attention which Voltaire received from others, and, hearing some remarks which were made by the idol of the party, arrogantly, warmly said: "Who is this that presumes to speak so boldly?" "A young man," replied Voltaire, with spirit, "who does not bear a high name, but is capable of honoring that which he bears!" This so offended the Chevalier, whose name was about all he had to boast of, that he subsequently set his lackeys upon Voltaire and brutally beat him. This terrible indignity changed the course of the great poet's life. Voltaire appealed to the Duke de Sully, at whose house this occurred, to resent the insult, but in vain; and Voltaire then challenged the Chevalier; but the only result was to cast Voltaire into the bastille. He was set free at the end of six months, on condition that he should quit France. He at once left for England (1726), resided there three years, and became a disciple of Bolingbroke, and the freethinkers of England, then the leading minds of the nation and the leaders in literature. Voltaire was courted and made much of, and he became an open and vindictive scorner of religion—one of the worst of that class.

We have not space to follow the learned speaker in his sketch of Voltaire, and criticisms upon his literary abilities, but it was able and appreciative. Father Walsh gave the great Frenchman credit for the good things he did, commended his efforts in the cause of liberty, and his efforts for good government; but showed, in the most vivid colors, the terrible evils which came of his teaching, his false-hearted, violent, vindictive hatred of religion, and declared that he was a liar and a perjurer. The French Revolution with all its horrors, the wide-spread infidelity of to-day, and many other great evils, had sprung from the teachings of Voltaire. His school of philosophy was to tear down and utterly destroy Christianity, but with no sug-

gestion of establishing a better order of things, or any order whatever. For a time the Church suffered terribly from this assault upon it, and the cause of Christianity in France seemed almost dead. People wondered why God permitted this state of things to exist. But He took a terrible revenge. The time was coming when impiety would work its own destruction. The effect of Voltaire's teachings made the state of society worse than that of Nero. At last the day of God dawned, and cast this state of things to the winds. The scaffold succeeded the throne, and innocent and guilty suffered. The people awoke, and the awful French Revolution was the result. The age of impiety was followed by years of anarchy, confusion, seas of blood, a reign of terror, from which France finally emerged, in a great measure disenthralled from the horrible nightmare of licentiousness, rapine, murder and irreligion, and an era of darkest crime. The Revolution was the blackest period of modern times. Father Walsh deduced some profitable lessons from the career of Voltaire. No man, however great, could change the laws of nature; and though for a time there might be a seeming overturning of established law and order, the reaction was sure to come. Voltaire is less an idol in France every year, and it was with no small amount of protest that his centennial was recently celebrated in France. The speaker closed with appropriate admonitions.

[From the "Chicago Herald."]

The Minims' Entertainment at St. Edward's Hall, Notre Dame University.

SOUTH BEND, Ind., Feb. 6.—It was my pleasant privilege to be present for the first time, on the above date, at an entertainment given by the Minims of Notre Dame. They are the very young scholars of from six to twelve years. It was the birthday of Very Rev. Father Sorin, Founder of this institution and Superior-General of the Congregation of Holy Cross, who has just reached his seventy-second year. The Minims assembled to congratulate him in their own particular building, which has quite a palatial aspect, both within and without. Its inmates are particularly well cared for and receive a special training, in which equal regard is paid to grace of manner and culture of mind.

It would be hard to find anywhere a set of boys more refined in manner, appearance, and address than these Minims of Notre Dame. A certain courtliness, carefully cultivated, sits upon them naturally and commands the respect of all who come in contact with them. Long experience, both in Europe, where many of my years were spent, and in America, where, be it permitted me to say, such things are rather overdone—has made me a sharp critic in the matter of collegiate exhibitions. As a general rule, I do not believe them to be a true test of merit or progress of the scholars. I am rather disposed to avoid them, when possible, and to regard them as

an unwarrantable tax upon public patience and credulity. Hence, I have never before written in their praise, and would not do so now had I not been impressed with the real excellence of this performance. In the first place, the reading and declamation were simply faultless, and this is a point of culture more important than any degree of excellence in acquirements usually considered of a higher order. The opening piece, an ode dedicated to Father Sorin, was far beyond the average of scholastic compositions, and was recited by Master J. McIntosh with an intelligence, energy and purity of accent and modulation rarely exhibited by a boy of ten years, or even by orators of far greater age and experience. The rest of the performance, which also had the unusual merit of common-sense brevity, consisted in part of musical recitals, in which the boys' chorus in "Let Us be Happy," and "Birthday Greeting" was manfully rendered. But, more acceptable than this, as a test of solid training, was the serio-comic drama, written by Father Sorin, and entitled "The Minims of Notre Dame." In this piece each one of the youngsters was put to the test in reading and elocution. Specimen exercises were deftly interwoven with the plot of the play, giving it the substance without the seeming of an examination.

The drama itself was quite simple, but the reading, the distinct enunciation of every phrase and expression, this was what constituted the main excellence of the performance. I never heard better reading, or witnessed more modest self-possession, with dignity and refinement of manner, in any institution, or under any circumstances, before making acquaintance with these juveniles of Notre Dame.

To produce this charm of demeanor and make every sentiment of the mind respond to it is the chief aim of this, the "Minim department," of the University. With material thus prepared to draw upon, and transfer in due time to the higher classes and departments, it is no wonder that Notre Dame impresses a stamp of its own on the pupils who dwell for some time within her halls. A fresh foreign fragrance envelops them. They possess a gentleness of demeanor that nowise detracts from the manliness and firmness begotten of the true republican spirit. It is, however, a quality sadly missed from the system of training generally adopted in our educational institutions. Even in Europe, where milder manners—the fruit of more venerable traditions—prevail, the lack of this element of refinement is beginning to be sensibly felt in the educational system of the day. This was publicly and regretfully remarked upon by the Commissioners of Education in England in their report to their Department in 1882. They openly declared that on this particular point the purely secular schools might well take a lesson from the schools where the refining influence of religion was admitted. The latter, they said, seemed to impress upon their pupils a sense of dutifulness and respect, and "a soft, southern gentleness" of manner that was markedly absent from the demeanor of the scholars of the state schools.

To conclude, I have no hesitation in stating the

conviction I bring with me from this pleasant visit to Notre Dame, that this University may justly pride itself on the results of its system of training, especially in this, the preparatory and juvenile department. No more sensible course could be adopted by parents of young boys from six to ten or twelve years old, than to place them here among "the Minims," where every parental care of mind and body is extended to them; cleanliness, propriety and politeness reign supreme, and where the youngsters are trained and treated in all respects like "princes," as they are sometimes jocosely called. By keeping the department well supplied with eligible, respectable boys—and none others are admitted—the University will be always flavored by leaven of its own producing, and the benefits of its whole system will pervade the lives and character of its alumni. They will return to their homes, on the completion of their course, not only scholars—a common and sometimes a useless and disagreeable product—but gentlemen in the true and sterling sense of the word.

REV. R. HOWLEY, D. D.

Personal.

—Rev. E. B. Kilroy, D. D., '54, is the esteemed Rector at Stratford, Ont.

—Mr. J. D. Wood, of Challis, Idaho, is among the visitors to the College.

—Mr. I. Nealis, of St. Johns, N. B., passed a few days at the College last week.

—P. B. McNaughton (Com'l), '72, of Buffalo, N. Y., paid a flying visit to the College on Friday.

—J. W. Greene (Com'l), '75, is conducting an extensive and flourishing general merchandise business at Wapella, Ill.

—Mr. O. B. Shipman, the gentlemanly Agent of the Detroit & Lake Erie R.R. at Detroit, Mich., was among the visitors to the College last week.

—Rev. M. F. Campion, '66, the zealous and efficient Rector of St. Vincent's Church, Logansport, Ind., made a pleasant call at our sanctum last Friday.

—Rev. J. A. Zahm, C. S. C., our esteemed Professor of Physical Science, delivered a lecture on "Alaska" at Kalamazoo, Mich., last Thursday evening.

—J. A. Finlay, (Com'l), '69, is one of the prominent and energetic City Fathers of Kansas City, Mo., and is a leading candidate for the honors of the Mayoralty.

—Alfred B. Christian (Com'l '83), says he has lately got married, and is now settled down at Fairmont, Neb., in a fair way to make money. He sends regards to teachers, friends and schoolmates at Notre Dame.

—Mrs. Meehan, of Covington—accompanied by her young daughter—mother of Master Gussie Meehan, of the Minim department, and the generous donor of the "Meehan Medal" was among the visitors during the week.

—L. B. Logan, of '76, is editor of the *National Journal of Carp Culture* at Akron, Ohio. His paper is the only one of its kind published in the United States, and is of great value to those of piscatorial tastes and interests.

—Messrs. C. W. Parkes, of Detroit, and C. Stewart, of Jackson, Mich., who belong to the outside staff of the Edison Electric Light Co., have shown themselves, not only efficient workmen, but courteous gentlemen, and have given perfect satisfaction to all who have had any dealings with them during their stay at Notre Dame.

—Among the visitors during the week were: Mr. M. Harrison, Minneapolis, Minn.; Mr. James Dwyer, Ottawa, Ill.; Miss M. J. Faxon, Miss G. Uthe, Chicago, Ill.; Mr. H. N. Atkinson, Gatesville, Texas; Mrs. J. J. and Miss Hattie Jeffs, Rockland, Mich.; Miss Sutter, Atchison, Kansas; Mrs. Meehan and Daughter, Covington, Ky.

—Leon Gibert (Com'l), '84, is in business with a prominent firm of cotton merchants in his native city, New Orleans. A friend, who recently saw him, reports him to be the same cheerful, affable and amiable young man that he always showed himself at college. His father, Mr. P. G. Gibert, one of the oldest cotton merchants of the Crescent City and a genial, whole-souled gentleman, well known to many of the Faculty at Notre Dame, was recently visited with a severe illness, but is now, we are happy to say, on the high road to recovery.

#### Local Items.

—Spring approacheth.

—Thespians on Monday.

—The Infirmary is almost deserted.

—"Rec" next Monday, Washington's Birthday.

—What has become of the Temperance Association?

—"Old Judge" now holds court in the Junior Gymnasium.

—The "Ides of March have come" next Monday evening!

—The "Gym." is becoming less popular as a pleasure resort.

—The sales at the Senior store have been reduced to a minimum.

—"Skye" is lonesome; little "Feo" has been shipped to Watertown.

—Secure your tickets early for the baseball banquet and avoid the rush.

—Coming celebrations will bring out the aspirants for oratorical honors.

—Mr. F. X. Claffey will assist the Philopatrians in their dramatic instructions.

—The sporting season is approaching, when the baseball man's heart is merry.

—Come to the front and help the Baseball Association entertainment along.

—Our friend John wants to know what is on the tapis for "Philosophers' Day."

—Spring fever seems to have prematurely caught some of our essayists.

—All should be promptly on hand at the opening of the polls next Thursday evening.

—The regular hour of the Political Economy Class has been set for 10 a. m. every Thursday.

—The cold weather this week made splendid skating, and the boys were not slow to profit thereby.

—The Band and Orchestra have prepared some classical overtures for the exhibition on Washington's Birthday.

—The Light Guards will soon begin to hold their regular drills on the campus. They will present a fine appearance.

—The vocal quartette will favor us with some delightful selections, between scenes, at the entertainment on next Monday.

—The next thing in order is the introduction of the electric light into the Presbytery. Few lamps would be required, but the results would be highly satisfactory.

—The Juniors have organized a military company, which will be commanded by Col. Hoynes and operated in conjunction with the Light Guards. Success to them!

—Students desiring to procure for themselves, or friends, copies of Prof. Stoddard's latest publication—"The Lepers of Molokai"—are invited to call at the printing office.

—"It's most astonishing!" exclaimed our friend John. "Here I had some most beautiful items about spring coming so early, and now this big blizzard sets in! Well! well!"

—The Moot-court docket is well filled, and for the following two or three weeks the Judge will be busy. Messrs. D. Byrnes and W. Kadaulka conduct opposing cases this evening.

—Monday evening "Julius Cæsar" will be given by the members of the Thespian Association, upon which occasion the electric incandescent lights will, for the first time, illuminate Music Hall.

—The members of the Crescent Club return thanks to Mr. J. W. Reed, of the firm of Reed & Sons' Music Store, Chicago, for the almost new piano he has made out of the old one sent to him last vacation.

—The members of the Senior Branch of the Union Club Orchestra are: W. Condon, leader, clarinet; J. Rahilly, 1st violin; A. Gordon, 2d violin; S. Williams, flute; A. J. Ancheta, cornet; E. Riley, piano; W. Cartier, bass.

—Invitations are out for a reception to be held next Wednesday evening in the Seniors' reading-rooms. On that occasion the Hoynes' Light Guards and the members of the Historical Society will be the guests of Professor Edwards.

—Several members of the Historical Society are preparing sketches on the "Life and Works of the

Late Most Rev. Archbishop Spalding." Prof. Edwards, the Director of the Historical Department, has offered a prize for the best biography of the great prelate.

—The genial Director of the Tailoring Establishment extends a special invitation to the Juniors to call and examine his new stock of ready-made pants, all wool, and the latest styles. Goods from New York are arriving every day. See card in our advertising columns.

—Prof. Ackerman is decorating the walls of the Junior refectory with scenes from ancient Rome and Greece. He completed during the week, "The Tomb of St. Cecilia" and "The Flavian Amphitheatre." He is now engaged in painting the "Arch of Constantine" on one of the panels.

—All through, the *Scholastic Annual* (University of Notre Dame, Notre Dame, Ind.,) bears evidence of the patient skill and literary taste of Prof. J. A. Lyons. From the merry introduction by the astrologer to the final page, the reader will find things to instruct and amuse him.—*Catholic Mirror*.

—At the 12th regular meeting of the Columbian Literary and Dramatic Club, held on the 15th inst., an interesting debate was conducted by Messrs. Harrison, Neill, White, Hamlyn, Houck, Harless, Keegan, H. Gordon, and O'Donnell. Messrs. P. Prudhomme, R. Burns, T. Keys, and W. Collins were elected to membership.

—The 11th regular meeting of the Sorin Literary and Dramatic Association was held in St. Edward's Hall on Monday, Feb. 15. An interesting debate was conducted by Masters Murphy, Munroe, B. Nealis, A. Smart, Crotty, J. McIntosh, A. Nester, F. Peck, B. Nussbaum, L. Riordan and C. Mooney. Shelly Jones, of St. Louis, was admitted to membership.

—Last session, a prize was offered to the member of the Composition Class who would present the best essay on "The Sanctuary of Our Lady of Good Counsel at Genazzano." The best essays were written by F. Long, H. Hull and J. Rahilly. The judges found it difficult to decide which of the three was the best; consequently, a prize was given to each of the young gentlemen.

—The Thespians say they are going to "beat the record" next Monday night. They will have much to do, but, we are confident, they can do it. There have been some notable representations of "Julius Cæsar" in years gone by, and at least one is still impressed on the memory of some old-timers; but, judging from the "cast of characters," we have reason to believe that the representation on Monday next will surpass all previous efforts.

—The 13th regular meeting of the St. Cecilia Philomathean Association was held Wednesday evening, Feb. 17. Recitations were given by P. Brownson, and E. Darragh; essays were read by P. Wagoner, H. Robinson, and C. Cavaroc. C. Shields was elected a member. Master M. Mulhern was elected Recording Secretary, and C. Cavaroc, Critic. Public readers for this week are:

F. Long, C. Ruffing, T. Cleary, A. Adelsperger, E. Darragh and F. Courtney.

—The Mendelssohn Quintette Club of Boston were expected to give a concert here last Saturday, according to an informal agreement made some weeks ago. The club appeared at Valparaiso on Friday, and President Walsh telegraphed them, arranging for their appearance here the next day. Through some accident the telegram was not received in time, and the company left for Chicago, greatly to our disappointment. It is hoped, however, that we shall have the pleasure of hearing these excellent musicians before long.

—A special session of the University Moot-court was held on the 16th inst., Judge Hoynes presiding. The celebrated case of Gripp & Collarham vs. Weekling & Laffenstock, known as the "Basswood Ham Case," was called: J. Conlon appeared as counsel for the plaintiff, M. Burns for the defendant. The witnesses on behalf of the prosecution were J. Willson and P. J. Goulding; for the defense R. Byrnes and J. A. Ancheta. The jury, consisting of Messrs. Saviers, Nester, Crawford, Jeffs, Juddy, and Jewett, returned a verdict of \$30,000 damages against Weekling & Laffenstock. W. Talbot acted as clerk, D. Byrnes as sheriff.

—We thank the Hellenists of Notre Dame for a complimentary copy of their modern Greek work, consisting of stories, anecdotes, axioms, hymns, etc., selected, translated, printed and published by themselves in the very Greek type itself. We surely congratulate them on the felicitous method they discovered of cultivating the unpopular Greek. Not only have they given us an amusing book, but they have succeeded in bringing out many of the intricacies of inflection, construction and accentuation peculiar to the Greek tongue. The book is well adapted for reading and translation. From their success, too, in the labor of this publication we infer the proficiency the Hellenists have arrived at in the study of the Greek language, and this at a time when not a few are trying to expunge Greek from the college course. We commend you, *Philoi*, and thank you.—*St. Viateur's College Journal*.

—Our local poet sends us the following suggestive lines, inspired by a valentine episode:

When open minds their wrongs redress,  
In open speech their thoughts express;  
But little minds to cant incline,  
Or send, perhaps, a valentine.

The rabid cur a warning makes,  
A hissing's made by stinging snakes;  
But coward souls, their deeds ashamed,  
Impart their childish spite unnamed.

If lack of brains be worse than this,  
Then wrong is right and right's amiss.  
Perforce, grave reasons interpose,  
Or else their names they would disclose.

—The 10th regular meeting of the St. Stanislaus Philopatrian Society was held Feb. 5th. The following are the officers for the second session: Director, Rev. T. E. Walsh; Critic, Rev. M. J. Regan; President, Prof. J. A. Lyons; Hon. Pres't, Prof. J. F. Edwards; Promoter, Bro. Leander; 1st Vice-

Pres't, G. Meehan; 2d Vice-Pres't, W. Mc Phee; Rec. Sec., P. Frain; Cor. Sec., A. McVeigh; 1st Censor, L. Scherrer; 2d Censor, H. Houston; Sergeant-at-Arms, A. Redlich; Marshal, M. Hoffman; 1st Prompter, E. Berry; 2d Prompter, G. Braubrook; Librarian, F. Garrity.

—We have received a deeply pathetic poem, entitled "The Rill"; but as the author has not given us his name we cannot publish it entire. We give, however, the first and last "stanzas," from which some idea of the beauty of the whole may be formed:

Oh! how I loved to  
Listen to the rippling  
Of the rill which  
Passed our house did  
Gently glide down the little  
Hill

Since I have left that  
House the rill has  
Left the hill and both of  
Us have left each other to  
Wounder down that  
Silent hill which  
Never more shall be climbed  
By el riachuelo ó me.

H.

—The Director of the Historical Department returns thanks to Rt. Rev. Bishop Vertin for personal description of Bishop Baraga; to Sister de Sales, of Detroit, for manuscripts; to Mr. J. Henry, of Harrisburg, for Catholic Worship and Piety explained by Daniel Barber, A. M., and not long since a Minister of the Protestant Episcopal church, in Claremont, State of New Hampshire, 1821, with the following in the handwriting of the author: "The Right Rev., the Catholic Bishop of Boston, (Mgr. de Cheverus) is most humbly requested to accept this as a token of the author's most sincere respect and very dutiful consideration"; Sermon at the Month's Mind of the Most Rev. Archbishop Spalding, D. D., Archbishop of Baltimore, preached in the church of the American College by the Very Rev. Dr. Chatard, Rector, Rome, March 7, 1872; Papal Infallibility—sermon preached by the Rt. Rev. M. Domenec, second Bishop of Pittsburgh, after his return from the Vatican Council: Pittsburgh, 1873; Nature and Duties of the Episcopal Office—sermon preached at the consecration of Rt. Rev. Wm. O'Hara, first Bishop of Scranton, and Rt. Rev. J. F. Shannahan, first Bishop of Harrisburg, in the Cathedral of Philadelphia, July 12, 1868, by Rt. Rev. M. O'Connor, S. J., formerly first Bishop of Pittsburgh; Biographical Notice of Rt. Rev. John R. David, Bishop of Mauricastrum, and first Coadjutor of Bishop Flaget, by Rt. Rev. Bishop Spalding, second Bishop of Louisville; Sermon preached at the consecration of the Baltimore Cathedral on Ascension Day, May 25, 1876, by Rt. Rev. James Gibbons, D. D., Bishop of Richmond; Letter written by Mr. John Crease, through whose influence Bishop Young, of Erie, became a Catholic, also a pamphlet "Respecting the Authenticity of the Miracles of St. Francis Xavier, Apostle of India," etc., etc., written by the same John Crease; Historical Notices of the Diocese of Philadelphia; Seven articles

taken from the *Catholic Herald and Visitor*; Various Newspaper articles on the Creation of the American Hierarchy, Growth of the Hierarchy, First Councils at Baltimore, Results of the Councils, etc., etc.; History of the First Church Erected in St. Louis; Forty-one articles concerning the career of Gen. Rosecrans, taken from various journals; Death of Archbishop Spalding—articles taken from the *New York Sun, Herald, Baltimore Gazette, Boston Pilot, Baltimore American, World,* etc.; Death and Funeral of Bishop McGill, of Richmond—articles from various papers: Speeches, etc., of the Hon. B. J. Webb, taken from Louisville and other papers.

### 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. Ashton, Ashford, Aubrey, V. Burke, Burns, R. Byrnes, Becerra, Bowles, Bryar, Bolton, Bates, Baca, F. Brown, Becker, P. Burke, J. Conlon, C. Crowe, J. Crowe, Congdon, Craig, Chapin, Jos. Cusack, Jno. Cusack, Carbajal, Fred Combe, Cassidy, Cooney, Dempsey, De Haven, Dexter, Daley, Dolan, Emmons, Fogarty, Finlay, Forbes, A. A. Gordon, A. Gordon, Goulding, Gallardo Hamlyn, Hagerty, Houck, J. Hampton, Hagenbarth, Harrison, Howard, Hull, Harless, Judie, Jackson, Jewett, Jess, Jeffs, Kondelka, Krentzer, H. Kenny, J. Kenny, Keegan, A. Karst, Kleiber, Larkin, Ley, Latshaw, Long, H. Luhn, W. Luhn, G. Morrison, Murphy, Mathers, McEriain, Miller, Moon, McDonald, Meagher, Neill, Nester, Nancolas, O'Rourke, Ott, P. Prudhomme, J. Prudhomme, C. Paschel, P. Paschel, Padilla, E. Ryan, T. Ryan, Remish, E. Riley, Rothert, Rochford, Regan, F. Riley, Rodriguez, Rahilly, Rheinberger, Shaide, Straus, Saviers, Sheridan, Strasser, F. Soden, Snapp, Triplett, Vandercar, C. Williams, W. Williams, M. White, Wagoner, Zeitler, Egan, Dohany, B. Morrison, McNulty, Waiter Collins.

#### JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Masters Adlesperger, Austin, Arts, Ackerman, Akin, Berry, Benson, Bodley, Baur, Brownson, Bowles, E. Benner, Bacigalupo, Curtis, Cleveland, Colina, Courtney, T. Cleary, Cooper, Chute, G. Cartier, D. Cartier, Cavaroc, Coad, Chaves, Corbett, Duffield, Dillon, Darragh, Dickinson, Decker, Dunning, Ewing, Edgeworth, Epple, Frain, Finch, Flood, Fehr, Fisher, Fitzgerald, Fitzharris, Fontanel, Grothaus, Goebel, Galarneau, Gordon, Hoffman, Houlihan, Houston, Hayes, T. Hake, A. Hake, Hiner, Hoye, Hall, Inderrieden, Jewett, P. Jacobs, N. Jacobs, Jeffs, Joyce, Klaner, W. Konzen, F. Konzen, Levin, Luther, Long, McCourt, McConn, Meehan, Mueller, McPhee, McIntosh, Myers, Mulkern, Mitchell, Macatee, Mohun, Mulberger, McCort, Nealis, Nussbaum, Newton, Nations, O'Connor, O'Gorman Oxnard, O'Kane, Portillo, Press, Prudhomme, Preston, Porter, Regan, Redlich, C. Ruffing, A. Ruffing, Robinson, Ramirez, Scherrer, F. Smith, L. Smith, S. Smith, Shields, Spencer, Sandoval, Stattman, Steele, Towner, Tarrant, Tiedrich, Vanselow, Valasco, Walsh, Welch, Wabraushek, Wagoner, C. West, Woodman, Williamson.

#### MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Masters Ackerman, Bailey, Ciarcoschi, J. Connors, E. Connors, C. Crotty, Chute, L. Doss, Dunford, Dewald, T. Falvey, Fontanel, F. Garber, Grant, Griffin, O. Haney, Healy, Hillas, Huiskamp, Inderrieden, Jones, Jewett, A. Kintz, J. Kintz, O. Kintz, Keeffe, Klaner, Kellner, Landenwich, Mainzer, Moncada, McIntosh, Morgan, McCourt, McNulty, Martin, Murphy, Mason, C. Mooney, H. Mooney, Munroe, Nussbaum, B. Nealis, C. Nealis, Nester, O'Neill, Paul, Piero, F. Peck, J. Peck, Ramsey, Riordan, Stone, Sullivan, Steele, D. Sweet, G. Sweet, W. Smart, C. Scherrer, Taft, Tillenburg, Rousey.

## Saint Mary's Academy.

*One Mile West of Notre Dame University.*

—Miss Marion Faxon, Class '77, paid her *Alma Mater* a short visit on Monday.

—The monthly lecture before the Christian Art Society was delivered at five o'clock p. m., Tuesday.

—The name of Miss Alice White was misplaced in the Tablet of last week. It should have been on the *Par Excellence*.

—Miss Susie Smith, Class '81, is passing a few weeks at the Academy. Her cheerful face has lost none of its old-time brightness.

—A grand treat was the lot of the young ladies on Sunday at Vespers in the beautiful sermon then preached on "The Unity of the Church." The only fault found was that it was too brief.

—Some very handsome wax candles and beautiful gold and alabaster candlesticks, procured for the former Prefect of the Junior department by Miss H. Stumer on her late visit to Europe, are gratefully acknowledged.

—A sleigh-ride to the venerable city of Mishawaka was taken on Monday by the young ladies, and if one may judge from the various reports, it proved a very happy supplement to the examinations of the week previous.

—The Juniors who drew for the Roman mosaic cross were the Misses Bragdon, Campeau, Clifford, Coll, Griffith, Hertzog, Keyes, Nester, Odell, Parmelee, Pierce, Prudhomme, Sheekey, Smith and Snowhook. It was won by Annie Odell.

—The Graduating Class, accompanied by the Prefect of Studies, visited Niles on Tuesday. Four fine photographs, added to the picture gallery of many a "pocket-book," remain as substantial and ubiquitous *souvenirs* of a "delightful trip."

—A very stylish and most convenient desk of dark ornamental wood has been presented to the Minims' study-hall by Mrs. W. P. Johnson, of Chicago. Little Flora's beautiful recitations are giving great pleasure to her friends in Chicago.

—The election of officers in St. Teresa's Literary Society took place on Tuesday, resulting as follows: President, Miss M. Munger; Vice-President, Miss Estelle Horn; Secretary, Miss Mary Bruhn; Treasurer, Miss Lucretia St. Clair; Librarian, Miss L. Carney.

—At the regular reunion in the Junior department, the Misses Cora Prudhomme, Florence Steele, and Grace Regan recited, to the great admiration of the visitors present. Miss Regan possesses very superior powers of personation, and her emphasis and inflections are remarkably correct, her intonations expressive and sympathetic.

—The young ladies whose graceful deportment was noteworthy in the weekly parlor receptions on Tuesday are the Misses S. St. Clair, R. I. Fenton, C. Griffith, M. F. Murphy, A. Shephard, A.

Donnelly, T. Lawrence, G. Wolvin, L. St. Clair, H. Guise, and G. Faxon. The Misses Wolvin and Carmien recited, Miss Guise performed an instrumental piece, and Miss M. F. Murphy sang.

—At the regular Academic reunion, *Rosa Mystica*, Vol. XII, No. 3, was read by the Misses Barlow and Munger. The editresses were the Misses Barlow, Munger, Carney and Heckard. An article in the issue, entitled "Practice Makes Perfect," called forth a valuable instruction from Father General. He spoke of the high character of the reading, and of that always presented at St. Mary's. He said: "Every pupil should aim at being equal to the readers who have this evening entertained us; there is no accomplishment superior to good reading." Rev. Father Shortis succeeded Father General, and expressed his pleasure in listening to the paper. Rev. Father Saulnier also honored the occasion by his amiable presence.

### Practice Makes Perfect.

Trite as this saying is, it contains a mine of wealth alike to the educator and to the learner. If ignored, that ignorance will counteract every other advantage. The principle embodied is the basis of every acquirement. No one will pretend to deny this. Yet there is a certain branch, not taught—not learned from text-books—which is, however, *the seal, the glory of the rest*, to which many forget to apply the above maxim.

Should we name a person and pronounce him "accomplished," our good judgment would be challenged—and justly, too—should the individual named be wanting in refined and agreeable manners. We are forced, however reluctant we may feel to do so, to admit the fact that not unfrequently persons of good literary, scientific, and even artistic attainments, are far from complete in their manners. Why is it? *When young they were not obliged to practise good manners.*

There is no denying the truth that with the decline of Christian influence in society suavity and gracefulness of speech and deportment in domestic and social intercourse have gone down, and in an almost exact ratio. Is it not the same with the individual as with society at large? A thorough pagan knows no means to make his way in the world superior to brute force. On the other hand, where can we find a more perfect model of gentle breeding than St. Francis de Sales, the pattern at once of elegant manners and of Christian charity?

The experience of all will bear us out in our assertion. It is true that other circumstances, for and against our premises, must be borne in mind; but all things being equal, the more thoroughly Christian the heart, the more considerate and sympathetic, the more gentle and punctilious are the manners. And, we must add, the more thoroughly is the individual alive to the necessity of the constant practice of such manners, especially among those who are just setting out on the journey of

life. We know that on earth a Christian is in a land of strangers. The world is not his abiding place. He is a foreigner, journeying in a sphere where he can never be at home. The speech of his true country, the land for which he sighs, is not that of the world. A restraint is necessarily upon his tongue, upon his deportment; and restraint often renders the most gentle and loving-hearted reticent and apparently cold; but let misery call for succor, and the true character will make itself known. Here the pagan or infidel will pass by; the Christian will spare no pains to relieve the suffering.

Before we proceed, we cannot refrain from expressing, as a supplement to what we have said above, our strong conviction that persons of distinguished acquirements who treat attention to urbane manners as of trifling importance, fit only for the dancing hall, or the evening party, are very much more blameworthy than others less richly endowed. For a long time, every pretender to the laurel of the poet was sure to sport the Byron Collar, as if a bare throat and a turned-down collar were the insignia of the Muses; in like manner, many an impertinent fellow, fancying thereby to show a superior mind, has prided himself on rude manners because he has heard that some man of note was surly and uncouth.

Sound-minded people well understand why institutions like St. Mary's attach so great importance to proper bearing, gentle deportment, refined conversations, and the pure mental and social pastimes of young ladies. In the modern Finishing School, it is taken for granted that manners are superficial. On the contrary, in a religious school it is well understood that gentle manners are looked upon as fundamental, and from the heart. St. Augustine's words may apply here: "Whatever is not of faith is sin. Where there is no recognition of the eternal and immutable truth, virtue is counterfeit, even in the best men."

When the Superior-General of a large and flourishing congregation, like that of Holy Cross, takes the time from his arduous duties to write a drama like "New Arts," we can form some idea of the importance to be attached to Christian manners. Again, when, with unabated interest, year after year, he honors the pupils by his presence when the drama is enacted, we may be sure there are the best of reasons for repeating the play. "Practice makes perfect." The interior is reflected in the exterior.

But, clearly important as is the knowledge of social forms and requirements, there are marked degrees in the readiness with which this importance is appreciated, and the practice adopted by different persons. One who may have charmed the audience when enacting a part in the play, in her daily intercourse with others may pain, and even disgust, by her clear and open defiance of the principles involved. It is in the ordinary school routine that the true and the spurious lady will be revealed. The practice that will produce perfection must become a serious habit, never to be surrendered.

M.

## Roll of Honor.

## SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

*Par Excellence*—Misses Allnoch, M. Andrus J. Barlow Bruhn, Butler, Brady, Blair, C. Brown, Baschamang, M. Beckmann, Carney, Chaves, Considine, Claggett, E. Coll, A. Cox, Carroll, A. Donnelly, E. Donnelly, A. Duffield, B. English, A. Egan, A. English, M. Fuller, Faxon, Fehr, Farnsworth, Fenton, Griffith, Alice Gordon, Addie Gordon, Guise, Green, A. Heckard, B. Heckard, Horn, Hummer, Henry, Kearney, Kennedy, Kearns, Kearssev, Kingsbury, Lang, Lyons, Levy, Lauer, Livingston, Laskey, Lawrence, Moon, Munger, J. McHale, M. F. Murphy, S. McHale, L. Meehan, Morse, N. Meehan, M. McNamara, Miller, Nagle, M. Neff, North, Nester, Otero, Patrick, Rose, Robb, C. Scully, S. St. Clair, L. St. Clair, M. Scully, Stadler, Shields, Shephard, Stafford, Stocksdale, Trask, Williams, White, I. Wynn, F. Wynn.

## JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

*Par Excellence*—Misses L. Bragdon, S. Campeau, M. Clifford, M. Coll, L. Griffith, F. Hertzog, A. Keyes, M. McEwen, L. Nester, A. Odell, O. Parmelee, B. Pierce, C. Prudhomme, E. Sheekey, M. Smith, Snowhook, Simpson.  
*2d Tablet*—Misses E. Balch, T. Balch, H. Stumer.

## MINIM DEPARTMENT.

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

## Class Honors.

GRADUATING CLASS—Misses V. Barlow, E. Carney, A. Heckard.

1ST SENIOR CLASS—Misses E. Horn, M. F. Murphy, M. Hummer, L. Clendenen, C. Griffith, S. St. Clair, G. Wolvin, M. Dillon, A. Butler, B. Kearney, M. Kearssev, L. Williams, A. Donnelly, Fuller, J. McHale, C. Scully, A. Shephard, E. Sheekey, A. Keys.

2D SR. CLASS—Misses B. Heckard, Kearns, Snowhook, G. Regan, J. Lawrence, F. Carmien, E. Brady, G. Faxon, L. Trask, E. Walsh, Addie Gordon, Alice Gordon, M. Neff, H. Guise, M. Scully, B. English, A. Duffield, E. Donnelly, H. Nagle.

3D SR. CLASS—Misses A. Henry, E. Carroll, Kingsbury, M. Rend, H. Rose, C. Brown, I. Moon, I. Bub, E. Stocksdale, M. Morse, C. Farnsworth, L. Van Horn, M. Clifford, A. English, M. Lvons, L. Considine, L. Griffith, M. Stafford, B. Lauer, E. North, M. Cox, E. Balch, M. Blair, M. Chaves, L. Levy, A. Riedinger, M. Smith, E. Coll, M. Beckmann, M. Patrick.

1ST PREPARATORY CLASS—Misses S. Campeau, B. Desenberg, N. Meehan, A. Kennedy, C. Service, M. Duffield, N. Green, M. McEwen, M. Murphy, H. Stumer.

2D PREP. CLASS—Misses T. Balch, A. Monahan, F. Spencer, E. Burtis, E. Blaine, M. Lindsey, A. Odell, B. Pierce, M. Mason, E. Claggett, M. Andrus, M. Otero, C. Prudhomme, H. Smart, L. Nester, F. Wynn, E. Allnoch.

JUNIOR PREP.—Misses Lee, Steele, Qualey, M. Paul.

1ST JR.—Misses L. Caddagan, J. Wallace, E. Kendall, L. Simpson, H. Rhodes.

## FRENCH.

1ST CLASS—Miss M. Bruhn.

2D CLASS—Misses M. F. Murphy.

3D CLASS—Misses Snowhook, Van Horn, A. Baschamang.

2D DIV.—Misses Kearns, Kearssev, Fenton, Clendenen, McEwen, Sheekey, Servis Hertzog.

4TH CLASS—Misses Campeau, A. Duffield, H. Guise, Faxon, Levy, Keyes, Brady, A. Gordon, Otero, Beckmann, North, B. English, Morse.

5TH CLASS—Misses Smart, Prudhomme, T. Balch, B. Pierce, Odell, Coll.

## GERMAN.

1ST CLASS—Miss E. Horn.

2D CLASS—Misses C. Lang, B. Kearney, C. Fehr.

3D CLASS—Misses A. Donnelly, Bub, L. Trask, M. Cox.

4TH CLASS—Misses A. Butler, Lawrence, M. Hummer, M. Blair, M. Smith, E. Qualey, B. Lauer, Rose, E. Blaine, E. Allnoch.

5TH CLASS—Misses E. Balch, L. Haas, A. Kennedy, E. North, D. Lee, L. Caddagan, A. Livingston.