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Under New Skies.

BY MARION MUIR RICHARDSON.

The emblem of my blighted hopes I cast
Like Aaron's leafless rod, before the Lord,
And turned away, in bitterness so vast
It made the world abhorred.

No backward glance I gave the piteous thing
Lying deserted on the cold, gray stone.
Once it was glorious with the bloom of spring,
And buds that died half-blown.

"But let it be," cried my despairing soul,
"If that dead stalk indeed can live again,
Then may I own that Mercy's hands control
The destinies of men.

But that will be no more!" and went my ways
Setting my face to the reluctant stars,
And made the heights of strife my dwelling-place
And rose against all bars.

But the pale phantom of a lost desire
Became my lonely heart's abiding guest,
And the dull embers of a hidden fire
Burned ever in my breast.

The silent cavalcade of days went on,
The days that looked upon me with a frown,
Yet passed, and left me feeling I had won
What the world calls renown.

And then, it chanced, my weary feet returned
To the sad spot where they had been before.
I saw the barren stalk that I had spurned
A wealth of blossoms bore.

And all my being thrilled as I drew near
With joy to claim it, after all, as mine!
All Life's grim discords seemed to disappear
In harmonies divine.

And Hope's young radiance shone, on either hand,
Promise of when Time's full achievement shall
Bid the warm vale with Faith's new strength expand
Below the gray La Sal.

The Catholic Church and the American State.*

BY CHARLES P. NEILL, '89.

There has scarcely ever been a time in the recent history of Christian nations when the foundations of society were as unstable as they are at the present day. Political theorists have, by their schemes for godless government, aroused such a dissatisfaction amongst the masses, and so stirred up the spirit of restiveness, that all civil society is now like a smouldering volcano that may at any moment break forth in violent eruption. Therefore it is most necessary to keep before the minds of men the vital principles of civil society. And on an occasion like the present it is peculiarly fitting that we, as Americans, should not only glance back with pride at what a century has accomplished, but that we should also reflect upon the dangers that may beset us in the near future, and consider in what manner we may best escape them. The subject to which I desire to call your attention, then, is (1) the influence of religion upon society in general, and (2) the influence of the Catholic Church upon the American Republic.

Let us consider for a moment what civil society really is. Society is more than a mere utility—it is a necessity. It is more than a mere humanly invented compact for mutual protection—it is an institution divinely ordained. The authority that exists in every form of civil society is the reflection of the power of God; it comes from God, and it is subject to Him and to His laws; and society has no authority, unless it comes from God. Now, society is useful for the propagation of religion, but religion

* Oration delivered at the celebration of Washington's Birthday, Feb. 22.

is a necessity to society. Society, to attain its end, must avoid two extremes—Anarchy and Despotism.

Authority must be protected against license miscalled liberty, and liberty must be protected from a despotism that falsely styles itself authority. Religion is necessary to enable society to preserve this equilibrium. Godless society must of necessity come to one of these extremes; for if we remove God from society, style it a simple human compact, and teach the doctrine that the ruler need recognize no higher power, we remove the only barrier that can stay ambition and human passion. Man's natural inclination is to run to an extreme; and when urged on by unbridled ambition and unchecked passion, authority will run to tyranny. "The foulest form of despotism—statolatry or deification of state—is a temptation of all forms of government." Now, if there is no power above the State, what safeguard has the citizen against tyranny? And, on the other hand, if we divest society of its divinely ordained character and strip authority of its Heaven-given power, there is no barrier to restrain men from ultimate anarchy. If society is a simple organization with its authority derived from its independent and individual members, then each of these members, or any body of them, has at any time a right to withdraw, and thus surrender society to mob law, and turn it over to anarchy.

From reasoning and experience it is plainly evident that, of itself, authority has neither the power to protect itself from anarchy, nor liberty the power to protect itself from despotism. No nation can last if the people obey their laws through servile fear. Nay, they would be slaves, and unworthy to be called a nation. Cannon and bayonet preserve a despotism for a time, but for a time only; and herein we can plainly see how necessary religion is to government. The only power on earth that can compel a lasting obedience to authority is conscience; it is the moral power that alike restrains the ruler from tyranny and the people from disobedience. It is the only power that can permanently repress passion and guarantee security to society. And what is conscience but an inward sense that tells us our duty to our fellows, that tells us to respect authority for the sake of Him who gave it, and that tells authority that it too is liable to a higher power. And therefore religion, in cultivating this sense and teaching us this higher duty, is furnishing society with its strongest safeguard and the only one that is lasting and impregnable. Even pagan nations realized that obedience to authority was best secured by educating man's moral sense of duty, by appealing to that interior sense

which restrains when all else is powerless. Their religion was part of the state, and duty to country partook of the nature of duty to the gods.

Thus far we have only considered religion in the abstract,—as simply a belief in God, and as teaching obedience to authority and duty to fellow-man. Let us now turn to consider that form of religion practised and taught by the Catholic Church. Let us investigate its attitude towards civil society and its effect upon American institutions.

First of all, we are confronted by an antiquated assertion which, in spite of years and denials, tries to spring up with the freshness and vigor of youth, or which, perhaps, like the wandering Jew, has been destined to live on forever, and by its very existence call attention to the truths it would disprove, and bear upon its face the marks of its own condemnation. It is the assertion that the "Catholic Church is the enemy of progress and liberty, the evil genius of society and government, and that loyalty to her means disloyalty to free institutions." It needs only a glance at history to prove that this is wholly and undeniably false.

The Catholic Church is the enemy of all progress that seeks to remove God from society, because she knows that this is the first step backward in a long march of retrogression. She is the unyielding enemy of license that too often stalks abroad arrayed in the garb of liberty. But she is the mother and protector of true progress and true liberty; she watches them with jealous eye, and sounds a note of warning if anyone attempt to steal away her nurslings and substitute a deceptive offspring. The Catholic Church is the Church that drew the nations of Europe from idolatry and barbarism; that taught the arts and sciences, and that gave civilized Europe its first impetus towards progression. She was the first to raise the standard of liberty in the wilds of the American continent. The Catholic Church through her councils was the first to proclaim "the rights of man;" the first to teach "the fatherhood of God and brotherhood of man;" the first to teach the strong to respect the rights of the weak; to teach that might was not right—the first and cardinal principle of liberty. And she struck the key-note of liberty when she first taught rulers that tyranny was treason against society. It was through the influence of her teachings that in the "dark ages" the "world was bristling with liberty."

Listen and learn how the Catholic Church opposed liberty in those terrible "dark ages" when her power was everywhere acknowledged. A Protestant writer, in the *Edinburgh Review*, al-

luding to the excommunication of Henry IV, says: "But for the intervention of the papacy, the vassal of the West and the serf of Eastern Europe would, perhaps to this day, be in the same state of social debasement, and military autocrats would occupy the place of paternal and constitutional governments." Guizot says: "If the Christian Church had not existed, the entire world would have been delivered up to mere material force. It alone exercised a moral power." And Hume himself says that without the papacy "all Europe would have fallen very early into one or many caliphates, and would have submitted infallibly and disgracefully to Turkish sway and to Oriental oppression and stupefaction.

"The Catholic Church, the evil genius of society and of government!" There is not one tenet of the Church that is otherwise than beneficial to the perpetuity of society and of government. She knows that society or government, to be lasting, must be grounded upon the eternal and immutable foundation of justice and duty. She speaks with an air of authority because she knows justice and is best suited to teach the duties of man to fellow-man. We are but of yesterday, and the Church comes down to us wise with the accumulated experience of over eighteen centuries; and now, standing amidst the wrecks of human institutions, she utters her solemn warning and points to the fate of those who have trodden the paths before us. She proclaims the principles that must underlie every government, but dictates no particular form. She knows that the "spirit of the people is of far greater importance than their form of government." She speaks of the divine ordination of society; teaches the obedience due to constituted authority, and warns authority that it too must recognize a higher power. And are these the teachings that are destructive to society? A civil society, founded upon Catholic teachings and free from human prejudice and passion would be an everlasting Utopia.

And who shall say that loyalty to Church destroys loyalty to free institutions or deadens patriotism? To disprove this we have only to refer to facts. Let me adduce a striking instance.

If there is to-day in Christendom a nation that is Catholic, it is Ireland; and if there is a nation of patriots it is that nation. The faith of Rome is graven in the hearts of this people; and yet centuries of oppression and tyranny have been unable to quench the fires of patriotism that burn eternal and inextinguishable in their breasts. And if we can conceive the fathers of a nation leading their little sons to the shrine of liberty, consecrating

them to her service, and swearing them to undying hate and eternal warfare against every form of tyranny or oppression, it is the fathers of this Catholic nation. And less than one generation ago, the children of the Church fought valiantly for this nation's cause. Her priests marched and suffered that they might bear spiritual consolation and words of encouragement to the struggling Catholic soldier. Her daughters were found in hospital tents and upon battle-fields ministering to the wants of the stricken, and softening the agony of death as the patriot yielded up his spirit. And is this disloyalty to government?

So far from being the evil genius that America should fear, the Catholic Church is the only institution upon whose teachings America can rely for the perpetuity of her institutions. In those teachings are found the surest safeguards for the dangers that beset republics. Who knows so well these dangers as this ancient Church? Whose experience is half so vast as hers? And who speaks so strongly in regard to duty to government as she? Centuries ago she raised her voice against secret societies as dangerous to society, and our own age too plainly proves her wisdom and her foresight. To-day she is jealously guarding the family tie—the fount and source of all civil society. Day by day we see the baneful effects upon society of this growing evil against which she has raised her voice, and already is the wisdom of Catholic teaching on this point beginning to be acknowledged. Her teachings are peculiarly fitted to maintain and promote the growth of the free institutions of America. We, as Americans, have a grand and noble mission to perform. Ours is the noble duty to teach the world the secret of republican government. To us it has been given to nurse and bring forth in its fullest bloom the cherished flower of liberty. Aye, our land is the home of liberty, and that sacred boon has been transmitted to us as a noble heritage to be preserved in trust, and in turn transmitted down untarnished and unsullied. And can there be a nobler guardian of liberty than that grand old Church that has been unflinchingly struggling for her own liberty from the days of Nero and Domitian down to the days of Victor Emmanuel and Bismarck? Can there be a more tried and valiant champion than she whose whole existence has been a long-continued struggle in defense of liberty—the glorious battle of mankind against oppression?

This Church is no alien to America. She came hither with Columbus. Whilst adventurers stopped upon old ocean's shores to dig the yellow clay, or traversed the southern swamps to seek perennial

youth at the fabled fountain, the black-robed sons of mother Church plunged into trackless forests, and followed down the course of never-ending streams to snatch the land from barbarism. Civilization followed in the tracks reddened by the blood of Catholic martyrs, and was guided by the crosses carved on every tree that had marked a resting-place amidst their wanderings. And when the Puritan pioneers allowed the flame before liberty's altar to die, the Catholics were prompt to erect a shrine to the neglected goddess on the soil of Maryland, and bid all come and worship. In the War of Independence, the sons of the Catholic Church lent aid of every kind, and stained with their blood nearly every battle-field from Lexington to Yorktown.

And to-day that Church looks down with pride on this Republic, and, as she peers into the misty past and sees the ruins of republics that have passed away, she prays that a different fate may await America,—the nursling of her bosom. She looks with joy on the liberty we have achieved, and points with pride to the part her sons have taken in the work. She loves this land because here she hopes to see the embodiment of the liberty for which she has so long struggled; because it has been hallowed and sanctified by the blood of her zealous children in the lonely forest and on the battle-field; because the sainted bones of her myriad martyrs have mingled with the dust in every valley, on every hillside and by every watercourse that runs to the sea; and because the names of a thousand early settlements serve to keep fresh and green the memory of some martyr, or to call to mind a story of some heroic sacrifice for human good. Let America, therefore, listen to the words of the Catholic Church as to the voice of a sage grown old in wisdom, trust in them as in the counsels of a mother, and, relying upon them, may she find perpetuity for her glorious institutions!

Stages in Literary Development.

To the close student of history no branch of study can be more interesting than that of a nation's literature. For, by unfolding the musty pages which Time has written in the history of a national literature, he sees the inward life of men who lived centuries before he was born, and who, with faculties blunted by original sin, have pierced the mist of ignorance and gradually led the fallen race from its state of primitive darkness to its present stage of comparative enlightenment.

Therefore I purpose to review, in as little space as possible, the growth and development of the English language. I shall recall its origin in the fusion of races on English soil; I shall enumerate the causes that hastened or retarded it in attaining maturity; I shall trace the course of its progress, and recount the changes it has undergone; and, as the English language has passed through various stages which bear a striking resemblance to those of the classic languages of antiquity, I will assume that, having accredited to prose and poetry the relative positions which they have held in the development of English literature, I shall have fulfilled the terms of the subject of this essay. However, I shall not hesitate in citing for illustration fitting instances from the literature of foreign lands when such can conveniently be found.

The English language owes its origin to the fusion of those races which immigrated to Britain at different times and from various points of the opposite coast. In this blending of nations originated too the English character, and throughout the twelve centuries which have succeeded, English literature has been, with some exceptions, the expression of the character and inward life of intervening generations.

The first indication of literary taste in either of the races from which the English sprang is in the singing historian of Hibernia; for, long before the inspired Cædmon sounded the praise of the Creator on the high cliffs of Yorkshire, the Bards of Erin had taught in song and story the history of warlike Celtic kings, and by their barbarous war-strains had preserved an incredible influence over the events of the time. In Celtic poetry there were various degrees ranging in order from the Ollamh, or perfect doctor to the Driseg, or lowest in rank. The chief characteristic of this earliest English literature is the abundance of its metaphor and the brilliancy of the colors used in portraying its pictures of life. This literary spirit prevailed at a very early date and extended through those centuries in which the name of Britain was a word of terror used for frightening naughty boys on the continent, and when the island itself was believed, even in distant Rome, to be the place of torment for departed spirits.

But when, at length, the darkness broke and the country which had been lost as Britain reappeared as England, from English schools and monasteries there issued forth men whom all Europe paused to admire, and the names of Alcuin and Erigena are prominent in cotemporary history.

In Anglo-Saxon poetry, alliteration took the

place of rhyme, and this system was continued in some of the early English poems. This style of writing prevailed until about the year 1066, when our attention is arrested by a political event in whose wake followed a train of deplorable consequences to the English language, then in its infancy. The Norman Conquest drove the Anglo-Saxon prelates from their sees, and supplied the vacant places with bishops of Norman extraction.

Nor was this the worst feature of this dire calamity. English became a proscribed language; its use was forbidden in Oxford; and had it not been for one reason, we of to-day would never have spoken an English word. The circumstance which preserved our language from eternal oblivion was the fact that the Norman boys, noble and warlike, were averse to the study of letters, so that this "effeminate" pursuit devolved on the Anglo-Saxon boys, who, partly for love of their mother-tongue, and partly because of the prohibition of its use, contracted a loving fondness for the language of their fathers and rescued our noble literature from its perilous position. During the period already described, the English language may be said to have been fixed. No radical changes were effected by nearly four centuries of use. But from the Norman Conquest to the time of Chaucer, English was in a state of continual transition. The educated class spoke in French, and there were no means of preserving English pure. Norman rulers, endeavoring to make themselves understood in English, also contributed to bring old niceties of inflection to decay. This change had its good as well as its bad effects. But about this time there was effected another change which gives the English language its most distinctive characteristic. This change was the adoption of the philosophical method of applying gender to nouns. There can be no doubt that this was an inestimable advantage in the propagation of English, as it made it eminently suitable for business transactions. On the other changes which have occurred in the history of English literature, and which were the natural outgrowth of other national changes, I shall not dwell, but will now set about the task of allotting to prose and poetry the relative positions which they have held in the development of English literature.

In English, as elsewhere, poetry preceded prose. The interval, however, between the origin of English poetry and that of English prose must not be supposed to extend to the period of earliest *written prose*. For if we consider poetry as originating

in the jargon of British and Irish songsters, must we not also regard prose as the direct offspring of their historical tales and fictitious stories? The extraordinary preference which poetry obtained over prose in those early days argues nothing in favor of its superiority. Everyone knows that before books were printed historical events were best remembered when chronicled in verse. Everyone knows also that the subjects best treated in poetry are precisely the ones which would be likely to delight a savage race. But as civilization advances, and as the nation continues its march towards refinement, we find prose steadily advancing, while poetry receives a shock from which we hardly expect it to come out victorious. Thus it was, too, in the poetry of Greece and Rome, though in the case of the latter the percussion was less perceptible because the revolution in taste was less abrupt. But English poetry was not to be submerged, and we see it re-appearing in more than its pristine grandeur.

The style of poetry which followed this state of torpor has kept pace with the development of prose and with the advance of the nation in culture. Scientific, and, in general, all didactic subjects which, together with historical and controversial matter, are best treated in prose, have each some literary monument of the genius of a faithful son and follower. Nor are poetical subjects less fortunate. The giants of intellect have nearly all paid court to the poetic muse, and have left us masterpieces in dramatic, amorous, and descriptive subjects as well as historical tributes to the honor of particular persons and events.

But it has not unfrequently happened that those subjects best adapted to treatment in poetry have been dealt with in prose, and *vice versa*. Thus it is said of Sir Walter Scott, that the prosaic character of his poetry is surpassed only by the poetic character of his prose. Ruskin, too, could have written real poetry; but the knowledge of this fact detracts nothing from the beauty of his prose. On the other hand, the narrative of the Bible in many passages is a fit subject for poetry. Yet its rendition into English poetry would endanger the fidelity of the translation.

Thus we see that in its onward march towards perfection a national literature undergoes many changes. Yet we should be thankful that the purity of our language has been so well preserved, and that among the classic languages of the world, not the least in rank is the literature of Shakspeare, Burke and Milton.

J. W. CAVANAUGH.

The Irish College in Paris.

The past history and present condition of this institution, founded, in days of persecution, for the benefit of Irish students, form the subject of a very interesting paper by M. Michel Kanner in a recent issue of the *Gaulois*:

A silent street beyond the Pantheon and not far from the Montagne Ste. Genevieve, unknown to the ordinary Parisian, bears the name of the Rue des Irlandais. Over a wide entrance in this narrow street the traveller may see the sign of a harp surrounded by oak and palm branches, and the inscription, "College des Irlandais." The waiting room or parlor, inside the gate, is adorned with marble slabs. The words, "France, Ireland, Armagh, Dublin," are painted in golden letters on a green ground. Between a gilded harp and a large shamrock is a painted panel bearing the names of the benefactors of the college. Here also is the following inscription: "His Majesty Louis XIV, donator of the Lombard College. Laurence Kelly, illustrious founder of the present college. Closed during the revolution of 1793, the college was magnanimously re-opened by Napoleon I." Then follow the names of several Archbishops, Bordeaux merchants, and also the name of Guillaume de Bautru, lector of King Louis XV.

The recreation hall is large and spacious; the refectory is severe in style, and the walls are hung with some paintings and maps. The chapel is pretty, and the benches for the students are simply carved oak. Black marble tablets bear inscriptions, half obliterated by time, which, however, still record to the observant student the memory of the founders of this holy refuge of learning.

The college is built around three sides of a square; a part of the vast space is planted with chestnut trees whose great trunks show that they have passed more than one revolution. A statue of the Blessed Virgin, enclosed in a niche, adorned with the shamrock, the harp, and the names of the four provinces, with the motto: "Erin go Bragh," stands in the centre of this tree-shaded square. This little monument of piety was raised by the learned Abbé Ouin la Croix, who, during the late Empire, was almoner of Napoleon III, and administrator of the Irish foundations in France.

The college dates from the seventeenth century, when the persecuted Irish, amongst whom was an ancestor of Marshal McMahon, sought a refuge in France. Several young students were received in the Montagu College, situated on the spot now occupied by the Saint Genevieve Library. Then the bishops of Ireland collected funds to assist the exiles in their distress, who received religious instruction in houses directed by Irish priests. Later on, the community, thanks to the means collected, was enabled to settle in the Lombards' College, which became, as it were, a nursery for those destined to the priesthood. Finding that this was too small for the growing wants of the country, the Rev. Laurence Kelly, Superior, purchased a house

and garden in the Rue du Cheval-Vert, or Green-Horse street, which has since been known as Irish street, Rue des Irlandais. His remains repose in the chapel that he had built with his own fortune.

In the Reign of Terror, when nothing was held sacred, the Irish College was invaded. Its Superior, the Abbé Kearney, had, with the Abbé Edgeworth, assisted at the execution of Louis XVI. In consequence he had to suffer a long imprisonment. When the storm had passed the college was reopened. Napoleon I recommended the old Irish families settled in France to place their sons in it, and a part of the French nobility followed the same advice.

Amongst the great names which figure on the college registers are those of Jerome Bonaparte, of four Counts de la Rochefoucauld—one of whom afterwards became Duke and head of the illustrious house—Baron Shee, Count Walsh and Commandant Corbett.

Under the second Empire, all the Irish establishments of France were united together, and the Irish College was placed under the jurisdiction of the Archbishop of Paris and the Irish bishops. Since 1873 the organization is regulated by the decree issued on the proposal of M. Jules Simon, then Minister of Public Instruction. The bureau of administration is composed of seven members—a Councillor of state, a Councillor of the Court of Cassation, a master Councillor of the Court Accountants, a delegate of the Archbishop of Paris, two members nominated by the Minister and Superior of the College. Recently, the Chambers of the Court of Cassation assembled in Council to elect the successor of M. Onofrio; and it nominated the Councillor Crepon to the office of administrator. The duty of this bureau is to control the revenue budget and the expences of the college, which are regulated by the Superior.

This is the grand seminary for all Ireland. The Minister nominates the professors, all Irishmen, on the proposal of the Archbishop of Paris. There are at present one hundred students, of whom the majority are maintained on burses established by their generous fellow-countrymen. The college also derives an annual revenue from its landed property at Bordeaux, and from the former College of the Lombards in the Rue des Carmes, the beautiful chapel of which is frequented by the Circle of Catholic Workingmen.

The course of studies lasts seven years; it comprises rhetoric, philosophy and theology. For admission it is necessary that the applicant should have the diploma of bachelor, and be recommended by a member of the Irish hierarchy. The students return, after the distribution of prizes, to pass the vacations with their families; some proceed to different localities in France to perfect themselves in the French language. All devote themselves to the ecclesiastical state. Several of them have risen to high positions amongst the clergy of their native land. Two former Superiors occupy at the present episcopal sees. It is but the other day that a professor of the college was nominated Primate of Ireland, entering into the succes-

sion of the late Archbishop of Armagh, of whom he was Coadjutor for several years.

[From the "Ypsilanti (Mich.) Sentinel.]

School Influence.

A real Christian soul must feel sympathy for the sufferings of a writer who responds to the warning of the *Christian Advocate*, against sending pupils to Catholic schools. She is a lady who was committed by her parents to the safe care of a convent school, as she was entering womanhood, not, however without fortifying her against possible perversion. She tells us:

"Before entering this school, I had read the stories of the Covenanters, Fox's 'Book of Martyrs,' and been drilled in the history of the Reformation, while the reign of Bloody Mary was my favorite horror. After entering the school, well-meaning friends placed in my hands some books my parents would hardly have approved for so young a person; 'The Master-key to Popery,' 'Mary Monk,' and many others."

Thus she was well fortified against "error"; but, in spite of all this, she felt the influence of the school, expressed as follows:

"Feeling surprised at their influence over my mind, I have ever since leaving school made inquiries of my acquaintance known to have attended Catholic schools, and never failed to find an expression of the same unreasonable affection for the Sisters, and the same heartfelt wish that Catholicism were true."

While thus she was irresistibly drawn by the goodness of the Sisters, she was distressed by these "disclosures," which prevented her from "embracing the delusion," and she tells us:

"The burden of my soul was, of that things were not what they seem! If only these dreadful things were not true, how gladly would I be a nun. Such laments went into my pillow, along with tears, many times that beautiful year. Next day, however, I would argue with others, under the same spell as myself, and set forth the facts and reasons for not endorsing the Catholic Church."

Well, she may call it "that beautiful year," a year of grace;—of grace so sweetly persuasive, and so stubbornly resisted, not so much by her own fault, as of the falsehood that had been forced upon her. But she was "saved," that is to Methodism, and became the wife of a Methodist preacher, which fact she adduces to disprove any leaning to "popery," when she confesses that the same subtle influence hangs round her still:

"Yet the horror of this dangerous Church is evinced in the fact that, after all these years, association with the nuns can still bring over me a touch of the same æsthetic dream. I could even now enjoy, in a pagan fashion, the worship of Rome, as it charmed my childhood; and were I not restrained by principle, could even now glide from the busy street in the summer twilight into the dim aisle of the Roman Church, make the Sign of the Cross with a touch of the holy water, and sit down near some kneeling pagan, counting her beads, and on the swaying waves of music float back past these childish memories, away into the ages that knew so little of anything but faith."

We shall not remark on the Christianity that refuses "from principle" to make the Sign of the Cross, or on the charity, that calls the praying Sister a "kneeling pagan." That Christianity and charity

she does not pretend to have learned at the convent school. Nor does she attempt to tell us why it is less pleasing to God to pray with a sincere heart, floating on the swaying waves of music in a Catholic church, than to pray tossed on the wild tide of a congregational song at a camp-meeting. But we must pass over a great deal, and come to the last cause of the baleful influence of the Catholic Church:

"While another charm is in the thought that, as you cross the threshold of the church, peer and peasant are equal. This may be its least harmful charm, but its greatest, and most dangerous power is in appealing to the latent paganism in our natures, and its ability to enthrall the heart, without the consent of the will, and even under the protest of the reason and judgment."

"Enthral the heart without the consent of the will." The Scripture says: "My son give Me thy heart," not give Me thy will. If the heart is what God wants, He will be likely to give His religion power to take it. We rather think that is a sign favorable to the religion that does it, while the "protesting reason and judgment" had confessedly been prepossessed by the "Book of Martyrs," "Maria Monk," and other false works.

The writer does not pretend to be well posted in religious lore or Christian experience, but observation for many years perhaps qualifies him to draw some comparisons, if not conclusions. The lady whose article he has noticed spent a year in a Catholic school, and tells her story. He spent several years in a strictly Methodist school, where every teacher was a clergyman, or going to be one; where hot revival was the business of winter, and numerous camp-meetings the diversion of summer, and, without experience of his own, can relate the "influence" experienced by others, whether children of other churches or of no church. It was not uncommon for these young people to become sympathetic with the exercises and feelings of the M. E. church, though they well knew that a perversion to that church would be regarded by their Calvinistic parents as a sure sign of final reprobation. This sympathy, such persons were told, was the "moving of the spirit," the working of the "Holy Spirit," the "call of the Bridegroom." They were warned not to resist the spirit. "The spirit would not always strive," etc. Without going farther, it may be asked by a candid reader: was not the sympathy of this lady in a Catholic school, with the pure lives and conduct of her teachers, as much the moving of the spirit, the supernatural calls of a gracious Redeemer, as the same thing, to all appearance, in a Methodist college? Was not this "limned soul," not "struggling to be free," but struggling to hold on to the falsehood that had been thrust upon her, rather than accept the living examples before her, "striving with the spirit?"

We admit there is a strange inconsistency in Protestants sending their children, daughters especially, to Catholic schools, while they believe the truth of the terrible practices of the professors of that Church. Yet they do, and will continue to do so, as long as in reality they find their children well taught, their morals guarded, and their manners cultivated,

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| J. A. BURNS, '88, | CHAS. P. NEILL, '89. |
| S. J. CRAFT (Lit.), '88. | |

—We are pleased to begin this week the publication of a series of interesting letters from an old student and friend of Notre Dame, the Rev. T. O'Sullivan, who is now travelling through the great West on a trip to San Francisco in search of sanitary improvement—a boon which, it is the sincere wish of his numerous friends, he may be successful in obtaining. We have no doubt that these letters will be found both entertaining and instructive by all the readers of our little paper. We regret very much that, through some mishap, the first of the letters has failed to reach us, and we are thereby deprived of a delightful narrative of incidents and scenery in connection with the trip between Chicago and Omaha. We trust that the future correspondence will in no way suffer through postal arrangements.

En Route from Chicago to San Francisco.

II.

The route from Omaha to Denver, *via* "The Short Line," has few features of interest. A vast plain, whose monotony is scarce broken by barren hillocks or ridges of sand, gravel and clay, running for the most part, parallel with the road, appears like a frozen and shoreless ocean. As we advance, farms become more rare, the villages are far between and insignificant, dug-outs and sod houses are occasionally seen, sage and rabbit bushes, sparse and stunted prairie grasses constitute our herbarium. Yet herds of cattle live and roam in the wildest districts, remote from all human habitations. Towns and villages of prairie dogs take the place of human municipalities, and preserve order without the aid of batoned, brass-buttoned and "blue-coated guardians of the peace." Fanci-

fully illustrated railroad guide-books, it is true, call the attention of the tourist to the picturesque and unique beauties of the River Platte and its branches; but it would require all the transcendental genius of a poet materializing the ideal, and seeing beauty in ugliness, to discover grandeur and loveliness in this Lethe of the West. There are a few good towns, however, on the eastern portion of the Union Pacific, such as Tremont, Grand Island, and North Platte. In this latter town is the home of "Buffalo Bill" who has lately thrown stolid, unimpressible John Bull into a fever of excitement by the exhibition of his savages and scenes from Border Life.

About 150 miles east of Denver, it began to rain heavily, and the downpour continued for at least two hours. The inhabitants claim that advancing civilization draws the rain-belt steadily and rapidly westward, and that the day will come when teeming clouds of watery treasure will convert the arid wastes of Western Nebraska, Colorado, and Wyoming into green meads and fertile fields of golden grain.

As we approached the commercial centre and capital of Colorado, we had a magnificent view of the blue and snow-shrouded Rockies from a distance of about 50 miles. Yet the mountains appeared to be close at hand, and the foot-hills within an hour's walk or so. There is nothing so deceptive as the perspective of mountain scenery—not even the whereabouts of Prof. Zahm. Against the warning of General McClellan I started one pleasant afternoon, in a bee line from the top of Rigi in Switzerland for the village of Goldau, apparently but a mile or two distant in the vale beneath. I got there a little before midnight, weary, worn, forlorn, minus notable portions of my upper and nether habiliments, and only by the aid of a guide providentially encountered at dusk. I cannot now be induced to interview even the foot-hills without a *burro* and professional guide.

Denver is named by its citizens the "Paris of the West." It would, however, demand deep faith in the profound theory of the Beautiful in Art and Architecture as sublimated by a graduate of the Sorbonne to see any striking similitude between the young commercial mart of Colorado and the gay capital of France. Denver is, however, a beautiful city. It is not situated on a mountain side or summit, as many Eastern folks suppose, but on a rising plateau, about 40 miles from the mountains, but apparently in their shadow, and over 5000 feet above the level of the sea. It has some very fine buildings both private and public—notably the Tabor Opera House, which, excepting that of Paris,

is said to be one of the finest structures of the kind in the world.

The climate is bracing, temperate and equable. On the 19th inst., the thermometer stood in the forties—the mean annual temperature being 33°. The skies, with the exception of a rare winter blizzard, are always blue, the panorama mountain scenery perhaps unrivalled. The eye takes in at one sweep of the horizon 300 miles of the magnificent Rockies, including Long's Peak to the north, and historic Pike's Peak to the south. Denver is a railroad centre, the depot for the ores and bullions of the surrounding territories, the nucleus of agricultural and cattle-raising interests. It is fast becoming a continental health-resort. The grandest scenery of the world—abysmal cañons, foaming torrents, cloudcapped mountains, deep caverns, smiling emerald mountain parks for which the Olympic gods would have gladly exchanged their dull but classic abodes, invigorating medicinal springs of hot and cold waters, translucent lakes of crystal, reflecting mountain pines and rugged peaks, streams full of speckled trout for the disciple of Walton, woods containing grizzly black bears, deer and smaller game for the devotee of nimrod, are all within easy reach of this emporium of the centennial State. The streets of Denver are paved neither with wood nor stone, yet, owing to the friable, gravelly soil, they present, in all weathers, cleanly and solid thoroughfares. Like Omaha, Kansas City, and Southern California, Denver is likewise having a big boom in real estate. Lots adjoining the Opera House are listed at \$1,500 to \$2000 and upwards.

Fortified by Rev. Father Fitte with a long introductory epistle in Ciceronian Latin and Hugonian French, we called at the episcopal residence, but, owing to absence or pressing engagements, we did not have the pleasure of seeing either of the Rt. Rev. incumbents, or of learning the spiritual growth and status of this young and flourishing diocese. The *Denver Republican* strongly advocates the passage of an act of Congress for the improvement of the Illinois River and the construction of a ship canal which would connect Lake Michigan with the Mississippi.

III.

I was both surprised and delighted to find at Denver a well-edited Catholic paper called the *Colorado Catholic*, and another publication as breezy and rugged as the Rockies themselves, the *Rocky Mountain Celt*, full of hope and promise for the land of the Gael. Whether on the remotest plains, or on the highest Rockies or Sierras, faith and na-

tionality still go hand in hand among the children of Erin, as they have done for centuries in the "Isle of Saints."

Leaving the capital of the Silver State, I found the surrounding plains, perhaps for a radius of 50 miles, occupied by well-cultivated and productive farm-lands. Irrigation has caused the desert to bloom like a rose. The waters of the Platte and of the mountain streams take the place of Jupiter Pluvius. Rich crops of wheat, oats and barley are gathered from the once barren soil. Potatoes and esculent vegetables of every kind grow in abundance. Alfalfa, timothy, lucerne and other grasses vegetate most luxuriantly—three crops annually being the normal product. Here again we behold nature's law of compensation as Father Toohey will admit. If the Platte is not beautiful, it is at least very useful.

We were delayed for an hour and a half at Cheyenne, the capital of Wyoming Ty., awaiting the train on the main line from the East. I improved the opportunity thus presented of taking a look at this ancient paradise of the clamorous cowboy and the uproarious border-ruffian. The town is now, however, as quiet and orderly as a New England village. It has much wealth, and is the home of several cattle-kings. It has had a small boom, and expects an appropriation for a large Government building; but, like the subterranean porcine of the 2d inst., it must remain in comparative obscurity until the sun of a brighter future bursts through the clouds of a temporary depression. Had the prelate of the new diocese here been at home, I should have remained for a day or two to enjoy his well-known hospitality and genial conversation. Good Bishop Burke has but five priests, both regular and secular, under his jurisdiction, and his Catholic subjects, exclusive of the Indians, do not much exceed in number his former congregation of St. Mary's, Joliet; but, like another Gregory Thaumaturgus, he will, no doubt, by his zeal and piety, build up a flourishing diocese from the most slender materials.

From this point to Sherman, about 30 miles West, the grade becomes very steep; the long train is slowly drawn by two large Mogul engines; a cool, strong and steady breeze reminds the traveller of the elevation which he has attained. Sherman is 8,235 feet above the sea. The rarified atmosphere, between the latter village and Laramie, 56 miles West of Cheyenne, has proved fatal in his palace-car to many a railroad passenger who dared the journey in the last stages of phthisis. This locality is the backbone of the Rockies, and barrenness reigns

around, relieved, however, by artificial or natural phenomena, such as the shapeless granite pyramid erected by the U. P. to the *Arcades Ambo*—Oliver and Oakes Ames who put stocks and money “where they did the most good”—and such as huge granite boulders that assume stranger shapes than fancy itself could frame. The lands around Laramie are known as excellent sheep-pastures.

For hundreds of miles westward of this region, vast plains extend, broken only by longitudinal hillocks or bluffs of sand, clay, gravel and composite rock. In many places they assume the appearance of vast fortifications with moats and bastions and rocky strata of a blood-red hue. Sagebrush, greasewood, wild gramma and buffalo grasses are the only kinds of vegetation visible, while alkali crops out of the soil on every side. Besides prairie-dogs and jack-rabbits, I saw one morning in a small ravine adjoining the railroad track a herd of antelopes. They turned their eyes of almost human expression towards the train, and appeared to have been as familiar with the iron-horse as our domestic animals.

Notwithstanding the barrenness of these desolate regions, many of the ranchers think that there is a great future before them. Untold treasures of mineral wealth—coal, oil, gas, may underlie the forbidding surface. Science may discover a way of artificial irrigation; the rainfall may in time move West to meet the showering clouds of the Pacific.

Withal, I was astonished to see so many thriving towns on the route before reaching the Mecca of Mormondom in the great Salt Lake Valley, Rawlins, which is surrounded by a region of country rich in coal deposits; Rock Springs, which contains extensive coal-mines; Green River, remarkable for the adjacent buttes which, like proud citadels, have for centuries defied the power of the elements; Evanston, constructed chiefly of brick and stone, the location of the territorial insane asylum and of a military post. At a short distance west of this point, we meet with the best scenery on the U. P. The train rattles and thunders through the Weber and Echo cañons, whose mighty walls of nature's solid masonry rise towering to the heavens, and form with their fantastically shaped rock-masses, in many instances, the rough outlines of embattled castles, mediæval towers or animal figures. The Devil's Slide, the Pulpit Rock, the Devil's Gate, form the chief points of interest. The Slide would command a high premium at Chicago for tobogganning. The Pulpit is rather too high for the lungs of ordinary gospel expounders, even for the high-pressure pulmonary apparatus

of a Talmadge; yet I do not doubt if the apostolic Father Cooney could have as a passenger stopped the train, he would for an hour or two have essayed his voice in mid-air. The Devil's Gate cannot be inscribed as the genuine article—

“Voi qui intrate”
Lasciate ogni speranza,”

for it has a corresponding exit to the west of the ravine whose fee simple is said to vest in his Satanic Majesty. At Rock Springs, several pig-tails boarded the train, showing that the late massacre of their countrymen did not prevent them from flocking thither again. One of the Celestials had a framed picture, either of his ancestors or of some of the gods of the Flowery Kingdom, before which he publicly burned a joss-stick as a mark of honor or worship. I could not avoid contrasting the courage, consistency and contempt of human respect exhibited by this poor pagan with the base and childish fear of public opinion displayed by so many so-called Christians, who humbly apologize for their glorious faith, and seek to shun the open profession and practice of their holy religion, as if faith and religion—the noblest and most ennobling gifts of Heaven to man—were superstitions to be ashamed of, and restricted to the four walls of a church on a Sunday.

The political caldron is beginning to seethe. Discussions on the great questions, looming up for the decision of a nation at the polls, may be continually heard. Most of our territorial voters, however, seem resolved to follow their local interests, which demand a protective tariff for the produce of their mines and the development of sheep-culture on their plains and mountain sides.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Books and Periodicals.

Ben Hur Eine Erzählung aus der Zeit Christi. Von Lew Wallace. Mit Genehmigung des Verfassers frei nach dem Englischen bearbeitet von B. Hammer, O. S. F.

It is unnecessary for us, at this late day, to speak of that splendid addition to the literature of our country—Gen. Wallace's “Ben-Hur; A Tale of the Christ.” The demands of the American reading public continue to give evidence of its increasing popularity at home; while the English editors and the translations abroad show how far-reaching its Christian teachings and principles are extended. Of the translations made of this excellent book, the one mentioned above is the first that has come under our notice. We regret to learn that, through some misunderstanding with the publishers of the original work, or reason with which we are unacquainted, its sale has been suppressed in this

country. But, from a literary point of view, the German rendition of "Ben-Hur" is entitled to a high rank among the productions of our age. It is published in two volumes by the German Publishing Company of Stuttgart, Germany, and in regard to its general make-up, it may well be called a masterpiece of workmanship. To speak of its literary merits, it is sufficient for us to say we learn that it has received unqualified praise in Germany, and that within three months of its publication it has passed through an equal number of editions. With the author's permission, Father Hammer has re-arranged several chapters of the book, and left out those few passages which somewhat taxed the patience of the ordinary reader. For the last four years he was engaged in preparing the work, during which time he published it in the columns of „Der Sendbote des Göttlichen Herzens," of which he is the editor. Since then he has, time and again, revised and rewritten it, and it now fully deserves the praises which were so lavishly bestowed upon it in the land of critics and the home of criticism. Whilst we regret the fact that German readers in this country are denied a real intellectual treat, we heartily congratulate the good Father on his excellent work, and hope that an understanding may be reached between him and the publishers, and that this translation may meet with the extended circulation it well deserves.

—The March *Wide Awake* gives a delightful chapter of Sydney Luska's serial story, "My Uncle Florimond"—the good humor and good heart of the two noble Jews, Mr. Finkelstein and Mr. Marks, have seldom been surpassed; this story shows Luska's real strength. Mrs. John Sherwood's etiquette-serial "Those Cousins of Mabel's" is very successful in depicting the character and career of a wilful young country beauty who thinks her well-bred relatives very "fussy" about her behavior, and learns the wisdom of etiquette by various hard lessons. Helen M. Winslow, in "A Boston Experiment," describes the success of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society in giving out plants to the poor children of Boston for cultivation in their windows, in connection with prizes for the most thrifty plants. The third paper in Mrs. Upton's "Children of the White House" series relates to "The Family of Thomas Jefferson." It is the most fascinating sort of reading, and the most valuable sort, too, in the way of tempting American children toward the study of history and biography; the paper is richly illustrated, both of Stuart's portraits of Jefferson being given. Another attractive biographical article is about "Mother Goose," by Oscar Fay Adams; beautiful lullabies of various nations are incorporated in the article. There are fine stories: pictures and poems, and an entertaining department called "The Contributors and the Children."

—*Scribner's Magazine* for March opens with the first of two articles on "The Campaign of Waterloo," by Mr. John C. Ropes, whose notable papers on the portraits of Napoleon in this *Magazine* will be remembered. The author has made a careful and elaborate study of the battle of Water-

loo, and these articles embrace a great deal of valuable original criticism, as well as a most accurate summary of the established facts with regard to the movement of the opposing armies during the campaign. Another illustrated article, of interest to the lovers of literary treasures, is "A Shelf of Old Books—Leigh Hunt," by Mrs. James T. Fields. This paper tells about the rare collection of books, closely associated with eminent literary people, which was made by James T. Fields, and briefly described by him in a paper called "My Friend's Library." Franklin Leonard Pope, one of the leading authorities on the practical applications of electricity, contributes to the *Magazine* a clear account of the origin, development, and present state of perfection of the Electric Motor, with its application to various industries. The second and concluding instalment of "Mendelssohn's Letters to Moscheles" is made up of letters written from 1842 to 1846. Among the illustrations are facsimiles of autograph musical scores, a number of portraits, and a death-mask of Mendelssohn. Robert Louis Stevenson continues his series of essays with some recollections of "Beggars," whom he has known,—rare old characters full of eccentricity.

Local Items.

- Burbank.
- Big bluff.
- Soirée* soon.
- The "Ides of March."
- "Frank" has turned scientist.
- A. P. Burbank next Saturday.
- In what age does the dog die?—Sausage.
- Let us have congregational singing at Vespers.
- The "whiskered babes" were on hand in full force.
- The monthly Bulletins were prepared this week.
- Those who live in glass houses shouldn't throw stones.
- That little debate still dwells in the realms of probability.
- What strange things we see when the snow melts away!
- "Bobbie" with his new shooting jacket will be a terror to snipes.
- The uniforms for the football elevens will be ordered next week.
- Improvement is the order of the day. This applies even to the choir.
- Col. Hoynes has removed to the apartment opposite his old quarters.
- It would be hard to find a greater curiosity than a real live Iowa politician.
- Mr. Burbank will give an entertainment in Washington Hall next Saturday.
- The South Bend papers spoke highly of our Washington Birthday celebration.

—Wonder if there are any more varieties of Indiana weather to be had in this vicinity.

—It is rumored that Freddie has an ambition to shine as coxswain during the coming season.

—It is expected that our football team will be in good working order by the middle of April.

—The talk of opening navigation at the first of the week was nipped in the bud by old Boreas.

—Mr. Joseph Garrity has been selected by the Columbians to deliver the oration on St. Patrick's Day.

—The new racing boats ordered by the Lemonnier Boat Club will be finished by the middle of April.

—Our anti-bacchanals are praying that no ice-house may now topple on their gallantly-started boom.

—The devotion to St. Joseph receives special attention in the palace during this month dedicated to him.

—"Sag" has resolved to eschew baseball, and henceforth give his undivided attention to law and horse-racing.

—The spring sporting season being about to open, a new supply of arnica has been laid in at the Infirmary.

—Cadet John Doss, of the Virginia Military Institute, Lexington, Va., was a visitor at the University this week.

—The new uniforms of the Sorin Cadets are neat and elegant, and make the miniature soldiers look quite *distingué*.

—The Total Abstinence Union should hold open meetings if the members expect to do any good work among the Gentiles.

—Prof. Wm. Hoynes is down for a temperance address before the members of the Total Abstinence Union to-morrow evening.

—The late spell of spring-like weather enticed several tender little boomlets out, but the cold snap cruelly nipped these buds of promise.

—The roomers were sadly taken in last Thursday, and now it takes a derrick to draw them to the door in response to strange knocks.

—Mr. Dominic Regan, an old student of Notre Dame, let the light of his countenance shine on us last Sunday. Dom. is always welcome.

—Messrs. Houck and Heinemann will be the objectors to Mr. Burns' thesis which is to be read at the next meeting of the Academy of St. Thomas Aquinas.

—Staff members return thanks to thoughtful friends for a sponge-cake large in quantity and great in quality. Further donations will be thankfully received.

—Miss Mary Walsh of Chicago, has presented a beautiful carpet to the Chapel of the Holy Cross, for which Rev. Father Granger presents grateful acknowledgments.

—A talented Greek student, with architectural proclivities, has adorned the green-board in the Greek room with a drawing of the house where

Homer is supposed to have received the first inspiration of the "Iliad."

—The Rugby Football Association held a meeting in the Senior reading-room Thursday afternoon, and elected officers as follows: President, B. Paul; Vice-President, J. V. O'Donnell; Treasurer, C. J. Stubbs; Secretary, G. H. Craig; Captains, G. A. Houck, F. Fehr.

—A meeting of the Temperance Society was held on last Sunday evening. The various reports were read and filed, after which a befitting programme for the present session was discussed and agreed upon. The committee on invitation announced that Prof. Hoynes would address the society at its next meeting, which will take place to-morrow evening.

—The Michigan City Boat Club has very kindly sent the Lemonnier Boat Club a specimen of the sliding seat used by them. It is one of the latest improved styles, and will probably be used here in the future. The M. C. Boat Club is one of the oldest organizations on Lake Michigan; and, under the management of such officers as Casey, Riley, and Murdock it cannot fail to take a high rank amongst our western associations.

—At the fourteenth regular meeting of the St. Stanislaus' Philopatrian Society, held Feb. 19, a criticism on the proceedings of the previous meeting was read by Master Schenk. Speeches on the career of a select number of great men were made by Masters Wile, Quinlan, Schenk, Hoye, McCormick, Noud and McIntosh. Then followed the election to offices left vacant by the transfer of some members to another association.

—A meeting of the Archconfraternity was held Friday morning in the basement of the church. An interesting discourse was delivered by the Director, Rev. Father Stoffel, after which an election of officers for the coming session was held. The result was as follows: Director, Rev. N. J. Stoffel; Honorary President, Prof. Hoynes; President, J. Burns; 1st Vice-Presidents, P. Burke and C. Stubbs; Secretary, A. Gibbs; Treasurer, J. Cusack.

—While in Europe, Rev. J. A. Zahm, C. S. C., procured a large amount of valuable scientific apparatus for the chemical and physical laboratories of the department of sciences. The instruments have arrived, and are being unpacked in the Science Hall where the laboratories are located. This large addition to the laboratories will serve to place them among the finest equipped of American colleges. The equipments of Science Hall are new, and of the most improved style.

—On Thursday, March 1, the Leonine Society of St. Aloysius' Seminary held one of its regular meetings. Mr. J. Maguire rendered a selection entitled "Chicago," followed by Mr. Jas. Clark, who delivered the "Dying Brother." The question: "Should Americans send their children to foreign countries to be educated?" was then discussed. Messrs. Ready and Racinski maintained the negative, while the affirmative was upheld by Messrs. Roby and Klejna. The judges rendered a decision in favor of the negative.

—Professor Lyons' unique *Almanac* is out for 1888. The tables are as perfect as possible, and the literary matter is varied, instructive, and amusing. Professor Stace's humorous essay is delightful. Professor Lyons knows what people like, and he gives it to them in this truly American collection of valuable and entertaining contributions. The tone of the *Almanac* is, of course,—coming from a member of the Faculty of the University of Notre Dame—entirely Catholic.—*Freeman's Journal*.

—As a souvenir of Very Rev. Father General's pilgrimage to the Holy Land he has published a new "Way of the Cross," written on his return from Jerusalem to Rome. The meditations are touching and beautiful, and faithfully mirror the deep sentiments of faith and fervor that penetrated the soul of the author after visiting the sacred scenes of the Passion. All the Catholic students of St. Edward's have been presented with copies of the "Way of the Cross," and they request the SCHOLASTIC to be the bearer of deepest thanks to the Very Rev. author for a gift which they will treasure all their lives.

—The regular meeting of the Law Debating Society was held Wednesday evening, Feb. 29, for the purpose of electing officers. The following were elected: Col. Wm. Hoynes, President; F. L. Albright, 1st Vice-President; P. J. Nelson, 2d Vice-President; W. J. Rochford, Recording Secretary; E. D. Britt, Corresponding Secretary; J. L. Heinemann, Critic, and T. F. Brady, Sergeant-at-Arms. The question for debate, "Resolved that Literature has done more for Civilization than Science" was deferred until next meeting, Wednesday evening, March 7. The leading disputants are: T. O'Regan for the affirmative, and P. E. Burke for the negative.

—The twelfth regular meeting of the Columbians was held on last Saturday evening. The prime object of the meeting was the election of officers to serve during the present session. The balloting resulted as follows: Rev. Father Morrissey, C.S.C., President; Jno. Meagher and V. Morrison, Vice-Presidents; P. Paschel, Corresponding Secretary; P. Wagoner, Recording Secretary; Jno. Fisher, Treasurer; M. Larkin and R. Joyce, Censors; H. Jewett, Librarian. Messrs. Mithen, Pender, Geisler, Decker and Mattes were elected to membership. An impromptu debate took place on the question, "Resolved that Literary Entertainments are more Instructive and Interesting than Dramatic."

—The Graduates of the Law Department met last Thursday afternoon for the purpose of organizing a literary and debating society composed of the members of the Senior law class. Mr. T. Griffin was unanimously chosen President, and Mr. C. Stubbs, Vice-President. Mr. W. Aiken was elected Secretary. The constitution, as drawn up by a committee consisting of Messrs. P. Nelson, C. Stubbs and J. Heinemann, was adopted. An executive committee, composed of Messrs. A. Gibbs and M. White was appointed by the President. The members entered into the work with a good will, and

displayed a seriousness and earnestness that speak well for the success of the organization. The society will be known as the Harmony Association of the Law Class of '88. An effort will be made to make it one of the leading societies of the University.

—The other afternoon, McHenry, Lyons and O'Brien, the Manual Labor School handball team, played another series of games with Cartier, Coady, and McGrath, of the Seniors, and in the latter's "gym." A sufficient evidence of the interest awakened in the contest is the fact that during its progress the smoking-room was an absolute void. Phil Brownson acted as umpire, and gave complete satisfaction. The first game opened with the Seniors inside. Cartier had derived considerable inspiration and a great deal more of muscle from the turkey dinner, as was shown by his remarkable run of 18 scores as a "starter." The other four were easily gained, and the Seniors carried off the first game by a score of 22 to 9. The second game was so brilliant that, from its beginning even unto its close, "Boston's" face wore a smile like a miniature sunrise. Both sides played skilfully, and with the utmost vim; but McHenry's "deadners" bore the impress of goddess victory, and so the Manual Labor School boys won by the neat score of 22 to 21. In the two following games the Seniors were easily successful, scores being 22 to 18, and 22 to 3 respectively. McGrath suffered from a sore finger, but his playing never showed it. Coady and Cartier did fine work all through. McHenry provoked the spectators' applause several times. Lyons and O'Brien did fairly well, but were somewhat non-plussed by the lay of their opponents' alley.

Roll of Honor.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Messrs. Armstead, Bowles, Brookfield, Brady, Beckman, P. Burke, Barnes, Beckwith, Bombeck, Ball, J. Burns, Baca, Boland, Brelsford, Brannick, Craft, Cosgrove, Chacon, M. Crane, Craig, Cartier, Chute, E. Coady, Dore, Dulaney, D. Donohue, Ewing, Fitzharris, Finckh, Fehr, Garfias, Goebel, Griffin, Gallardo, Gibbs, Henderson, Higgins, Hobart, J. Heinemann, M. Howard, Hummer, E. Howard, Houck, Jennings, Joyce, Keating, Kehoe, Louisell, L. Larkin, Leonard, W. Larkin, Langan, McCune, Mattes, Mulkern, J. McDermott, Maloney, McAllister, McCart, Mack, McAuliff, Nations, Andrew Nicholl, Neill, O'Hara, Orr, O'Shea, O'Donnell, O'Connor, O'Brien, Plato, Prichard, Preston, Pender, Parés, Rochford, Rothert, Stubbs, J. Sullivan, Stephenson, Suing, Sawkins, M. Smith, W. Silver, D. Sullivan, Tivnen, Tarrant, Velasco, Wall, Woods, Welch, Wagoner, Wilkin, White.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Masters Adelsperger, Adams, Allen, Berry, Bombeck, Bronson, Boyd, Bachrach, Beaudry, Bolderick, Blake, Burger, Brannick, J. Bray, W. Brown, Brady, W. L. Brown, Cunningham, Cauthorn, Campbell, Cooney, J. Connors, F. Connors, Carroll, Case, Connelly, Cooke, Ciarcoschi, Chute, Coulter, Cullen, J. Doherty, Delaney, Daniels, Devine, Doss, Davis, Ebner, Elder, Fitzgerald, P. Fleming, French, J. Flynn, F. Flynn, Frei, Grossman, J. Greene, T. Greene, Gale, Gonzales, Garrity, Houlihan, Henry, Howard, R. Healy, Heller, Hampton, Hoerr, Hackett, Hughes, Hake, Hayes, C. Inderrieden, Jackson, Josselyn, Kinsella, Kutsche, Keilner, Kehoe, Lane, Leonard, Moncada, Monaghan, Mar-

tin, McGuire, John McIntosh, James McIntosh, McGurk, H. Mallay, W. Mallay, McIvers, McPhee, Miner, McGrath, Mulqueen, McKenzie, Mooney, McNulty, Monarch, McCartney, Mayer, Neef, O'Neill, W. O'Brien, G. O'Brien, W. P. O'Brien, O'Donnell, Paquette, Priestly, Powers, Prichard, Pecheux, F. Peck, Perkins, Quinlan, Reichard, I. Rose, S. Rose, Ramsey, Reidinger, C. Schillo, F. Schillo, Spalding, Shenk, Senn, A. Sullivan, L. Scherrer, C. Scherrer, Silver, Simpson, Talbot, Wageman, Walsh, Wright, Wood, Hoyer, Roby.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Masters Ayer, H. Bachrach, S. Bachrach, A. Bachrach, Bloomhuff, Blumenthal, Beckham, Barbour, G. Black, L. Black, Blake, Beerman, Bates, Burns, Bradley, Boettcher, C. Connor, W. Connor, E. Conners, Collins, Connelly, Cummings, Clendenin, Carlile, Cudahy, W. Creedon, F. Creedon, Crane, Cohn, Carpenter, Cornell, Campbell, Durand, F. Dunn, J. Dunn, Jessie Dungan, Jas. Dungan, Doss, L. Dempsey, J. Dempsey, F. Dempsey, Dench, Des Garennes, Dorsey, M. Elkin, E. Elkin, G. Franche, C. Franche, Flannery, F. Falvey, E. Falvey, Finkel, Grant, Griffin, A. Greene, Gerber, Goodwillie, Hinds, Harlan, Hagus, Howard, Hamilton, Healy, Halthusen, Jaramillo, Johns, Kerwin, Kutsche, Kehoe, Keeler, Koester, Keefe, Kinsella, Kane, Kaye, A. Lonergan, H. Lonergan, Lansing, Mooney, H. Marx, Morgenweck, Maternes, L. Mayer, G. Mayer, McPhee, Mott, J. Marre, A. Marre, Minor, Neef, Neenan, Nichols, O'Neill, Oppenheimer, O'Mara, Perry, L. Paul, C. Paul, Plautz, Parker, Pierce, Quill, Rogers, Ricksacker, Sweet, Savage, Seerey, F. Smith, E. Smith, Stone, Stephens, Speir, Storey, Toolen, Trujillo, Tomkins, Thornton, Taft, W. Williamson, Wm. Williamson, J. Walsh, Welch, W. Walsh, A. Witkowsky, S. Witkowsky, Willien, Wilson, Young, Ziemann.

(From the "South Bend Times," Feb. 23.)

Washington's Birthday at Notre Dame.

The celebration of Washington's birthday has become a fixed event in Notre Dame University's annual history, and while it may pass unobserved in other places; while it may seem to have become an obsolete custom that the bustle and worry of our present existence has deeply buried—while all this may appear from general observation to be almost an undisputed though lamentable fact—grand old Notre Dame embraces this anniversary to replenish the embers at Patriotism's shrine, and thus inculcates in the rising generation a love and veneration for that magnificent figure that grandly looms up in the early history of our glorious Republic.

Yesterday afternoon, at 4 o'clock, the exercises in honor of this event began in the large and handsome Music Hall at Notre Dame. The spacious auditorium was crowded with people. The students and Faculty were there in full force, while South Bend sent out a large representation, among which were many ladies. There were also visitors from Laporte and far distant places, and the audience seemed to be in a most cordial and appreciative mood.

Of course, Notre Dame's venerable Founder, the good Father General Sorin, was there, his snowy locks bearing mute, though eloquent, testimony to the great work he had performed with the assistance of that noble army of self-sacrificing followers who were gathered here about him. That most genial and cultured gentleman, the worthy President of this great institution of learning, Rev. Father T. E. Walsh, was also in attendance, his smiling countenance making a most eloquent welcoming speech in itself. Then there was that faithful worker, the inspiring genius of the literary societies, the promoter of the St. Cecilia Philomathean grand annual feasts and flows of the soul—we need scarcely name that jovial, hospitable gentleman, for every visitor at Notre Dame knows that we mean Prof. Joseph A. Lyons. Then there was the gallant Col. Hoynes who makes a thorough friend of every acquaintance; Father Zahn, the genial scientist, and a host of others on whom we might exhaust our commendatory adjectives—all were there to witness the annual observance of Washington's birthday. The program was of a musical and literary nature,

and was refreshingly varied in its make-up, though patriotic from start to finish.

The University Cornet Band contributed two or three well received patriotic selections; the large orchestra rendered, in a very creditable and pleasing manner, the overtures, "The passing Regiment" and the "Silver Bell," both of which met with an enthusiastic reception from the large audience. The orchestra also furnished accompaniments for the solo and chorus, "The Star-Spangled Banner," Mr. Fred Jewett singing the solo. Mr. Jewett has a very pleasing voice indeed, and we think is capable of even better vocalizing than he displayed yesterday. The other chorus was "America" which was well sung. The piano duet, "Les Dames de Seville," by Messrs. J. Keating and B. Tivnen was quite well executed by these two young musicians. Robert C. Newton displayed good elocutionary training in his recitation of Drake's "American Flag," and the recitation, "The Star-Spangled Battle Flag," by Thomas O'Regan was very creditable indeed. Both received well-merited applause.

One of the finest features of the fine entertainment was the drilling of Company A, Hoynes' Light Guards, under the command of Capt. Joseph Cusack. Four fours presented themselves in their handsome cadet uniforms, for this drill. The company was well sized up, and drilled like veterans. Their foot movements were made in excellent time and with precision. Their forming of a cross and the movements made by command while in this formation, drew forth enthusiastic applause. After several very pretty evolutions, the company was brought to a front and were given the manual-of-arms that was neatly executed. The load manual, right and left oblique firing, the firing kneeling down, were all well done. The bayonet drill then followed, and in this the boys did themselves proud in the difficult movements incidental to that drill. A very pretty fancy movement was the Washington salute at a right and left open order. When the boys marched off the stage the applause which had broken forth throughout the drill then became vociferous and long continued, and nothing would do but that the company should drill again, and the well deserved applause that greeted that fine drilled company must have been very gratifying to Capt. Cusack and his worthy superior officer, Col. Hoynes.

Mr. Charles P. Neill, as essayist for the occasion, presented for the consideration of his auditors a thoughtful, well prepared and well read essay on the subject, "The Catholic Church and the American State." His effort received merited recognition from his auditors.

Last, but by no means least, were the orations. Mr. Charles J. Stubbs dwelt at length upon his theme, "The American Republic," and presented in pleasing, and at times eloquent, language, the thoughts such a patriotic subject is calculated to inspire in the mind of a patriotic young American. Mr. Stubbs' admirers found him equal to his theme and all were pleased with his oratorical effort. "Dignity of the American Citizen," was the subject that was finely handled by that rising young Notre Dame orator, Mr. James A. Burns. Mr. Burns presented his thoughts in well balanced, finely worded sentences, has a rare degree of self-possession, and closed amid the plaudits of his well pleased hearers. The oration of the day, "Washington," was delegated to the talented and popular young student at the University, Mr. Philip VanDyke Brownson, and well was that duty performed. Mr. Brownson has a rare power of delivery; is easy and natural in the highest sense; presents his thoughts in well chosen language and tells them with true oratorical power. Judged by the performance of yesterday and on previous occasions, Mr. Brownson has a bright future before him as an orator. The applause that greeted his effort was most generous and long continued.

To the music of patriotic airs by the University Band the large and highly entertained audience dispersed shortly before 6 o'clock. Those who were so disposed were entertained at supper.

We wish that Notre Dame had more imitators in the celebration of the birthday of the Father of his country.

Among the many present from this city were Mr. and Mrs. Clem. Studebaker, Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Wills, Dr. and Mrs. R. T. Miller, Dr. Calvert, John Singer, Nate Duey, George Beitner, George McErlain, George Beck, and representatives of the *Tribune* and the *Times*.

Saint Mary's Academy.

One Mile West of Notre Dame University.

—The Juniors showed their pleasure by applauding with vigor when Stella Dempsey drew the "politeness cross." The badge is a great incentive to the practice of grace and politeness among the members of the Junior department.

—The Misses F. Carmien, M. Newman and L. Farwell were selected to recite at the last reading of the points. The recitation of Miss Carmien was up to her usual standard, and the Misses Newman and Farwell deserve great praise for their first effort in public.

—The annual retreat for the Catholic pupils opened Monday evening. The exercises were conducted by Rev. Father Mullane, C.S.S.R., of Detroit, Mich., and were attended with edifying punctuality. All received Holy Communion Friday morning at the close of the retreat.

—All the Catholic young ladies were presented on Sunday last with a copy of the "Way of the Cross," written by the venerated giver himself—Very Rev. Father General. Needless to say, every line breathes the faith and love ever manifested by him, and warmly are the little books appreciated.

—The members of the Second Senior Class deserve honorable mention for success in their first attempt at criticism. The subject, a selection from "Lalla Rookh," was well handled by all, but particularly so by the Misses Thompson, McNamara, Horner, Flannery, McEwen, Davis, Sheehan and Hutchinson.

Health.

Fortunate letter H! In the English alphabet it takes the rank of the beatitudes for its number is eight. How many beautiful words it initials: hand, head, heart, hope, happiness, humility, honesty, harmony, home, heaven, a powerful regiment, each representing a splendid company, with Health for the chief commander! Why not?

The dexterity of the hand, the thought of the head, the devotion of the heart, the buoyancy of hope, the tranquillity of happiness, the sweetness of humility, the integrity of honesty, the concord of harmony, the sanctity of home, the security of Heaven, all depend upon health.

Do not take the word in its narrow, common acceptation. Lay due stress on the soundness of the physical system, and there we agree with you; but we claim a far wider dominion for the unimpeded play of the more subtle and more noble powers of the being. Was Richard III, no matter how robust his frame, nor how freely coursed his turbulent blood through his veins—was he one whit more healthy years before his final defeat than at the dark moment of retribution so vividly pictured by Shakspeare? No: his whole soul was,

and had long been, vitiated; poisoned by his unbridled ambition.

Having explained the broad scope which we wish to attach to the present use of the word, we will dwell for a moment on considerations appertaining to physical health.

It was Charles Lamb, we believe, who said something to the effect that the best way to maintain the physical system in health is to forget that we are in the possession of organs liable to become diseased. Though this assertion, in the main, is far from correct, yet there is in it a germ of common sense. The less we think about our bodily discomforts and pains, the better. Diversion of the mind has often outgeneralled the raging pestilence, and cured painful maladies.

Physical vigor is one of the greatest earthly blessings; and no one can comprehend better than the invalid why the ancient Greeks and Romans placed Hygeia in the category of their deities. The serpent is the symbol of wisdom, and this pagan goddess is represented as engaged in feeding a member of this species, so despised by us, which is amiably suspended from the trunk of a tree. This implies, no doubt, that health nourishes wisdom, and, by the law of reciprocity, wisdom is friendly to health.

The ascetic might take another view, and say that to promote physical health is to rob the spiritual; that we indeed cherish a viper when we do not mortify the body. He might be more or less correct; yet in advanced years many ascetics have acknowledged that a more prudent care of health in early years would have prolonged their power of doing good. Certain it is that health is too precious a boon to be trifled with.

When we remember that the Christian virtues rank prudence, justice, fortitude, and temperance as cardinal, we find a grand foundation to the theory that health is one of God's best gifts to man. Without them, perfect health cannot exist. Regular hours, temperance in eating and drinking, daily exercise, both physical and mental, are natural means of securing health. They are maintained by prudence, and, certainly, as society is now constituted, no small amount of fortitude is requisite to observe the laws of health.

Next after prudence, in the list of cardinal virtues, comes justice. Is it not to remind us that the keeping of the Commandments is necessary to the normal condition of the being? There is much talk about a clear conscience as the prime requisite to health. To many, a clear conscience leaves our duty to God out of the question. To pay your debts; attend the opera; take Turkish baths, and an annual trip, covers the ground. But we leave this hint for theologians to develop. It is very suggestive.

To appeal to our sense of personal enjoyment,—what have we not to suffer from the loss of health? By it we are condemned to inactivity. We must see others participate in pleasures from which we are debarred. Again, unless we are fortunately blessed with great patience to bear our sufferings without complaint, we must become a burden to

ourselves, and far more humiliating—a burden to our friends upon whom we are dependent.

Had sickness no other unhappy effects than those produced upon the senses, it might be borne with comparative ease; but there are very few who recognize the hand of God in the affliction, and fewer still, who, seeing it, are heartily resigned; therefore, as a rule, ill health produces anything but a pleasant temper of mind, and by this bad temper, the misfortune is greatly aggravated. The invalid becomes selfish and discomforted when he sees those who, by taking the necessary precautions, or by other means have preserved their good health, and then comes the deadly sin of envy.

We have every reason to assert that it is a duty we owe, not only to those who love us, but also to God, who imparts the inestimable prize, to neglect no means of preserving our good health. How lightly fall misfortunes when the balm of a clear, bright morning finds a response in the quickening pulses! How easy it is to bear the reverses of fortune when one feels ready to enter upon any honest career in order to retrieve the loss! Where would have been the heroes and the grand missionaries who have roused the homage of mankind, had not vigor of constitution given the physical strength to endure hardships, and to resist obstacles? We know there are exceptions; but they only serve to prove the rule, which warns us, that though health and even life must be sacrificed, if duty makes the demand, yet one who values health lightly and takes little care to retain it, must stand guilty in the sight of God.

LILLIAN TRASK (Class '88).

Tablet of Honor.

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

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Par Excellence—Misses Allen, Andree, Brady, Balch, Burton, Barth, Bloom, Brewer, Beschameng, Bourne, Bray, Bates, Blacklock, Beck, Belfield, Carmien, Clifford, Claggett, Connors, Clore, E. Coll, M. Coll, Campagne, Calkins, H. Dempsey, Ducey, M. Desmond, C. Desmond, Davis, Dunkin, Daube, English, Earley, Flannery, Fitzpatrick, Fenton, Gavan, Geer, Guise, Gordon, Hummer, Hughes, Hellmann, M. Horner, I. Horner, Henke, Hinz, Harlen, Heffron, C. Hurley, K. Hurley, Hillas, Hoffmann, Hutchinson, Hepburn, Hooker, Johnson, Kearns, Kohler, Kron, Keyes, M. F. Murphy, L. Meehan, N. Meehan, E. McCarthy, McCormick, McEwen, McNamara, Moore, C. McCarthy, Marsh, Moran, Mitchell, Marley, Neff, L. Nicholas, E. Nicholas, O'Brien, Prudhomme, Piper, Papin, Quill, Quealey, G. Regan, Rend, Riedinger, E. Regan, Richardson, Robinson, Rannels, Reen, Snowhook, Sullivan, Stadtler, Sheean, Saviers, M. Smith, B. Smith, Sloman, Spier, Studebaker, Thompson, M. Voechting, B. Voechting, Waterbury, Wagner, Wiesenbach, Wehr, Webb, Young, Zahm.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Par Excellence—Misses Burdick,* Churchill,* Davis,* E. Dempsey,* L. Dreyer,* Foster,* Fritz, Hake,* Hagus, Hughes,* Kloth,* Lewis,* Longmire,* Lauth,* Miller,* N. Morse,* Mercer,* Newman,* Quealey,* Rhinehart,*

Rose,* Rogers,* Stapleton,* E. Smith,* A. Thirds,* A. Wurzburg,* N. Wurzburg.*

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Par Excellence—Misses E. Burns, K. Moore,* F. Palmer, L. Reeves,* S. Smith,* E. Tremper, A. Papin.

* Drew for Politeness Cross.

CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC.

HONORABLY MENTIONED.

ADVANCED COURSE—Miss E. Horn.

ADVANCED COURSE, Harp—Miss M. Dillon.

1ST COURSE, GRADUATING CLASS—Miss H. Guise.

1ST CLASS—Misses M. F. Murphy, Rend, Van Horn.

2D CLASS—Misses M. Allen, A. Reidinger, B. Snowhook.

2D DIV.—Miss M. Desmond, O. O'Brien.

3D CLASS—Misses E. Brady, M. Barry, K. Gavan, M. Horner, G. Regan.

2D DIV.—Misses H. Coll, L. Ducey, E. Flannery, L. Hillas, T. Hinz.

4TH CLASS—Misses C. Dempsey, M. M. Davis, Hughes, K. Heffron, C. Moran, E. McCarthy, L. Piper, M. Smith, G. Stadtler, M. Sheehan.

2D DIV.—Misses M. Clifford, B. Claggett, L. Dolan, J. Daube, J. English, C. Hurley, O. Hoffman, L. Koester, M. Keyes, N. Morse, I. Stapleton, E. Quealey.

5TH CLASS—Misses M. Bates, E. Balch, A. Blacklock, I. Bub, F. Carmien, E. Foster, B. Fenton, L. Fravel, Henke, M. Hummer, O. Knauer, E. Kearns, M. McEwen.

2D DIV.—Misses M. Beck, J. Bloom, E. Dempsey, M. Fitzpatrick, F. Hertzog, E. Harlen, M. Hull, E. Lewis, L. Meehan, H. Meehan, J. McFadden, P. Sloman, G. Wehr, L. Waterbury.

6TH CLASS—Misses M. Andree, M. Burton, T. Balch, E. Churchill, K. Desmond, H. Hake, A. Johnson, L. Lilley, M. McCormick, F. Marley, M. Newman, M. Papin, Prudhomme, H. Pugsley, E. Regan, M. Rhinehart, J. Robinson, L. Reeves, R. Van Mourick, M. Voechting, B. Voechting, B. Wagner, N. Wurzburg.

2D DIV.—Misses M. Arpin, E. Blaine, E. Burns, M. Coll, M. Campbell, N. Dunkin, E. Fritz, K. Hurley, M. Kohler, C. Kron, K. Loonie, M. Mitchell, M. McCune, K. McCarthy, L. Nicholas, M. Conner, H. Quill, M. Richardson, A. Schmauss, M. Thompson, B. Webb.

7TH CLASS—Misses C. Bray, M. Burns, K. Calkins, L. Dreyer, E. Davis, M. Geer, E. Hagus, E. Longmire, L. Leonard, L. Mercer, E. Nicholas, A. O'Mara, M. Rannels, D. Rogers, C. Reen, B. Smith, E. Smith, E. Spier, L. Wiesenbach, I. Zahm.

8TH CLASS—Misses F. Burdick, C. Kloth, M. Miller, G. Papin, S. Smith.

9TH CLASS—Misses K. Early, F. Palmer, M. Rose, M. Reed.

10TH CLASS—Miss Ella Burns.

HARP.

5TH CLASS—Misses Snowhook, L. Hillas.

6TH CLASS—Miss L. Waterbury.

VIOLIN.

Misses L. Koester, H. Studebaker.

GUITAR.

5TH CLATS—Misses K. Desmond, M. Burton.

6TH CLASS—Misses J. McFadden, B. Voechting.

VOCAL DEPARTMENT.

GRADUATING CLASS—Miss M. F. Murphy.

1ST CLASS—Misses K. Gavan, H. Guise.

2D DIV.—Miss C. Moran.

2D CLASS, 2D DIV.—Miss McCarthy.

3D CLASS—Misses M. Barry, N. Dempsey, C. Dempsey.

2D DIV.—Misses F. Carmien, B. Hellmann, L. Meehan, C. McFadden.

4TH CLASS—Misses I. Bub, E. Balch, B. Fenton, M. Fitzpatrick, C. Hurley, F. Hertzog, C. Kron, F. Marley, L. Nicholas, P. Sloman.

5TH CLASS—Misses T. Balch, A. Bourne, B. Claggett, Calkins, L. Dolan, L. Hillas, A. Johnson, E. Kohler, M. McCormick, M. Mitchell, O. O'Brien, C. Prudhomme, M. Papin, G. Wehr, M. Webb, M. Voechting.