

THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

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No. 7.

American Poets.

BY MEMBERS OF THE CRITICISM CLASS.

I.

A POET OF THE SOUTH.

The name and memory of the poet-priest of the South are held dear by all lovers of poetry; yet his works are not sufficiently read, although they cast a splendor on American literature. It will not be out of place, therefore, to give a brief sketch of his life and writings.

Father Ryan was probably born in the year 1836; but where, is still a matter of doubt; Maryland, Virginia and Ireland claim the honor of being his birthplace. If his cradle was not rocked in the Emerald Isle he certainly sprang from Irish parents; for who but an Irishman could write the noble and patriotic "Erin's Flag"?

Of his boyhood nothing is known except that at an early age he entered a seminary. After his ordination he became a chaplain in the Southern army, and occupied his leisure hours with the writing of poems. These, however, fade into insignificance when compared to his later productions.

Lee's surrender buried the hopes of the South, and roused Father Ryan to chant a dirge over "the grave where the heart of a hero lies low." He suffered intensely on beholding the pitiable condition of his countrymen who were stricken with famine and worn out by hard labor. The fields lay waste, bringing forth no fruit. Barren as the land was, yet his breast was full of love, sorrow, and the balm of hope; he yearned to soothe the pains of the festering wounds of his people with song:

"My brow is bent beneath a heavy rod;

My face is wan and white with many woes;
But I will lift my poor, chained hands to God,
And for my children pray, and for my foes.
Beside the grave where thousands lowly lie
I kneel, and, weeping for each slaughtered son,
I turn my gaze to my own sunny sky,
And pray: Oh, Father, let Thy will be done!

"Ah! may my woes be each a carrier-dove,

With swift, white wings that bathing in my tears,
Will bear Thee, Father, all my prayers of love,
And bring me peace in all my doubts and fears,
Father, I kneel, 'mid ruin, wreck and grave—
A desert waste where all was erst so fair—
And for my children and my foes I crave
Pity and pardon. Father, hear my prayer!"

counsels resignation, and reminds one of Job, where he says: "If we have received good things at the hands of God, why should we not receive evil?" No matter how brilliantly his glorification of the fallen Gray may shine, he never stoops to cast a slur on their foes; but always assures them of his prayers, and promises them his pardon.

The generous help which the Northern people tendered the South during the yellow fever epidemic of 1878 inspired him, even toward the former adversaries of his country, with friendly feelings which burst forth in his "Reunited":

"Between the Northland, bride of snow,

And Southland, brightest sun's fair bride,
Swept, deepening ever in its flow,
The stormy wake in war's dark tide.
No hand might clasp across the tears
And blood and anguish of four deathless years.

"When Summer, like a rose in bloom,

Had blossomed from the bud of Spring,
Oh, who could deem that dews of doom
Upon the blushing lip could cling!
And who could believe its flagrant light
Would e'er be freighted with the breath of blight?

"Yet, o'er the Southland crept the spell,
That e'en from out its brightness spread;
And prostrate, powerless, she fell
Rocket-like amid her dead—
Her bravest, fairest, purest, best,
The waiting grave would welcome as its guest.

"The Northland, strong in love and great,
Forgot the stormy days of strife;
Forgot that souls with dreams of hate
Or unforgiveness e'er were rife.
Forgotten was each thought and hushed
Save—she was generous and her foe was crushed.

"No hand might clasp from land to land?
Yea! there was one to bridge the tide;
For at the touch of Mercy's hand
The North and South stood side by side;
The Bride of Snow, the Bride of Sun,
In Charity's espousals are made one.

"Thou givest me back my sons again,
The Southland to the Northland cries;
'For all my dead on battle plain,
Thou biddest my dying now arise.
I still my sobs, I cease my tears,
And thou hast recompensed my anguished years.

"Blessings on thine every wave,
Blessings on thine every shore,
Blessings that from sorrow save,
Blessings giving more and more;
For all thou gavest thy sister land,
Ah! Northland, in thy generous deed and grand."

This is a token of gratitude to the North, far nobler than the marble palace presented by the English to the Duke of Marlborough. The composition of this poem was Father Ryan's last great effort. Having made an extended lecturing tour through the East he expired peacefully in 1886, at a convent in Louisville, Ky.

Besides patriotic and political poems we have many lyrics, and even an epic like "Evangeline" from his pen, which were all published shortly before his death; these lay his character well open to us. He differed from many priests in the fact that he seldom chose a deep theological theme little understood by the laity. In most cases he proved himself master of his subject. No American poet has used the organs of song to better advantage than he; and no one has put forth more touching and pathetic strains. The range of his instrument was not extensive; but it sang well in any key he wished to sound—a hymn to-day, to-morrow a consoling chant over the fallen, and some time later a love tale. His poems were not intended for one class, but for the whole world. As a rose or a clear stream delights alike the unrefined and the æsthetic, so are his poems a pleasing gift to all.

His flowing versification and the wonderful harmony of his rhymes give to his verses the charming regularity and melodiousness of the

Italian. He never introduces bad rhymes, and shows a great inventive power in the choice of new ones. Through all his writings run a vein of Longfellow's melancholy and a meditative tenderness:

"Her face was like the picture of a saint, or like an angel's smile."

He spoke of women as if he remembered his mother, and saw in each a type of her, which probably explains the high reverence he had for women.

"Her face was like a lily;
Her heart was like a rose;
Her eyes were like a heaven,
Where the sunlight always glows."

Father Ryan, then, as a poet, is essentially distinguished for originality of ideas, chaste and elevating sentiments, artistic execution, and the music of his rhythm and rhyme. It seems that quantity and not the highest degree of perfection—for his poems are "as full of excellencies as the sea is of moans"—is his only hindrance to the place of a great poet.

"Poets are strange, not always understood;
By many is their gift,
Which is for evil or for mighty good—
To lower or to lift.

The words of some command the world's acclaim,
And never pass away;
While others' words receive no palm from fame,
And live but for a day."

ALWIN B. AHLRICHS, '92.

Ambition.

BY J. J. Q.

The soul of man is an active principle; wealth, honor, pleasure fill up the measure of his feverish existence; but all combined will not afford him complete satisfaction. He is ever soaring upward; but the higher he ascends, the more distant he seems from the object of his aim. Let the humble citizen win a crown by fortune's favor, it will but stimulate and set aglow his inmost soul to greater deeds.

Ambition is natural to the human species, and but feeble is the effort to tame its almost uncontrollable power. The counsels of reason and the lessons of experience seem utterly powerless to influence the votaries of this passion. The tragic end of Julius Cæsar was an example for inordinate ambition to tremble at; yet Augustus did not quail to see him struck. The former perished in the attempt to seize a crown, the latter placed it on his brow without a struggle.

Now, since the vast majority of mankind is subject to the influence of this passion, and since a wise Creator has given no useless power to man, is ambition a good to be followed, or an evil to be avoided? The proverbial "*modus in rebus*" is no less applicable in this case than in the various other phenomena of which man is the object. If some glittering bauble is held out for our possession, or some pet idea has so seized the mind that it becomes identical with our very being—if under these circumstances the chained passions of the heart are loosed, means disregarded, and the object alone kept in view, then ambition becomes excessive. This is the main cause why men are led to a forgetfulness of justice. They are entirely absorbed in the pursuit of empire, honors and glory; and if the object of their desires is of such a nature that several cannot attain pre-eminence, the sacred ties of society are sundered in the violence of the contest. Men of the greatest soul and most exalted genius possess this failing; such a spirit never measures its acts by their probable consequences; deliberation has abandoned it, and blind impulse is the monarch. This you always recognize as the harbinger of distress and misery. It is this which in time of war desolates the rich fields and smiling villas. In peace it is the occasion of faction and strife among parties, becoming as hurtful to the princes who are led by it as to the people who have been robbed of their liberties. The very name of this affection is attached with stigma: because we generally associate it with a grasping aim, insensibility to the feelings of others, or an undue superiority. Hence Brutus said that although "Cæsar was an honorable man, still he was ambitious"; thereby considering this a censurable point in his character.

All inordinate ambition is unworthy of virtue, and can never meet the approval of the just, however nicely it may be veiled under patriotic and religious motives. But there is a laudable ambition which scorns dishonor. Its aim is excellence, justly acquired; to follow it is ennobling; to reject it, obscurity. You may behold it asserting itself in the race for distinction among the intellectual giants of the world, or you may discern it in the effort of the cottager to ameliorate his condition.

Truly, the intellect was never destined to bloom and wither away again in hopeless obscurity. Men of extraordinary capacities may be of infinite service to the world when their genius is well directed. But we should impute it as a blot on their character did the lack of spirit retard them from reaching their goal. Was it

not this sublime impulse, and resolution to excel, that raised the humble Shakspeare to be the "prince of poets"? And does not the same magnanimous spirit gleam forth in the ardor of every zealous student? This we cannot call pride, presumption, or conceit, but the material and very essence of true greatness.

Titles and honors are generally the reward of virtue, talents, and energy. Bold, rash and uneducated men may have been elevated in a moment of popular frenzy and insurrection to stations of trust and importance; but who ever beheld such a triumph of long continuance? Popular ingratitude, that most fickle and treacherous of things, which, like the receding tide, leaves our boat dry upon the shore when most we need it, will flow back again to cast up such men as the fragments of a wreck. Strong energy and honest ambition are necessary for every individual to play well his part in life. Whoever lacks them is the grovelling creature of inferiority, and cannot be deemed virtuous, because he refuses to meet his end. This is the true ambition which has spurred on the ingenuity of successive ages, and has aspired to all that is perfection in art and science. To emulate and not to imitate; to raise the mind above low objects and little pursuits, may be deemed its peculiar function. Milton expresses the true conception of laudable ambition in the Lycidas when he says:

"Fame is the spur which the clear spirit doth raise
(That last infirmity of noble mind)
To scorn delights and live laborious days."

Annihilate that spirited desire for superiority in man, and you destroy his activity. Supplant this grand incentive to noble deeds, and the world will neither advance nor retard. Had Homer never lived, Milton, Shakspeare or Dryden might probably have never been known to fame. Newton, Bacon and Leibnitz would perhaps have attained but local fame had not the inventive skill of predecessors fired their intellects. Read the celebrated actions of Cannæ, Thermopylæ or Waterloo—where heroes fought for life, and laurels decked the conqueror, and you will sigh to be a soldier. But pass on to those very same actions described in the undying muse of a popular poet,—your soul is fired with emulation, and secretly you aspire to poetry. This is simply nature. It is the magical wand at whose touch the poltroon is made a man, and genius culminates in fame. Superiority will undoubtedly meet with envy and malignance. No man ever succeeded in conciliating all. But true greatness can well afford to castigate such vulgar scorn with the lash of contemptuous silence. The world is ever more for

censure than applause; it will slander you in one breath, it will deify you in the next; but a man of spirit will condemn the praise of the base and ignorant, and only seek the approval of merit from worthy judges. *Laudari a laudato viro*—"To be praised by the praised"—should be the struggle and aim of genius. Then, if its talents are overrated, presumption is not aroused; and if undervalued, time and impartial criticism will remedy the deficiency. Ambition, therefore, restrained within due limits, and having a useful and virtuous end in view, is elevating and praiseworthy. Never allowing it to degenerate into an ungovernable passion, but ever making its measure consist in the testimony of a good conscience, we may be safe in its indulgence.

Charles Stewart Parnell.

BY H. O'N.

This age has produced great men; and among the greatest was Charles Stewart Parnell, who died on the 6th inst. His name is known in almost every land, and, despite his terrible fall, is enshrined in every Irishman's heart. His real position cannot be known without going back to the beginning of the present century. The Act of Union between England and Ireland was passed in the year 1801.

The people had gained their independence only eighteen years before—nominal independence, for the Catholics still suffered under the Penal Laws of Queen Elizabeth. In vain did Lord Edward Fitzgerald and Henry Grattan defend the rights of the people; in vain did John Philpot Curran stand forth for the people at the bar, and uphold the purity of the law. Theobald Wolf Tone died in the witness box, and Robert Emmett died on the scaffold, because they loved their country. Thousands shuffled off this mortal coil for want of bread.

"Ill fares the land to hastening ills a prey,

Where wealth accumulates and men decay."

God raised a lawgiver who should lead the people as Moses led the Israelites to the verge of the promised land; that man was Daniel O'Connell. Some of his contemporaries were great men. John Mitchell was the greatest prose writer of his age; Thomas Francis Meagher had more fire than O'Connell, and the silver-tongued Shiel, Sir Charles Gavin Duffy, Darcy McGee, and Smith O'Brien were good writers and true patriots.

Then came the plagues of '47. Though the

land yielded a fair crop, the people had to starve, because the produce of their lands had to go to feed the dogs of English lords. "The Young Irishmen" were sent as convicts to the penal colonies of Britain; O'Connell set out for Rome to die of a broken heart, and the people started for America in the coffin ships of England. Here they

"Were seen in a melancholy band

Pass from the shore and darken all the strand."

More than eight millions cried for bread, but there was no bread to break to them. Then the strong man lay down and died; the tender maiden and the aged matron crawled to the church lisping the holy name of Mary, only asking that they might get there to die within its walls. It was an awful sight to see a brave young man carry his father's body to the grave, and lay it there "unknelled, uncoffined and unknown"; then to return to his home, and find his mother dead, his little sister crying for bread, and his younger brothers asking him for God's sake to get them but one single meal; his stout young heart soon gave way, and in a short time he was numbered with the dead. Thousands and thousands of such cases occurred at that time.

And such was nearly the state of the country thirty-one years later when Parnell was made leader of the Irish people. About the year '79 Michael Davitt came home from a convict prison, where he had been chained in a cold, dark dungeon by his one arm for fourteen years; He suffered these torments for his patriotism. he returned to the village of Irishtown, Co. Galway, but found no house where his home used to be. That home had been burned by the landlord; his aged father had been thrown on the roadside to starve or die; his mother's corpse had passed by his grated window; and when he remembered that he was chained in a cold, dark cell and not permitted to drop a tear on his mother's grave, he went to the old homestead, and, kneeling on the place where the fire used to be, vowed that he would never rest until landlordism was swept from the land, and Ireland regain her rights as a nation. His first bold step was the organization of the "Irish National Land League." His speeches, so pathetic, so eloquent, so touching, at once arrested the attention of a landlord living in Avondale in the Vale of Avoca. That landlord was C. S. Parnell.

Parnell, though an accomplished scholar, was a poor speaker. His first speech was a failure. This speech was delivered in the Rotunda in Dublin, and he was surrounded by men of eminent ability. During his university career, he was never known to fail in any undertaking

and though this effort was a failure, yet it was seen there was something in him that would raise him to the first place among men.

Two candidates were put up for leadership, Shaw and Parnell. Parnell was elected by one of a majority. The horrors of '47 were close at hand:

"Then the good old sire first prepared to go
To new, found worlds and weep for others' woe;
Next went the daughter, neglectful of her charms,
And left a lover's for a father's arms.
With louder plaints the mother spoke her woes,
And blessed the cot where every pleasure rose,
And kissed her thoughtless babes with many a tear,
And clasped them close in sorrow doubly dear,
Whilst her fond husband strove to lend relief,
In all the silent manliness of grief."

All this Parnell saw, and he knew

"That a bold peasantry, his country's pride,
When once destroyed could never be supplied."

The first great national event in his career was his coming to this country to solicit aid from the generous people of this glorious land.

The Americans, true to their charitable nature, gave their bountiful aid to a suffering people. The Americans knew that when their country was struggling for freedom the Irish were their best friends; the Americans knew that an Irishman's back never saw the face of a foe. Wherever Parnell, Davitt, and Dillon went they were treated like guests of the nation. The land that venerates the deeds and life of old Ironsides, knew how to appreciate his nephew C. S. Parnell, who was trying to raise a people to the proud position of independence.

With a band of fourteen men, Parnell entered the House of Commons. The total number of members was six hundred and seventy. The road here was paved for him by O'Connell. The Irish members had not to swear "That the Sacrifice of the Mass, the veneration of the Blessed Virgin Mary and the saints was damnable idolatry." No, for the Emancipation Bill of O'Connell in '28 had cancelled that oath. The great aim of Englishmen at that time was to crush Ireland, and her industries; and no man but Parnell could have stood the hisses, the yells and the jeers of members of that house. Parnell stood as a mediator between a suffering people and a tyrannous government. Hunchback Bigger, who sat on Parnell's right, obstructed every bill that was not for the good of the people. Tim Healy, then but a boy, was only equalled in that great assembly as a lawyer by Sir Charles Russell. Thomas Sexton was placed on a par, as an orator, with Wm. E. Gladstone. Davitt said he would never take a seat in an English Parliament. Davitt organized the peo-

ple; Parnell obstructed all measures of government in the Parliament.

The Irish members, and more than three hundred thousand of the people were thrown into prison without a trial; but Parnell was still cool and collected. He told the people from his prison cell to be quiet. Several times he was cast into prison without the formality of even a farce trial. In the course of time his associates in Parliament were increased. One night, when least expected, he turned Gladstone with the strongest government that had held office perhaps from the days of the Commonwealth—turned Gladstone out of office. When the members were called, the two great leaders fixed their gaze on each other. For several minutes did they watch each other steadily. Parnell's coolness, deliberation and statesmanship on that occasion, it is thought, converted Gladstone. The world in a short time was astonished to hear that Gladstone had become the warm friend of Ireland and the advocate of her cause.

When the Land League movement was in its infancy, Parnell drew on his own purse to the sum of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. And when the Land League was crushed, his sisters, Annie and Fanny, formed the "Ladies' Land League," and took the platform and espoused every word their brother had uttered.

Parnell never gave his opinion without weighing the question. He never spoke but when he should speak. When he spoke all necks were stretched to catch every word that fell from his lips. It was remarked by an able English writer that no man in the British Parliament could say so much in so few words. He had the precision of a lawyer, the keenness of a statesman, and the succinctness of a man of thought.

The "Forgeries' Commission" brought to light the true nature of the man and the state of the times. This trial, or commission, was the greatest on record, excepting the trial of Warren Hastings. The English Government, through the agency of the *Times*, accused him of murder, and his enemies did not hesitate to call him a murderer. Piggot, a broken down Irish journalist, was the forger. English lords and members of Parliament were involved in the plot; and when Piggot saw what he had done, he went to Spain and shot himself; not, however, until he confessed that all the allegations sworn against Parnell and the Irish members were false. Still the trial went on, although all the charges were confessed to be forgeries. After the sixty-four members had sworn that they were not guilty of any charge brought against them, after they were examined and cross-examined, Parnell

and his lawyers left court, and left their cause to be fairly tried before the tribunal of public opinion, which declared the Parnellites are not guilty.

Parnell showed that his constitutional agitation can bear to be examined, and that that agitation, strengthened by the "Plan of Campaign" and the "Tenants' League" will gain their inalienable rights as a free people.

Of his great fall we shall not speak. The Irish people know that their country only lost its native Parliament eighty-nine years ago; they know that their country was once called "The Island of Saints and Scholars"; that it was once the seat of education and the sanctuary of religion; that English statesmen for seven centuries have been winding the chain of slavery around the Emerald Isle, as the boa constrictor winds itself around the banyan, and that Providence in its good time will raise up a leader under whom they can make their land once more a nation, free and grand.

Aerial Navigation.

The *Century* for October contains a remarkable article on Aerial Navigation by Hiram S. Maxim, the illustrious inventor. After declaring quite positively that steerable high speed balloons are an impossibility, having already been perfected as far as practicable without success, he attempts to show, from a long series of careful experiments, that heavy flying machines are far easier to realize than was formerly supposed. He concludes from many tests with aeroplanes of various sizes and forms moving at different velocities that it requires less power for a flying-machine of given weight to travel at a high speed of fifty or sixty miles per hour than at a slow speed of fifteen or twenty miles per hour. The same fact was demonstrated by Prof. Langley of Washington during his researches in aerodynamica, a sketch of which was given in the *Century* for September. Similar conclusions were drawn by two eminent mathematical writers on the subject and presented before the aeronautical congress at the French Exposition. The chief object of Mr. Maxim's experiments was to determine the amount of power required to carry a given weight. At high speeds one horse-power will carry a load of 133 pounds, and under favorable conditions 250 pounds.

Theorizers have singularly disagreed on this question. Early writers proved that a goose in flying exerted 200 horse-power; later writers

lowered the figure to ten horse-power, then to one horse-power, and quite recently to .1 horse-power. Mr. Maxim, reasoning from his experiments, concludes that a goose during flight exerts .083 horse-power; or about one half of one man power. He makes the interesting announcement, too, that steel is stronger and better than aluminum for aeronautical purpose; and that the most powerful motor for a given weight is the compound steam engine of very high pressure. He has made two such engines of tempered steel weighing 300 pounds each, and exerting some 200 horse-power. These are by far the lightest motors on record weighing but three pounds per horse-power. The boiler is of a special design, and is heated by 45,000 gas jets, the gas being made from petroleum. He is constructing a flying-machine to be operated by these engines. The estimated weight of flying-machine, engines, boiler, fuel and three men is about 5000 pounds; the lifting power 14,000 pounds; leaving a net carrying power of 9000 pounds—sufficient for sixty passengers. The velocity of flight may vary from fifty to ninety miles an hour. Z.

College Gossip.

—There are 8000 schools in Ireland with an enrollment of 1,000,000 children. This is the highest percentage of schooling in proportion to population of any country on earth.—*Ex.*

—TO KEEP BOOKS:—"I suppose you've studied accounts some," said the old family acquaintance to the young man who had come home from school.—"Yes, sir."—"What do you consider the best method of keeping books?"—"Don't let your friends know you have any," was the prompt response.—*Washington Post.*

—Protestants never stop boasting of their toleration. Mr. Labouchere, referring to the present state of religious toleration at the English Universities, says that a Catholic who applied for admission, for the October term, at Pembroke College, Cambridge, was informed that Catholics cannot be admitted at Pembroke. Catholics should not apply for admission.—*Ex.*

AN ODD SNIP FOR THE BOYS.

If you stick a stick across a stick,
Or stick a cross across a stick,
Or cross a stick across a stick,
Or stick a cross across a cross,
Or cross a cross across a stick,
Or cross a cross across a cross,
Or stick a cross stick across a stick,
Or stick a crossed stick across a crossed stick,
Or cross a crossed stick across a cross,
Or cross a crossed stick across a stick,
Or cross a crossed stick across a crossed stick,
Would that be an acrostic?—*Christian Union.*

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

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Notre Dame, October 17, 1891.

The attention of the Alumni of the University of Notre Dame, and others, is called to the fact that the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC now enters upon the TWENTY-FIFTH year of its existence, and presents itself anew as a candidate for the favor and support of the many old friends who have heretofore lent it a helping hand.

THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC contains:
choice Poetry, Essays, and the current Art, Musical, Literary and Scientific Gossip of the day;

Editorials on questions of the day, as well as on subjects connected with the University of Notre Dame;

Personal gossip concerning the whereabouts and the success of former students;

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From Very Rev. Father General Sorin.

The following "Circular Letter" has been issued by Very Rev. Father General Sorin to the members of the Congregation over which he presides. Its publication in the SCHOLASTIC will be taken as a response to many of the kind letters and telegrams of congratulation sent by friends of Notre Dame and its venerable Founder:

CIRCULAR LETTER.

REV. FATHERS AND DEAR CHILDREN IN CHRIST:

You will readily understand my utter inability to fully express in writing my grateful acknowledgments for the numerous manifestations of filial love and devotedness which I have witnessed, as well as read, in connection with the festival of my Patron Saint. That I was able to receive in person the beautiful testimonials of affection from the inmates of our beloved institutions at Notre Dame and St. Mary's, and am still able to peruse the telegrams and letters which have poured in upon me from loyal hearts in the Old and the New World, is indeed a miracle of Divine favor obtained through the sweet, protecting intercession of our Heavenly Mother. I realize well how much my miraculous recovery is owing to the fervent prayers which your devoted hearts prompted you to offer in my behalf to the Queen of Heaven. And, while I thank you now for the sentiments and good wishes you have expressed, I beg of you to continue your good prayers for me, with the assurance that you will not be forgotten in return.

E. SORIN, C. S. C.
Superior-General.

NOTRE DAME, Oct. 14, 1891.

Founder's Day.

Contrary to expectations, but in fulfilment of the hopes and aspirations of all the inmates of Notre Dame, the 13th inst., the patronal festival of Very Rev. Father General Sorin, was one of the most joyous festival days in the history of our *Alma Mater*. It is true, indeed, there was not that grand, imposing display that marked the celebrations of former years, when the occurrence of St. Edward's Day called throngs of friends from far and near; when the students, with song and speech and drama, entertained the venerable Founder of their college home. But, though brief the programme and few the visitors, yet the sincerity and intensity of the joy and happiness and gratitude which characterized the home-like reception on the College steps more than compensated for the lack of the protracted entertainment which it was intended to present. It was enough for all that they could have their Father with them; that his venerable presence among them was the happy realization of their hopes and prayers whilst he lay upon his bed of sickness. And what a cheer went forth from hundreds of throats as the venerable Superior appeared upon the College porch and, seated upon the chair prepared for him, awaited the greetings of his loving children!

All in all, it was a happy day. Nature itself seemed to lend her aid to making glad the hearts of everyone. No lovelier October day could be desired. Everything tended to increase and intensify feelings of gratitude at the happy convalescence of the venerable Founder of Notre Dame, and to express the hope that God may speedily grant the complete recovery for which all fervently pray.

THE CELEBRATION.

At eight o'clock Solemn High Mass was celebrated in the college church by Very Rev. Provincial Corby, assisted by Fathers O'Neill and Ill as deacon and subdeacon. To the joy of all, Very Rev. Father General occupied his old-time place in the sanctuary. After the Gospel an eloquent and appropriate sermon on the festival of the day and the grand work accomplished by the venerable Superior General was preached by the Very Rev. Father Corby.

At ten o'clock, Father General was conducted to a dais on the porch of the main building of the University, in front of which the students, nearly five hundred in number, were drawn up and presented a fine appearance.

After music by the College Band, Mr. F. Chute, '91, mounted the steps, and, in a clear, loud voice, addressed Father General in behalf of the students of Sorin and Brownson Halls. He spoke as follows:

"VERY REV. AND DEAR FATHER GENERAL:

"As each year flits by, bearing with it many whom we have loved and exiling them to 'the undiscovered country from whose bourn no traveller returns,' our hearts are kept glad when we think that our dear Lord is pleased to spare you whose labors and zeal are beacon lights to all the world.

"It is needless for us to tell of the storms which your life's bark has had to encounter. Though we are unable to realize the distress in which a thousand and one misfortunes placed you at times, we know that the grand Catholic institution of America which, by your earnestness and devotion to the cause of God, you have founded at Notre Dame, could never have been founded without infinite faith and work.

"Our hearts rejoice and we are glad. It is not long since many loving friends were almost in despair, fearing for the life of a patriarch whom all the good love; but their prayers ascended to heaven and, God be thanked, we have you still with us.

"In eighteen hundred and forty-two, on Christmas morning, were seen kneeling on the bare floor of a little log cabin, destitute of all comforts, cold and shivering with the blasts of a wild wintry wind, a group of Indians and six Brothers of the Congregation of the Holy Cross. But their hearts were not cold. Their eyes were fixed on a priest whose heart was full of gratitude to God, his Maker, for giving him a home and an altar on which to offer up the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. That priest, Father General, was yourself; and there was no happier man in all the New World, or in the splendid courts of the Old, than yourself. And yet the stinging sleet and whirling snow of an Indiana winter were your robes of state; the ice-clad lakes and woods of a savage land the most beautiful objects in view. But you saw far beyond these things. Before your prophetic mind arose that luminous figure of the Mother of God which now blesses all our land; you were happy because God had guided you by the pillar of the cloud into the Promised Land. And we, loving and thanking you, bless the saint who guarded you—that great Saint Edward with whose name yours is forever woven.

"But, wishing above all earthly things that we may not weary you whose life is so precious to us, I shall say no more: let our prayers speak for us. We, the students of Sorin and Brownson halls, greet you, and wish that many more years of happy fruition of your faith and work may see you with us."

Mr. F. Carney then spoke as the representative of the students of Carroll Hall. His address was delivered in clear, ringing tones, betokening the possessor of more than ordinary elocutionary ability. It was as follows:

"VERY REV. FATHER GENERAL:

"The days have sped, the year has passed, and once again, dear Father, you find us gathered here to do honor to you, the creator of our *Alma Mater*; to again assure you of our love, and to offer to you our good wishes. The deeds of some men need lustrous records to perpetuate them; you need no such blazon. Posterity will look not to words for proofs of your greatness, for Notre

Dame stands as the splendid history of one whose life has been one long sacrifice for the glory of God and the good of his race. You have attained for the reward of your sacrifice a home where men develop both their moral and intellectual faculties, and where youth is taught the love of knowledge, of country, of God.

"They that have gone forth from these halls of learning to the 'madding crowd' of life shall in all time to come bear witness to the noble examples, both moral and intellectual, given here; and they shall call you blessed. And we, who are still under your paternal care, trust that the tender words of truth and wisdom here received will not fail to make lasting impressions on our characters, moulding us into true Christian men, worthy to be called sons of Notre Dame.

"Of your life, which stands out in its perfection as a model to us all, 'tis needless to speak. The great work you have done tells us plainly of your nobleness of mind and heart; of your virtues, your charity and your perseverance. A heroic life spent in a good cause; heroic in its sacrifices, grand in its aim—the elevation of men to God.

"It is a privileged duty which Christians love to perform—the honoring of great and saintly men. It is a thrice happy privilege for us to sing the praises of the venerable Father of Notre Dame. Your recent sufferings but lend redoubled joy to our greetings to-day.

"And now, venerable Father, in the name of the students of Carroll Hall, I beg leave to extend to you our most hearty congratulations on this your Patron's Feast-day, and to express our fervent wishes for your full recovery of health, trusting that for many years to come you may live to hear each recurring year the justly-earned expressions of love, respect and gratitude."

Master James O'Neill then represented St. Edward's Hall with honor to himself and the "Princes." The following is a portion of his poetic address:

"VERY REV. AND BELOVED FATHER GENERAL.

"To celebrate your festal day,
More than one hundred strong—
Your eager, loving Princes join
The merry-making throng,
With rare thanksgiving in our hearts,
And pleasure just as rare,
We bring devotion's tribute warm,
Fond children's loving share.

Fair thirteenth of October,
The great day of the year,
Clad in fine gold and crimson,
Is once more with us here;
For wellnigh on to fifty years
At Notre Dame du Lac
This day has been looked forward to;
To this day all look back.

Enthusiasm—aye, at her best—
Can find no counterpart
So perfect as the earnestness
We take your feast to heart;
The bonfire of the olden time,
Regatta of to-day
The games, dramatic splendor,
The banquet's rich array.

These are traditions yet renewed
Each year; to us they come,
Come as the grand prerogative
Of our loved college home.
Yet outward from our college home,
Far off in distant lands,
Unnumbered friends in spirit now
With us are linking hands;

With us are linking hands and hearts
 To honor one loved name,
 That of the glorious Patriarch,
 Who founded Notre Dame.
 Joined in a gracious compact,
 Dear Father, all as one,
 Combine to prove how much we prize
 The grand work you have done.

The sons of your own Holy Cross
 From Western coast to East,
 From Woodland on to Washington,
 Now celebrate this feast;
 And south from thriving Watertown
 To the Gulf of Mexico,
 Our praises echo o'er and o'er,
 Augmenting as they flow.

From Canada on, on to France,
 And East to India still,
 The General of the Holy Cross
 Is honored with a will.
 A will to show our gratitude
 That God in peril's hour
 Came to the rescue for the sake
 Of Israel's Lily Flower.

They told us you were very ill,
 That the last rites were given;
 Your princes could not brook such news,
 And they appealed to Heaven;
 Who, who should be our advocate,
 One God could not refuse?
 Dear Father, you can guess her name,
 Your choice, we could but choose.

Out in the open atmosphere,
 From our St. Edward's home,
 We sped with tearful faces
 To Our Lady of the Dome;
 Nine days our heart-warm pleadings
 Rose to Our Lady's shrine,
 And God in mercy granted us
 A miracle divine.

Dear Father, from our inmost hearts
 A happy feast and gay
 We wish you, while warm thanks arise
 That you are here to-day.
 Remember that your namesakes still
 From their St. Edward's home
 Will breathe each day warm prayers for you
 To Our Lady of the Dome."

After the addresses, Father General arose and briefly thanked all present for the good wishes to which they had given expression. He regretted that, owing to his still feeble health, he could not express all that he felt, and speak to them at length as he wished. But he would call upon Rev. President Walsh to take his place. Father Walsh spoke with great feeling. Father Sorin, he said, had never so thoroughly, as during his recent illness, appreciated the depth and sincerity of the sentiments to which the addresses of the students bore witness. He was especially grateful for the petitions which had been offered up to Heaven in his behalf, and he earnestly hoped they would all continue to pray for his complete restoration to his old-time health and strength. There was special reason to thank God, and to congratulate the religious body of which Father Sorin was the

honored head, as never before had the work to which the venerable patriarch had consecrated his strength and energies—which had been for years his pride and consolation, and which would be his monument—been in so prosperous and flourishing a condition. Had he ever entertained any fears that the hardships and sacrifices of his earlier years had been in vain, these fears must be dispelled at seeing before him so numerous and imposing a body of Christian young gentlemen, animated with the noble spirit which, the speaker had reason to think, prevailed at Notre Dame.

Father Sorin's monument would be not simply the material edifices which now crowned the scene of his labors; it was laid in the hearts and minds of the hundreds and thousands who, like the young men before him that morning, had grown from youth to manhood under his instructions, and whose upright and exemplary lives were the best proof of the value and efficacy of his teachings.

The young men who had spoken that morning represented not merely the students and Faculty of to-day; they voiced the sentiments of all the generations of students that had passed through the halls of Notre Dame, who on this day were as one in expressing the hope and in offering up the prayer that Father Sorin might long be spared to continue the good work in which for a half century he had spent himself and been spent; that in the future as in the past the blessings of Providence might always rest upon him.

President Walsh's remarks were received with enthusiastic applause. When he had concluded, Father General blessed the assembly, after which, to the strains of music by the band, and amid the plaudits of the students, he was escorted to his rooms in the presbytery.

The rest of the day was spent in sports, an account of which is given elsewhere.

FLORAL OFFERINGS.

Special mention should be made of the floral tributes of esteem and affection on the part of devoted friends; but space will permit us to refer to a few only:

Dr. William D. Gentry, of Chicago, whose unremitting and skilful care has done so much towards the recovery of the venerable Superior, brought with him a beautiful basket of tea-roses, Marechal Neil, tuberoses, carnations heliotrope, wall-flowers, and tradescantia. The floral tribute from Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Wile, of Laporte, was of more than ordinary beauty and artistic in

design. It consisted of a lovely cross made of white Helichrysum; in the centre appeared the initial "E" in bright red Xeranthemum, and an elegant basket of tea-roses, Marechal Neil, wall-flowers, Lady Washington, Picotee and smilax. Mrs. Byerly, of South Bend, presented a pretty bouquet of cut flowers. Other beautiful offerings were from the establishments at Notre Dame and St. Mary's Academy.

Long live the Founder of Notre Dame!

Field Day.

Never was there a more delightful field day at Notre Dame than the one of Tuesday last. The sky was cloudless, and the bright sun cheered the contestants and spectators alike. One and all felt that "it was good to be there," and the large crowd of strangers present had no reason to complain of poor sport. The Brownson campus presented a pretty view before the sports began. In the background were the hurdles stretching from end to end; while in front many flags, vaulting poles and sporting paraphernalia covered the bright green untouched as yet by winter's frost. The spectators were grouped around the campus, and the athletes moved restlessly around, anxiously awaiting either victory or defeat.

When the first event—the 100 yards dash—was called, it was found that there were too many contestants to run at one time; so it was decided to run two classes. In the first class were Perry, N. Sinnott, B. Healy and Devanny. All got a good start, and Sinnott at once took the lead which he kept to the tape. Devanny beat Perry for second place. Fitzgibbon, Ferneding and Dinkel composed the second class of the same race. In this heat Fitzgibbon won with ease, defeating the field by fully five yards.

Now, the two winners, Sinnott and Fitzgibbon, were to race for the handsome gold medal, and both were nerved for a desperate contest. "Ready, set!" called the starter. Bang went the pistol, and they are off. On, on they go, running like demons; neck and neck; "Fitz" is drawing away from Sinnott and has taken the inside track. Cries of "Foul! foul!" go up from the friends of Sinnott; but Fitzgibbon pays no heed, and crosses the tape three feet in the lead. Time, eleven seconds. Sinnott claimed that he was fouled by Fitzgibbon running in front of him. After considering the matter, the judges decided that Fitzgibbon had no right to cross to Sinnott's track, and awarded the race to the latter. Although Sinnott was given the race, it was

clearly evident that "Fitz" was the faster runner. He crossed the track unintentionally, and really lost some feet by this act. Had he kept his own course, he would have undoubtedly won by at least four or five feet. In the second race there were fifteen entries and three classes ran. R. Sinnott won easily with R. Fleming second. Time, 11½ seconds. In the other events, one record of the college was broken—that of the pole vault. P. Beyer vaulted 8 feet, 10 inches; the record being 8 feet, 6 inches. E. Mitchell nearly equalled Beyer's as he made 8 feet, nine inches.

The 120 yards hurdle race was quite exciting. There were sixteen entries, and four heats were run. Thayne finished first with B. Healy a close second. N. Sinnott tried hard to beat the 16 pound hammer record of 75 feet. He failed, but made a good throw of 67 feet, 3 inches. The 220 yards race was won by N. Sinnott, R. Sinnott running second.

The result of the sports shows that N. Sinnott has the best "pull" for the fine gold "all around" medal presented by R. Connable & Sons, of Chicago. In fact, he has virtually won it, although the spring meeting may put a different aspect to affairs. The summary is as follows:

First One Hundred Yards Dash:—1st, N. Sinnott; 2d, J. Fitzgibbon; 3d, J. Devanny. Time, 11 seconds.

Second One Hundred Yards Dash:—R. Sinnott, 1st; 2d, R. Fleming; 3d, Burns. Time, 11½ seconds.

Putting Sixteen Pound Shot:—1st, E. Schaack, 29 feet, 7½ inches; 2d, N. Sinnott, 29 feet, 2 inches.

Running High Jump:—1st, E. Mitchell; 2d, P. Beyer; 3d, J. Coll. 5 feet.

Throwing Sixteen Pound Hammer:—1st, N. Sinnott, 67 feet, 3 inches; 2d, N. Dinkel, 63 feet.

Pole Vault:—1st, P. Beyer; 2d, E. Mitchell; 3d, C. Cook, 8 feet, 10 inches.

120 Yards Hurdle:—1st, W. Thayne; 2d, B. Healy.

220 Yards Run:—1st, N. Sinnott; 2d, R. Sinnott. Time, 24 seconds.

One Mile Run:—1st, F. McErlane; 2d, Olde; 3d, Crowley. Time, 5 minutes, 27 seconds.

Five Mile Bicycle Race:—Hawthorne, 1st; Henaghan, 2d; DuBrul, 3d. Time, 19 minutes, 3 seconds.

Some of the events did not come off, owing to darkness. Owing to the rain Thursday, they were again indefinitely postponed.

H. C. M.

Local Items.

- Founder's Day!
- Orie swam out.
- "Little boy Ben."
- There was good sport.
- The burgomaster did nobly.
- Foul! Foul!! Foul!!! Foul!!!!
- "Keep it up, you'll win yet!"
- "Pedro, bring back that pipe!"
- Are boat-races things of the past?

—Eddie has developed into a vaulter.

—On with the dance. N. B.—No clogs.

—The Infirmary was empty on the 13th.

—Why were there no field judges in the 6i race?

—He says that he'll make 9½ feet next spring, or "bust."

—No contests in Carroll Hall? Well, well, well, well!

—The novice-seminarians are to establish a Latin "social."

—Though the astronomers did see stars, there was no "shindy."

—The dining-hall of the Manual Labor School is being renovated.

—What a comfort that Observatory will be! No more freezing while looking for the constellations.

—"I was here for eight years, and the rules were not explicitly then, nor before nor since." "Why don't they do it?" "Because."

—"No, sir; those are not shrieks nor groans of agony. Those frightful sounds are caused by the new members of the band learning to play."

—Rev. R. Maher, C. S. C., who returned last week from Ireland, left Notre Dame this (Saturday) morning to resume charge of his parish in Richwood, Wis.

—The singing of the College choir on the 13th attracted general attention. The "*Veni, Jesu, Amor mi*," in particular, was sweetly and impressively rendered.

—The "Palace" was tastefully decorated with flags and bunting on the 13th, and at night was brilliantly illuminated with electric lights, Chinese lanterns, etc.

—Master Willie Scherrer, of Denver, Col., presented a crown of flowers to Very Rev. Father General on the 13th. The "Princes" could not have selected a better representative.

—The football teams are getting into trim. Some new "talent" is being developed, and there is every indication of an exciting season. A brush with the Fort Wayne eleven is among the possibilities of the near future.

—The Band played well on St. Edward's Day. Seldom has the great festival, coming as it does so early in the collegiate year, found this organization in such excellent condition. Great credit is due to the able leader, Rev. Father Mohun, C. S. C.

—The Sorins and Brownsons spent an enjoyable reunion in the reading room last Thursday. The music was furnished by an orchestra composed of the following famous artists: Harpist, Signor Macaroni; Flutist, Signor Spaghetti; Violinists, the Vermicelli brothers.

—The beautiful statue of St. Edward in the sanctuary was gorgeously decorated for the 13th. The wealth of St. Edward's Park was artistically arranged around it, while hundreds of lights illuminated it. Each flower and light

was an ex-voto to St. Edward for the recovery of his beloved client.

—Speaking of the reception tendered to him by the students on the 13th, the venerable Founder remarked that the feature that gave him most pleasure was the polite deportment of the students. It was, he said, a most beautiful and affecting sight to see 500 boys so orderly and gentlemanly.

—The Earl of Fingal and the Hon. Horace Plunkett were prevented from paying their intended visit to Notre Dame by unforeseen circumstances. In a letter Mr. Plunkett announces the intention of visiting the University on their return. While in Chicago, they were the guests of Dr. Wm. J. Onahan, '76.

—Mr. J. W. Cavanaugh, C. S. C., is now a member of the Faculty of St. Joseph's College, Cincinnati. While we regret his absence, we cannot but congratulate the Faculty of St. Joseph's upon the valued acquisition to their ranks. His place as assistant Director of Sorin Hall is ably taken by Mr. J. Burns, C. S. C.

—On Wednesday, October 14, the St. Cecilians met under the presidency of Rev. Father Morrissey. As there was no regular programme, an impromptu debate was participated in by the members. The subject was: "Is machinery beneficial to the laboring class?" Mr. Casey spoke at length, but by far the best speech of the evening was that of Mr. Delany on the affirmative.

—Catholics all over the country are hoping and praying that the venerable Very Rev. E. Sorin, C. S. C., may speedily recover from the illness with which he was recently attacked. There is no man in the country who has done more for the promotion of religion and Catholic education than this venerable clergyman. When he went to Notre Dame, back in the forties, the place was almost an unbroken wilderness; now it is the seat of one of the grandest educational and religious institutions to be found in this or any other country. To thousands and tens of thousands of American Catholics, who never had the happiness of meeting him, Father Sorin's name has long been a beloved household word; and widespread, indeed, would be the sorrow were his illness to terminate fatally.

—*Boston Republic.*

—The 3d regular meeting of the St. Aloysius' Philodemic Society was held Sunday evening, October 11. M. Quinlan, C. Rudd and M. Raney were admitted to membership. Mr. Dacy made his first appearance before the newly-reorganized society in a declamation, in which he gave the members a proof of the excellence of his elocutionary ability. The criticism by Mr. Cartier and the essay by T. Coady were of the highest merit. The debate, "Resolved, that arbitration should be substituted for war," by Messrs. N. Sinnott and P. Fleming on the affirmative and A. Ahlrichs and P. Murphy on the negative, was short but spirited. The remarks of Messrs.

Ahlrichs and Sinnott were especially noteworthy. The former's arguments, however, seemed to have the greater weight with the judges who declared in favor of the negative.

—MINIMS' SPORTS.—*First Running Race*:—1st, Lounsbury; 2d, Durand. *Second do.*:—1st, Crandall; 2d, Corry. *Third do.*:—1st, Fuller; 2d, Londoner. *Fourth do.*:—1st, McIntyre; 2d, Curry. *Fifth do.*:—1st, Egan; 2d, Francis.

First Hurdle race:—1st, L. Fossick; 2d, E. Langevin. *Second do.*:—1st, Trankel; 2d, T. Burns. *Third do.*:—1st, Pieser; 2d, Jones. *Fourth do.*:—1st, Hoffman; 2d, W. Scherrer.

First three-legged race:—1st, C. Furthman and Freeman; 2d, Hathaway and Crawford. *Second do.*:—1st, D. Wilcox and R. Ball; 2d, N. Scherrer and R. McPhee.

First Sack race:—1st, Krollman; 2d, Maternes. *Second do.*:—1st, Pablo Trujillo; 2d, L. Trankel. *Third do.*:—J. Ayers; 2d, F. Croke. *Fourth do.*:—1st W. Durand; 2d, Nichols.

First Bicycle Race:—1st, C. Furthman; 2d, E. Furthman. *Second do.*:—1st, C. Kern; 2d, E. Kuehl.

—The following is the programme of "events" on Field Day, Oct. 13.

1ST 100 YARD RUN.—Standard, 11½ secs. Prizes: 1st, Gold Medal; 2d, Gold Badge; 3d, Silver Badge.

2D 100 YARD RUN.—Prizes: 1st, Gold Medal; 2d, Gold Badge; 3d, Silver Badge.

PUTTING 16-LB. SHOT.—Standard, 32 ft. Prizes: 1st, Gold Badge; 2d, Silver Badge; 3d, Silver Badge.

RUNNING HIGH JUMP.—Standard, 5 ft. Prizes: 1st, Gold Badge; 2d, Silver Badge.

THROWING THE 16-LB. HAMMER.—Standard, 75 feet. Prizes: 1st, Gold Badge; 2d, Silver Badge.

POLE VAULT FOR HEIGHT.—Standard, 8½ ft. Prizes: 1st, Gold Badge; 2d, Silver Badge.

120 YD. HURDLE.—Standard, 20½ secs. (10 flights, 3 ft., 6 in. high.) Prizes: 1st, Gold Medal; 2d, Gold Badge; 3d, Silver Badge.

RUNNING BROAD JUMP.—Standard, 18 ft. Prizes: 1st, Gold Badge; 2d, Silver Badge; 3d, Silver Badge.

220 YD. RUN.—Prizes: 1st, Gold Medal; 2d, Gold Badge; 3d, Silver Badge.

HOP, STEP AND JUMP. Prizes: 1st, Gold Badge; 2d, Silver Badge; 3d, Silver Badge.

ONE MILE RUN.—Standard, 5 min., 40 secs. Prizes: 1st, Gold Medal; 2d, Gold Badge; 3d, Silver Badge.

FIVE MILE BICYCLE RACE.—Prizes: 1st, Gold Medal; 2d, Gold Badge; 3d, Silver Badge.

THROWING BASE-BALL.—Prizes: 1st, Gold Badge; 2d, Silver Badge; 3d, Silver Badge.

Winners of medals shall be obliged to compete at the Spring meeting, and be successful twice before medals become their individual property.

Personal.

—Thomas F. Conlan (Com'l), '82, is engaged in a flourishing hardware business at Spokane, Washington.

—James E. Hagerty (Com'l), '78, of St. Louis, was recently elected a member of the House of Delegates, and is now one of St. Louis Aldermen. His numerous friends here are delighted at the success which is attending him in professional life.

—The defeat of Luke Carey in the 220 yards run by Harry Jewett, of the Detroit Athletic Club, was a severe set back for the Manhattan A. C. man. The "Western Flyer" won by five yards, beating the Canadian record by 1-5 of a second.—*New York Sun*.

—Among the visitors present at the reception to Very Rev. Father General on St. Edward's Day were Mrs. Martin, San Francisco; Miss L. Carney, Marinette, Wis.; Miss Mary Ducey, Detroit, Mich.; Warren A. Cartier, '87, Ludington, Mich.; Mrs. Schaack and Mrs. Welter, of Chicago.

—Rev. Patrick W. Carr, formerly editor of the *Colorado Catholic*, is now permanently attached to the Church of St. Veronica on Christopher street, New York. Father Carr is well known throughout the West as a writer and lecturer of exceptional ability. His visit to the University at Commencement in '88, and the magnificent oration delivered on the occasion, are among the most pleasurable memories of all at Notre Dame.

—Miss Eleanor C. Donnelly and her sister, Miss Philomena Donnelly, says the *Boston Pilot*, are in Boston, the guests of the School-Sisters of Notre Dame, at their convent near the Mission Church. Miss E. Donnelly's poems are well known. She has published several volumes, of which the favorites are perhaps: "Out of Sweet Solitude," and "The Legend of the Best Beloved." She has written also a life of Father Barbelin, and has compiled various prose works. She is a sister of the Hon. Ignatius Donnelly, of Minnesota, also widely known as an author.

—Hon. James O'Brien, '60, Chief Justice of New Mexico, called on Judge Cameron Tuesday, on his way back to his duties in New Mexico. The two are old friends, and had a pleasant visit. The Chief Justice is looking well, and is getting along with his business in a very satisfactory manner. In the short space of time that he has spent in New Mexico, he has acquired such a knowledge of the Spanish language, that he speaks and writes it well. He is about forty-six years of age now. His family remain in their Minnesota home, with the exception of a daughter, May, who lives in New Mexico with her father. His headquarters are Santa Fé. Chief Justice O'Brien is a remarkable linguist, and speaks English, Celtic, German, Norwegian, Latin and Spanish.—*Lacrosse* (Wis.) *Republican Leader*.

—The St. Veronica's Conference of the St. Vincent de Paul Society and the Holy Name Society of St. Veronica's Church held a meeting last Thursday evening to take action on some means of perpetuating the memory of their late pastor, Rev. John F. Fitzharris. Rev. Father Jones, acting pastor of the church, presided. Resolutions expressing the great love and esteem in which the deceased was held by his congregation, and their sorrow in being deprived of his services at a time when his earnest efforts in behalf of the spiritual welfare

of the new parish were beginning to bear abundant fruit, were passed. It was also resolved that the societies should take upon themselves the work of raising, by popular subscription among his parishioners, a sum sufficiently generous to erect a monument suitable to the worth of their beloved pastor.—*Catholic News* (New York).

(From the "Toledo Commercial," Oct. 5.)

The Vacation Work of a Notre Dame Boy.

When the Rev. E. Hannin first took charge of the congregation of St. Patrick's Church they had no church suitable to their numbers. He at once went to work, and, after days and weeks and months of trials and troubles, erected the substantial brick church that has served as a place of worship ever since.

After the church had been erected, beautiful and commodious school buildings followed in rapid succession, and later on, to accommodate the wants of the people, was erected St. Patrick's Institute, a hall capable of holding 1,500 people. The parish kept right on increasing in wealth and numbers until the beautiful brick church, erected years ago, became too small to accommodate them. It became quite apparent that a larger church was needed to meet the needs of the growing parish. Several suggestions were offered, but a few months ago it was resolved that the only way to accommodate the growing wants of the parish was to erect a new church. The whole matter was considered carefully and fully by the reverend pastor and the church council, and the erection of a new church was the only way they could see of solving the question. As soon as this had been decided upon, Father Hannin at once looked around to secure suitable plans for the new church. He made a number of trips to the East and saw the beautiful cathedrals in Buffalo, Rochester, Albany, New York and Philadelphia, and yet he did not see any that exactly suited his views, or that he would pattern after in the erection of the new church.

During the vacation months, Michael P. Hannin, son of Mary A. Hannin, a teacher in the public schools of this city for the past fourteen years, and nephew of Father Hannin, was home on his vacation from Notre Dame University. The young man, who is not eighteen years old yet, learned that a new church was to be erected to meet the wants of the parish. He found out that no plans had been drawn up and submitted. He at once made a careful study of the grounds, and, without the knowledge of any one, set to work to prepare a set of plans for the new church. In the course of three weeks he had the plans completed, and submitted them to his uncle, Rev. Father Hannin. The latter was delighted; and after studying them carefully came to the conclusion that they were just what he wanted.

They were sent to A. Druiding, the great Catholic church architect of Chicago. Mr. Druiding, after looking over the plans carefully, replied that they were the most perfect he had ever seen, and advised Father Hannin to have the church constructed on the basis submitted by Father Hannin's nephew. Architect Druiding, after hearing from Father Hannin, at once went to work on the plans, and completed them and sent them to Father Hannin last Saturday. Yesterday they were on exhibition in St. Patrick's Institute, and were inspected by hundreds of the people of the parish.

An Old-Time Tribute to Father General.

Long here shall science dwell,
Long here shall Heaven's praises swell,
Still honored thou; for holy writings tell,
God giveth more to those who use their talents well.
When little time, and less of gold,
Have wrought so much, through faith and love,
What may we hope when years have rolled,
With added blessings from above?
What hope the ardent toiler cheers,
What mighty hopes the future bears!

That future dawns, all lily, rose and balm,
Arise, Fair Mother, radiant and calm,
'Tis thine to intone the grand, triumphal psalm,
'Tis thine, 'tis thine, to bear the glorious palm;
And call the Nation to adore the Lamb,
Thine, only thine, beloved Notre Dame!

Roll of Honor.

SORIN HALL.

Messrs. Ahlrichs, Bachrach, Brady, Cartier, L. Chute, F. Chute, Coady, Dechant, Fitzgerald, Gillon, Hannin, Joslyn, Langan, P. Murphy, Monarch, Maurus, McAuliff, McGrath, McKee, Neef, O'Neill, O'Brien, M. Quinlan, Rothert, Schaack, Sullivan, C. Scherrer, E. Scherrer, N. Sinnott, R. Sinnott, Vurpillat.

BROWNSON HALL.

Messrs. Ahlrichs, Ansbery, Burns, Baldwin, T. Brady, Brown, T. Brady, Bolton, Beaudry, Cook, Corcoran, Corry, Cosgrove, J. Crawley, P. Crawley, Cassidy, J. Cummings, Correll, Chilcote, W. Cummings, Caffrey, Crilly, Cushing, Cole, Chearhart, Doheny, Davis, Doyle, R. Delany, Egan, Ellwanger, Ferneding, P. Fleming, R. Fleming, Flynn, Flannery, Foley, Frizzelle, R. Harris, Henley, Heneghan, Harpole, Healy, Hesse, Holland, E. Harris, Hawthorne, Jacobs, Kearns, Krembs, Kenny, Krost, Kleekamp, Kearney, Keough, W. Kennedy, M. Kelly, Karasynski, Kirby, Kintzele, W. A. Kennedy, S. Mitchell, McFadden, Monarch, Maloney, D. Murphy, McVean, Magnus, McErlain, McDonnell, McKee, * McDermott, Layton, Marckhoff, F. Murphy, Nockles, O'Donnell, Ocenasek, O'Shea, Palmer, Powers, Prelskamp, Phillips, Quinlan, Raney, M. Ryan, J. Ryan, G. Ryan, Regan, C. Roby, Sherman, Scallen, Stanton, Schopp, Vinez, Vurpillat, Welsh, Weaver, Wilkin, Zeitler, Zeller.

* Omitted the last four weeks by mistake.

CARROLL HALL.

Messrs. Bergland, Bouer, Bixby, Barbour, Brennan, Baldauf, Ball, Bates, J. Brown, F. Brown, Burkert, Briggs, Carney, Casey, Corry, Covert, Cosgrove, Cullen, Collins, Curran, Cheney, Connell, Corcoran, Carpenter, Dion, DuBois, Dix, DeLormier, Duncombe, Dillon, Dillman, Delany, Dorsey, J. Dempsey, F. Dempsey, DuBrul, C. S. Fleming, C. F. Fleming, Falk, Finnerty, A. Funke, Grote,

Girsch, L. Gibson, N. Gibson, Gilbert, Griffin, Gerdes, Gerner, Gerlach, Gillam, Hagan, Harrington, Hilger, Hoban, Hargrave, Hagus, Hittson, Hack, Joseph, Janssens, Johnson, Kindler, Kaufman, Kreicker, Kountz, Kraber, Kerker, A. Kegler, W. Kegler, LaMoure, Lee, Lowry, Luther, Leonard, Mahon, Mills, Miles, Major, Mitchell, W. Miller, J. Miller, Meyers, Marr, Minor, Moss, McCarthy, J. McKee, A. McKee, McDowell, McPhee, H. Nichols, W. Nichols, Oliver, O'Brien, J. O'Neill, W. O'Neill, O'Rourke, Peake, Prichard, Pope, Phillipson, Rumely, Rupel, Rogers, Ratterman, Renesch, F. Reilly, W. Sullivan, V. Sullivan, Shaffer, Sparks, Sedwick, A. Shimp, Sweet, Scholer, Slevin, Stephens Smith, Thome, Thorn, J. Tong, O. Tong, Tallon, Thomas, Thornton, Teeters, Vorhang, Washburne, Wellington, Walker, B. Weaver, Wensinger, N. Weitzel, B. Weitzel, Yaeger, H. Yingst, G. Zoehrlaut.

ST. EDWARD'S HALL.

Masters Allen, Ahern, Ayers, Burns, Ball, Blumenthal, V. Berthelet, R. Berthelet, Cornell, Cross, Corry, Crandall, Christ, J. Coquillard, Curry, A. Coquillard, F. Curtin, Crawford, Coulter, Chapoton, O. Crepeau, Croke, F. Crepeau, B. Durand, H. Durand, DuBrul, Elliot, Everest, W. Emerson, Egan, F. Emerson, C. Francis, E. Francis, Fossick, Finnerty, C. Furthmann, Fuller, Freeman, E. Furthmann, Girsch, Gavin, W. Gregg, Gilbert, W. Gregg, Hilger, Higginson, Healy, Hathaway, Howard, Hoffman, Jones, Jonquet, Krollman, Kern, Kinney, Kuehl, King, Lowrey, Londoner, Lawton, W. LaMoure, Loughran, Longevin, E. LaMoure, Langley, Lounsbery, Lonergan, McIntyre, McPhee, McAllister, McGinley, McCarthy, Maternes, Morrison, Nichols, O'Neill, Oatman, Pieser, Pratt, W. Patier, Pursell, E. Patier, Platts, Rose, Ransome, G. Scherrer, Steele, Stuckart, Swan, W. Scherrer, L. Trankle, Thomas, Trujillo, Tussner, F. Trankle, B. White, Wilcox, Wilson, Weber.

Class Honors.

PREPARATORY COURSE.

Messrs. Henaghan, G. Ryan, Walsh, T. Kilkenney, Wilkin, McFadden, Kleekamp, Whitehead, Thayne, Ansbery, Prelskamp, O'Farrell, Carter, Harpole, W. Brennan, Healy, J. Brady, W. Monarch, Scallen, Baldwin, R. Harris, C. Murphy, Stanton, Maloney, Zeitler, McClure, Moxley, Morrison, Hesse, Layton, Robinson, Olde, D. Murphy, McErlain, Tillenbergh, McGonigle, E. Mitchell, C. Roby, Crilly, Weaver, Ellwanger, E. Harris, Kirby, Lindeke, Raney, E. Roby, Kintzele, W. Kennedy, Doyle, Henley, Cook, Zeller, Mattingly, LaMoure, Weaver, Mills, Hagan, W. Sullivan, Hilger, Kaufman, Janssens, O. Tong, Strauss, Rupel, Sedwick, E. Brennan, Cullen, Sparks, Marre, DeLormier, Hoban, L. Gibson, Falk, H. Nichols, Scholer, Curran, McDowell, Sweet, Peake, Wensinger, Barbour, O'Brien, Thomas, Griffin, Rend, Renesch, Kindler, Yeager, Miller, Kountz, Weitzel, W. Nichols, Miles, G. Funke, Kinneavy, Oliver, A. Rumely, Thome, Washburne, Moss, F. Dempsey, Thornton, Krembs, Crawford, Foster, J. O'Neill, Vorhang, A. Gillman.

List of Excellence.

PREPARATORY COURSE.

Latin—Messrs. Whitehead, D. Murphy, Dacey, DeLormier; *Greek*—Messrs. Walker, McNamee, Murphy, Gallagher; *Algebra*—W. McNamee, V. Brennan, Ryan, J. Brady; *Arithmetic*—Messrs. Falk, F. O'Brien, Yeager, E. Thome, D. Kelly, Higgins, McClure, R. Harris, F. Hesse; *Grammar*—Messrs. Meyers, Dion, Hagan, DeLormier, McPhee, Yingst, Girardin, G. Funke, Sedwick, Wascenskiskiley, Singler, Sherman, Maloney, Foley, G. Breen, R. Harris; *Reading*—Messrs. Bauer, Corcoran, Joseph, Rupel, Cummings, R. Harris, Hesse, Sweet; *Orthography*—Messrs. Joseph, R. Harris, T. Monarch, G. Sweet, Welsh; *Geography*—Messrs. Cushing, G. Carter, Thayne; *History*—Messrs. Hesse, Cushing, R. Harris.

The Tale of a Myth.

BY MISS T. PHYDE.

"And can it be," you ask me, boy, "that there be wicked men
Who lend themselves to base deceit, who use their voice
and pen
To mystify their fellows?" Ah, 'tis clear thou hast no
guile,
Thou'rt but a fresh and simple kid. Just list to me awhile.

Some months ago a trip I took beyond our country's line.
On my return I wrote it up—what hand so well as mine
Could do the subject justice? Yet, although you well
may doubt,
An editorial gosling ruled my contribution out.

No matter, it was printed; and the public joyed to see
A subject so important get at last its due from me.
So well I knew its merits that I wondered not one day
To learn it wakened interest in a city far away.

A stranger wrote me that he wished to publish it again,
But begged that I would grant him leave to use his facile
pen
In straightening out the English, which he held was
incorrect;
In fact, he sent some sentences, revised with good effect.

Now, while I felt that on some points his case was rather
strong,
Of course 'twas quite beyond me to admit that I was
wrong;
The more so as this gentleman had quietly surmised
That *German* was my mother-tongue!—No wonder you're
surprised.

Two days I spent in answering at length this critic's note:
I laid him out on every point concerning which he wrote;
But as I wished to see my sketch accomplish further good,
I gave him my permission to revise it as he would.

Away from home, a day or two, I found when I returned
My critic's card awaiting me, and with some wonder
learned
That he had called to see me and expressed unfeigned
regret
(In which, I own, I did not share) that we two had not met.

The morrow brought me—truth to say, to tell it I am
grieved—
The most abusive letter even I have e'er received.
This critic I had sat on laughed my scholarship to scorn,
Nay, dubbed me a "whangdoodle"—term that pierced
me as a thorn.

My anger just had scarcely cooled when, to my fresh
dismay,
I learned that my assailant vile had given me away
By writing to his cousin here, enclosing—oh, the pill!—
A copy of that letter which doth rankle in me still.

But why prolong the story? why tell of letters sent
By strange officials to myself who knew not what they
meant?
Why cite communications "On Her Majesty's Service"
writ,
Or tell how I began at last to fear my head would split?

Enough to say that I was hoaxed by "skeesics" here at
home,
Who penned all those effusions that had made me rage
and foam.
So, boy, you have your answer. What you asked could
but recall
That myth, G. MONTAGU HENDERSON, LL. D., of
Montreal.

St. Mary's Academy.

One Mile West of Notre Dame University.

—The various classes in Theoretical Music were organized on last Saturday evening; and, judging from the attendance and the eagerness displayed by the pupils, give favorable promise for the coming year.

—Rev. Father Malone, of Denver, Col., paid a flying visit to St. Mary's during the past week, where he was a most welcome guest, particularly to the large and interesting portion of the pupils who owe allegiance to the Centennial State.

—A short German selection, well read by Miss E. Adelsperger, together with the recitation "King Robert of Sicily," pleasingly rendered by Miss R. Bero, were the literary features of last Sunday's academic meeting. At its close, a humorous story related by Very Rev. Father Corby, C. S. C., provoked much mirth, among the pupils, as well as pointed a moral of no little importance.

St. Edward's Day.

The Feast of St. Edward, 1891, for weeks to all at St. Mary's the subject of happy anticipations, proved to be an ideal day in all that pertained to the sun and atmospheric influences; but, to the deep regret of his loving children, the hero of the feast, Very Rev. Father General, was unable to attend the entertainment prepared in his honor, thus rendering its postponement a matter of necessity. Still, with his wonted kindness, and, though enfeebled by tedious weeks of sickness, he rode to the Academy, in front of which the Seniors, Juniors and Minims awaited his coming, the members of the Vocal Class occupying the piazza. The latter was tastefully decorated with graceful hangings and autumn leaves in profusion; while the bright berries of the mountain ash nestled in festoons of smilax, and, surmounting all, was a portrait of St. Mary's Founder, under which were the words: "A Happy Feast!" Then from his seat in the carriage he listened to the greeting chorus followed by an address appropriate to the time and circumstances, and read by Miss H. Nacey. To this the familiar voice of Very Rev. Father General responded with all the kindness and courtesy of the past, after which the carriage moved toward the Convent and Novitiate in front of whose decorated entrances the Professed Sisters and Novices had assembled to offer their good wishes. Then, after a brief visit to Loreto, the carriage containing the Very Rev. guest of the day and his party drove slowly through the grounds in the direction of Notre Dame.

All the addresses, English, French and Ger-

man, together with that from the Children of Mary and the Junior department were presented to Very Rev. Father General, each being artistically gotten up, and showing the touch of loving fingers.

In conclusion, it may be said that the deepest sympathy of loving hearts was stirred by the coming of St. Mary's venerated Founder, and each felt that never was he so dear as at the moment when for their sake he tried to throw off all indisposition and appear again among them; and never was a prayer more fervent than that which went from lip to lip—may God restore him to health and vigor!

Address to Very Rev. Father General.

The nineteenth arch of Time's long corridor
Will soon be reached; and as we stand and gaze
Adown the vista of departed days,
The finite bears our thoughts to that far shore,
Where wisdom's rays illumine our earthly lore.

The light of Faith upon each great arcade
Reveals the storied past; and gleams of gold,
Like halos round the saintly forms of old,
Reflect the brightness cast athwart the shade,
And scenes unfold by Time's rare brush portrayed.

From Calvary's height to mighty seven-hilled Rome
We trace the flow of that great saving tide
That bore Redemption from the pierced side
To every land beneath the heavens' dome,
E'en far and wide beyond the ocean foam.

We mark Augustine by the restless sea,
Saint Remi and Saint Denys great of heart,
Saint Patrick from his kindred far apart,
His symbol of the holy Trinity
Surpassing art—the Shamrock of the lea.

We pass the tenth arcade, and lo! we stand
Before the noble Edward, Saint and King,
Whose praise to-day the Church would have us sing,
In union with the sweet, angelic band,
Whose voices ring in joy o'er all the land.

At thought of that dear Saint, our spirit's gaze
Is drawn from marvels of the buried past,
And on our own great century we cast
The light of love; for on this day of days
Sweet memories fast encircle all our ways.

We see, or seem to see, the winter skies
A glory shedding over distant France,
That sea-kissed home of faith and of romance;
The smile of day is on the waves that rise;
It sighs as they advance, at eve it dies.

Ah! would that Time might follow our behest,
And paint the picture but in red and gold!
Alas! the canvas must the truth unfold.
The pulse of France betokened sad unrest,
Its throbbing told its heart was sore oppressed,

When at the holy font a name was given
That for St. Edward life-long homage won,
And gave the Church of France a valiant son,
Who loved no country as his own save Heaven,
Who loosed for none the chains that love had riven.

The Master-hand which guided that young heart
Soon led his mind to know the earthly dross
For which men barter Heaven. The Holy Cross
Became, in truth, of his young life a part;
That souls should suffer loss bade tears to start.

This tender, loving zeal for souls—the seed
Whose fruit is missionary Saints—was fed
By Meditation's dew, by daily bread
Of prayer, by sacrifice in word and deed,
Until its branches spread o'er all life's mead.

Behold! we trace the picture farther still,
And follow that brave soul across the sea,
Within his heart the cross and Fleur-de-lis;
His life still trembling 'neath the holy thrill
Of that decree which showed him God's blessed will.

Our Father dear, your brave and noble deeds
Have formed the picture weary years have wrought,
And never from our hearts the lessons taught
Shall be effaced. Life's eager longing needs
Sweet flowers of thought like these among the weeds.

May Mary, strength of those who need her aid,
Accept the pleadings of her children true,
Who daily ask that health be granted you
To give new praise to her, the Mother Maid,
Till Heaven's blue has hidden earth's dark shade.

We offer on your Feast a garland sweet,
Annunciation Lilies, flowers most rare,—
They are the Aves of October prayer;
And as we lay them at our Mother's feet,
These blossoms fair, the only offering meet,

We humbly beg that she will deign to bless
You, Father, and your every day and hour,
That perfect fruit may spring from every flower
Your hands have planted in earth's wilderness,
And by her power insure all happiness.

Your devoted children,

THE SENIORS.

Roll of Honor.

[For politeness, neatness, order, amiability, correct deportment and observance of rules.]

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses E. Adelsperger, Alkire, Augustine, Agney, Bero, Bassett, M. Burns, E. Burns, Bell, R. Butler, Brady, A. Butler, K. Barry, M. Barry, Buell, Benz, Black, Brand, Byers, Byrnes, Bogart, Call, Carico, Charles, Churchill, Cooper, Clifford, G. Cowan, Crilly, Davis, Dempsey, Duffy, Dieffenbacher, Daley, E. Dennison, Ellwanger, Evoy, Fitzpatrick, L. Farwell, Field, Griffith, Green, Galvin, Good, Grace, Goodell, Gilmore, Lucy Griffith, Groves, Gibbons, Garrity, Haitz, Hellman, Hutchinson, Holmes, Higgans, Hammond, Hanson, Hopkins, Hittson, Hess, Hunt, Maude Hess, Johnson, Jewell, Jacobs, Klingberg, Kirley, Keating, Kemme, Kieffer, Kelly, Kasper, Kaufman, Kingsbaker, Lynch, Lewis, S. Ludwig, Londoner, Loker, Lennon, Lancaster, Lichtenhein, M. Leppel, La Moure, Morse, M. Moynahan, Marrinan, Murison, Morehead, Moore, E. McCormack, Maloney, D. McDonald, McGuire, A. Moynahan, M. McDonald, McDowell, McCune, McCormack, Nacey, Nichol, Norris, M. Nichols, B. Nichols, O'Sullivan, Plato, Patier, Pengemann, Pinney, Payne, Quinn, A. Ryan, C. Ryan, Robinson, Roberts, Rizer, Robbins, M. Smyth, Sanford, E. Seeley, A. Smith, Stewart, A. Seeley, Schmidt, C. Sena, Thirds, Tietjen, Van Liew, Wile, G. Winsteadley, B. Winsteadley, Wagner, Wolffe, Wurzburg, Whitmore, Welter, Whitney, Zahm, Zucker.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses Adelsperger, Boyle, Baxter, Curtin, Cowan, Coady, Cooper, Crandall, Culp, B. Davis, M. Davis, B. Dennison, M. Dennison, Dreyer, Doble, Eberts, Ford, A. Girsch, Garrity, Germain, B. Germain, Hopper, Holmes, Hickey, Kasper, Kline, Klingsley, Londoner, Mills, Meskill, Nacey, O'Mara, Palmer, Pfaelzer, Schaefer, Smyth, S. Smyth, J. Smyth, Tormey, Tilden, Williams, Woolverton, White, Wheeler, Whittenberger.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Misses Ahern, Buckley, Curtin, Dysart, Egan, Finnerty, Girsch, McKenna, McCormick, McCarthy, Palmer, M. Wormer.

CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC.

HONORABLY MENTIONED IN INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC.

GRADUATING CLASS—Misses Gibbons, Ludwig, Nester.

1ST CLASS—Miss Field.

2D DIV.—Misses Marrinan, A. Ryan.

2D CLASS—Misses Klingberg, Nickel, Tormey.

2D DIV.—Misses Davis, Dempsey, Kemme, Thirds, Wurzburg.

3D CLASS—Misses Doble, Haitz, Roberts, Welter.

2D DIV.—Misses Baxter, Fitzpatrick, Nacey, M. Smyth.

4TH CLASS—Misses Brady, Bero, Carico, Dieffenbacher, Maude Hess.

2D DIV.—Misses E. Adelsperger, Bassett, Benz, Boyle, E. Burns, Carpenter, Churchill, E. Dennison, Dreyer, B. Germain, Johnston, C. Kasper, T. Kimmell, E. Moore, Tietjen.

5TH CLASS—Misses Alkire, Augustine, Brand, M. Burns, M. J. Byrnes, Charles, E. Davis, M. Davis, Galvin, Grace, Griffith, Hanson, Hellman, Minnie Hess, Loreto, Holmes, Hunt, Hutchinson, Jacobs, Kaufman, Loker, McCune, O'Mara, Patier, Pengemann, Quinn, Sanford, Sena, G. Winsteadley.

2D DIV.—Misses K. Barry, Bell, Black, A. Cooper, Daley, P. Germain, Green, Hopper, Keating, M. Kelly, Lynch, M. Nichols, B. Nichols, Norris, Plato, Seeley, E. Smyth, Wagner, Zahm.

6TH CLASS—Misses Byers, Call, M. Cooper, Goodell, Duffy, Groves, Hammond, Hopkins, Jewell, Kieffer, Leppel, M. McCormack, Murrison, Palmer, Pfaelzer, Smith, Stewart, Van Liew, Whitney, E. Winsteadley.

2D DIV.—Misses Agney, R. Butler, Clifford, Culp, M. Dennison, Farwell, Gilmore, Good, Hickey, L. Holmes, C. Kasper, Kingsbaker, Kirley, Kline, M. McDonald, O'Sullivan, Pinny, Robinson, J. Smyth, Van Mourick.

7TH CLASS—Misses M. Barry, A. Butler, Curtin, Ellwanger, M. Garrity, Higgins, Hittson, B. Londoner, La Moure, D. McDonald, Schaefer, Wheeler, Woolverton, Zucker.

2D DIV.—Misses L. Adelsperger, Mary McCormack, Williams.

8TH CLASS—Misses Crandall, Finnerty, McKenna.

9TH CLASS—Misses Dysart, Ford, Mills, Schmidt.

10TH CLASS—Misses Egan, Wormer.

N. B.—Several young ladies not taking the regular course are not mentioned in the above grades.

HARP.

1ST CLASS—Miss E. Nester.

4TH CLASS—Misses Sena, Fitzpatrick.

5TH CLASS 2D DIV.—Miss Stewart.

6TH CLASS—Miss M. McDowell.

VIOLIN.

Misses Bogart, Plato, Dieffenbacher.

GUITAR.

3D CLASS—Miss H. Boyle.

6TH CLASS—Miss Lennon.

MANDOLIN.

1ST CLASS—Miss Nickel.

3D CLASS—Miss S. Smyth.

4TH CLASS—Miss A. Londoner.

5TH CLASS—Misses Hutchinson, Lichtenhein, Van Liew, L. Griffith.

BANJO.

2D CLASS—Miss A. Ryan.

6TH CLASS—Miss Fitzpatrick.

ORGAN.

Miss D. Whittenberger.

VOCAL DEPARTMENT.

1ST CLASS, 2D DIV.—Miss Wile.

2D CLASS—Miss Bassett.

2D DIV.—Misses Field, Grace.

3D CLASS—Misses Kemme, Dieffenbacher, M. Smyth, Carpenter.

2D DIV., 3D CLASS—Misses M. Hess, Kline, Van Liew, Brady, Klingberg, Kaufman.

4TH CLASS—Misses Pengemann, Marrinan, Sanford, Bell, B. Nichols, Galvin, Agney, Patier, M. Burns, N. Moore, Kieffer, Sena, B. Winsteadley, G. Winsteadley.

5TH CLASS—Misses Zahm, Leppel, Kelly, Good, Gilmore, M. Nichols, M. McCormick.