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The Foundation of the Moral Law.*

We may cast our eyes where we will; we may scan the heavens above us; we may examine the teeming vegetation and organized life around us; we may close our eyes and contemplate ourselves, and everywhere, notwithstanding the infinite variety, the continued change and corruption we encounter, will we find the idea of order realized. Everywhere the unity the Psalmist sings of, the harmony Pythagoras hears among the revolving heavenly spheres, the beauty that enchanted Plato of old, combine into the glorious *cosmos* of De Humboldt. This *cosmos*, or order, being the apt disposition of means to an end, supposes an underlying principle, and this principle is a law.

Now arises the question whether there is an essential distinction between the law which regulates the physical world and the law which rules over moral beings. The answers given by the different philosophers are many and conflicting, but are all prompted by the various motives of moral actions.

"Seek pleasure and shun pain" is the motto representing the effeminate ethics of Aristippus and Epicurus; "Avoid all unpleasant sensations!" weakly exclaims Helvetius; and "Do only what pleases you," advises the cowardly Saint-Simon; "Satisfy your every passion, and you must arrive at harmonious happiness." Such is the siren voice of pleasure and self-indulgence. That of interest is not less seductive. Says La Rochefoucauld: "Self-preservation is the only law of human nature"; and Hobbes: "Self-love is the incentive of all actions"; Bentham: "The sole aim of man is a long and happy life"; and Grotius, in common with all socialists, asserts that "private welfare must always yield to the common weal." Some philosophers advocate a nobler ideal sentiment. Adam Smith makes our sympathies and antipathies the source of the moral law; while Dr. Reid believes a certain moral taste, and J. J. Rousseau and Jacobi "the instinctive feelings of nature," sufficient motives for our moral actions. Others, such as Cousin, boldly invite us "to be free and act accordingly"; or, as many an evolutionist, to "develop, unconditionally, all the powers of human nature"; or even want us "to follow nature blindly, and practise virtue independently." Thus a French writer impudently declares virtue and vice natural products, like sugar and vitriol. And a fellow-citizen of ours—the notorious Ingersoll—fashions a similar doctrine by maintaining that we are not more responsible for our character than for our height; or for our acts than for our dreams.

And in this labyrinth of clashing systems, how are we to find the thread guiding us to the right solution of the tremendous problem under consideration to-night? How are we to arrive at the foundation of the moral law—the last reason why all moral beings, and man in particular, ought to act? In the first place, we must define the line of demarcation between rational and irrational being. Good sense and experience tell us that the universe results from the harmonious combination of two forces as different in their nature as in their effects. On the one hand, all heavenly bodies, all brute matter, plants and animals, are born, evolved, and transformed, according to the law of attraction and repulsion. Unconscious of the impulse which pervades all its molecules, the material world is carried onward with an irresistible rapidity, and utterly incapable of checking the compulsory motion inherent in its substance and its accidents. Doomed to a blind necessity, matter, however refined and perfect, cannot, knows not how to restrain the inevitable action exercised upon it by an all-powerful agent. On the other hand, above all the changes of the material world stands a being endowed with intellect and free will—man, who clearly perceives the nature of his acts, and who, in the inviolable sanctuary of his conscience, feels his power to obey or violate a law imposed upon him by his Maker. No sane man can call in question this law. It is inborn; it is engraven on our souls. It commands, but never compels us; and the more stubbornly we refuse to obey its commands, the more earnestly it repeats them. No sane man, free from prejudice and uncorrupted by

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passion, is able to identify physical force with moral obligation. Nor can he doubt that God, in His infinite wisdom, has also in the case of man adapted the means to the end, by giving him, a free and intelligent being, a law corresponding to his nature—a law which he is able to understand and bound to observe; nor can he longer deny that God in His infinite justice must reward virtue in proportion to its merit, and punish vice in proportion to its enormity.

It is evident, from what has been said thus far, that no confusion is possible between the law which rules over irrational creatures and that which is imposed on intelligent and free beings. There remains to find the fundamental principle of the moral law, the corner-stone, as it were, upon which the whole fabric of morality rests. Blackstone, a jurist, defines the moral law to be "the rule of human action prescribed by the Creator and discoverable by the light of reason." This definition is but an echo of that given by Suarez, a theologian, who calls it "the practical dictate of right reason," and that given by St. Thomas, who calls it "the participation of the eternal law in a rational creature."

From these definitions we see that the notion of morality presupposes not only the dogma of creation, not merely the fact of human reason imperiously commanding each man in particular, but above all an infinite light issuing from God's intellect, and shed upon the created reason, by which this immutable *norma* of the true and the good is made known to all intelligent and free souls. In vain does Kant pretend that the rule of morality is purely subjective; in vain does he formulate his rule of moral actions thus: "Act in such a manner that the law which you impose on your will may have the value of a general rule of operation;" in vain does he declare that duty should be for us an "imperative category." All this is but an idea; nothing but an individual, therefore changeable, fact of psychology which depends on persons and circumstances. We must have an objective rule to direct our will as well as our intellect; and as in Logic a criterion, by which to distinguish truth from error, is established, so ought there be an infallible standard in ethics to enable us to discern with certainty good from evil. It is needless to say that this standard must be the ultimate motive of all our actions, or else it would not be the foundation of morality. And because it is the foundation of morality must it be unchangeable, that is, absolute. And as, moreover, it points out the directive principle of our free actions, must it be obligatory; must it, in other words, show us a rule which, although necessary in itself and imposed upon our free will, should never compel any of our actions. And, in fine, since all men have the same nature and the same end, this standard must be universal.

Having thus established the conditions, or rather defined the characters of the moral standard, let us apply it to the different systems of ethics, to see which of them bears the impress of absoluteness, obligation and universality. Pleasure, then, be it sensible or intellectual, cannot be the last reason of the moral law. It is not only a matter of every-day experience that duty most often conflicts with pleasure, but it is absurd on the face of it to maintain that any one agreeable impression can be absolute, obligatory, universal. Interest, whether private or public, can, no more than pleasure, be regarded as the fundamental law of morality. Even when it is referred to our last end it is only as a means, not as the genuine object of our happiness. Self-preservation must sometimes yield to the neighbor's safety; self-love is often conquered by devotedness; a happy life is not directly subject to our free choice, and the welfare of our country, or of the human family at large, cannot, in all cases, be placed above our personal obligations. Nor can we, if we apply the criterion established above, rely on sentiment as a moral rule. Sentiment is vague and blind; and experience teaches that savages and pagans can forget their antipathies and their most inveterate hatred, and forego even a legitimate revenge to do good to their bitterest enemy. Moreover, we would needs have to forfeit our noblest prerogative—our liberty—and would be reduced to the condition of animals were we to follow our instincts solely. Liberty itself, considered as the power of choosing between good and evil, would be nothing but a force, the use of which must be regulated, as it would be absurd to affirm, either that the moral law prescribes the free choice of evil, or that such choice is good because free. We do not deem it worth the while to refute the axiom of evolutionists—"Develop, unconditionally, all the powers of human nature," which is a pure and simple justification of the meanest and most pernicious passions; nor the so-called principle of "independent morals," the application of which would extinguish the light of sound reason, and bring forth as the noblest virtues the most execrable crimes.

Pleasure, interest, sentiment, liberty and evolution, then, do not afford a satisfactory answer to the question propounded in the beginning of this paper, since none of them fulfil the conditions required by the standard of morality. What, then, is the ultimate rule, or foundation, of the moral law? "Do good, and avoid evil;" such is the answer given by common sense, confirmed by experience, based on man's nature as well as on God's moral perfections. Indeed, it stands to reason that, as truth is the proper object of the intellect, so is good the ideal pursued by the will. A moral being cannot perform an action without having perceived something good in it, or without expecting some happiness, real or imaginary, from it. From this it follows that the good is obtained by an act of the free will, and this is the first principle of morality. This principle, being primitive, constitutes the essence of human nature, as it cannot possibly be reduced to any other; it is, moreover, universal, and contains, more or less explicitly, all the judgments we form in our practical life. It is self-evident and absolute in itself, wholly independent of any circumstances of person, time or place. It has, therefore, all the requisites of an absolutely reliable criterion, and can give us the light and certainty we need for our moral actions.

Daily experience goes to strengthen this demonstration. Mankind has always and everywhere admitted that there is an essential difference between good and evil; we all deliberate before we act, and afterwards judge ourselves; nay, more, pass a similar judgment upon the actions of others, qualifying them as good or bad; all languages contain words to distinguish deliberate and free acts from all others. Why is this? and why are some of these deliberate and free acts—those we call virtuous—followed by a joy so sweet that it "surpasseth all understanding," while others, we call vicious, beget the bitter, biting sensation known as remorse? It is because we, in spite of ourselves, realize that there is above and outside of us a stern, inflexible voice that says: "Do good, and shun evil." And this grand and solemn voice of duty does not merely point out to us "the good," but tells us to do it. It commands us not simply as a speculative idea,—which error prompted Kant to proclaim the "autonomy of human reason,"—but as a practical obligation imposed on our free will. It is, then, truly a law in the full sense of the word, binding us "with ties more solid and lasting than gold and diamond," as Plato puts it.

There is a close, inseparable union between these three things: good, obligation, and liberty, of which the principle "Do good, and avoid evil" is but the popular expression. Wherefore, a modern writer justly remarks that "whoever violates the moral law, far from denying its obligation and legitimacy, pays an indirect homage to its majesty; only trying, against the testimony of his own conscience, to find some specious pretense to persuade himself that he is not bound, *hic et nunc*, to obey its undeniable authority." However this may be, no sensible man ever called in question duty, which is the common word used to convey the idea of obligation. No philosopher, ancient or modern, was daring enough to maintain the identity of virtue and vice.

But one of the most dangerous sophisms of our day is to separate the sacred obligation of virtue from the notion of God. However, the shallowness of this sophism is apparent. For, is it not because there is a God—an almighty God—that creation took place? Is it not because this God is infinitely wise that the material world is ruled by laws, and man, a moral agent, is enlightened by reason and directed by a law befitting his liberty? Is it not, finally, because this God is sovereign that He has thought to command us? because He is perfect holiness that He must have laid down "the supreme good," which is Himself, as the ideal of our moral actions, and his everlasting possession as the reward for our virtuous deeds? It is not to be wondered at, then, that Plato defined virtue, *Ἡ ὁμοίωσις τῷ θεῷ κατὰ δύναμιν*—"The imitation of God according to our power"; nor that the honest Cicero declares that "there is Something eternal which governs the universe, commanding with infinite wisdom; a perfect Reason, the Source of all laws, born together with the divine mind" (*De legibus*, c. iv).

And now, lest I trespass on your patience, I will hasten to a conclusion. It would seem to me that from what has been said in this paper we have the right to conclude that the foundation of the moral law is "the supreme Good"; that natural duty is the same supreme Good known by reason as objective and obligatory, and that the highest standard of morality—holiness—has been rightly set forth by Christ in the Gospel, when saying: *Be ye perfect as your heavenly Father is perfect.*

Ode to Winter.

I.

With gladsome eyes I see,
O season loved, thou'rt come!
Departed Nature lies embraced
In thy soft arms, so pure and chaste,
That serve as her last home.
Methinks I hear
Fall on my ear
Thy hushed and mournful wailings for the flowers not here.

II.

Why from the ice-bound North,
With hollow, silent tread,
Hast thou pursued a fleeting bride
That beckoned over deserts wide,
Only to find her dead?
Alas! thy fate
To come too late
And clasp but desolation which no hopes may bate.

III.

Poor heart! I pity thee.
The echoes of thy grief
Are sad betimes and sweet and thrill
Like far-off strains that dying fill
The air with rapture brief.
With noiseless beat
Of snowy feet
Thou wand'rest round her tomb in resignation meet.

IV.

I sympathize with thee,
Wild soul, in thy weird wrath.
I tremble at thy ravings fierce,
Thy voice—the storm—scared heaven does pierce;
Chaos walks in thy path.
Remains no trace
Of Nature's face,
And thou a frozen solitude hast made in place.

V.

From every snow-clad branch
A crystal tear there hangs,—
Sign that thou dost repent thy rage,
Nor longer ruthless strife wilt wage,
But hush thy giant pangs.
A spirit's dead
I cherishéd;
Nor unto thee alone is Disappointment wed.

VI.

The brooklet murmured hoarse,
Faded the seared leaf's glow:

The breast of beauty dead lay nude
When thou o'er all, with hand not rude,
A snow-white robe didst throw.
Thus soon must all
Our fond hopes fall,—
O, may some soft hand o'er them cast a magic pall!

Geoffroi de St. Hilaire.

During the latter part of the last century natural history reckoned two principal men—Cuvier and Geoffroi de Saint Hilaire. Both were natives of France, and arose from the multitude during the French Revolution. They distinguished themselves under the Empire, and were among its principal ornaments. They died about the middle of the present century, without leaving after them anyone capable of replacing them. Their death caused a void which was sensibly felt throughout the scientific world. From Buffon to Cuvier, all the great naturalists succeeded or, so to speak, produced one another. Buffon called Daubenton from the obscurity of his native little village and placed him beside himself; Daubenton patronized Geoffroi de Saint Hilaire, and Geoffroi de Saint Hilaire raised up Cuvier. A beautiful genealogy, as noble as it was liberal. "Come to my assistance," wrote Buffon to Daubenton, at the time but a poor physician at Montbard. "Go," said Daubenton to Geoffroi de Saint Hilaire, on urging him to enter the museum into which he had obtained access for him, "and in twenty years cause it to be said that zoölogy is a French science." In fine, Geoffroi, having become professor, wrote in his turn to Cuvier, then a simple tutor in a castle of the province: "Come, and give to France another Linnæus." A beautiful succession of words, and worthy of being enregistered in history; for, besides being of a nature almost prophetic, they, at the same time, display a disinterestedness honorable to the French character, which, it were to be wished, would become more common among the learned. It was, unhappily, in the person of M. Cuvier that this noble chain of genius was destined to be interrupted; for since his demise there has been no one found—not even among those whom he raised to fortune—who could attain to more than a mediocre rank; and in this respect it seems that to M. Geoffroi belongs the glory of having doubly served the cause of science, since after having given to it M. Cuvier by his patronage, he gave, by his encouragement and the influence of his principles, the illustrious M. Serres, at one time president of the embryological school.

There is a remarkable and striking circumstance connected with this linking of naturalists, with the exception of the last. It is that each one of these great minds, without intending it, chose an opponent. Hence, looking from a scientific point of view, the diversity of doctrines and, by consequence, dissensions and misunderstandings in their private relations. The rupture between Buffon and Daubenton for a long time occupied a place in the domain of history; that between Geoffroi and Cuvier also occupied a space. It is well known that the two former, after having labored together in friendly concert for several years, separated, each to contend against the other to a certain extent. Precisely the same thing happened to the other two. At first, one sees with surprise the works of these two celebrated rivals written in common, and bearing, as in the case of Buffon and Daubenton, their names united; but very soon their lines began to divide in the same way; and after a war of feelings repressed, their dissensions finally burst forth, like that of Buffon and Daubenton, and made the halls of the Academy ring by their memorable discussions.

It would be self-deception to suppose that this curious analogy was the effect of pure chance. For, whoever will take the trouble to examine matters to their foundation will soon discover the secret of this antagonism, because there is in it the counterstroke of a principal law. As all in nature rests on that principle of unity in variety, which Leibnitz has so justly named the base of the universe, it follows that the observers of nature, following the bent of their minds, should be borne onwards to observe it more specially whether as to unity or variety. In Buffon and Geoffroi we see the spirits of unity; in Daubenton and Cuvier those of variety. Hence the hostility of these great men, who, placed in spheres different and metaphysically contradictory, ended by no longer understanding each other as soon as they arrived at a certain point; hence, also, that spontaneity which, in the beginning, before anything too definite had yet cooled their friendship or separated them from each other, led them on to seek and approach each other as if the one were a necessary complement of the other. Notwithstanding those apparent divisions, there is, then, between Geoffroi de Saint Hilaire and Cuvier, as between Buffon and Daubenton, a profound cohesion, born in nature itself, in virtue of which they shall always remain associated and united in history. Although the two points of view, unity and variety, are alike indispensable—since nature generally demands both—it does not result that science, following the different epochs of its development, should not more particularly appeal, sometimes to one, sometimes to the other. Science, in effect, is like politics, which proceeds by alternating actions and reactions; and the sequel of its progress consists in manifesting at one time the analogies, at another the differences which exist in the system between profoundly simple and varied in the productions of nature. This it is which explains how the school of Cuvier, after having dazzled all eyes by its brilliancy till within a few years, fell into a visible decadence, and yielded place to that of Geoffroi de Saint Hilaire, which has already taken precedency. The merit of Cuvier is not diminished by stripping it of the false glitter which thoughtless admiration always causes, but that of his rival emerges from obscurity and attains popularity, the surest proof of solid worth. So far, posterity has equally given to each his due. And although Geoffroi de Saint Hilaire did not

obtain during his life all the praise his works deserved—their time not having yet come—his recompense the other side of the tomb will be only the greater; for the epoch now opening up before us sides with him daily more and more. His time came, and Providence even desired, as a special mark of favor for a life so disinterested and laborious, that he should not leave the earth without carrying with him this consoling certainty. In effect, he had the satisfaction of hearing, at one of the solemnities of the Institute, the successor and last disciple of Cuvier forced to acknowledge by evidence this triumph, and state that in the celebrated debates, which took place before the Academy in 1832 between the two rivals, right was not always, perhaps, on the side of him whose speech was most eloquent. "It was only when the contest arisen between these two illustrious rivals was brought before this Academy that public opinion finally understood the strength and force of the new ideas," said M. Flourens, Secretary-General, in 1842, while pronouncing the eulogium of M. de Candolles. Then, by attributing with certain propriety M. Cuvier to the 18th century in opposition to M. Geoffroi in the 19th, he says:

"Each century beheld a brilliant star in science; the 18th laid the foundation of great plans, the nature of which was precision itself; the 19th sought out intimate laws regarding the organization of beings, and carried its experiments to somewhat of a marvellous extent."

We add to these words some of the most lively and explicit traits mentioned by M. Serres in his eulogium of Geoffroi. "Consult the numerous works that M. Geoffroi has published," says this illustrious anatomist; "collect the *souvenirs* of his lessons, so lively, original and interesting; everywhere you will find the same philosophy; and this philosophy I define by these words: 'The art of observing *in toto*.'" It is this art that Geoffroi inherited from Buffon, which established his success and opened up to him the new paths which he traced in zoölogical and anatomical science; that made him investigate all the arbitrariness of classifications founded on the immutability of species, whose nature showed him at each step variability; that made him seek in the action of exterior agents the causes of these variations, and the reason of those zoölogical zones of the globe to which the different families and genera limit themselves; that made him lay down the marks of that parallel classification of animals, which his son so skilfully drew up, and which takes the lead in the revolution that all the branches of zoölogical science is to-day undergoing.

But, without too boldly entering into an analysis of the works of this great naturalist, we shall simply endeavor to narrate his life, and the lessons that flow from it.

Geoffroi de St. Hilaire was born at Etampes, April 15, 1772, and belonged to a family celebrated in the annals of science; for it had already given to the Academy of Science, in the seventeenth century, three members of the same name. His father intended him for the Church, but his natural bent led him to secular pursuits. He was taught by Haüy, Fourcroy, and Daubenton. His masters, seduced by the charms of his mind and disposition, did not long hesitate to distinguish and attach themselves to him. Scarcely had he attained the age of twenty-one, when, on the proposal of Daubenton and Bernardin de St. Pierre, at that time intendant-general of the *Jardin-des-Plantes*, the executive council named him under-keeper of the Cabinet of Natural History, vice Lacépède. He was not destined to remain long in this modest position. On the 10th of June in this same year, 1793, the botanical garden was reorganized by the Convention to its present proportions, under the name of the Museum of Natural History, and Geoffroi St. Hilaire was named by a decree to fill one of the twelve chairs which had been but just instituted, that of the history of vertebrated animals. Our young naturalist, fearful of the charge, hesitated to accept it, but was finally induced by Daubenton, who wrote to him: "I exercise over you," said he, "the authority of a father, and I take upon myself the responsibility of the event. No one has yet taught zoölogy at Paris, and so little attention has been hitherto paid to it, that it can scarcely yet be called a science; undertake it; and cause the world to acknowledge, in twenty years, that it is a French science."

It was thus that Geoffroi entered on his career, and it may be said that all his life was consecrated to the fulfilment of Daubenton's patriotic words. The Museum is indebted to him for immense additions, and they form one of the glories of Paris, which one often admires without knowing to whom to attribute it. It was he alone who took the first steps, and at his own expense established a menagerie; so that this institution, now so celebrated and extensive, traces back its origin solely to him. The fine collections of stuffed animals, which finally became too large to find a place in the galleries, were all collected under the administration of Geoffroi, and by his own labor. The registers assure us that when confided to his care the collection consisted of only about a dozen mammiferous, and four hundred ornithological specimens. It is well known that these two institutions, after having been for a long time the admiration of Europe, have become its models.

We have purposely begun by touching on these two objects, because, although being among the least of his labors, they attract the eye more than the rest. To these positive services it must be added that for the space of forty years M. Geoffroi occupied two professorships: one at the Museum and the other in the Faculty of Sciences, and that it was he, by this double office, founded in France, according to Daubenton's views, the philosophical teaching of zoölogy, by gradually infusing into the minds of his pupils those luminous principles which now govern and render facile, in all its parts, the difficult and extensive science of the organization of animals. His whole life was devoted to this end. He used to apply to himself the words of St. Augustine: *Homo unius libri*—"A man of one book,"—and from his youth he had adopted for a device in all his works, "*Utilitati*,"—to the

benefit, not of himself, but of others, his country and humanity in general, whom he wished to see increase in happiness and knowledge. Thus, when Napoleon, wishing to make his expedition to Egypt as brilliant as possible, proposed to the most distinguished *savants* to join his retinue, M. Geoffroi did not hesitate an instant to brave the fatigues and dangers of the journey and join his fortune to that of the young General, whose friendship he quickly gained. As has been remarked, his promptitude in this circumstance afterwards turned out singularly to his advantage, inasmuch as his sojourn by the Nile afforded him an opportunity to study the crocodile, and this study was the occasion of inspiring him with some of the most fertile of his theoretical ideas. Young, endowed with activity, energy and perseverance, he greatly contributed to the scientific glory of that famous expedition. It is even to his firmness of character that is owing the preservation of those precious manuscripts and collections of all kinds which have become the foundation of the revival that has arisen regarding the exploration of Egypt. The commission of the Institute of Egypt, which had sought an asylum at Alexandria, and was given up without defence to the enemy by capitulation, was about to fall into the hands of the English, with all its riches. The latter arrogantly insisted that all the materials which had been amassed by the French *savants* with so much pains should be handed over without delay! and, perhaps, in the impossibility of offering any resistance, they were going to yield, when young Geoffroi, impelled by indignation and that generous anger which is so often a power that even the strong cannot resist, suddenly changed the state of things by openly daring to apostrophize England in the name of the law of nations which she so often outrages. "In two days," said he to the English commissary, "your troops will enter the place; in two days we shall deliver up to you our persons; but in those two days what you exact of us shall have ceased to exist; your odious spoliation shall never be accomplished; we ourselves will burn our treasures. You seek celebrity! Well, count upon it in the pages of history; you also have burned a library of Alexandria!" The collections were saved, and the great work on Egypt, sole trophy of this expedition, advances towards completion.

In 1808, M. Geoffroi again left France, on a mission of another kind. The Emperor, who had learned to appreciate him in Egypt, commissioned him to organize the system of public instruction in Portugal. Desirous to make his mission equally profitable to that country and his own, he took with him a collection of all the duplicate objects that were in the Museum, hoping to exchange them in Portugal for others, more precious and not to be found in the galleries. Endeavoring to accomplish the principal end of his mission, he had succeeded in making a very important collection, when the treaty of the evacuation of Portugal again brought him before the English, rendering his position here similar to what it was in Egypt. The English had exacted that the collections should be transmitted to them, and the Duke d'Abrantès ceded to the demand with but little resistance. The conservators of the Museum, however, filled with gratitude to M. Geoffroi, spontaneously came and declared that these collections were his individual property; that they had been purchased by objects given to the Portuguese collections by him, and by the pains he had taken in arranging them, and that, consequently, Portugal had nothing to claim. The English commissary, nevertheless, insisted that four cases should be remitted to him as tribute; and M. Geoffroi acceded, leaving him four of little value, which belonged to himself. The generous liberality which M. Geoffroi displayed during his mission received a still more distinguished recompense in 1815. M. de Richelieu, having written to the Ambassador of Portugal that France was ready to return from its museums all that had been taken from the Portuguese during the Empire, the Ambassador, teaching the French Minister a lesson of dignity, replied by an official note: "We do not, and should not reclaim anything! A meeting took place between M. Geoffroi, General Beresford and Lord Proby, in presence of the Academy of Lisbon and the conservators of Ajuda The connoisseurs of the Academy and the conservators caused it to be made known that M. Geoffroi declined to avail himself of the authority he had to select unique objects alone; that he only took duplicates, and that what he had received had been given him in exchange for other rare and unknown objects that he had brought with him from Paris, and for the trouble he had taken to arrange and label the collections left at Ajuda, where it manifestly appeared that nothing was missing." There are very few Frenchmen who have had, like Geoffroi, the happy privilege of receiving from their conquerors in 1815 testimonies really honorable to them.

M. Geoffroi never quitted France after his return from Portugal. A member of the Institute in 1807, and then successively associated with all the learned societies of Europe, who deemed it an honor to count him in their number, he consecrated the remainder of his long and tranquil life to the improvement of zoölogy. Disinterested, profoundly serious, devoid of all ambition, except that of aiding science, he well understood, notwithstanding the many efforts made to persuade him to the contrary, that a *savant* who has the accomplishment of his duty at heart ought not to mix himself up with politics. These are two careers which cannot be conscientiously followed at the same time, for one of them alone suffices to occupy a man's strength and time. The gravity of circumstances in the crisis of 1815, however, made an exception to this law, and induced him for a time to swerve from its principles. He took his place in the Chamber of Representatives; but with the exception of the year 1830 he never appeared among that body, nor took his place in the House of Peers, to which his illustrious name naturally called him. "I could not satisfy myself, and perform the functions of a deputy at the same time," said he at the last elections at Etampes, "only while the contest lasted, and while

it was a question of organizing France for liberty and national independence. The position every man ought to occupy is, to a certain extent, dependent on the times in which he lives. I now return to the cultivation of the sciences, conceiving this to be my proper position, and that by which I can render myself most useful to society, even from a legislative point of view; for philosophical study enlarges the realms of thought, adds to the human genius; and, whatever be the knowledge acquired, it is always a germ and a source of moral improvement." Deep and beautiful words of a virtuous ambition! And are they not the more to be appreciated when we reflect on the irreparable wrong that has been done to genius by the celebrated opponent of M. Geoffroi, in occupying so many of the best years of his life in sterile discussions before the Council of State? Honored by all Europe, seeing with gladness the new principles which he had the honor of producing gradually propagate themselves by giving rise on all sides to discoveries that surprised even himself, without, however, rendering him jealous, as is often the case with vulgar souls; universally looked upon as the principal head of the Museum, from which death had successively removed all its other founders, he awaited old age with triumphant serenity. The death of M. Cuvier left no opponent of his ideas, and his intellectual royalty in zoölogy was undisputed. Each year that increased his age also added a new flower to his crown. But a profound chagrin, that he never could have the least presentiment of, was destined to interrupt his tranquillity and fill him with sadness. The menagerie that he had created, to which he had attached his name, which he had superintended for forty years, and which he loved, was torn from him. M. de Salvandy, at that time Prime Minister, cruelly and outrageously deprived him of it to bestow it on a brother of M. Cuvier, a man of mediocre talent whom M. Geoffroi had the kindness to attach to the menagerie in quality of keeper. The illustrious old man felt this odious stroke most sensibly. In vain did they endeavor to repair the act by restoring him his former place on the demise of him by whom he had been superseded. His menagerie was his kingdom; once banished from it, life never more had any charms for him. His strength grew less, his eyes gradually became unconscious of the light, and with the constancy and magnanimity of a true philosopher, surrounded by his family, who loved him tenderly, and by his friends who admired him still more in his majestic decadence than in the prime of manhood, he awaited for nearly two years an end that seemed imminent every day, repeating: "I am happy!"

Scientific Notes.

—Sugar has been recommended as an anti-incrustation fluid for boilers. Experiments carried out with a "muscovado" sugar has shown that it not alone prevents the formation largely, but also even cleans tubes already highly incrusted.

—The Edison Company of New York has just published its latest list of work done. This gives 181,463 lights in isolated plants, and 149,900 in central stations, or 331,363 lamps in all. The returns cover ten months—from Oct. 1, 1885, to Aug. 1, 1886.

—A new chemical element, *Germanium*, has just been positively described by Dr. Clemens Winkler. It occurs in a newly-described mineral, Argyrodite—a sulphide of silver and germanium. The new element is a metal of a perfect metallic lustre and of a grayish-white color; crystallizes in *octahædra*, and is very brittle. It is soluble in *aqua regia*, and gives a well-defined line of salts. Its atomic weight is 72.32.

—A London paper gives an interesting account of a new cholera hospital at Rome, which the Pope has caused to be built. Contact with the outer world is carefully guarded against by grated windows, telephones, and by a revolving barrel with half its circumference opened, by which provisions are taken into the hospital. The water supply is drawn from a well, and is quite separate from the city supply. The drain is formed of an iron tube, sixteen inches in diameter, the joints being hermetically sealed with lead. There is a disinfection boiler in which corrosive sublimate is placed. There is a room called the "chamber of observation," which has a staircase leading up to the first floor. In this room dead bodies are placed for a given time, as it is well known that cholera patients often show signs of being dead when really only apparently so. The room is, by means of an electric apparatus, in communication with the director's office. The body being laid on a bed, both hands are put into a sort of copper muff; between the hands is put an instrument so sensitive that, should there be the slightest movement of the hands or any other part of the body, this instrument would instantly close the electric circuit, and the bell in the director's office would be set ringing; at the same moment another instrument registers the number corresponding to the bed upon which the body is lying. The chamber is warmed by steam, so as to facilitate resuscitation. The laboratory is provided with a gasometer for the storage of oxygen, which is taken to the wards for administration in gas bags. On the ground floor are four wards for doubtful cases. Should they get worse, they are sent up in the lift to the cholera wards above, their clothes and bed linen being immediately burned. Another room is set apart for women in parturition, and there are two more for undressing patients, so that the infected clothes may be destroyed, the Pope furnishing new clothing for recovered cases. The cubic space allowed for each bed is thirty-six cubic metres. The ventilation is carried on by means of funnels with gas-jets below. The chapel is in communication with the sacristy of St. Peter's, so as to form an easy access for the Pope, should he wish to visit the hospital; but before returning into the sacristy, His Holiness and suite would have to go into a room near it for disinfection.

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

Notre Dame, November 27, 1886.

If a subscriber fails to receive the SCHOLASTIC regularly he will confer a favor by sending us notice immediately each time. Those who may have missed a number, or numbers, and wish to have the volume complete for binding, can have back numbers of the current volume by applying for them. In all such cases, early application should be made at the office of publication, as, usually, but few copies in excess of the subscription list are printed.

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

—We have received the first number of the *New York Catholic News*—a paper recently started in New York city. The initial number contains, in addition to the important news of the week, interesting and instructive contributions, historical and literary, from well-known writers, while the editorials are timely, and show marked ability.

—Although means and appliances have never been wanting at Notre Dame to accommodate those desirous of taking physical exercise at all seasons of the year, yet the establishment of a regular gymnasium building, furnished with modern improvements and directed by a competent instructor, was, until quite recently, suffered to remain among the "things in contemplation." Now, however, we are happy to note that this improvement is a realized fact. A large and commodious brick building was erected last year, and since then it has been completely fitted up in all its various parts. Regular weekly lessons in athletic drill and exercises, with all the appliances of a first-class Gymnasium, are given by a teacher specially engaged for that purpose. And the general interest taken by the students, who seem to realize the benefits they derive from these exercises, is gratifying to the authorities, who are pleased to note the good results attending their efforts to provide all the elements of a complete education.

—To-day (Saturday) marks an event in the history of Notre Dame which merits no little attention. It is the 45th anniversary of the first arrival of Very Rev. Father General Sorin on this spot, whereon he founded and established this grand home of religion and science. How marvellously have the efforts of talent combined with faith been blessed by Heaven in the admirable results that have followed such humble beginnings! There is no heart at Notre Dame that does not rejoice at each recurring anniversary of this auspicious event, finding, as it does, the venerable Founder still in the enjoyment of health and vigor, and present with us to impart the benefit of his wise counsels to the direction of the growth and extension of our *Alma Mater*. And all earnestly hope that this same blessing may attend him for many years to come!

The Sorin Society, among the "Princes," have taken it upon themselves to duly commemorate this event, as announced in our local columns. The celebration, however, has been deferred until next Tuesday, which marks the anniversary of Father General's first Mass at Notre Dame.

Chaplains in the Army and Navy.

From the "Proceedings of the Sixteenth Annual Convention of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America," held at Notre Dame last August, we learn that one of the subjects brought before the consideration of the assembly by Rev. Vice-President Conaty, related to the appointment of Catholic chaplains in our Army and Navy. It is a subject often referred to by many of our Catholic exchanges, notably the *Catholic Visitor*, of Richmond, Va., whose praiseworthy efforts should be more generally and heartily seconded than they are. Our Army and Navy to-day are chiefly composed of Catholics, who, no doubt, are anxious to put into practice the maxims of their religion, but are denied opportunities of doing so, even when in reason and justice, and without any detriment to the service, they could be allowed. This is an injustice which every citizen should take to heart and try to repair.

Although the great majority of our Army is composed of Catholics, yet there is only one chaplain to attend to their spiritual wants; whilst, on the other hand, there are more than twenty Protestant chaplains for the minority. Now, we would ask, is there the least degree of justice done by the Government of the United States in thus depriving the majority of all religious service, letting them live like heathens and die like dogs, without the consolations of their Church, which the Catholic values so much on his departure from this world? If Protestant chaplains are allowed in the Army and Navy for the minority, why not allow Catholic chaplains, Catholics being in the majority? Have not Catholic soldiers just as much right to have their spiritual wants attended to as those of other denominations? Does the Government think that our Catholic soldiers would be anything the worse for having their ministers of the Gospel by

them, or that they have not souls to save as well as their Protestant brethren?

It is a fact known to all that the disorders and excesses found in the Army and Navy, as elsewhere, are attributable chiefly to a lack of sound moral teaching. If soldiers and seamen had the means of practising their religion, we vouch that half the disorders which are now found among them would disappear. Give them ministers of their religion to attend to their spiritual wants, and to whom our poor soldiers and seamen can open their hearts and lay bare their souls, and it will be found that the moral standing of the men will be immensely improved. What wonder is it if those poor men, not having had, perhaps for years, a chance to practise their religious duties—having entirely forgotten, it may be, those principles of morality and equity which they learned in their younger days, and which it was always their delight to put into practice while they had an opportunity of doing so—what wonder is it, we say, if they become, to a certain degree, corrupt and at times disorderly? Deprive civilians of the means of putting into practice the maxims of their religion; deprive them of the opportunity of hearing Mass and of frequenting those living fountains of grace, the sacraments, and very soon it will be seen what an alarming influence it will have over their moral standing as Christians, and their duty towards each other as men.

A still more inexcusable fact is, that Catholic seamen are prevented when in port, on Sunday, from attending religious service. Having no work to do, many of them would, undoubtedly, be glad to be free to attend to their duties as Christians if opportunity were afforded them. But permission for this is refused, and they are forced to remain on board, without attending divine service, whilst their Protestant brethren are supplied with ministers of their own. It is downright tyranny, without warrant or excuse, thus to deprive those poor men of divine service—men who have served the Government faithfully for years, and who after six days of labor are not allowed to give one hour to the service of God on the seventh.

There can be nothing more consoling to the Catholic soldier than the fact that amidst the dangers, privations and hardships that surround him on the battle-field—where at any moment he may be struck down by shot or shell—than to see close by one who can minister consolation in that most critical moment at the thought of which the bravest tremble and on the issue of which depends an eternity of happiness or an eternity of misery. This is a privilege which no man should be denied when it can be reasonably granted, and the soldier fighting for, or prepared to fight for his country, certainly is as much entitled to it as anyone else.

This privilege, however, has hitherto been denied Catholics in our army and navy. If Catholics were in a minority it might, perhaps, be possible to find some plausible reason for refusing them spiritual ministrations; but as they are confessedly the larger number, there is no just reason why they should not at least have what has long been conceded to the minority. **B.**

The Fame of Our Poets.

On the tombstone of John Keats, in the cemetery in Rome, is this inscription, placed there by his own request: "Here lies One whose Name was Writ in Water." Doubtless, Keats thought so, and would not have been sorry to have had it so; for his short life had more of shadow than of sunshine; more of sorrow than of joy; and bitter disappointments and blighted ambition made him regard oblivion as a better blessing than remembrance; yet he was mistaken in his epitaph. His name was *not* writ in water, but graven deep in the eternal rock of literature, there to remain forever.

Many important things will fade from human memory before the "Eve of St. Agnes," "Endymion," and "Ode to a Nightingale" are forgotten; and many heroes, statesmen and philosophers of large renown will be drowned in the Lethean stream before the dark river engulfs John Keats. Few of us fully realize the fact that, so far as this world is concerned, no immortality is comparable to that which is bestowed by literary genius upon its possessor. Heroes, statesmen and philosophers, if sufficiently great in their several departments, may have a certain kind of immortality; but it will not compare with that gained by humbler members of the guild of letters. Take Keats as an illustration. How many men who have figured prominently in the public life of England since his death have as firm a hold on the present and future generation as this poor poet, whom contemporary readers considered a mere dabbler in rhyme? Take his friend Shelley, who was not appreciated much, if any better; what is the fame of all the British prime ministers compared with that of the brilliant and wayward bard whose music was hushed by the waves of the tideless sea? Take the friend of Shelley—Byron. The fame of the victor of Waterloo becomes dim when compared to that of the author of "Childe Harold." The memory of Wellington's deeds may be swallowed up and lost in a vortex of revolutions, but Byron's verse will live, and breathe, and burn as long as the English language lasts. Great writers have not only an assured immortality, but they immortalize the best part of themselves—that divine essence which makes them great. Shakspeare had his share of follies and faults; but what throne is so high, so magnificent, so enduring as that upon which he sits, alone and supreme?

But when, as in the case of Byron, Burns and Swift, the personal weaknesses of the author appear in his writing, they are easily forgiven for the sake of what he has done for us. Literary genius is a mantle which, in a sense, covers much moral obliquity. Common men may come and common men may go; but those men whose genius has made the world wiser, happier, better, "go on forever." Death only seals their fame and softens harsh judgment of their actions. Only a handful of dust is left of the mortal part of poor Keats; but what perennial life and grace and beauty are found in his works! FRANK E. DOOLING.

The Philosophical Debate.

Some years ago, Rev. Father Fitte conceived the idea of a new society for the students of Philosophy, founded on the plan of the philosophical circles in European universities. After considerable labor, he organized "The Circle of St. Thomas Aquinas." Doubtful as was the venture then, succeeding years have proven it the most successful of all our societies. The "circle" holds at stated intervals public meetings in which are discussed, in the scholastic method, both abstruse questions and also practical topics of the time.

On Wednesday evening, the first of this year's disputations was held, when the question of "The Origin of the Moral Law" was discussed. St. Cecilia Hall was early filled, and at half-past seven a series of prolonged applauses announced the arrival of Rev. President Walsh, the Director, Father Fitte, and various members of the Faculty. Mr. B. T. Becker, being defender of the thesis, opened the discussion by a brilliant but, withal, severely logical argument on "The Origin of the Moral Law." This article appears in another part, so nothing further need be said concerning its many points of excellence.

On the conclusion of the reading, Mr. Wagoner arose and formally objected to the thesis and conclusions contained therein. He argued with great skill, and had not the defender been well prepared, his thesis must have fallen. Mr. Wagoner's objections were clever bits of logic and some quite puzzling. Especially was this the case in his third objection. "An objective rule," said Mr. Wagoner, "which must be known by an intellect, becomes subjective." From this he argued that "the law of morality, though it were objective, must be known by the human intellect. Hence the rule of morality becomes subjective." This skilful objection was met and cleverly refuted by the defender on which, with all becoming grace, the objector withdrew, acknowledging the foundation of the moral law as argued in the thesis.

But Becker was not yet safe; looking at things from the most practical standpoint possible, Mr. Kleiber attacked his proposition. To the subject he had given much thought, and his objections were marvels of practical ingenuity. He fought for every inch of ground, and fought well too. The fight was hottest over the argument on self-interest. Strong in its simplicity, Mr. Kleiber's argument ran thus: "That which is the last motive of our actions must be the foundation of the moral law. Now, self-interest is the last motive of human action. Hence self-interest is the foundation of moral law." The objection was met with a neat and well-sustained distinction between the motive of an act and its essential relation to law.

President Walsh, in his own happy style, made a few remarks and closed the debate by introducing Col. Hoynes, who briefly but elegantly summed up the points at issue and drew conclusions therefrom. His short address was a masterly effort and closed the first meeting of the Academy.

Celebration of St. Cecilia's Day.

Last Saturday evening, selected members from the St. Cecilia and Euglossian Associations presented a very pleasing entertainment in Washington Hall, in commemoration of the Festival of St. Cecilia, which fell on Monday. As may be seen from the Programme printed in our local columns, the exercises were varied, consisting of music, recitations and the presentation of a little comedy. As an introduction, the Orchestra rendered, with exquisite taste and feeling, the well-known "Duo" from the "Bohemian Girl." The "Oration of the Day" was delivered by Mr. Stubbs, and was an excellent production both in composition and delivery. After an eloquent panegyric of the Saint whose festival was soon to be commemorated, he spoke forcibly and instructively upon the great *rôle* which music and eloquence took in human culture and civilization. The speaker was frequently greeted by applause which showed the deep appreciation of his auditors. In the recitations that followed, those who particularly distinguished themselves were Masters Cobbs, Berry and McPhee, who displayed the results of careful training.

The exercises concluded with a comedy in two acts, entitled "A Legend of the Patent Office," better known as "The End of the Tether." Mr. C. Stubbs, as "Drudge," and Messrs. D. A. Latshaw and B. T. Becker, as "Lords Adolphus and Augustus," were the great features of the play, and brought down the house by their excellent acting. Messrs. J. J. Kleiber and E. J. Darragh were both very effective in their respective *rôles*. The entertainment, though short, was very pleasing and heartily enjoyed by the audience.

The Banquet.

On the afternoon of the 21st inst., the members of the St. Cecilia Association, together with representatives of the various College societies, and members of the Faculty, sat down to the banquet prepared in the Senior dining room in honor of the festival day of the Society.

The dinner being finished, the Rev. Father Walsh very felicitously expressed the sentiments shared by all with reference to the entertainment, and called upon Prof. Hoynes for a few remarks. In response to the call, the Professor spoke substantially as follows:

It is to be regretted that we do not know the name of the man who introduced the custom of making after-dinner speeches. Though I make mention of a "man," yet I use the word in its most general sense, for it is just possible that the guilty person may have been a woman. At any rate, the desire and capacity of the individual for talking must have bordered on the marvellous. Of course, that is my only ground for suggesting that the custom may have had its origin in the modest achievements of some antique Sappho, the faithful persistency of some aspiring female suffragist, or the boundless talking capacity of some bright particular star of a sewing circle in the dim obscurity of the distant past. And yet, on second thought, I am inclined to think that such remarks import a want of gallantry. If so, I humbly and apologetically recant. It would never do for any member of the Light Guards to be ungallant. So I cheerfully aver that the evidence does

not show that women had anything to do with starting the reprehensible practice. I plead "not guilty" for them. They manage to say enough in regard to almost everything while at meals, ordinarily, and under ordinary circumstances generally, and it would be quite superfluous for them to make special addresses afterward, with each having the floor all to herself for a time. And, in fact, I am inclined to think that most of you also managed to say enough and to listen to all you care to hear while engaged, with the skill and zest of a European diplomat, in carving and devouring turkey and the other good things at hand. Moreover, I take it for granted that many of those who share that opinion can account for after-dinner speaking in no other way than by supposing that the law of compensation is of such common application that for every good thing and every occasion of pleasure they enjoy, a counter-experience which carries the pendulum to the other end of the scale of feeling is sure to follow. The career of grandfather's famous time-piece "stops short" in the round of their enjoyment. At formal banquets they adopt the expedient of pacifying the guests, or reconciling the listeners to post-prandial oratory, by furnishing liquids bearing peculiar French names, while the speaking is in progress. Of course, none of my hearers would care to share in such festivities, or to participate in such banquets. But, putting aside this reference to formal banquets, I venture to say for all of us that, if the person who introduced post-prandial speaking were now living, he would receive our most cordial support for a consulship to the Cannibal Islands, or the captaincy of one of those new-fangled, dynamite-carrying torpedo boats. He would receive due encouragement to imitate the venturesome Graham who recently demonstrated the possibility of going over Niagara Falls without injury, or in trying to get to a more advanced point in polar exploration than that reached by the Greely expedition.

After all, it is well for him that we know him not, and it is creditable to the times in which he lived that it was not thought worth while to remember him For all we know we may see in Apicius or Bacchus the individual guilty of the offense. However that may be, honors appear to be about equal between them in the preparation and furnishing of supplies for the formal banquets, to which I beg pardon for again referring. Apicius leads, and Bacchus follows. Apicius comes with the substantials, and the guests do justice to them with a discrimination and capacity worthy of a Vitellius. While engaged in this ever interesting, attractive and popular exercise, the average man, unlike the woman, finds very little time for talking. His remarks are commonly confined to such expressions as, "Pass the turkey," "Pass the ham," "Pass the butter," "Celery this way," "More coffee," etc. After an hour or two of steady work he begins to show signs of fatigue. Then Bacchus dances into the banquet hall with the merry laugh, and rhythmic cadence, and lively motion of an Anacreon. The grape of vintages long past generously circles around, and not one but many bodies are seen going through the rye. Under ordinary circumstances this kind of work could last only a short time. But to find occasion and have excuse for prolonging it, the guests leave till then the interchange of compliments, the narration of old almanac jokes, and indulgence in the conversation peculiar to such occasions. Then it is that the expedient of post-prandial speaking is looked upon as a means of prolonging the festivities until one begins to hear such questions as, "Who is this gentleman?" "Where does he live?" It may have been after such an experience that the poet sang—

> "I feel like one who treads alone
> Some banquet-hall deserted;
> Whose lights are fled, and garlands dead,
> And all but me departed."

They may not have had his address, and he may have unconsciously tarried there all night.

Now, permit me to say that it was my intention to support for Congress in 1888 a gentleman who shall here be nameless. But I warn him, and take this occasion to do so, that I must qualify my purpose to support him unless he amends his course in respect to banquets. When a man contracts the habit of attending banquets, and then goes to Washington as a Representative, St. John may well weep tears of bitter anguish. His experience in Washington may be not unlike that of Representatives Brown, Jones and Smith. They had been at one of these formal banquets until the scintillating stars of the after-midnight heavens shone merrily upon the distant Capitol and the deserted streets of that proud city. As they progressed together toward their homes, the stars seemed to be multiplied indefinitely from time to time as they successively looked up at the sky from a suddenly assumed recumbent position on the sidewalk. Then all of them became anxious in respect to the safety of one another, and, with many expressions of common friendship and solicitude, they insisted upon seeing one another home. They called first at Brown's house, and Mr. Brown firmly insisted that it was his duty to see the others home. Next they called at Jones' house, and Jones very firmly maintained that he understood the claims and offices of friendship fully as well as Mr. Brown, and that both of them would see Smith to his own door. On reaching it, Smith became very solicitous about the safety of his friends, and, with becoming fidelity to them, he stated that the Sergeant-at-Arms and all the powers of the Government could not induce him to desert his companions, and that he would see them home. Before getting back to Brown's house they discovered, by a simple process of calculation, that the prior arrangement would never do, and that they would have to dismiss their solicitude for one another's safety and part for the night, each at his own door. But when they arrived at Brown's house they were a little confused and perplexed as to their respective identity. They rang the bell vigorously enough, however, and soon the noise incident to the raising of an upper window was heard, and a head protruded from it. Smith, who appeared to have a better command of his voice than the others, promptly called out, "Be you Mrs. Brown?" In a voice far less musical than Patti's, she answered: "I am, you loafers; what do you want there?" Not wishing to expostulate with the lady under the circumstances, nor to enter even a protest against being called loafers, Smith said, with a sigh of evident relief, "If you be Mrs. Brown, do come down and pick out Mr. Brown!" So I hope our friend will declare and act in favor of reform with respect to banquets, and then we can all support him with a cordiality and pleasure rarely felt, and rest confident in the assurance that he will be among the very best, most popular and most useful members of the Fifty-first Congress.

Prof. Hoynes was frequently interrupted by the applause which greeted the many apt sayings with which his remarks were interspersed. And the hearty applause given at the close proved the great appreciation of all with the entertainment afforded them. Altogether, the banquet was a very enjoyable affair, as, indeed, might have been expected from the supervision of the genial Director of the St. Cecilians, Prof. Lyons.

Local Items.

—Winter.

—Turn on the electric!

—The dudes were immense!

—That walk was copied from life.

—A sign of winter—the "sassige."

—Send us some "personals" and "locals."

—We would like to hear from our writers before Christmas.

—"Ya-a-as, I think I will take some of that turkey, 'Dolphus."

—The boat-house is like an empty bottle now, no one cares for it.

—The lower lake is frozen over—a sign of the close of navigation.

—No more about the chess tournament, please. It's a chess nut!

—Three good-sized jokes froze to death in the *sanctum* last week.

—The "Grads," in their set-to with the Ludington box, came out victorious.

—The "Utica lunch" was a success. See report on our Editorial pages.

—These howling northeasterns are too much, even for the foot-ball enthusiast.

—The Boat-Club's cry for aid is more impressive by the loudness of its absence.

—The "closing-of-navigation" banquet is like Christmas: everybody is waiting for it.

—Prof. Lyons informs his European correspondents that his cable address is simply "Cecilia."

—Read the article on sudden changes of climate, at the end of these columns. It is both suggestive and instructive.

—Some one up here is living in a world of poetic dreams, but he never hitches his name to his articles. Native excessive modesty!

—The two dudes are contrite. They say that their sense, which took a vacation while they were on the boards, is back, and they promise never to do it again.

—The members of the Athletic Association are indebted to Mr. David J. Wile, of Laporte, Ind., for a magnificent pair of Indian clubs presented to the Gymnasium.

—Signor Gregori returned last Saturday from Dubuque, Iowa, where he had been engaged in decorating the cathedral with a series of paintings, as already noticed in these columns.

—The oldest settler declares that last Thursday was the first Thanksgiving Day at Notre Dame which was not enlivened with patriotic strains by the Band. Where is the Band anyway?

—The ventilation of the Printing Office is one of those little matters that we have to mention from time to time. We opine that where there is so much skill this defect could be remedied very easily.

—The electric light problem still remains unsolved in this locality. Surely, it cannot be incapable of solution. Get your wits to work, gentlemen electricians, and by all means "spread the light."

—Solemn High Mass was celebrated in the Church of the Sacred Heart on Thanksgiving Day by Rev. A. Granger, C. S. C., assisted by Rev. President Walsh as deacon and Rev. A. Morrissey as subdeacon.

—Thanksgiving Day passed off very quietly, the cold blizzard keeping everybody indoors and causing the "gyms" to be well patronized. There was the usual grand turkey and mince pie dinner, which was heartily enjoyed.

—Consignments of the latest gymnastic contrivances arrive daily, and before long the Gymnasium will be completely furnished and fitted up. The new professor of athletics is gratified with the large number that attend his weekly classes.

—We have not received any society reports this week, presumably, because of Thanksgiving Day celebrations. We understand, however, that they are all in a flourishing condition, with the exception of the Philodemics and Scientifics, who have not as yet come to the surface.

—We have received a "communication" protesting against the maltreatment to which the *burros* are subjected by some lively young men in this vicinity. No doubt, it will be sufficient to mention the matter to secure for these quadrupeds the kind treatment desired by the writer.

—The Sorin Literary and Dramatic Association will give an entertainment in Washington Hall next Thursday afternoon, at 4 o'clock, in honor of the 45th anniversary of Very Rev. Father General Sorin's First Mass at Notre Dame. The exercises will consist of music, instrumental and vocal, and the presentation of the interesting and instructive society play—"The New Arts."

—Among the visitors during the past week were: W. B. Inks, Legonier, Ind.; J. J. Whitbeck, Spritwood, Dakota; C. L. Griffin, Mrs. C. Cavanagh, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. Wynn, Toledo, Ohio; Mr. H. A. Lehman, Mr. C. M. Hess, Goshen, Ind.; Mr. and Mrs. Murphy, Woodstock, Ill.; Col. and Mrs. W. P. Rend, and Mr. M. Hickey, Chicago; Mr. Jacob Wile, Laporte, Ind., accompanied by his two daughters, Mrs. M. Hamburger and Mrs. Garson Myers, of Chicago.

—It is more than probable that on wings more fleet than steeds of storm-swift speed, a staff member, withdrawing itself within itself, to, from, by, for and under itself, will cause a disintegration of molecules; hence, after thusly wafted through space illimitable towards the great unknown, it is expected or, better, hoped that he will commit suicide. On Wednesday last he was heard to remark: "Tomorrow witnesses the downfall of Europe." "Eh?" "Yes, Turkey will be dismembered, Greece will be burnt, and China, perhaps, overthrown!" Oh!

—We have been favored with photos of some of the views taken for the "Souvenir of Notre Dame" by Mr. T. A. De Weese, of the *South Bend Tribune*. The few that we have seen—and we have reason to presume that the many others are the same—are not only artistic in finish, but they show the artist's eye in that they depict to the best advantage the manifold attractiveness with which nature and art have clothed Notre Dame and its environments. We bespeak for the "Souvenir" an eager demand from the past and present students, as well as all friends of Notre Dame.

—Through the generosity of Rt. Rev. Bishop Borgess, Prof. Edwards, on the occasion of his recent visit to Detroit, was made the fortunate recipient of an antique gold chalice which belonged to Most Rev. Archbishop Carroll, the first prelate consecrated for the United States. The base of the chalice bears the following inscription: *Ora pro anima Joannæ Lüce, quæ obiit anno 1524.* This would show that the chalice was made about the time the

so-called Reformation gained a foothold in England. The chalice is now in the Archbishop Carroll's Cabinet in the Bishops' Memorial Hall. Can anyone tell us who Joanna Lüce was?

—Mr. Warren Cartier gave a "pink tea" to the Class of '87 Thanksgiving night. Don, his roommate, acted as assistant host, and Mr. C. P. Neill was poet and toastmaster of the occasion. The lordly turkey, cranberries, jellies of various kinds, Ludington lake salmon, pressed meats, boned chicken, French coffee, Graham crackers, pies, "the festive mince forsooth," cakes "of every sort withal," nuts, candies, cigars, everything, in fact. The appointments were oriental, but *comme il faut* in the highest degree. Everything was served *à la Russe*. Prof. Ewing, Messrs. Kleiber, Becker, O'Connell and Latshaw responded in happy style to various toasts. Rev. President Walsh, was unable to attend until after the toasts were finished; but he, however, spoke a few words to the Class, complimenting them on the good will shown, etc. All parted with a closing tiger for the hosts and the Class of '87.

—The Director of the Historical Department acknowledges, with gratitude, the following accessions to the Bishops' Memorial Hall: Gold pectoral cross and chain worn through life by Rt. Rev. Bishop Rappe, of Cleveland; gold cloth mitre presented by Rt. Rev. Bishop de Goesbriand. Mitre, sandals and gloves used by Bishop McEachern, presented by Mgr. McIntyre. Three lectures on "Papal Infallibility" by Bishop Ireland; "Consecration of Rt. Rev. John Ireland," presented by C. O'Connor, of St. Paul. Antique gold chalice used by Rt. Rev. John Carroll, first Bishop of the United States; vestments used by Rt. Rev. Bishop Hay, first Bishop in England after the so-called Reformation; seal used by Rt. Rev. Mgr. Rézé, first Bishop of Detroit; gold embroidered sandals, presented by Rt. Rev. Bishop Borgess. Life-size oil painting of Bishop Rappe, presented by Mr. W. Machen. First pastoral letter of Bishop Chatard; Mgr. Chatard's Consecration; Bishop Chatard's Installation as fifth Bishop of Vincennes; Bishop Chatard's Reception at Indianapolis; Pastoral of Bishop Chatard after the Second Diocesan Synod of Vincennes, presented by Sister Stanislaus. Sketch of Bishop Baltes, presented by Prof. Lyons. Portrait of Mgr. Katzer, third Bishop of Greenbay; pectoral cross and chain worn by Bishop Van de Velde, second Bishop of Chicago, presented by a friend.

—The annual celebration of the festival of St. Cecilia, by the St. Cecilia and Euglossian Associations of the University of Notre Dame, took place on Saturday evening, Nov. 20. The following is the

PROGRAMME:

Music (Duet from "Bohemian Girl").....Orchestra
Oration of the Day.....C Stubbs
Noah Webster (Selected).....F. Cobbs
"What is a Gentleman?" (Recitation).....W. McPhee
Music (Solo).....R. Oxnard
"Summer's Farewell" (Declamation).....E. Berry
Personation.....D. Regan
Music.....Band

A LEGEND OF THE PATENT OFFICE.

(A Comedy in Two Acts.)

Dramatis Personæ.

Mr. Bland Smyle (Bubble Company Promoter and Finance Agent).....C. P. Neill
Stephenson Gearing (An Enthusiastic Inventor) E. Darragh
Lord Adolphus Firstwater, Lord Augustus Firstwater (Twin Sprigs) — D. Latshaw, B. T. Becker
John Gearing (Brother to Stephenson and Steward to the two Lords).....M. Mulkern
Drudge, Nibs, Fubbs (Clerks to Smyle.) — C. Stubbs, M. Dore, J. Cusack
Jukes (A Detective), Ephraim Cadge (A Benevolent Agent), Bullford (An Escaped Forger) — J. J. Kleiber
Music.....Orchestra
Grand March for Retiring.....N. D. U. C. B.

Roll of Honor.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Messrs. M. Akin, Ashton, Aubrey, Becerra, Bingham, Brownson, Burke, C. Bowles, Baca, Barnes, Bush, Byrnes, Barrett, Colina, Crane, Craig, W. Crowley, Cusack, W. Cartier,* G. Cartier, Craft, Cassidy, Devlin, Dore, Deary, Dreever, Dwyer, Dierdorff, Eyanson, Eisenhauer, Ensor, Finckh, Ford, Fry, Gieseler, Gibbs, Greene, Griffin, Houck, Hinchman, Hiner, Hagerty, Howard, Judie, Kleiber, Kreutzer, Kelly, Ley, J. Langan, Lyons, H. Langan, Leonard, Luhn, T. McDermott, G. Morrison, McErlain, McAlister, J. McDermott, Murphy, Mallay, Mulkern, McNamara, J. Meagher, L. Meagher, Myers, Noonan, Newell, Neill, Neff, Nelson, Nancolas, O'Connor, O'Rourke, O'Regan, O'Connell, O'Kane, L O'Malley, J. O'Malley, Padilla, P. Prudhomme, E. Prudhomme, Paschel, Prichard, Pender, Ryan, Rothert, Rodriguez, Regan, Rochford, Ruger, Suing, W. Sullivan, O. Sullivan, G. Sullivan, Stubbs, Triplett, Velasco, Werst, Wagoner, W. Williams, Zaehnle, D. Strasser, McSweeney.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Masters Adelsperger, L. Austin, Adams, Anderson, R. Bronson, H. Bronson, Blessington, Badger, Bunker, Bell, Brabrook, W. Boland, H. Boland, Baca, Benner, Burns, Bacigalupo, Black, S. Campbell, E. Campbell, J. Clarke, B. Clarke, Cleveland, Carney, Cavanagh, Clifford, Cobbs, Casey, Cooney, Curtis, L. Chute, F. Chute, G. Cooke, F. Duffield, Dunning, Decker, Devine, J. Doss, Draper, Dempsey, Darragh, Dunford, Ewing, Fitzharris, Falter, J. Flynn, F. Flynn, Figge, Flood, Fisher, Galarneau Goebel, Glenn, Houston, Hoffman,* J. Henry, Houlihan, Hart, Hurd T. Hake, A. Hake, Hannin, Hayes, Hampton, Hoye, Higgins, Hustis, Inks, C. Inderrieden, R. Inderrieden, Joyce, Jacobs, Julian, Kerlin, W. Konzen, F. Konzen, Katz, Kern, Kellner, Kutsche, Keating, Lesh, Landenwich, Luther, Long, Monarch, McKenzie, McCart, Mathewson, McMahon, W. McCormick, J. McCormick, Morgan, McGurk, McIntosh, McPhee, Mulburger, McNulty, Morrison, Meehan, Nations, Noud, Nussbaum, O'Connor, Oxnard, O'Brien, Ormond, M. O'Kane, B. O'Kane, O'Shea, Pfau, L. Paquette, C. Paquette, Power, Preston, Roper, Redlich, Ramsey, Reynolds, B. Stephens, Sweet, J. Stephens, F. Smith, L. Smith, M. Smith, Spencer, Steele, Taliaferro, Tarrant, Vhay, Warner, Wilbanks, L. West, White, Walker, Walsh, Weldon.

* Omitted last week by mistake.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Masters Ackerman, Boettcher, Bloomhuff, Blumenthal, Boyd, H. Backrack, S. Backrack, A. Backrack, Black, R. Clendenin, Crotty, W. Connor, C. Connor, Cooke, E. Conners, J. Conners, Cohn, Doss, Jas. Dungan, L. Dempsey, J. Dempsey J. Dungan, Dahler, Foote, E. Falvey, F. Falvey, T. Falvey, G. Franche, C. Franche, Grant, Gale, R. Graham Garber, Griffin, Haney, Hillas, J. Huiskamp, H. Huiskamp, Jewett, Kutsche, Kerwin, Koester, Keefe, Kain,

Klaner, Kraber, Lewin, Lane, Löwenstein, McIntosh, McDonnell, Martin, Mahon, Mason, Aug. Morgenweck, A. Mayer, A. Morgenweck, Mainzer, C. Mooney, H. Mooney, G. Mayer, McPhee Munro, Nester, O'Mara, O'Neill, Prior, Paul, Priestly, Quill, Riordan, Rowsey, Rogers, Stone, Savage, Sullivan, Sweet, Steele, Smith, F. Toolen, T. Toolen, Tillenburg, Taft, Triplett, Tompkins, A. Williamson, W. Williamson, Witkowsky, Weckler.

Sudden Changes of Climate.

If a blizzard of unusual severity were coming from the Northwest that would send the thermometer down 50° or 70° in three hours, we should expect a great increase of pneumonia and other respiratory diseases, resulting in many deaths. Now, instead of three hours, suppose the mercury were to drop threescore degrees in three *minutes*—or take another step in fancy, and suppose this great change to take place in three *seconds*—what would likely be the effect on health? And yet we bring about, artificially, changes to ourselves quite as sudden and as severe as this. We make an artificial climate in our houses. We live in-doors in an atmosphere heated by stoves, furnaces, or steam-pipes, to 70° or 80°; and we pass from our parlor or hall so heated into the open air. At a step, literally in a breath, the temperature of the air has, for us, dropped 50° or 70°. We may put on an extra coat or shawl and shield the *outside* of the body and chest, but we cannot shield the delicate linings and membranes of the air-passages, the bronchial tubes, the lung-cells. *Naked*, they receive the full force of the change—the last breath at 70°, the next at freezing or zero—and all *unprepared*. We have been sitting, perhaps for hours, in a tropical atmosphere; nay, worse, in an atmosphere deprived, by hot iron surfaces, of its ozone and natural refreshing and bracing qualities. Our lungs are all relaxed, debilitated, unstrung; and in this condition the cold air strikes them perhaps 60° below what they are graduated to and prepared for. Is it strange if pneumonia and bronchitis are at hand? If we are in the West Indies, or even in Florida, and wish to come North in winter, we try to make the change gradual. But in our houses we keep up a tropical climate, or worse, for you have not the freshness of air that prevails in an open tropical atmosphere, and we step at once into an atmosphere as much colder as 40° difference of latitude will make it. It is in effect going from Cuba to Iceland—or at least to New York—at a step, and we make the journey perhaps a dozen times a day. And often, while we are still shut up in our domiciliary Cuban climate, Iceland comes down upon us from an open window. Especially is this likely to occur in school-houses, where children will instinctively seek to get a breath of fresh air that has not had all its natural refreshing qualities quite cooked out of it by hot stoves, furnaces, or steam-pipes. And all these sudden changes and shocks of cold come upon us while the whole system has its vitality and powers of resistance gauged down to the low necessities of a tropical climate.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

Saint Mary's Academy.

One Mile West of Notre Dame University.

—The regular monthly lecture before the St. Cecilia Society was given on Saturday, at 5 o'clock p. m.

—Rev. Father Vagnier, for many years the esteemed chaplain of St. Mary's, visited the Academy last Wednesday.

—*Saint Mary's Chimes*, Vol. XII, No. 1, was read at the regular Academic reunion. Editresses, Miss Mary Rend and Miss Lilly Van Horn.

—Grateful acknowledgments are tendered to Mr. J. J. Murphy, of Woodstock, Ill., for the gift of a most useful and beautiful plush invalid's chair.

—A grateful pupil of the Graduating Class has most appropriately remembered the feast days of her teachers in obtaining Masses for them on their respective festival day. The first was for her cherished music teacher, the late Sister M. of St. Cecilia, another was offered on Tuesday, and still another on Saturday.

—The Roman mosaic cross was won this week by Mary Lindsey. Those who drew with her were the Misses Beaubien, Boyer, Bruus, Campeau, Campbell, Cooke, Crane, Coll, E. Dempsey, L. Griffith, G. Garrity, Hake, Hayman, Hull, Hunting, M. Kennedy, Knauer, Leonard, McDonnell, V. Morse, Prudhomme, Rogers, Steele, and Stapleton.

—Grateful acknowledgments are tendered to Hon. Leland Stanford, United States Senator from California, for the gift to the Library of the following-named volumes: "French Spoliation Claims" (Revised); "United States National Museum"; "Smithsonian Report, 1884," two volumes; "Report of the Commissioner of Education," 1883–84.

—The Feast of the Presentation of the Blessed Virgin Mary was the happy date of reception into the Sodality of Children of Mary, which was solemnized in the Chapel of Loreto, at one o'clock p. m. Those received as full members were the Misses Mary Rend, and Harriet Nester. The Act of Consecration was read by Miss Rend. Those received as aspirants were the Misses Anna Beschameng, Margaret Smith and Frances Hertzog.

—The literary societies have a very large attendance this year. St. Catharine's has lately been divided, and retains only the members of the Second Senior Class. A new society has been formed, composed exclusively of members of the Third Senior Class. It is to be known as St. Philomena's Literary Society, and was organized on Tuesday last. The officers are as follows: President, Miss Agnes Egan; Vice-President, Miss Anna Miner; Secretary, Miss Henrietta Flannery; Treasurer, Miss Mary McEwen. Readers, the Misses R. Smith and M. McCormic. The quotations—given by

each member according to an accepted custom—were from the poems of Adelaide Proctor, the graceful English writer. Miss Mary Duffield gave a brief sketch of her life.

—A valuable lecture on "The Hawaiian Islands; their Natives, their Schools and their Hapless Lepers," was delivered by the Rev. J. A. Zahm, of the University, on Wednesday evening. Though the information conveyed was of the highest interest, it was insignificant, compared with the facts relating to the noble Sisters of Charity, who have devoted their beautiful lives to the care of the lepers, and those connected with the saintly Father Damien who, now a leper himself, is a living evidence of the power the holy Church imparts to her children, not only to *die* for charity, but to live a life of prolonged martyrdom, for the purpose of imparting Christian consolation to the most unfortunate and abandoned of God's creatures, the "segregated lepers," of what was long ago known as the "Sandwich Islands."

—The steady frosty weather and frequent storms preclude the possibility of taking every day the usual morning walk, and the regular calisthenics have been resumed. To those who are familiar with their practice it is hardly necessary to speak of their utility; yet in these days, when random talk and slang significations, exaggeration and vague ideas are so prevalent, it is often well to pay attention to the real meaning of terms employed, especially when anything so important as the physical health of the young is involved. Calisthenics [from two Greek words, signifying beautiful strength, to give Webster's definition] is "The art, science, or practice of healthful exercise of the body and limbs, to promote strength and graceful movement." In the Junior department, a prize—to be awarded and drawn for weekly, after the manner of the Roman mosaic cross—has been offered. Those pupils whose bearing is at all times, and especially during the exercises, most in accordance with the directions given, will be entitled to draw.

—From a late letter, written by a correspondent of sound judgment and wide experience, we take the liberty to quote a few remarks on what she calls the "philosophy of common talk." She says:

"It seems that almost universally we, as Christians, ignore the exceeding importance in our every-day household words of such exactness as not to involve a contradiction to our dogmatic faith. We may, to abbreviate, say, "The sun is going down," although it is doing no such a thing; for, future study will easily enough correct the erroneous thought which the child may draw from the familiar speech: but in abstract and intellectual truths, erroneous thought, once implanted, is not so easily corrected . . . . When we are perfectly imbued with the vision of the truth, every word will be in harmony with it. When the object before our mental vision is a *distorted shadow of the truth*, we will, in familiar speech, also adapt our language to what we see, and convey our erroneous impressions to those with whom we are in association; if youth, they will be the more pliant to the impression, although we may have no formal intention of exerting an influence. Our public school teachers, especially the principals, are, as a rule, thoroughly impregnated with naturalism, or materialism. They believe that the first man, or men, were slightly removed from the brutes, which were their ancestors. Truth asserts that God created and sustains all outside Himself. The philosophy of common talk denies this totally. Truth asserts that man has degenerated because of sin; that all our pains and sorrows—even catastrophies—arise from the same source; that sin is derogatory to the character of man, morally, intellectually and socially. All this is denied in the philosophy of common talk. It does not need text-books to teach the false doctrine or philosophy. The most idle chat, before and after school, and during recreation, suffices to plant the prolific seed."

The Mystery of Sorrow.

"The heart is full of angels,
When the heart is full of sorrows."

—R.V.R.

The touching beauty of these simple lines, written by one whose life had been a heritage of deprivation, seeks a response, not among those whose lives have ever been replete with happiness, and over whose sunny existence the clouds of adversity seem never to have gathered, but among those—the greater number of the human race—whose hearts, wounded by the sword of grief, lie almost crushed beneath the sorrow which overshadows them. What, then, is the signification of these words so mystic in their bearing, so comprehensive in their import? Long ages ago, on that night to which Christians revert with ever-increasing love and tenderness, when a God-Man was suffering inconceivable agony in the Garden of Olives, *angels came and ministered unto Him.*

Clothed with the hideous leprosy of sin, with all the bitter anguish of a Son appeasing the wrath of an angry Father, He cried. "But if it be possible, let this chalice pass from Me: nevertheless, not My will but Thine be done!" and the Gospel tells us that at this moment, when the heart of the God-Man was almost overwhelmed with sorrow, these legions of ministering spirits came to offer that consolation which the Father in His justice withheld. At that moment their love for Him deepened—deepened, until its intensity surpassed a hundredfold the coldness and tepidity which human nature assumes when meditating on this wondrous scene; and then, ah, glorious victory! the love of God triumphs over the weakness of man, and Jesus Christ goes forth from the Garden of Olives to begin His Passion.

And when does human nature most resemble Him who purchased with His Precious Blood the salvation of a sinful race? Is it when the golden sun of prosperity casts its brightest beams and the radiant day-star of happiness seems never to set in the twilight of sadness? Is it then that legions of angels, with pitying love, hover around to whisper words of peace and consolation? Ah, no! where there is no sorrow, there is no need of comfort. It is only when bowed down with tribulation that we kneel with our Divine Saviour in the Garden of Gethsemane and ask, as He asked, with loving submission to the divine will: "If it be possible, let this chalice pass from me"! Then do the bright messengers of God fill the troubled heart and waft the trembling spirit to Calvary's mournful height,

where we peacefully rest at the foot of the Cross.

Compare the grief of the pagan or infidel with that of the Christian; the one so wild, so unconstrained, so void of consolation; the other, not less keen, but still so calm, so outwardly repressed, so filled with sweetest comfort; and why this great disparity of feeling? The reason is evident. In one instance, the soul, bowed down in sorrow, sees only the dark, gloomy present in its despairing grief; knows not when or upon whom to call for consolation. It cannot realize that there is a happier sphere to which it can look forward with loving hope, for *there shall be no mourning there, nor weeping; for all tears shall be wiped away.* Sorrow shall be a thing of the past.

But the Christian sees, shining far above the clouds of adversity a haven of rest. He treasures in his heart the words of a loving Creator: "Take up thy Cross and follow Me; for My yoke is sweet and My burden is light."

Of the Christian alone may we say:

"The heart is full of angels
When the heart is full of sorrow."

MARY P. DILLON (*Class '87*).

Roll of Honor.

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

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Par Excellence—Misses Allnoch, Brady, Blaine, Blair, Bates, Brophy, Burke, Blacklock, Beschameng, Blakeslee, Clendenen, Clifford, Curtis, E. Coll, Carmien, Coglin, Dillon, Donnelly, A. Duffield, M. Duffield, H. Dempsey, C. Dempsey, Dart, Dezenberg, E. Dunkin, M. Dunkin, Egan, English, Fuller, Foin, Flannery, C. Griffith, Guise, Gordon, Gavan, Griffin, Garrity, Horn, Hummer, Heckard, Hertzog, Harlem, Hodges, Henke, M. Hutchinson, L. Hutchinson, Kearsey, Kearney, Kearns, Kingsbury, Kennedy, Larkin, Lingle, McHale, A. Miner, L. Meehan, N. Meehan, Morse, Murphy, M. McNamara, C. McCormic, Marsh, Moore, McCarthy, Moran, Nester, Negley, Pierson, Proby, G. Regan, Rend, E. Regan, Scully, St. Clair, Shephard, Snowhook, Stadtler, Shields, Sterns, M. Smith, Sherman, Simpson, Swegman, Stafford, Stocksdale, Trask, Triplett, Thompson, Wolvin, G. Wynn, F. Wynn, Wehr, Zahm.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Par Excellence—Misses Boyer, Bruus, Dempsey, Garrity, Hake, Hinz, Huntting, Knauer, Leonard, McDonnell, McEwen, Morse, Prudhomme, Rogers, Stapleton.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Par Excellence—Misses M. Becker, I. Becker, Caddagan, McCormic, A. Dinnin, O'Mara, Pugsley, Qualey, Wallace.

Class Honors.

[The following-named young ladies are best in classes—according to Competitions held during the past month.[

GRADUATING CLASS—Misses Horn, Griffith, Dillon, Wolvin, Sculley, Kearney, Kearsey, Shephard, McHale, St. Clair, Fuller, Williams, Clendenen, Dounelly.

1ST SENIOR CLASS—Misses Snowhook, Kearns, Hummer, Regan, Brady, Heckard, Swegman, Trask, Carmien, Blaine, Duffield, Foin, Proby.

2D SENIOR CLASS—Misses Van Horn, Rend, Moran, Dempsey, Hertzog, Smith, Stadtler, Larkin, Clifford, Balch, Barry, Bub, Dart, Kingsbury, Meehan, Patrick, M. Dunkin, Stocksdale, Gavan, Coll, L. Hutchinson, English, E. Balch.

3D SENIOR CLASS—Misses Flannery, Griffin, McCormic, Pierson, R. Smith, Thompson, G. Wynn, McEwen, Regan, Shields, McDonnell, E. Dunkin, C. Dempsey, Kennedy, Triplett, Egan, Dezenberg, Burke, N. Meehan, Blakeslee, Murphy, M. Duffield, Hinz, M. Hutchinson, Harlem, Quill, Schmauss, M. McNamara, A. Miner, Campeau, Huntting, Lingle, Curtis, Henke.

INTERMEDIATE CLASS—Misses Coglin, F. Wynn, H. Nester, Allnoch, C. McNamara, B. Garrity, Blacklock, L. Nester.

1ST PREPARATORY CLASS—Misses Wimmer, Moore, T. Balch, Beaubien, E. Morse, Bragdon, Lindsey, Hake, Koester, Leonard, Prudhomme.

2D PREP. CLASS—Misses Mason, Qualey, Stapleton, Knauer, Steele, Beschemang, Boyer, Zahm, Kennedy, M. Coll.

JUNIOR PREP.—Misses Kendall, Rhodes, Wallace, Caddagan, Crane, Rogers.

1ST JUNIOR CLASS—Misses E. Dempsey, O'Mara, Mc Cormic.

2D PREP. CLASS—Misses M. Becker, I. Becker.

Reception to Archbishop Riordan at St. Mary's Academy, Salt Lake City, Utah.

On the afternoon of Oct. 15, the pupils of St. Mary's Academy gave the Archbishop a reception. The large hall of the Academy had been adorned beautifully with flowers; and to receive the Archbishop all the pupils—some 250 in number—were assembled. The exercises commenced with a piano overture by the Misses Annie and Maud Keeney—a superb performance. This was followed by a song of welcome to the Archbishop, with Miss A. Keeney leading, with the private vocal class as semi-chorus, the whole vocal class as general chorus and Miss A. Cronin at the piano. Following this was a calisthenic exercise by the young ladies and the little Misses of the school. Miss A. Cronin followed, performing beautifully a Liszt rhapsody. Miss N. Marshall then came forward and recited "Queen Mary Stuart," in a manner which aroused the utmost admiration and enthusiasm. The young lady has most rare elocutionary abilities, and her manners are as charming as her performances are brilliant. Some little bits of girls then gave recitations which brought down the house. A lovely duet on guitars was performed by the Misses Keeney and Patten, and the exercises closed on the part of the school by a grand retiring march performed on the piano by the Misses Morgan and Lamb.

The Archbishop made a neat little speech to the school, and the exercises were over. The casual visitor cannot fail to note the healthy and intelligent appearance of the pupils of St. Mary's; their simple, easy, unpretending, and yet self-possessed manners. The burden of the exercises yesterday was in music, vocal and instrumental, and it was all most excellent. It does not seem like a school down there, but like a great big home; and the restraints placed upon the girls are more like a mother's than a teacher's. The Academy, in its English course, in music, the arts and languages, has attained a very high standard, and there is no necessity for parents to send their daughters East to be educated, for there is a first-class Academy right here.—*Salt Lake Tribune.*