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The Visitor.

BY H. A. HOLDEN, '91.

It seemed as if the night had opened Hell,
The lightning ceaseless, blinding, flashed on high,
Like fiery swords and bent flamed forks fell,
The thunder boomed and shook the lurid sky.

God save the soul unhoused to-night! The prayer
Was on my lips. I opened wide the door;
What seemed a human form was standing there;
I wot his like was never seen before.

A hunchback he, no taller than a child;
His hair and beard were matted, black and long;
His eye was piercing, dark, and staring wild,
And from his lips there came a low, weird song.

His nose and chin were almost met; his skin,
Like parchment, wrinkled, old, hung from his face;
His arms were bony, bare and long, his shin
Was crooked, nor came he of a human race.

In vain to speak I tried, the words stuck fast;
My tongue refused its office and was still;
A look from those dire eyes was on me cast;
My frame convulsed as with a sudden chill.

"Ha, lik'st me not!" His accent shrill rose high
Above the tempest's roar. "Yet know, in sooth,
Thou long hast loved e'en such a one as I!
For me you scorn at Love and spit at Truth.

"Oft hast thou bade me welcome, and within
Thy heart has kept me in its choicest place.
*I am thy dearest, best beloved sin,
And fearest thou to meet me face to face?"*

THE qualities that constitute genius are invention, imagination and judgment; invention, by which new trains of events are formed; imagination which strongly impresses on the writer's mind and enables him to convey to the reader the various forms of nature, incidents of life and energies of passion; and judgment which selects from life or nature what the present purpose requires.—*Johnson.*

The Evil Effects of Labor Organizations.

BY J. E. PARADIS, '90.

Within the bounds of this great world the Creator has enclosed an immense wealth which He destined for man. It was not His will, however, that man should enjoy in idleness all the goods of creation, He gave him the empire over nature, but on condition that he should acquire his actual domain by an intelligent industry. Hence arise the two great producers of wealth: nature and man—physical agencies and labor, the gift of God and the effort of man. Nature undoubtedly holds the first place; but all those gifts would prove useless if man did not conquer them by an assiduous labor; in other words, wealth is produced by the union of nature with labor, and results only from their mutual concourse.

In studying a country, we have to consider not only its geographical position and physical advantages as favorable to production, but we must consider the inhabitants, their manners and customs. The prosperity and the material progress of a nation, will be in proportion to energy of the laborer, who will always have to meet with serious difficulties and obstacles over which he will triumph only by a great self-denial—the Christian principle of all labor. Progress is not the perfection of an abstract body called society, as pantheists say, but it is and must be the perfection of the individuals: the greater in a society the intelligence, the virtue, the freedom, the well-being of its members, the greater will be the progress achieved by that society; but the more obstacles there will be to the freedom and energy of the workman, the more will it cease to advance.

A few years ago, the workingman was not deprived of his right to seek and obtain the labor and wages to which his skill and individual industry entitled him; the employer was not deprived of the right to engage men whose craft and energy would suit his interests on such conditions as would be agreed upon by both; neither was he deprived of his right to dismiss an inefficient worker when his services were no longer required. And this unrestricted liberty of the workingman and employer has been at the foundation of the progress of this grand nation.

But this, it seems, was not to last. Of late years there have been found among other importations from foreign countries professional labor agitators who, unhappily, have soon been seconded by vicious and idle workmen of domestic growth. These men have found it more congenial to their idle habits to receive high salaries as grand knights or walking delegates than to set earnestly to work as our good workman gladly does. So poor laborers have been forced by false pretences to pay dues for these gentlemen's salaries and expenses; societies have been founded with the usual mysteries, secrets, oaths and punishments. What has been the result? That this individual liberty which the workmen enjoyed until then as regards employment, their family and the state, was changed into a sort of slavery, not, indeed, under their employers but under those self-constituted authorities. They were compelled to abandon their duty when the requirements of the society which they had been induced to join were not complied with; fixed wages and hours for work were appointed; the number of young men to learn such or such a trade was limited, and many more obligations imposed upon them, all of which had for special aim to entirely reduce the employer under the dictation of those bodies.

Now, the great weapon of these societies is "strikes." Are we to condemn strikes? No, not when they are used for a good cause; and sometimes this is the case; when workmen are tyrannized over by the employer they become a painful necessity. But there are frequent and terrible abuses of this right on the part of labor organizations, and the result is so serious that everything should be done to prevent them. War is the great destroyer, and of all wars, civil war is the most destructive; especially the civil war that rages, not between different parts of the same country, but between different classes in the same territory. I will not enter into a description of the destructive scenes brought about by strikes; all know them as well

as I do. Passions that make man the most relentless of animals are there aroused. And, after all, what good effects do they generally produce? If there are any, they are more than counterbalanced by the evils that follow. The great London strike which occurred a few months ago has cost over twelve millions of dollars and yet nothing has been settled. A successful strike after cruel sufferings have been endured by the workmen and severe losses inflicted upon their masters, may more or less effect an increase of wages, but that victory will always be stained by the bitterest memories.

What is then the lesson of strikes? That labor organizations are not a solution to the labor problem, and that the labor problem cannot be ignored; that unless the moral advance of a country is commensurate with the material progress, civilization is doomed. Shall we call this civilization in which the arts of production advance with tremendous rapidity and the distribution is left to war? This in the United States, as well as in other countries, may result one day in a terrible crash; it is becoming more dangerous every year.

Strikes will be inevitable until the Christian law of labor is understood—until that liberty of the workmen and employers and the good relations between them, which have been torn away by trade-unions, are restored to society. We are told much good of these unions, that, as the French proverb says, "*l'union fait la force*"; that workingmen should know and support each other and see that reasonable wages are given to them. In this case, however, as in many others, facts teach us that what seems good in theory may, and in fact often does, become bad in practice. We can but praise and encourage societies formed among workingmen to promote a better understanding of their trades and unite their families, to discuss the question of wages, and for protection against the injustice of employers; but when those societies are controlled by unprincipled demagogues who wish to live by the labor of others; when they become tyrannical to the workingman himself; when they violate his individual right, then I say, they should be abolished, not only as a great obstacle to the moral progress of a nation, but also as a plague which would soon lead to the destruction of all employers' business and of reasonable wages to employees.

The daily papers are full of occurrences where the peace of an earnest workingman is constantly menaced by the unjust domination of the labor agitators. How often has it been seen that good, honest, sober workingmen who felt

satisfied with their condition, and who preferred to preserve their individual independence, were not only shut out from their legitimate employment, but hooted, denounced as "scabs," pelted with stones, and even sometimes murdered in the streets of our cities. Is this liberty? Is this to be tolerated in a free land where that freedom has been gloriously obtained at the price of thousands of noble and patriotic lives?

When instances like these are so frequently repeated, we may safely assume that many members of labor organizations are such, not because they wish to be, but because of their fear of otherwise endangering their employment and personal safety. And when I say that a large majority of the membership of these societies is composed of men who are there in spite of themselves, it is because I know that the workmen of this country are amongst the best citizens of the nation; that most of them are industrious, intelligent and law-abiding citizens. It is that independent, order-loving and peaceable citizen which the labor agitators and their followers call a "scab."

If we now study the immediate effects of labor organizations, we soon find out that their tendency is to separate the employer from his workman; while there should exist between them relations of cordial friendship and respect. They should be deeply interested in each other's welfare, and, in fact, they generally are when these good relations are not destroyed by the interference of trade-unions; but they are, and will always be, until the total disappearance of labor agitators.

It is suggested that the workman often has a large family to support, and that he should receive wages proportionate to his wants. But it is a great mistake in a discussion like this to assume that all employers are wealthy capitalists. They too have sometimes a large family to support, and, moreover, heavy expenses to defray. If they do not give higher wages to their workmen it is, perhaps, because they cannot afford to do so. And in this case it is my sincere belief that if these should unite with their employer and exert themselves to do more or better work, thereby helping their masters out of difficult circumstances, they would eventually obtain the wages sought for; and the result would be infinitely better than that of a strike which would have destroyed their own employment and the business of perhaps a good, kind-hearted employer.

But here the demagogue comes in, and the poor, ignorant workmen are made to understand that they have to beware of their employers;

who are tyrants without the least sympathy for their families, and ready at any moment to take the meanest advantage of them. The employer, on the other hand, knows that labor organizations are a constant menace to his business; that at the moment when he least expects it some secret order from a labor chief or grand knight may destroy his whole business. Let us figure to ourselves good, earnest workmen, who gladly do their work and are perfectly satisfied with their condition and wages. Suddenly, there comes a secret order from whom no one knows, but from one, nevertheless, whose salary and expenses they have to pay, and however painful it may be for them to leave an employment of which they have no reason to complain, they are compelled to quit work. There they are with nothing to do, reduced to idleness in spite of all their good-will. They return home to see the anxious faces of their wives and children grow pale for the want of food. Yet there is an abundance of work to be had at their doors and they are not allowed to gain the bread which is so sorely needed at home.

Such are some of the scenes brought about by labor organizations. Among the other evil tendencies resulting from such organizations is the dwarfing of our best workmen. Although they be skilful, vigorous and enterprising more than others, they are reduced not only to the average, but to the lower classes of the unskilled and indolent. So the young workman at first full of energy and hope is denied the right of attaining that success which he feels his individual industry would soon win for him, and, reduced by his order to a lower level, he falls a discouraged and broken man.

Most of the workingmen of this nation are good, industrious, quick to learn their business. In fact, there is no country in the world where so many men have started without a dollar, and with only their good sense and industrious talent have reached a wonderful success. Many of the most prominent citizens in the United States have come from the ranks, and they are not ashamed of it; they are justly proud to attribute that success to their energy, their good-will and loyalty to those who first trusted and employed them. But not one of all these will attribute it to the labor unions; on the contrary, they know very well that they would not occupy the position which they now hold had their young energy been thwarted by the dictation of labor unions.

Whatever may be said of those labor organizations, it is certainly to be hoped that the great body of workmen both in Canada and the

United States will never be permanently controlled by them; for this would be the worst kind of slavery; the workman would lose all ambition and opportunity to ever become himself an employer. Let the employers of labor show the same independence to suffer temporary losses that these non-union employers do; let them refuse to employ members of such societies, and there will soon be an end to this; then those idle agitators who are thought to be the friend of the workman will disappear, no longer to disturb the public peace. But, above all, let the legislative authorities see that no violence is offered to individual liberty; that every citizen enjoy that which is his birthright—to work at such trades, for such persons and for such wages as he deems proper.

Books We Have Read.

II.

"UNCLE TOM'S CABIN."

Ages pass like dreams over the stage of time, and men play the parts assigned them. As after some great performance we express our ideas about the chief characters who have appeared before our eyes, so also do we now speak about great men who lived before us, but whose great deeds are engraved so as not to be effaced on the tablets of our memory.

We are full of admiration for brave generals like Alexander and Cæsar; for eloquent orators like Demosthenes, Cicero and Burke; for great poets like Homer, Virgil and Shakspeare; for renowned painters and sculptors like Phidias, Rubens and Angelo.

But the drama of life is still being performed, and great personages are still making their appearance even at the present day. We admire their genius and abilities and pay them the homage which they deserve; we think it an honor to come from the cities which they inhabit, or to have ever had an opportunity of seeing them.

There are comparatively few women who deserve special attention; but of this number is one who, for the last seventy-eight years has been an honor to our glorious, liberty-loving country; one whose great genius sheds on herself and her countrymen a light which reveals the brightness of her intellect; one whose abilities and industry have been the means of giving to the world a work which will live in the hearts of men, and as long as a loyal son of this great Republic lives, will make known the name of its author, Harriet Beecher Stowe.

Harriet, daughter of Rev. Lyman Beecher, was born in Lichtfield, Conn., in the year 1812. She soon developed her mental capabilities, and at the age of fifteen already assisted her sister, Catherine Beecher, in the management of a school at Hartford, Conn. In 1832, when just twenty years of age, she, with her father's family, went to Cincinnati, Ohio, where, in 1836, she was married to Prof. Calvin E. Stowe, of Lane Theological Seminary. In 1850, Prof. Stowe and his family went to Bowdoin College, Brunswick, Me., and thence in 1852, to Andover, Mass., where the family have resided ever since.

Mrs. Stowe began rather early to write occasional pieces. Her first volume appeared in 1843, and was called "The Mayflower." The short tales and sketches of which this book is composed, already gave marks of the genius of the writer, and were the heralds which announced to the world her future fame.

It is wonderful how man or woman often rises in the world by one great deed or fortunate action; just as a painting after long and hard work receives from the artist's brush the last, successful touch which elevates it from a rather common-place rank among pictures to a masterpiece which, many years after, is seen and admired in a gallery. Before painting this the artist worked hard and even rose high in the opinion of critics; but by this one piece his fame is established. From the year 1853, Mrs. Stowe devoted herself wholly to literary pursuits, writing many novels of merit, all of which show marks of her genius. Her principal works are: "The Minister's Wooing," "The Pearl of Orr's Island," "Pink and White Tyranny," "My Wife and I," "Agnes of Sorrento"; yet none equal her first great production, "Uncle Tom's Cabin." This book brought her into notice as the ablest and most successful American novelist since the death of Hawthorne. Its success was unprecedented in the annals of literature. Proof of this is that in less than nine months the sale had exceeded a million copies, and that the author and publishers had made fortunes by it. But this work was not to be confined to the limits of America. Soon more than thirty rival editions of it were published in London alone, besides numerous others in Scotland and Ireland. It was translated forty times, and the book became as popular in Arabia, China, Japan and Armenia as in America. In consequence Harriet Beecher Stowe, before comparatively unknown even in her own country, became as familiar a name as Shakspeare or Homer.

"Uncle Tom's Cabin" is a novel directed against slavery which, at the time when the

book was first published, held sway in all its tyrannical might, and it is asserted by the best authorities that this volume did more for the removal of that blot upon our nation than any steps taken by the Government. Then, surely, there must have been rays of immortal genius shining through the book, and some magnetism about it besides its political bias, or it would not have been read by those men, who made their fortunes by their slaves. Nobody ever reads a book which is directed against himself, and that this one was an exception must be attributed to the fact that its author was a woman of no ordinary merit. No novelist surpasses her in the ability of story-telling, and her success is equally great in the delineation of character. Even those persons who are introduced but incidentally in a single scene appear to us as clear and distinct as the charcoal sketches in the contours of a great master. As soon as "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was published it was represented on the stage, and, for months in succession, theatres, both metropolitan and provincial, were kept thronged by the exhibition of the story, however crude may have been the form given it by some bungling playwright.

Briefly the story of the great novel is the following: The scene is laid in the South. The master of a plantation becomes very poor and is obliged to sell some of his slaves. Among the number are a young mulatto, named George Harris, his wife and child, and an old man, named Tom, and his wife.

Harris' wife overhears a conversation between her master and the neighbor, and learns that herself and child are to be sold. She meets her husband and tells him what she has heard. He then forms a plan to run away with her to Canada, in which he is assisted by Tom and his wife Chloe. Harris' wife flees with her child in her arms to the river, closely pursued by the slave-hunters with blood-hounds. She, by the assistance of a converted Quaker, makes her escape across the ice-choked river by jumping from piece to piece. On the other side her husband joins her. They are pursued by the slave-hunters into a mountain, where Harris kills several of the party who attempt to capture him. After some hardships on the journey they reach Canada in safety.

Uncle Tom is bought by a man named Sinclair, who makes him his coachman and treats him kindly. Tom soon becomes a great favorite of his master's little daughter Eva. He carries her about on his shoulder, and calls her his "little missus." A strange picture the pair presents. The fair child with her long, golden-locks

that shine like sunbeams, and the old man with his dark skin and white woolly hair. Shortly afterwards the child dies, and Tom is disconsolate. The picture which Mrs. Stowe paints of Eva's death-bed scene is one of the most pathetic in all literature. After the death of his child, Sinclair takes to drinking, is stabbed one night in a saloon brawl, and brought home to die. Before her death he had promised Eva that he would set Uncle Tom free. This he neglected from day to day, and died without keeping his promise. The only word of complaint which the poor old slave utters is: "Massa's dead, and old Tom's still a slave."

The amusing character in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is Topsy, a young colored girl, whose propensities for mischief seem to be almost marvellous. Her chief delight is stealing, lying and playing tricks at the expense of others. To all questions of how old she is and who were her parents she replies: "How old is I? Golly, don't know—nevah had any father or mother—just growed up like shugah-cane."

Sinclair's sister, whose name was Ophelia, had been presented by her brother with this strange piece of humanity, whom she tried in vain to civilize. The only one who could do anything with Topsy was Sinclair's little daughter Eva. After her death, the colored girl becomes less wild, and finally develops into an ordinary, uninteresting character, like thousands of other negresses who delight in adorning their person with gaudy dresses. She goes North with her mistress, and, after a while, we lose sight of her. Sinclair's slaves are sold and Uncle Tom is purchased by a brutal slaveholder, named Simon Legree, who takes him with others to his plantation in Louisiana. He forces Tom to act as overseer, and one day orders him to whip another negro. Tom says: "Massa, ebry drop of blood in this poor ole body I gibs for you; but strike dat poor chile, can't do it, massa, can't do it."

At this the brute bellowing like a mad bull: "What, you black devil, aren't you mine? Didn't I buy you body and soul?"

"No, massa," answered Tom, "de body is yours, but you can't touch de soul."

Legree becomes enraged and fells him to the earth with a heavy blow of his leaden whip. In the meantime detectives come to arrest Legree for the murder of Sinclair. Before they arrive, George Harris, whom Tom, years ago, had assisted to escape, having learned the whereabouts of the old slave, comes to purchase his freedom. Legree, in answer to Harris' question as to where Tom is, says: "Guess, you'll find the old

dog outside there. He wouldn't flog a nigger and I gave him something he won't forget in a hurry."

Meanwhile the detectives come up, and Le-gree, resisting arrest, is shot and killed.

Old Tom, worn out by years of long servitude, his head crushed by the blow of the cruel whip, dies in the arms of his old friend, with a smile on his face and forgiving all who had injured him.

There are, in this celebrated work, several other characters of more or less importance; for example, a man "whose name was Marks, a lawyer," who invariably carried under his arm an old umbrella and rode a sorry-looking donkey; a converted quaker who was continually forgetting his new character, on which occasions he would say: "Hold on, quaker, you're off the track again." The book is a true copy of Southern slavlife, and will be read as long as we shall have

"... Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And freedom's banner streaming o'er us."

JOSEPH JUST, '92.

[From the Boston Pilot.]

St. Patrick's Day—1890.

A glitter of green in the sunlight dancing.
The air of an old song soft and sweet,
And the measured march of men advancing
In brave array through the crowded street;
Oh! Emerald Isle, in the waste of waters,
What tender thoughts do these things portray
To the eager eyes of thy sons and daughters
With each return of St. Patrick's Day!

They see the spots where in youth's first flushes
They learned that love which they bear thee still;
They hear the songs that the larks and thrushes
Were wont at morn to the skies to trill.
Through the fields so often they rambled over
In happy childhood again they stray,
And gather their bunches of three-leaved clover,
To wear in honor of Patrick's Day.

Say that such dreams are but flights of fancy,
What does it matter to them whose gaze
The magic mirror of necromancy
Delights with visions of vanished days!
Who lingers here in the city's shadows
While the proud procession moves away,
But those hearts are off in the Irish meadows
In search of shamrocks this Patrick's Day.

WILLIAM D. KELLY.

IRISH Monks founded fifteen monasteries in Bavaria, fifteen in Switzerland, thirteen in Scotland, twelve in England, twelve in Britany, ten in Alsace, seven in Lorraine and seven in France.

St. Patrick's Day.*

More than fourteen centuries have passed away since the illustrious saint whose anniversary we are gathered to celebrate this evening, planted the Gospel, the seed of Christianity, and that love of nationality which neither famine nor pestilence, neither the sword of the blood-stained oppressor, nor infamous laws, nor persecuting enactments, have been able to eradicate or even weaken. His name still remains familiar and dear to hearts in every quarter of the globe. His fame has passed the boundary lines which separate nations, and has followed the people to whom he brought the light of the Gospel to every land trodden by the Irish race. Where the Ganges pours her mighty floods and winds among the rice fields of many tribes, picturing the domes and minarets of strange religions in her waters; where the Mississippi fructifies the green valleys and enriches the busy marts and happy towns of a free people; where the Pyramids of Egypt have looked down upon fifty centuries of civilization; wherever an Irish head has found a resting-place, the name of ST. PATRICK is a symbol and a watchword to strike the imagination of millions.

The human race then gives the signal to "halt," and stop a moment for it is the great Irish race that is passing by—the race which through ages have battled for an idea; the race which through ages has exhibited a moral grandeur unrivalled in the annals of history. No wonder then that whether we draw our blood from the Green Isle, once peopled by saints, sages and warriors, or whether the current of other generous lands runs in our veins, we should all do honor to that old and noble race which has withstood the shock of centuries of persecution more inhuman than the world has ever seen before. No wonder that we Americans, who sympathize with every cause that has right on its side, should give our special, our heartfelt sympathy to that race to whose aid our glorious Republic partly owes its birth and preservation, and which has so nobly adhered in despite of torture, starvation and death to its faith, and which has given countless martyrs to both. Look at the records of the men who have died for their faith, and see the number of Irish names upon the register. Look at the pages of history and see the number of noble Irishmen who laid down their lives for this country, and not for this country only, but for England and France as well.

* Substance of the Oration delivered at the entertainment in honor of the festival of St. Patrick, by W.F. FORD.

It is needless to tell how in our last great war—the greatest the world has ever seen—the Irish poured out their blood like rain upon the battle-fields of the South; for, doubtless, you have all heard of “Kilpatrick” and “Kearney,” of the “Gallant Sixty-Ninth,” and of “Meagher’s Irish Brigade”; and well has the poet said:

“A hundred battle-fields attest,
A hundred victories show,
How well Liberty’s behest,
They fought our country’s foe.”

And to what do the Irish people attribute this great fidelity? It is to the teaching which their ancestors received at Tara and many other places from their great patron, St. Patrick, and which has been transmitted to them from generation to generation. This teaching has preserved them as a distinct nation, for they are such, and no doubt will always be; for although the nation is subject to great Britain, and has been for a number of centuries, England’s Queen is Victoria, Queen of the “United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland.”

When we look back over the pages of history and see the warlike spirit which has always characterized the Irish Nation, and which, at the time of Saint Patrick, was at its greatest height, when they defied the Eagles of proud, Imperial Rome, we are struck with awe, at the wonderful, nay miraculous conversion of the Emerald Isle. The proudest armies of Rome dared not set foot on Irish soil, and yet one of Christ’s ministers went, single-handed, and conquered the entire land without shedding a drop of blood. In speaking of this great victory More beautifully exclaims:

“While in all other lands Christianity has been the slow work of time, and has been resisted by either government or people, or has seldom been effected without the lavish effusion of blood; in Ireland, on the contrary, by the influence of one zealous missionary, and with little previous preparation of the soil by other hands, Christianity burst forth at the first ray of apostolic light, and with the sudden ripeness of a Northern summer covered the whole land.”

And how have they kept the faith which they so joyously received so many years ago? Comparison with other nations must answer this question. All the other Christian nations have been plunged into uncertainty and disbelief under half the persecutions Ireland has endured; for the faith preached by St. Patrick has remained unchanged in jot or tittle through long years of war and confiscation, of famine and persecution, in conflict with Dane and Saxon, under “Bluff King Hall,” “Good Queen Bess,” the “Godly Cromwell” and the Pious William, under every persecuting prince and princess,

from the House of Plantagenet to the House of Hanover. Contrast with this grand record the fate of Christianity in other countries. Where is the faith of those ancient peoples of the East, who received the Gospel from the Apostles themselves? Destroyed by the invasion of the surrounding pagan tribes.

Where England succumbed to an indirect attack of thirty years, Ireland withstood a direct one which lasted over 300 years, constantly struggling, constantly enduring every extremity of persecution and torture until at last on the 13th day of April, 1829, she unfurled her victorious banner over the head of her illustrious son, Daniel O’Connell.

This glorious loyalty to their ancestral faith,—equally with their undying devotion to the liberty of their country—is due to the noble Saint who in his youth had been a slave in this very land, and who, having escaped from his master and reaching home did not hesitate at the command of God to return to the scene of his bondage—to return—yes, but not as a slave, but as an humble teacher of the divine word of God. And when the time came for him to receive the reward of his zeal and heroism, he died, not the despised slave of a tribal chief but loved and revered as the saviour and patron of that nation whose sons to-day honor him as the Saint and founder of their nationality should be honored.

When the sainted Apostle of Ireland went to his eternal rest he left behind a people endowed with every material prosperity and with all the intellectual and spiritual gifts that heaven has made the privilege of only a few select races. The land literally flowed with milk and honey, and figuratively with the milk of hospitality, compassion and unselfishness and with the honey of mental culture and literary enthusiasm. Little did the denizens of that happy land foresee the long night of slavery and misery that lay in wait for their descendants—little did they anticipate that their country was to be the prey of robber Dane and savage Saxon and pitiless Norman!

Yes, the history of Ireland has been a cruel one; a tale of apparently endless wrong and depredation, yet still lit up by gleams of the unconquerable spirit of her sons. Through her darkest hours glorious names glow like stars in her clouded skies: O’Neill, O’Donnell, Sarsfield, Grattan, Emmett, O’Connell and Parnell, are words that stir the pulses of every lover of liberty in every land where freedom’s image is held in reverence. And, thank God! we see her sunburst now shining above her mist-clad mountains, and soon her storied flag of green and gold shall be planted once more above the towers of her legislative halls.

“Lift up the green flag! Oh! it wants to go home;
Full long has its lot been to wander and roam;
It has followed the fate of its sons o’er the world,
But its folds, like their hopes, are not faded or furled.”

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	J. B. SULLIVAN, '91,	
JOSEPH E. BERRY, '91.		D. BARRETT, '90,

Presentation of the Lætare Medal.

The honor which the University of Notre Dame confers each year on a distinguished Catholic American was this year sent to Mr. Wm. J. Onahan, of Chicago. The choice of the Trustees and Faculty of the University was, when announced, enthusiastically endorsed, and by no persons more earnestly than by the Most Rev. Archbishop Feehan and the many friends of Mr. Onahan among the prelates. On Lætare Sunday, the Rev. J. A. Zahm, Vice-President of the University, and Dr. M. F. Egan, Professor of English Literature, arrived at Mr. Onahan's house in Chicago, about five o'clock, with Gregori's exquisitely painted address. They found Mr. Onahan, his private secretary, Mr. Duffy, and Mrs. and Miss Onahan at home, but with only a vague idea of what was to take place. Shortly afterwards, the Rev. E. A. Higgins, S. J., and the Rev. J. M. Hayes arrived. Father Higgins acted as special delegate for the Archbishop, and presented the medal, after Dr. Egan had read the address, in a few eloquent and well-chosen words. Mr. Onahan was much affected. "It humiliates me," he said, "to receive such an honor, which recalls to me what I ought to have done, not what I have done." He then very modestly attributed any apparent success in his work to that spirit of love and obedience to the Holy Father which he had always tried to cultivate. At six o'clock, Mrs. Onahan gave an informal dinner to the welcome guests.

The following is the address:

"SIR:

"If there were a statue of Frederick Ozanam in Chicago, the Catholic citizens might, without flattering you, write on its base the word *Resurrexit!*

"The conditions of your life differ much from those which the great French layman moulded by his obedience to rightful authority, his zeal for the poor of Christ, and unceasing devotion of his talents to God. In you we find the same qualities adapted to a newer state of society, and we find them not less effectively employed.

"As we regard Frederick Ozanam as the ideal French Catholic Layman, so we regard you as the ideal American Catholic Layman. Your name has given repute to every work of charity and patriotism in which the initiative of the lay element in the Church seemed necessary. You

have been at the right hand of the bishops in all movements in which the co-operation of their flocks was needed. As a leader, you have been great; as a follower of the pillar of the cloud, even greater. A patriot of patriots, you have never failed to see that the golden chain uniting religion and patriotism 'about the feet of God' cannot be broken. If to your heart you hold the Rosary of the Blessed Mother of God, if you would die for her honor, the love of your native land and city, whose laurels you wear, comes next in your regard. Your labors in the organization of the first Catholic Congress are a part of history; and no chronicle of the progress of the Church in the United States would be complete without the frequent repetition of your name.

"You have been the supporter and consoler of the men who fought the good fight and reached the goal. Brownson, McMaster, Hickey, Father Hecker, knew and valued your practical knowledge and never-failing trust in the future of Catholicity. When you look back, this remembrance must give even greater satisfaction than any present honor. You, who by general consent can be called, without exciting any other murmur than that which greeted the name of Aristides, Christian, good citizen, scholar, and flower of gentlemen,—you have shown over and over again that you do not seek honors: and because of your humility you have been exalted.

"The University of Notre Dame, on this day, when the Church sees a gleam of light from the coming splendor of the Resurrection break over its altars, offers you the Medal already bestowed on others as worthy of the respect, gratitude and emulation of all who love God and Fatherland. Notre Dame can give you no place in a Pagan Pantheon when you are dead, but she offers you while you live, in your strength and fervor, her highest mark of love and respect; and she gives it to you from the hands of your beloved Archbishop, whose consecrated touch gives it more value in your eyes than if it were encrusted with the gems of all the mines. To you Notre Dame gives her best, for you have proved most worthy."

The Columbians.

The Columbians' celebration in honor of St. Patrick's Day was a grand success. For obvious reasons the play, one of the principal features of that occasion, was postponed until Wednesday afternoon at four o'clock. At that time the Faculty, students and invited guests assembled in the capacious exhibition hall to witness the rendering of "The Triumph of Justice." The exercises were opened with a fine selection by the University Orchestra, which moved the soul of every lover of music present. The rendering of Moore's tender melody, "The Last Rose of Summer," by the University Quartette, consisting of Messrs. H. Jewett, W. McPhee, E. Schaack and W. Lahey touched a sympathetic chord in every heart.

The address to the Rev. Vice-President of the University, Father Zahm, was read by Mr. Hugh O'Neill, in a clear, forcible and respectful tone. It was well written, and evinced taste and a careful grasp of the points treated. The following is a short extract:

"Two days ago we celebrated the feast of St. Patrick, Ireland's great Apostle; but for special reasons the commemoration has been postponed until to-day. It would have been more consonant with our feelings to have observed that festival on the time-honored 17th of March, and thus be in harmony with the universal chorus of praise that sprang from the hearts of Ireland's friends throughout the world. For on that great anniversary, as the rays of the rising sun began to fall upon the Austra

lian Alps, a shout of joy was raised by the Irishmen in the land of the Southern cross. That shout rang through the Eastern Archipelago, travelled along the base of the Hymalayas, passed through the ancient empire of Alexander, over the field of Marathon, resounded through the seven hills of Rome, and awoke a responsive echo on the banks of the yellow Tiber. Through Western Europe—for what land knows not the presence of the Irish race—it rolled with a grander swell until it reverberated in tones of jubilation on the shores of my native land, 'The Emerald Gem of the Sea.' That sound travelled upon the billows of the blue Atlantic, and as it touched the free and friendly shores of young and vigorous America, it became like the voice of many waters. Now bursting from the busy cities of the East; now echoing along the chiselled peaks of the Alleghanies; then rolling along the great prairies of the West until its joyous notes faded away on the placid bosom of the Pacific. Thus round and round the world were thirty millions of the Irish race linked together by the bonds of piety, love and patriotism. And well may Irishmen proudly cherish that grand old land, that isle of destiny, upon which nature has lavished every gift calculated to render it a fitting home for brave and honorable men. Well may they be filled with love and veneration for the memory of their great Apostle who planted the seeds of faith in their midst.

"For seven centuries Ireland has been under the bond of a foreign master; but the battle for freedom is raging. Upon one side are arranged the landlords, the English monopolists, led by Balfour and that political Judas, Joseph Chamberlain. On the other a united Ireland and the confederated Democracy of the world, marshalled by Parnell and Gladstone; and it is the dearest wish and the fondest hope of the Columbians, who present this entertainment this afternoon as a mark of their veneration for your many merits, that when next we meet in this hall to commemorate the Feast of St. Patrick, the flag of freedom shall wave proudly over a free, a happy and a contented Ireland. The play to be presented to-night is dedicated to you, Reverend Father, as a token of our appreciation of your character and abilities. We hope that you may long be spared to add lustre to the Faculty of this University—a Faculty of which all are so justly proud."

Throughout, the careful attention of the audience, the frequent plaudits and the ringing applause at the close showed that Mr. O'Neill's effort was well received. The Quartette followed with a humorous selection entitled "That Bill of Fare." The Oration of the day upon "The Irish People" was delivered by that talented young orator, Mr. W. F. Ford. The substance of his oration is given in another part of this paper. The speaker emphasized the fact that America's freedom was due much to Irish valor: Montgomery led her troops; Barry founded her navy; and the rank and file of Irish soldiery ever possessed the confidence and love of the great Washington.

The oration was listened to with wrapt attention. It was a feeling appeal by an eloquent speaker. The allusions to the battle of Fontenoy, and to the names of Ireland's great men provoked long applause; and at the conclusion the audience loudly cheered the speaker.

The duet solo by Messrs. C. Ramsey and W. Hackett was well received. The play selected was, as we have said, "The Triumph of Justice." The caste of characters was well chosen, and under the careful training which they received from Prof. Brogan, the players acquitted themselves creditably.

Mr. J. McConlogue personated the dignified old

Baron to perfection; Mr. E. Brookfield, as a kind hearted naval officer, had his part well in hand; Mr. J. S. Johnson, in the capacity of *Claudio*, son of the Baron, was a typical young nobleman; Messrs. W. F. Ford, as *Rigolio*, and J. T. Fleming as *Estevan*, respectively villain and victim, showed no little artistic talent; Mr. B. A. Lain as *Pablo*, the eccentric steward, rendered his part easily and naturally, and brought down the house repeatedly by his timely hits. Mr. W. E. Lahey, as *Gaspardo* a goat herd, made a fine appearance and played his part well. The murder of Gaspardo by Rigolio in the mountains, at the close of the second act, was cleverly done and was, perhaps, the most dramatic work of the play. R. E. Langan, as *Myrtillo*, a dumb orphan, had a difficult, though seemingly easy part and played it well; Messrs. J. K. Combe, T. A. Krembs, W. O'Neill and H. J. Carroll, as *Benedict*, *Tomaso*, *Carlo* and *Pedro*, attendants of Gaspardo, acquitted themselves creditably; Mr. F. P. Dorsey and J. Dyer as Officers by their formidable presence and grave demeanor impressed all with the majesty of the law. Messrs. W. Johnson, L. Monarch, F. Schillo, C. Schillo and J. McPhilips as goat-herds sang mountain hymns, which spoke of rural pleasures and pastoral pursuits and made a very pleasing variation.

The entertainment was certainly a success, and to the Rev. President of the Columbians and the young men who have devoted time and energy to make it so the SCHOLASTIC tenders its congratulations. If the various rehearsals have been troublesome, they have the satisfaction of knowing that they were not in vain.

The Louisiana Lottery.

One of the strongest passions of the human heart is the inordinate love of money—"the accursed thirst of gold," as Horace calls it—"a serving of idols," as the Apostle of the Gentiles still more forcibly designates it. Unrestrained by the fear of Divine justice, it has sacrificed to Mammon, truth, honor, virtue, country and kind. It robs without compunction the widow and the orphan; nay by a devilish alchemy, coins human blood and scalding tears into shining gold. It has fashioned a creature called the Irish Landlord with a heart of stone, a hand of iron, the face of a gorgon, the maw of a harpy, without eyes to see the ruins and misery with which his Vandal savagery disfigures the bright "Emerald Gem of the ocean—the fairest spot on God's good globe." It has colonized the "Land of the Blue-Noses" with bank-defaulters, state and county treasurers, dishonest merchants, faithless clerks, the holders of public and private trusts, and a goodly tribe whose patron saint is the versatile Jim the Penman.

But even when this passion does not stoop to crime or crookedness, it will frequently impel its victim to foolishly grasp at the skeleton of

a chance for the acquisition of sudden wealth—to sacrifice the substance for the shadow, throw good money after bad, and, as the Emperor Augustus used to say, “go fishing with a golden hook.” This is what furnishes gudgeons to gamblers, chickens to *chevaliers d’industrie*, conies to confidence-men, grangers for *green goods* and *saw dust*. For the chance of unearned gain the Indian will risk his wampum, arms, wife and pony; the son of the Flowery Kingdom will undergo mutilation of limb or slavery; the civilized Caucasian will brave the Tiger’s lair, or sacrifice a fortune at a faro bank, or on a board of trade. It is the foolish lust of gold that sustains such public swindles as the famous or infamous Louisiana Lottery Co., and pours greater riches than Cræsus owned into its plethoric coffers.

This great pecuniary octopus bears the solemn seal of law upon its brazen front. By a vote of the people of the Creole State, its franchise was made part of the present State Constitution adopted Dec. 2, 1879, and its charter will hold good until 1895, when, guided by Carlyle’s dictum in regard to the mental texture of Englishmen, it will seek for pastures new among fools not a few. It has unlimited “boodle” with a capital stock of a million, and was incorporated by law on condition that it would annually pay the sum of \$40,000 to the Charity Hospital at New Orleans—a mere crumb falling from its groaning tables. The president of the concern is M. A. Dauphin; and the commissioners or inspectors of the drawing are the famous secession generals, G. T. Beauregard and J. A. Early. The *prestige* of those gentlemen who represent the best phase of Southern chivalry, and the high military record achieved by them during the War of Rebellion add much success and plausibility to the scheme. The drawings are held in public, and there is no doubt whatsoever that they are conducted fairly and squarely under the direct supervision of the honorable gentlemen just mentioned. The lottery building is a fine edifice occupying the corner of St. Charles and Union streets. On the ground floor prizes are cashed, on the upper floor is the large hall where the drawings take place. Two wheels are used in the drawing. The numbers of tickets from 1 to 100,000, printed on separate slips of paper, are encircled with small rubber tubes, and placed in one. The prizes similarly printed and encircled are placed in the other wheel. Both wheels are then set in motion, and a number is drawn from the wheel of numbers, and at the same time a prize is drawn from the second wheel. The number and prize drawn out are opened and exhibited to the audience and registered by the commissioners. This operation is repeated until all the prizes are drawn out. There are numerous stands for the sale of tickets throughout the city. In all the principal cities of the United States, there are agents of the company who pursue their avocation either publicly or privately for

a fixed commission on the sale of tickets furnished them. Many of the leading newspapers of the country are generously subsidized for advertising the El Dorado of the Crescent City in glowing terms, as well as for publishing the winning numbers with a flourish of trumpets.

There are several classes of lotteries which are conducted by the great corporation whose presiding deity is the fickle goddess of Fortune. There is the ordinary lottery consisting of drawings every month in the year, with the exception of the two months in which the great or extraordinary drawing is held. The prizes number 3144 and mount to \$1,054,800. They range from a capital prize of \$300,000 to approximating prizes of \$400, and terminals of \$200. The number of tickets issued are 100,000 at \$20 each. These tickets are sold in fractional parts of \$1 each. One part may be sold in New York, another in Chicago, another in San Francisco, another in Montreal. The highest prize won by a ticket-holder would be \$15,000 and the lowest in a decreasing scale \$5. The approximation prizes are a series of fifty numbers on each side of the numbers drawing the three largest prizes in each drawing. The terminal prizes are determined by the two last or terminal figures of the number drawing the largest prize. The great or extraordinary lottery is held twice a year in the months of June and December. There are 3144 prizes for distribution amounting to \$2,159,600. The chief prize is \$600,000. The prizes of this lottery are about a duplicate of the monthly drawing, and range downwards to \$400. Whole tickets cost \$40, and are sold in fractional parts of \$2, so that the lucky holder may pocket a sum of money anywhere between \$10 and \$30,000 inclusive.

But, “aye, there’s the rub.” How small is the chance of winning a prize anyone conversant with arithmetic can demonstrate. Shakespeare but voices the feelings of the great majority of those who offer gifts at the shrine of the wayward goddess:

“Break all the spokes and fellies from her wheel,
And bowl the round nave down the hill from heaven,
As low as to the fiends!”

Compare the printed numbers corresponding with the tickets of each of those lotteries with the number of the prizes. In the ordinary or monthly lottery 100,000 numbers stand against 3,134 prizes; in the semi-annual drawing 100,000 numbers are put into the wheel against 3,144 prizes. The company gets the benefit of unsold tickets—Dame Fortune is about as generous to her *protégés* as old mother Hubbard who went to the cupboard to get her poor dog a bone. The fickle goddess gives the *οἱ πολλοὶ* a bit of printed pasteboard and that’s about all—one chance in thirty-two to win a prize whether big or little—her cupboard is usually bare of a bone. As there are but four prizes in the monthly and but six in the semi-annual lottery, yielding one thousand dollars and upwards to a fractional ticket, the chances of striking a bonanza are as “rare as

angels' visits," in the one drawing, as one to twenty-five thousand; in the other, as one to sixteen thousand six hundred and sixty-six!—an easy way to get rich, but a mighty slow one! As the prizes increase in value, the probability of gobbling one, diminishes by more than geometrical progression. Basing our calculations on the laws of chance, a man might continue to invest in fractional tickets or twentieths every month in the year without capturing a big prize in seventeen hundred years, after having expended about twenty-four thousand dollars at the rate of fourteen dollars a year. Should any of the readers of your valuable journal feel desirous of amassing "filthy lucre" or becoming millionaires through the kindly offices of the Louisiana Grand Gift Enterprise, I would advise them to go first in search of Ponce de Leon's fountain of perpetual youth—Mathusala's years won't do. Should they covet the fifteen or thirty thousand-dollar prize, they ought to have been born about the time that Cain killed Abel, and have invested their shekels, provided that his Satanic Majesty had established such a brilliant piece of money-making machinery as a lottery on the occasion of his first visit to our sublunary regions.

The corollary flowing from the above problem is that the stockholders possess, in the gullibility and avarice of the public, a mine of wealth compared with which the diamonds of Golconda, or the net silver bullion of the Consolidated Virginia are but mere bagatelles. The monthly drawings, all tickets being sold, bring them twenty millions of dollars annually; the semi-annual drawings produce eight millions; total annual income, the enormous sum of twenty millions. Deduct commissions for sales of tickets, advertising, salaries of officers—say one and three quarter millions—allow for unsold tickets the large sum of four millions, and the net proceeds foot up as the lowest calculation seven millions of dollars which go to swell the bank accounts of this gilt-edged corporation. They clear about 40 per cent. on their investment with no risks to run, no floor to walk during the "wee sma' hours" of night. In all legitimate business to-day, a net profit of 10 per cent. is considered a very profitable return on capital exposed to all the fluctuations of commerce. To these millions add the proceeds of a daily lottery which captures the small change of poor and rich alike. Drawing at 4 p. m.; tickets for two or more members 25 cents. It is rather singular that only 3 per cent. of the lottery tickets, according to the statement of Mr. Dauphin, are sold in the Creole State.

No wonder the members of the Louisiana State Lottery Co. are putting forth desperate efforts to find a "local habitation" before the expiration of their charter in 1895. They are seeking for some impecunious state whose necessities will defy public opinion and enable them like Jason to capture the golden fleece. The public goose that lays the golden eggs must not

be killed; Alladin's lamp will not be yielded up without a struggle; the arguments used will not be merely charitable purposes, as in Louisiana, but hundreds of thousands, nay millions, of Uncle Sam's currency put "where it will do the most good." Nevada has been tried, but her legislature has not been found wanting. North Dakota, with its poverty and local crop failures, is being sorely tempted by the golden bribe, but it will, no doubt, bravely reject the glittering jewels of the Southern Faust, and nobly respond to the universal sentiment of the United States. Other states with impoverished treasuries will be tried. It will be wise of Congress to require of those territories that may soon seek for statehood a clause in their constitutions excluding forever all lotteries or drawings, under whatever name or pretext, as demoralizing to the people and as affording an engine to the few for impoverishing the many. Happily for the honor of our country, public opinion is growing so strong and crystallizing so rapidly on this point that no Monaco will ever flourish here as a moral plague-spot beneath the shadow of the Stars and Stripes. Where, then, will the Grand Gift Enterprise find a *habitat*? In all probability within the borders of our neighboring republic, Mexico; or, if no better place can be found, in Cuba or South America where they can, like

"Little Jack Horner,
Sit in the corner
Eating their Christmas pie."

The statistics above given show that fortune seekers in lotteries have about as much chance of finding a crock of gold as Whang the Miller, who, in obedience to his dreams of boundless wealth, undermined his mill and found—not the shining metal, but poverty and shame. And yet so great is their illusion—

"Hope springs eternal in the human breast"—that persons who have regularly invested their money in a concern of this kind for ten or twenty years without gaining a nickel, still chase the vanishing rainbow for the cup of gold. The deluded dupes hear of a few lucky individuals upon whom fortune has smiled, and, reasoning from the particular to the universal, conclude that their turn must also come. They don't think of the vast multitudes who lose and lose until they give up the experiment in disgust!

And who can measure the evil results of such a legalized evil? Who can estimate the poverty and crime occasioned by this unholy phantom of wealth—this golden mirage which lures on so many unwary victims to destruction? How many once thrifty, honest, industrious and respectable individuals and families have lost everything that makes life pleasant and endurable, by being drawn into this magic maelstrom, from which for multitudes there is no escape? Men will pinch themselves and stint their families to the barest necessities of life rather than fail to pay their monthly or semi-annual instalments for the "baseless fabric" of a golden vision. As

to the political power that could be wielded by such a powerful, money-making corporation, Tammany Hall, in the Empire State, could not equal it were the stockholders of the company to use their influence for party measures, boodle or office.

But why should we be astonished at the masses, when we behold men of means and intelligence risk their all, in more respectable, it is true, but no less hazardous and hopeless ventures in the blind race for riches? We have our stock exchanges and boards of trade located in palatial buildings where hundreds of thousands, often millions, are lost in wild speculation. The glamour which surrounds the few successful speculators blinds the many. As in the Corinthian games, many indeed enter the lists, but few gain a prize. Take, for instance, our Chicago Board of Trade, and you can almost reckon on the fingers of both hands those who have succeeded in amassing wealth there in options and margins; for of the millions of grain bought and sold not a bushel is ever delivered. Neither must we forget that these men, as a rule, had almost unlimited funds at their disposal from the legitimate business in which they were engaged. Take away Phil. D. Armour, John Lester, W. T. Baker & Co., Sam Allerton, Nick Fairbank, Wm. Dunn, J. G. Stever, Leopold Blum, Nat. Jones, Norman Ream, Mr. Brosseau, Billy Levin, Orr & Comb, Chas. Counselman, Frank Logan, Frank Dwight and Sid Kent and you have very few left who can retire on a competency from the arena of life. Hundreds of others have fallen into bankruptcy or poverty, or have been compelled to engage in the ordinary pursuits of commerce for a livelihood, carrying with them the conviction that honest toil and economy are the surest roads to wealth and happiness; but of these we do not hear a word. S.

NEW ORLEANS, Feb. 24, 1890.

Local Items.

- Sweep out at 7 a. m.
- Rather a surprise—eh?
- The Baron was all right.
- He didn't want to hear a speech.
- Base-ball politics wax warm; 'tis well!
- The St. Cecilians did not meet this week.
- That serenade of the Minims was a success.
- He was taken at his word, so the cadey had to go.
- The Literature classes are analyzing "King Lear."
- The big six were obliged to elevate Wednesday evening.
- The Juniors have a base-ball association, and the cranks rejoice.
- Our gong, like angelic music from above, sounds softly on our ear.

—The St. Cecilians are the next on the list and their appearance is anxiously awaited.

—The Juniors say something dropped in one of their dormitories the other night. It wasn't the ceiling either.

—The Junior Base-ball Association met on Wednesday afternoon: it lasted about two hours—no refreshments.

—The members of the Thespian Association return thanks to Prof. Egan, LL. D., for the bouquets which he so kindly sent them on Wednesday.

—A fine large photograph of Rt. Rev. Bishop Matz, second incumbent of the See of Denver, has been placed in the Bishops' Gallery through the generosity of Mr. W. P. McPhee.

—Molière's famous verse is now published as follows:

"Out upon an apple tree
There sat a Thomas Cat
Crying loudly to his mate
Where did you get that hat?"

—Wednesday last, the Festival of St. Joseph, and one of the principal feasts of the Congregation, was duly observed at Notre Dame. Solemn High Mass was celebrated at eight o'clock by Very Rev. Provincial Corby, assisted by Rev. Fathers Spillard and O'Connell as deacon and subdeacon.

—Signor Rusca, of Milan, and his assistants are advancing rapidly towards the completion of their work in the rotunda, and excellent work it is. We have never seen more chaste decorating, or decorating more skilfully executed. When all is finished we intend to give a description of the entire work.

—The election of officers of the Senior Base-ball Association will be held on the afternoon of April 10. Business concerning the procuring of medals and outfits will be discussed. At 5 p. m. of the same day the famous base-ball banquet will take place. Come, all ye boys who do not belong, hand in your names and lend your aid in furthering the good purposes of the association.

—A welcome visitor to the University during the week was Mr. William P. Coyne, of Dublin, Ireland, who passed a few days at the "Lilacs," the guest of Dr. M. F. Egan. Mr. Coyne, who is now on his way to San Francisco, is the Associate Editor of the Dublin *Lyceum* and a gentleman of marked literary and social attainments. He expressed his surprise and pleasure at the extent and educational advantages of Notre Dame.

—St. Patrick's Day was duly observed at Notre Dame. At eight o'clock Solemn High Mass was celebrated by the Rev. D. J. Spillard, C. S. C., assisted by the Rev. Fathers Regan and O'Connor as deacon and subdeacon. The sermon was preached by the Rev. J. A. O'Connell, C. S. C. During the day the Band discoursed excellent music under the direction of the Rev. J. Mohun, C. S. C., and general rejoicing prevailed.

—The Faculty of the University were well represented in various places on Erin's great day, the 17th inst. Rev. President Walsh delivered the panegyric of the Apostle of Ireland in St. Patrick's Church, Chicago; Rev. A. Morrissey, in St. Mary's Church, Jackson, Mich.; Rev. S. Fitte, in St. Joseph's Church, Hammond, Ind.; Rev. J. J. French, in St. Joseph's Church, South Bend and at Hillsdale, Mich.; Rev. J. A. O'Connell, in St. Patrick's Church, South Bend; and Prof. J. C. Brogan, delivered an eloquent lecture on "Ireland—Old and New"—in Library Hall, Ft. Wayne, Ind.

—The Juniors have taken the advice of the SCHOLASTIC and organized a base-ball association. At a meeting held in the their reading-room last Wednesday, an organization to be known as the Junior Base-ball Association was formed. The election of officers resulted as follows: Hon. President, G. Weitzel; President, P. Murphy; Treasurer, J. Boyd; Secretary, F. Wile. A committee, consisting of Messrs. Boyd, Ibold, Crandall and W. Brady presented a set of by-laws and regulations which were duly adopted. The prospects for a successful season are very bright, and interesting championship contests are looked for. We wish the new association success.

—What the SCHOLASTIC would like to know:

- Why Ferd. shaved the sideburns.
- Why Horace no longer wears bangs.
- Why the "White Caps" are not suppressed.
- Why white derbys are worn in winter-time.
- What fight C. A. T. is training for.
- Why the "gym." faculty is so often changed.
- Why Harry L. did not receive an answer to that letter.
- Where Elmo's novel is.
- Why Will, the artist, does not get a hair-cut.
- Why "B." always says "excuse me."
- Why more boys do not punch the "wind-bag."
- Why they are called "chicken-coops."
- Why base-ball candidates do not bring around cigars.
- Why Kelly and Cooke have not played ball the last few days.
- What size hat the quarter-back now wears.
- Why "Reddy" is so fresh.
- If the diamond will be moved.
- If Company "B" has any privates.
- Why Ed. says "do you hear?"

—The 4th regular session of the Philodemic Congress took place Saturday evening, March 15. Mr. H. P. Brelsford called the meeting to order. The "Credential Committee" reported favorably the name of Mr. Hepburn who, being unanimously elected to membership, was designed a seat upon the Democratic side of the house. Mr. Brelsford, calling Mr. Bronson to the Chair, opened the discussion on House Bill No. 3. He defined, clearly and precisely, the views of the people, at the same time pointing out the dangers that would, of necessity, beset the passing of the "Bill." Mr. Morrison responded with an ardor worthy of a far better cause. Mr. Fitzgibbons dwelt upon the effects of the Bill if passed, and designated the objectionable traits which have characterized the Republican party from its infancy. Mr. J. B. Sullivan endeavored to keep the crimson ensign of his party

aloft; but after a few gentle wafts in the breezes of his eloquence, it sank beneath the difficult task of supporting an obnoxious question. The Bill was utterly and wholly defeated at its second reading, after which the body adjourned.

—The entertainment given by the Columbians on Monday last was conducted according to the following

PROGRAMME:

Overture....."Echoes from Ireland"
N. D. U. Orchestra.

"Last Rose of Summer".....Quartette
Messrs. H. Jewett, W. McPhee, E. Schaack, W. Lahey.
Address.....H. O'Neill
Gallop.....Wiegand

N. D. U. Orchestra.
"The Bill of Fare".....Quartette
N. D. U. Orchestra.

Oration of the Day.....W. F. Ford
"Army and Navy".....Duet
Messrs. C. Ramsey and W. Hackett.

"Cenerentola".....Rossini
Quintette with piano accompaniment.

"THE TRIUMPH OF JUSTICE."

Dramatis Personae.

The Baron.....	T. J. McConlogue
Claudio } Sons of the Baron and	J. S. Johnson
Agostino } Nephews to Capt. Xavier.	T. M. Sanford
Capt. Xavier (kind-hearted naval officer)...	C. Brookfield
Col. Rigolio (an arch rogue).....	W. F. Ford
Myrtillo (a dumb orphan).....	R. E. Langan
Estevan (the falsely accused).....	J. T. Fleming
Pablo (chief steward, rather eccentric and fond of good living).....	B. A. Lair
Gaspardo (a goatherd).....	W. E. Lahey
Benedict } Attendants.	J. K. Combe
Tomaso } F. Krembs	
Carlo } W. O'Neill	
Pedro } H. J. Carroll	
Officers of Justice.....	F. P. Dorsey and J. Dyer
Goatherds.....	W. Johnson, L. Monarch, F. Schillo
	G. Schillo, J. McPhillips.

Roll of Honor.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Messrs. Ahlrichs, Allen, Bovett, Burns, Barrett, H. Brannick, Benz, Carroll, Cassidy, S. Campbell, C. Cavanagh, L. Chute, F. Chute, Cooney, E. Coady, T. Coady, P. Coady, J. Cavanagh, Dillon, Delany, Dennis, Davis, Darroch, Dinkel, Dunkel, Fitzgibbon, P. Fleming, Ford, Fehr, Fack, J. Flynn, A. Flynn, E. Fleming, J. Fleming, Garfias, Gough, Grimes, Houlihan, Herman, Heard, E. Hughes, Hackett, Hempler, Hayes, Hynes, J. S. Johnson, J. A. Johnson, Karasynski, Kearns, J. King, Krembs, Kohlman, Kunart, Lesner, Langan, Lair, Lane, Lynch, W. Larkin, Lahey, F. Long, L. Long, G. McDonald, McWilliams, McAuliff, McKee, McConlogue, Mackey, J. McGrath, Morrison, M. McGrath, Metzger, Meehan, F. Murphy, J. Newman, H. O'Neill, O'Shea, Parker, Powers, Phillips, Paradis, Pyplacz, Paris, Rebillot, Rothert, W. Roberts, L. Sanford, N. Sinnott, Steiger, Schaack, J. B. Sullivan, Sanchez, O. Sullivan, Wade, Wright, Youngermann, Hoover.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Masters Adler, Aarons, S. Badhrach, B. Bates, E. Bates, Brady, T. M. Brady, T. T. Brady, W. Brady, Bruel, Blumenthal, Boyd, Bradley, Bos, Barclay, Burns, Crandall, Cudahy, Collman, Collins, E. DuBrul, Duitch, Delany, Doig, Davidson, Dempsey, Dorsey, Drumm, DeLormier, Elder, J. M. Flannigan, J. H. Flannigan, J. Fitzgerald, C. Fitzgerald, A. W. Funke, A. M. Funke, Gibert, Garrison, Girsch, Gross, Galen, Grund, Hull, Howard, Hambaugh, Hack, Hesse, Hahn, R. Healy, P. Healy, Hague, Halthusen, Heller, Hoerr, Ibold, Jacobs, Kear-

ney, L. Kehoe, V. Kehoe, Kutsche, Lenard, Löwenstein, Lamberton, Lamme, Lorie, Murphy, Maurus, Maher, D. Monarch, Merz, Mitchell, Mier, McCartney, Jas. McPhillips, Jos. McPhillips, F. McDonnell, McLeod, McIvers, McCormack, F. Neef, A. Neef, Neenan, Nester, Otis, O'Rourke, O'Mara, Putnam, Pomeroy, Prichard, Quinlan, Quill, Roper, Rowsey, Stanton, F. Schillo, C. Schillo, Scott, Seerey, Soku, Snyder, Scherrer, Sutter, Spalding, Stapleton, Swan, Smith, Treff, Tivnen, Tetard, Weston, Weitzel, Weise, Ward, E. Whalen, Wertheimer, Wolff, White, Zinn.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Masters Ayres, Adler, Ball, F. Brown, Blake, Burns, Browning, Bixby, Cornell, Crandall, W. Connor, C. Connor, Covert, W. Crawford, A. Crawford, Coquillard, T. Croke, Durand, Elkin, Ezekiel, W. Finnerty, Fischer, Frankel, Falvey, Fuller, E. Furthman, W. Furthman, Flynn, Greene, D. Gilkison, A. Gilkison, Grant, Girsch, Hill, Henneberry, Hoffman, Hamilton, Hendry, Holbrook, Jonquet, Keeler, Kuehl, Klaner, Kern, Lonergan, Londoner, H. Lamberton, Levi, Loonie, Loomis, Montague, Maternes, Mattas, H. Mestling, E. Mestling, McGuire, McPhillips, Mosier, Marre, C. Nichols, Oatman, Priestly, L. Paul, C. Packard, J. Packard, Ronning, Ryan, Stone, W. Scherrer, Stephens, Trujillo, Vorhang, Washburne, Wilcox, Wever, Weber, Wilson, Wolfe, G. Zoehrlaut, C. Zoehrlaut, Zeigler.

Class Honors.

COLLEGIATE COURSE.

Messrs. Paquette, Berry, Adelsperger, H. O'Neill, Herman, Cassin, Paradis, J. King, N. Sinnott, F. Vurpillat, A. Larkin, W. Larkin, O'Shea, Hummer, McWilliams, Reynolds, McPhee, Mackey, Garfias, Hagerty, Lane, McKeon, L. Chute, J. McKee, Jewett, Fehr, Morrison, F. Kelly, Barrett, Ahlrichs, J. Sullivan, Burger, J. Burns, Blackman, Rothert, Brannick, F. Long, Clayton, Prudhomme, Meagher, E. Coady, Meehan, Tivnen, A. Leonard, L. Scherrer, J. Dougherty, Quinlan, Maurus, Murphy, J. Fitzgerald, Boyd, Otis, C. Fitzgerald, Ibold.

List of Excellence.

COLLEGIATE COURSE.

Moral Philosophy—Messrs. Adelsperger, S. Hummer; *Logic*—Messrs. C. Cavanagh, A. Larkin; *Latin*—Messrs. W. Larkin, Just, N. Sinnott, Meagher, Crumley, Ahlrichs, Wile, Santen, Clark; *Greek*—Messrs. W. Larkin, Just, E. Du Brul, N. Sinnott, J. McKee, Wile, O'Shea, Hempeler, M. Lauth, Hennessy; *Civil Engineering (Theory)*—Messrs. A. Larkin, Mackey, M. Reynolds; *Drawing*—Messrs. Jewett, Mackey, Reynolds; *Astronomy*—Messrs. W. Larkin, Garfias, Adelsperger, Paradis; *Mechanics*—Messrs. Mackey, Paquette; *Calculus*—E. Hughes; *Surveying*—Messrs. Ready, H. Bronson, L. Davis, J. Delany, Murphy; *Trigonometry*—Messrs. Dacey, D. Cartier, G. Weitzel, Wile; *Geometry*—Messrs. Ahlrichs, J. McKee, Sanford, Clayton, Hummer, J. King, W. O'Neill, N. Sinnott, Lauth, Keough; *Algebra*—A. Ahlrichs; *Botany*—C. Burger; *Zoölogy*—A. Ahlrichs; *Literary Criticism*—Messrs. Meagher, J. Cavanagh, Brelsford; *English Literature*—Messrs. Wile, Fitzgibbons, Just, Lane, J. Brady, Boyd, Crumley, McKeon, Clark; *Rhetoric*—Messrs. McAuliff, J. Fitzgerald, Hennessy, Lahey, O. Sullivan, Quinlan, Ford; *Composition*—Messrs. T. Brady, Heard, F. Keough, Wolff, McIvers; *English History*—Messrs. J. Brady, Fitzgibbons, Houlihan, Weitzel, Clayton, E. Du Brul; *Modern History*—Messrs. Ahlrichs, Fitzgibbons, N. Sinnott, Clayton; *Ancient History*—Messrs. A. Flynn, Ford, F. Keough; *Rhetoric*—Messrs. J. Fitzgerald, King, Hayes, C. Scherrer, Hepburn Galen, Quinlan.

SPECIAL COURSE.

Ecclesiastical History—Messrs. Burger, Hummer, McPhee, Paradis, Barrett; *German*—Messrs. Bos, Gerlach, Ibold, Maurus, Weitzel, Wolff, R. King, Browning, G. Zoehrlaut, C. Zoehrlaut, J. Finnerty, J. Flynn, Quinlan,

Kohlman; *French*—Messrs. W. Larkin, Dion, Gibert, F. Neef, Prudhomme, Fitzgibbons, H. Bronson, F. Lane, Allen, Loonie; *Vocal Music*—Messrs. Blackman, Allen, Lahey, Schaack, Ramsey, McPhee, Morrison, F. Long, Jas. McPhillips, L. Monarch, F. Schillo, C. Schillo, Cunningham; *Phonography*—Messrs. J. Just, T. Crumley, E. Fleming, C. Cavanagh, Brelsford, A. Flynn; *Type-Writing*—Seymour; *Telegraphy*—J. Bradley; *Linear Drawing*—Messrs. Otis, Rothert, L. Davis, Jewett; *Free Hand Drawing*—Messrs. L. Davis, Weitzel, F. Schillo, H. Bronson, Blackman; *Figure Drawing*—Messrs. Morrison, Paradis, F. Long, W. Connor; *Mechanical Drawing*—Messrs. Kunert, J. Delany, Talbot; *Architectural Drawing*—Messrs. Paquette, Wade, F. Neef, S. Campbell, Wolff, J. Brady; *Geology*—H. Jewett.

The Law Debate.

EDITOR OF THE SCHOLASTIC:

In order to give the gentlemen of the Law Debating Society, who took part in the public debate last Thursday evening, the credit which they so richly merit, permit me to state that they referred to no papers whatever in the course of their arguments—except, probably, an extract or two, which should be read under the rules of debate. Nor did Mr. Lane wander from the subject. His argument, as was generally remarked, seemed to be exceptionally compact and logical. The synopsis given by your reporter did not state with even an approach to accuracy the issues upon which the combatants joined in debate. It is clearly unjustifiable to charge the young gentlemen with having contended for propositions totally unwarranted in law—propositions to which they never gave expression in speech, or place in thought. The reporter introduced pigmies of straw of his own creation, and I object to his seeking to father the puny and nondescript brood upon the debaters. I now realize, more than ever, that there is something worse than "piracy"; and that is ascribing to others expressions and thoughts that never passed their lips or entered their minds. No one advocated "forcible expulsion" of the colored people, if they should decline to emigrate voluntarily. No one stated that the intermingling of the African and Caucasian races is conducive to "common prosperity." No one spoke of "exporting the negroes." No one ever referred to any contingency in which Congress might be called upon to exercise such power. Such remarks would evince a very wide departure from the lines of study and thought in which the law runs. Finally, as to what is said regarding monotony in the debate, permit me to point to the fact, that no public debate in recent years has commanded in fuller measure the interest and attention of the audience, both students and members of the Faculty. The speakers seemed to hold the undivided attention of all present; and the reporter, if in the Hall, must have had a very uncomfortable seat; for he appears to be the sole exception to the rule.

Yours truly,

HUGH O'NEILL.

St. Mary's Academy.

One Mile West of Notre Dame University.

—The classes in Theoretical Music show an application truly praiseworthy. The result of this zeal is shown in the music halls, where a marked improvement is noticed in the rendition of both exercises and pieces.

—At the last meeting of the Junior Literary Society Bessie Wright, N. McGuire and S. Meskill read charming selections from Longfellow, and all the members down to the youngest Minim, brought quotations from the same author.

—The visitors of the past week were: Rev. P. C. Conway, Evanston, Ill.; Mrs. J. Clifford, Miss N. Barth, Chicago; F. A. Wurzburg, Grand Rapids, Mich.; Mrs. A. Thirds, Chicago; Mrs. S. Curtis, Omaha, Neb.; D. H. Regan, Victoria, Texas.

—A very interesting competition in United States History was held by the First Preparatories last week. Those deserving special mention for excellence in the study are the Misses Fosdick, Lauth, Patier, Churchill, McHugh, Bogner, Kimmell, Rinehart, Bovett, Norris, Ernest, Pugsley, Green and Butler.

—The regular academic reunion was held on Sunday, March 16, presided by Very Rev. Father General whose genial smile and fatherly interest add so much pleasure to the weekly meeting. After the class averages were read, Miss M. Hurff read, in her usual pleasing style, "The Exile of Erin," and Miss H. Nacey recited "Erin's Flag" in a very creditable manner.

—On the festival of the Archangel Gabriel, the Sodality of the Holy Angels held a reception of members; those who were admitted into the society are Misses McGuire, Holmes, Mabbs, C. Kaspar, Clifford, Young, Wagner, Waldron, Philion, Hickey, Wright, Black, Finnerty, Egan, L. Adelsperger, Tormey. A. Girsch, H. Girsch and K. Coady were received as aspirants.

—Again are expressions of gratitude due Very Rev. Father General for kind favors received. On Saturday last he presented to the Academy a gem of art, in the form of a paper-weight of translucent marble bearing a delicately chiselled profile of "Leonardo da Vinci." The noble face of the great master is thrown into relief by a medallion-shaped background of black marble of exquisite polish which is surrounded by a circlet of purest white.

—◆◆◆—
"In Hoc Signo Vincas."

Long ages ago from Chaldean plains were the heavenly bodies nightly watched by wise searchers for signs and wonders; the courses of the stars in the dark azure sky were noted, and the map of the firmament was better known

than that of this earthly planet. In ancient courts at the birth of a prince, the astrologer cast his horoscope and therein read the weal or woe which was to mark the royal life. Under the propitious guidance of a certain star great generals went forth confident of victory; while, if the celestial orbs presaged misfortune, stout hearts grew weak and brave spirits quailed.

Standing out in clear relief upon the firmament of the past, shines resplendent the glorious vision which opened to Constantine a view far transcending all the wonders of the starry vault revealed to sages, seers and astrologers of old; and the luminous inscription *In hoc signo vincas* has burnt itself ineffaceably upon the heart of Christians. That symbol was the augury of victory to him who first beheld it; and ever since has it animated those who love the cross to noblest efforts in the accomplishment of all that is worthy the followers of Him who died upon the sacred rood. Nations have been converted from paganism, Satan has been confounded, and martyrs have been crowned by that sign which is our glory and our hope.

Potential as is the motto which inspired Constantine and his army, from a religious point of view, it is equally so when considered identical with the proverb: "No pains, no gains." Difficulties may assail us on all sides; friends, once apparently true, may forsake us; poverty may dwell with us; but if the voice of duty has ever been our guiding principle then will the peace of a good conscience more than recompense the pains that have made up the years. The law of compensation demands a proportion between outlay and income, and especially is this seen to be the case in the pursuit of knowledge. The sciences and arts which have been made open books to us by the life-long labors of those who have gone before—those whose history, if known, would tell of profound research ere their efforts were crowned by a successful issue—give not their treasures to the idle seeker, but to the close student. "Daniel Deronda" is by many hastily read and thrown aside without a thought of the pains which accompanied its production; and yet we are told that in its composition its author consulted no fewer than one thousand works bearing upon subjects relative to her book.

What applies to the world of science and literature is also applicable to the little world of school-life, and may be resolved into a very few words: that which we acquire easily we lose as readily, and only that knowledge which is born of serious effort is of lasting worth.

The unhewn mass of marble contains in itself

the statue; but both mental and physical powers must be exercised before the creation of the sculptor's mind stands forth in all perfection. In like manner, the uncut diamond lies unadmired until it has been cut and polished, when each facet adds a new glory to the frozen tear-drop. Even in the vegetable kingdom we observe that nature, all bounteous as she is, smiles especially upon him who tills the earth, enriches the soil, and cares for that which springs up, and to him does she yield fruit a hundredfold; but to him who takes no pains does she send briars and thorns. Again, those plants which brave the storms as they come are of more service to man than are the tender exotics of the conservatory.

Viewing our subject, then, from every standpoint—that of religion, science, art, or nature—we cannot but realize that the guiding star of our life should be the light emanating from the sacred symbol of our Redemption; and whether we walk erect in holy joy or bend beneath the weight of the cross, we should keep before our eyes the words: *In hoc signo vinces*, and the sign of our conquest will be that which comes through the cross—the crown.

MARY DAVIS (Class '90).

Roll of Honor.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses E. Adelsperger, Ansbach, Ahlrichs, Bates, Bernhart, Bogner, Bero, Bovett, Byrnes, Beck, Barry, Currier, Cunningham, Curtis, Crilly, Churchill, M. Cochrane, M. Davis, C. Dempsey, Dennison, S. Dempsey, D. Davis, Dorsey, Donahue, English, Flannery, Fosdick, Green, Ganong, Gordon, Hammond, Healey, Horner, C. Hurley, K. Hurley, Hurff, H. Hanson, Hagus, Harmes, A. Hanson, Hale, Hutchinson, Hamilton, Hughes, Hemelspeck, Koopmann, Lynch, Lauth, McFarland, N. Morse, McCarthy, McHugh, K. Morse, Murison, McCune, Mullaney, Marley, M. Moore, Nickel, Norris, L. Nester, Piper, Patier, A. Ryan, K. Ryan, Roberts, Rose, Rinn, G. Rentfrow, Stapleton, Spurgeon, Studebaker, Schiltz, Schaefer, M. Schermerhorn, Thirds, Tormey, Violette, Wurzburg.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses Burdick, E. Burns, Black, M. Burns, Clifford, Cooke, M. Davis, B. Davis, Evoy, Girsch, Hickey, Holmes, C. Kasper, Mabbs, McGuire, Meskill, O'Brien, O'Mara, Quealy, Regan, Ruger, Shirey, M. Scherrer, Sweeney, M. Smyth, E. Wagner, I. Waldron, M. Wagner, Wood, Wright, N. Wurzburg, Young.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Misses L. Adelsperger, Coady, Eldred, M. Egan, Finerty, Girsch, K. Hamilton, M. Hamilton, McCarthy, L. McHugh, M. McHugh, Porteous, S. Smyth, N. Smyth.

CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC.

HONORABLY MENTIONED.

ADVANCED COURSE—Miss L. Curtis.
GRADUATING CLASS, 1ST COURSE—Miss E. Flannery.
UNDER-GRADUATING CLASS—Miss O. O'Brien.
2D CLASS—Misses D. Deutsch, M. McFarland.
2D DIV.—Misses M. Davis, C. Hurley, L. Nickel.
3D CLASS—Misses J. Currier, E. Healy, N. Morse, M. Piper, I. Stapleton, A. Tormey, M. Tormey.

2D Div.—Misses L. Dolan, M. Jungblut, M. McPhee, E. Quealy.

4TH CLASS—Misses A. Ansbach, J. English, M. Hull, E. Nester, A. Regan.

2D Div.—Misses M. Bates, T. Balch, E. Dempsey, M. Fitzpatrick, A. Gordon, E. Hale, E. Lewis, M. McHugh, M. Otis, A. Penburthy, A. Ryan, M. Smyth, N. Wurzburg.

5TH CLASS—Misses D. Davis, G. Rentfrow, M. Reinhart, A. Thirds, L. Young.

2D Div.—Misses A. Adelsperger, R. Bero, E. Burns, M. Churchill, L. Dreyer, C. Ernest, M. Fosdick, M. Kelso, T. Kimmell, F. Marley, K. Ryan, G. Roberts, K. Sweeney.

6TH CLASS—Misses C. Beck, M. Coll, Mabel Davis, E. Davis, E. Dennison, H. Hanson, A. Hammond, S. Hamilton, M. Harmes, H. Hutchinson, E. Kasper, M. McCune, L. McHugh, A. O'Mara, M. Patier, H. Pugsley, J. Patrick, E. Regan, L. Reeves, D. Spurgeon.

2D Div.—Misses F. Ahlrichs, K. Barry, S. Bernhart, L. Bovett, M. Burns, F. Burdick, M. Byrnes, A. Cooper, I. Cooke, B. Davis, M. Donahue, I. De Montcourt, E. Evoy, M. Hagus, Holt, S. Levy, K. McCarthy, Margaret McHugh, Moore, K. Reilly, E. Schaefer, F. Soper, B. Wright.

7TH CLASS—Misses L. Black, R. Butler, M. Cochrane, M. Cooper, L. Ganong, G. Green, A. Hemelspeck, A. Lynch, F. Murison, S. McPhee, N. McGuire, L. Norris, A. O'Brien, F. Palmer, E. Philion, M. Rinn, M. Rose, C. Ruger, A. Schrock, N. Schermerhorn, M. Wagner, E. Wagner, K. Wood.

2D Div.—Misses L. Ernest, E. Meskill, G. Shirey, N. Smyth, J. Smyth, I. Waldron.

8TH CLASS—Misses M. Culp, M. Hickey, L. Holmes, K. Hamilton, C. Kasper.

9TH CLASS—Misses G. Crandall, M. Hamilton, L. Mestling.

10TH CLASS—Miss H. Eldred.

HARP.

2D CLASS, 2D DIV.—Miss E. Nester.

5TH CLASS—Miss M. McPhee.

ORGAN.

4TH CLASS—Miss E. Healy.

7TH CLASS—Misses M. Maher, M. Schermerhorn.

VIOLIN.

Misses M. Smith, L. Reeves, A. Hanson.

GUITAR.

Misses Schiltz, M. Hughes, M. Clifford.

MANDOLIN.

Misses Mullaney, D. Deutsch, S. Smyth, A. Ansbach, M. McCune.

VOCAL DEPARTMENT.

1ST CLASS, 2D DIV.—Misses B. Hellman, C. Dempsey.

2D CLASS—Misses N. Hale, I. Horner.

2D CLASS, 2D DIV.—Misses F. Marley, T. Balch, O. O'Brien.

3D CLASS—Misses J. English, L. Dolan, M. Fitzpatrick, M. Schiltz.

3D CLASS, 2D DIV.—Misses G. Rentfrow, M. Otis.

4TH CLASS—Misses M. Hughes, M. McFarland, C. Haight, H. Hutchinson, M. Schermerhorn, S. Dempsey, R. Van Mourick, I. De Montcourt, M. Davis, F. Soper, J. Holt, M. Rinehart, C. Beck.

5TH CLASS—Misses M. McPhee, S. Levy, M. Harmes, M. Burns, M. Bernhart, M. Smith, M. Cochrane, L. Nickel.

THE Sisters of the Holy Cross, Massachusetts avenue, Washington, D. C., have received from Germany a beautiful statue of Our Lady of Sorrows, which has been placed in the chapel of the academy. The chapel, at all times attractive, has been rendered far more so by this statue, which is of life size, modeled in terra cotta after a marble statue famous for its beauty. It represents the holy Mother in a half-kneeling position, supporting the dead body of our Lord. The coloring is good, especially the flesh tints, which are almost perfect.