Wild Flowers.

"Tis now that the white violets steal out, the spring to greet,
And that among his longed-for showers Narcissus smiles so sweet.
'Tis now that tilles, upland born, frequent the slopes of green,
And that the flower that lovers love, of all the flowers the queen.
Without an equal anywhere in full-blown glows;
And that among his longed-for showers Narcissus smiles so sweet.
Thou knowst it well, Zenophile! Persuasion’s flower—the rose.

Again returning spring has decked the earth with flowers;
on the mountain, in the forest, by rocks, and where the brooklets flow, everywhere kind nature has strewn the earth with her living gems. Ask the breeze and he will tell you that he has

"Slept in the lily’s fragrant bell;\nKissed the rose in its blushing pride;\nTill his breath the dew from its lips has dried;—\n—stolen away, on his silken wing;\nThe violets scent in the early spring.\n—hung over groves, where the citron grows,\nAnd the clust’ring bloom of the orange blows."

In this beautiful month, the fairest of the year, nature extends to all a most cordial invitation, to consider for a moment her little wonders on the mountain, on the hill and in the dale. Let us accept this kind invitation and wander to yonder bank of a rippling brooklet, where clustered around its edges are the favorite children of kind Mother Flora. Let us contemplate the beauties and delicacies of things most lovely and fair which God has given to man for his enjoyment.

"Beautiful gems! that on the brow of earth\nAre fixed as in a queenly diadem:\nThough lovely ye, and most without a name,\nYoung hearts rejoice to see your buds come forth\nAs light erewhile into the world came.—\nI love ye all."

Here, then, we have arrived in a most delightful spot. And what is the flower that greets us first? Its name is not poetic; it is the simple and unassuming “liverwort.” You see it everywhere, looking at you with its beautiful deep blue eyes, wondering why all the rest of flowers are

not of its own color. You may know this flower by its peculiar-formed leaves, which are three lobed, and all radical except three leaflets, which form an involucre just below the flower, and taken by inexperienced botanists for the calyx of the flower. Close by the side of this you may see one that is not very much different in the eyes of a botanist,—in fact, it belongs to the same family, and nearly the same kind; it is the rue anemon. Its small white flowers are very delicate, and are all arranged in an umbel on the top of the stem. Side by side with it grows the blood-root,—a very sanguinary name for such a delicate flower. This flower has secured the name of blood-root from the color of the juice found in all parts of the plant; the flower itself is of the purest white, and is solitary on the flower-stalk which rises from the root; the leaf, which is always only one, is rounded and variously cleft. Here and there in the grass are seen the flowers, which “allure to their group the wise ones, who bow to that virtue which seeks not the praise of the crowd”—the violets. There are many species of violets, of which the panay, or “Johnny-jump-up,” is the most extensively cultivated in gardens. Some people would think that violets should be all violet in color; but this is not so: there are some white, others yellow, and some blue. The three most common wild violets are the viola cucullata and viola pedata, or the “common blue violet” and the “bird-footed violet,” and besides these the yellow violet, known by the common name of downy violet.

Early in spring may be found the two interesting plants of toothwort and bitter cress, both belonging to the cress family. By far the most beautiful flower of early spring is the trillium, with its three wide-spreading green leaves, and above those three smaller sepals, enclosing, as if for protection, the three large snowy-white petals, ruffled on the edge, and painted with most delicate lines of pink down to their very base; it is indeed such a very vision of loveliness as must be seen to be fully appreciated and understood. Side by side with the latter grows the trillium grandiflorum, or “white-wake robin.” It is not so handsome as its peerless sister, but yet it is not less interesting to many, and there are not a few lovers of flowers that would champion its beauty. It has a few qualities that make it far superior to other flowers.

"Short is the rose’s bloom: another morn\nWill show no rose, but in its stead a thorn."

As other flowers grow older, they decay and gradually lose their splendor; but this “trillium” grows prettier with the advancing days of its bloom. In its early stage, it is robed in the purest white; after a time, this cheery little being, for reasons unknown, blushes all over with a beautiful rose-pink color. This flower is sometimes called the wild lily; and since it is so lovely in its simplicity, it
is not without good reason that we are commanded by Him "who doeth all things well" to "consider the lilies." But shall we love lovely things because they are lovely? Is true to its name? I doubt whether among all the fair children of spring there is one more delicate in texture and growth. See it, with its drooping head, as it reclines against a weak blade of grass, its own tiny stem scarcely strong enough to support itself! But it is much more lovely. Its petals are simply wonderfully woven. There is nothing more delicate in texture or color. Gazing fixedly at it, a person would imagine that now and then a light rose-colored blush suffuses the pale cheeks of the lovely flower, making it still more charming. It was first discovered by Clayton, in Virginia, and named accordingly Claytonia Virginica.

"Beautiful nurslings of the early dew, Fanned in your loveliness by every breeze. I love ye all!"

Already the "trailing arbutus," epigae repens, has made its appearance, some two miles north of the College. Its flowers seem to be made of pure white wax, and the perfume they emit is so rich that their presence may be discovered almost at a distance. A few days ago, I met in my ramble the beautiful and interesting "painted cup." This is a most curious plant. What people generally take for the flowers seem to be made of pure white wax, and the perfume delicate in texture or color. Gazing fixedly at it, a person would imagine that now and then a light rose-colored blush suffuses the pale cheeks of the lovely flower, making it still more charming. It was first discovered by Clayton, in Virginia, and named accordingly Claytonia Virginica.

...
Thomas Carlyle.

[At a time when nearly all the magazines and papers of the land are running over with fulsome adulation of one who, although possessing singular talent as a speaker and observer, was not in any sense of the word a very great man, it was a relief to come across such a sensible critique as that of Margaret F. Sullivan in The Dial, and we laid it by for reproduction. Carlyle in his own household was like a half-tamed bear, although in a measure happy in the possession of an angelic wife whose patience was equal to the strain which her husband placed upon it; as a writer, he was gifted with a poetic talent above the common, which displays itself throughout his writings and gives a pleasing aspect to what was positively ugly. Uncooth in manner, Carlyle's writings possess a ruggedness, a poetic ruggedness not often met with. To us, Carlyle was readable,—nothing more; we never doted on him, or hung upon his sentences as we would occasionally upon those of Emerson, whom Carlyle in some respects resembles. We found Carlyle often deceptive in his representations, and having once lost confidence in him the charm was broken. But it is not our intention to write a critique of Carlyle; were we to do so we would undoubtedly set down as harsh and unjust, so we will give one milder than what ours would be, and superior to anything which we could have written.]

Critic, historian, poet,—light-giving to the uttermost point of the distance reached by his rays; gruff and growling, from the first day of his career to the last,—the constellation of the Great Bear may be said to have disappeared from the heavens of English literature.

It is a little too soon to say so calmly a thing of this tempestuous man as that he who attempts to construct a theory of opinion for him will find Carlyle himself the great obstacle in the road. The refractions of his unique luminousness is yet bright on the clouds that have begun to gather between this world and him; and it is difficult to anticipate the tranquil comment of those whose eyes will be undimmed by the glare of his living brilliancy. Yet it is true that the reputation of Carlyle has reached and passed its highest point. The dramatic eccentricity of his life and conduct has given him a larger place in the attention of his contemporaries than his writings will secure from those who will read them freed from that spell. Doubtless it is audacity to venture such an assertion; the obstacle in the road. The reflections of his unique luminousness is yet bright on the clouds that have begun to gather between this world and him; and it is difficult to anticipate the tranquil comment of those whose eyes will be undimmed by the glare of his living brilliancy. Yet it is true that the reputation of Carlyle has reached and passed its highest point. The dramatic eccentricity of his life and conduct has given him a larger place in the attention of his contemporaries than his writings will secure from those who will read them freed from that spell. Doubtless it is audacity to venture such an assertion; the obst

He derided evolution; he sneered at what he called the pretensions of modern science; he esteemed practical scientists as highly as the venders of medical nostrums; yet, when the eye of his fancy turned towards the demonstrations which science has coaxed from the clod and torn from the rock, he was so true a poet that he paid unconscious homage to what a moment before he had reviled. "All science," he says, "swims as a mere superficial film." Of the creation, "atheistic science babbles poorly... with scientific nomenclatures, experiments and what-not, as if it were a poor dead thing, to be bottled up in Leyden jars and sold over counters"; then, ceasing to be critic, and yielding again to the true instinct of the poet, he says in the same essay, "The Hero as Divinity"—"Let us consider it very certain that men did believe in Paganism; men with open eyes, sound senses, men altogether like ours; that we, had we been there, should have believed it." Thus does he confess, as poet, the whole essence of the hypothesis on which modern science rests;—the hypothesis of heredity, environment, and the absence of what in theology is meant by God's grace. Yet we need go only to the essay on "The Hero as Priest" to find Carlyle talking as positively about the grace of God as if he felt it stream from the throne on high into his own quickened heart. He is writing of Martin Luther. "It must have been a blessed discovery, that of an old Latin Bible which he found in the Erfurt library about this time. He had never seen the book before. It taught him another lesson than that of false and vigil. Luther learned later that a man was saved not by singing Masses but by the infinite grace of God; a more credulous hypothesis. He gradually got himself founded as upon a rock." There are almost as many inconsistencies as assertions here. Did not Carlyle know that the Bible teaches

ently immense fame which Carlyle has enjoyed during his long life has been acquired too much by the costuming in barbaric magnificence of many series of thoughts whose gorgeous and fantastic adornment was well designed to blind his age into a delusion concerning their real value. There is a constitutional hidden consumptiveness in the thought of Carlyle upon every topic on which he has written; and the disease will not be perceived by those who have read only a portion of his writings. Carlyle was so truly and unconsciously a poet that he never detected the difference between rhetoric and reason.

He is the greatest rhetorician the English language can boast. His logical sense was so feeble and spasmodic in its vitality that it is generally insufficient. The vast scope of his imagination, the minuteness, the vivacity, the grace, the beauty, the force of his fancy, made him unmindful of the objective in affairs and in ideas. He saw what he supposed were facts; they were only visions. He elaborated what he dreamed were coherent systems of opinion in religion, in statesmanship, in philosophy; his dreams were so bright, so graphic, so picturesque, that he never woke up from one except to enter upon another. The strange phenomenon has been presented from time to time of the partisans of antagonistic schools of politics and theology claiming him with equal energy as their own. Nor was this spectacle without warrant. Whatever dream was upon the fancy of Carlyle, he dreamed with the intensity of genius absorbed in its creative consciousness; and so extraordinary were his powers of depiction that he has left testimony exceedingly persuasive to almost every creed held by mankind.

The prominence which a figure has in the age in which its life is productively active is no assurance that its place is not to be vacated for another equally aggressive, which will come forth from the future. This generation has constantly judged Carlyle not only by the startling sensationality of what he had already said about men and events, but by its own piquant anticipation of what he was likely to say about things and personages to come. The element of piquancy will be wanting in the future criticism of the man and his thought. His books will be read as are those of all others who have written and passed away.

The present judges thought largely by its costume. The early Eastern kings whose richness of royal robes deceived their subjects into the belief that they were monarchs of all the globe, have scarcely left names upon the stones which proclaim their impotence to oblivion. The appar

There is a constitutional hidden consumptiveness in the thought of Carlyle upon every topic on which he has written; and the disease will not be perceived by those who have read only a portion of his writings. Carlyle was so truly and unconsciously a poet that he never detected the difference between rhetoric and reason.

He is the greatest rhetorician the English language can boast. His logical sense was so feeble and spasmodic in its vitality that it is generally insufficient. The vast scope of his imagination, the minuteness, the vivacity, the grace, the beauty, the force of his fancy, made him unmindful of the objective in affairs and in ideas. He saw what he supposed were facts; they were only visions. He elaborated what he dreamed were coherent systems of opinion in religion, in statesmanship, in philosophy; his dreams were so bright, so graphic, so picturesque, that he never woke up from one except to enter upon another. The strange phenomenon has been presented from time to time of the partisans of antagonistic schools of politics and theology claiming him with equal energy as their own. Nor was this spectacle without warrant. Whatever dream was upon the fancy of Carlyle, he dreamed with the intensity of genius absorbed in its creative consciousness; and so extraordinary were his powers of depiction that he has left testimony exceedingly persuasive to almost every creed held by mankind.

He derided evolution; he sneered at what he called the pretensions of modern science; he esteemed practical scientists as highly as the venders of medical nostrums; yet, when the eye of his fancy turned towards the demonstrations which science has coaxed from the clod and torn from the rock, he was so true a poet that he paid unconscious homage to what a moment before he had reviled. "All science," he says, "swims as a mere superficial film." Of the creation, "atheistic science babbles poorly... with scientific nomenclatures, experiments and what-not, as if it were a poor dead thing, to be bottled up in Leyden jars and sold over counters"; then, ceasing to be critic, and yielding again to the true instinct of the poet, he says in the same essay, "The Hero as Divinity"—"Let us consider it very certain that men did believe in Paganism; men with open eyes, sound senses, men altogether like ourselves; that we, had we been there, should have believed it." Thus does he confess, as poet, the whole essence of the hypothesis on which modern science rests;—the hypothesis of heredity, environment, and the absence of what in theology is meant by God's grace. Yet we need go only to the essay on "The Hero as Priest" to find Carlyle talking as positively about the grace of God as if he felt it stream from the throne on high into his own quickened heart. He is writing of Martin Luther. "It must have been a blessed discovery, that of an old Latin Bible which he found in the Erfurt library about this time. He had never seen the book before. It taught him another lesson than that of false and vigil. Luther learned later that a man was saved not by singing Masses but by the infinite grace of God; a more credulous hypothesis. He gradually got himself founded as upon a rock." There are almost as many inconsistencies as assertions here. Did not Carlyle know that the Bible teaches
the lesson of fasts and vigils? Had not Luther been seeking the grace of God by singing Masses? And who but a poet would find it possible to speak of the Bible as a rock? Has it not been the sands on which all conflicting sects have been shifted upon one another?—the quicksands in which thousands upon thousands of honest minds have sank to rise no more from skepticism and doubt? But the poet in Carlyle had the vision of Luther before him; the rhetoric of Carlyle carried him alone into unconscious and inevitable inconsistency while making his vision apparent to others.

If we return to his essay on "The Hero as Divinity" we shall find, however, that he was not a Lutheran—although that term is vague enough,—nor an evangelical in even a vaguer way, but a Pantheist. "Worship," he writes, "is transcendent wonder,—that is mere rhetoric;—wonder for which there is now no limit or measure."—that is worship. "To those primeval men, all things and everything they saw exist beside them were an emblem—this is a specimen of Carlyle's supreme contempt for rules of grammar,—of the Godlike, of some God. And look what perennial fibre of truth was in that. To us, also, through every star, through every blade of grass, is not a God made visible, if we will but open our minds and eyes?" On this and similar passages the accusation of pantheism lies against Carlyle; but it is surely meagrely sustained. Precisely what he believed as to the origin or destiny of man, it is impossible to affirm for him, since he did not affirm it for himself; but the passage quoted is not theology, it is only poetry. Wordsworth has written dozens of such fancies; but he loved the ritual of the Anglican Church, and never forgave Frederick William Faber for abandoning it.

The social origin of Carlyle, and the conditions which walled his youth frowningly about, had much to do with the peculiar constitution of his mind. Persecution has crushed everything, except piety and prejudices. The law of moral and intellectual descent is far from established, and its advocates claim too much for it; but Carlyle is one of its witnesses. His blood had the heat of the covenanters. His bone was the grit of the Presbyterians who had prayed on the side of the mountain cliff while the king's soldiers levelled their arms from the opposite side of the chasm. From this sturdy stock he did not inherit reverence enough to become a minister; and, unlike many ministers who are able to reconcile a secret, gradual delinquency of heterodox faith with an open annual increase of its witnesses. His blood had the heat of the covenanters.

The want of this sympathy will be injurious to his later fame. There are to be no more surprises from his wonder-working pen. He is done astounding all writers of English with a style, in lucid moments the best, and in fitful convulsions the worst, in our literature. He will be read hereafter less for his blazing pictures of revolution, less for his marvellous idealisms of strong and wicked men into heroes and divinities, less for his gigantic power of pictorial sketches of character,—all false, yet all symmetrical and self-consistent in their untruth,—than for the simple essence of pure moral truth in his writings. And what will the slowly accumulating judgment of the future be? Is it rash to characterize it? Will it not be that he did not feel any difference between rhetoric and reason? That he did not perceive that poetry is not fact? That he was incapable of writing history because he had too much imagination, and unconsciously confounded his own personality with that of the chiefs whom he selected as sitters for his frames? And, the essay on Burns aside, what one of all his books will the heart of mankind lay closely to itself and cherish? He has aggravated the mean, the vicious, the brutal. He has spent the noble geniuses of his faculties in robing splendidly some of the most ignoble figures in history. He has affronted the truest feelings in the unspoiled human soul by mad arguments against brotherhood and equality before God and kings. His sneers have been poured over the best proceedings of humanity; his sinister smiles have cast a glow upon what the instincts of humanity sicken at. The almost delirious advocate of sheer force for which there is now no limit or measure;—than for the simple essence of pure moral truth in his writings.

Carlyle is the greatest inventor of half-truths the world has become acquainted with. He has made more epigrams and wittier ones than any other man. The witty half-truth is bewildering and fascinating because of its sicken at. The almost delirious advocate of sheer force for which there is now no limit or measure;—than for the simple essence of pure moral truth in his writings.
Art, Music and Literature.

—Angelo Newman, the Leipzig manager, has purchased the exclusive right of performing the "Nibelungen Tetralogy" in France, England, America and Russia, until the year 1886. The manuscript of "St. Agnes' Eve," and of several other productions of the poet Keats, are owned by Dr. Valeriani of Rome. The "Eve of St. Agnes" is written on thin paper and contains many changes and variations.

Rubenstein's "Tower of Babel" is described in the London World. The drama, it says, represents the tower almost completely, and Nimrod boasting of his power to enter heaven and unravel the secrets of creation. Abraham, exasperated by his folly and in two hours only to be led out by a quartet of angels. Nimrod again makes his boast, Abraham once more defies him, and Nimrod orders him to be thrown from the tower. As the soldiers are about to bear him to the top the tower is shattered by a stroke of lightning and falls. At this point the music is said to be purposely filled with discordant fifths. Double and triple choruses are introduced, a chorus of celestials, one of demons. The style of the music is cumulative, it grows in its striking effects until it reaches this climax which ends the sacred opera. That which the critic tells will most seriously against the work is the absence of a female solo, and, in consequence, of romantic interest. —Musical Record.

Scientific Notes.

The Journal of the Franklin Institute says the materials for making every description of fritile ware are obtained in the United States. In 1766 American clay was imported by England. Trials of it by Wedgwood turned out so well that he made arrangements for a regular supply of it in the Cherokee, about three hundred miles from Charleston. In 1769 a cargo of Carolina clay reached Liverpool, and the trade became general in the Cherokee and Pensacola clays, Wedgwood apparently giving preference to the latter. In 1786 an American had shown Cookworthy specimens of kaolin and petunze found in Virginia, and samples of the wares made from them. The final practical effect of Mr. Cookworthy's association with the American was the foundation of the English porcelain industry. One hundred, and thirty-two years later the country from which the suggestion came is importing kaolin from that which Cookworthy's association with the American was the foundation of the English porcelain industry. One hundred, and thirty-two years later the country from which the suggestion came is importing kaolin from that which

The editors of the "Free Press," the famous organ of the Limekiln Club, objects to some of the ideas advanced in a late editorial of the Scholastic—namely, the propriety of giving the college and non-colleges to papers that seize every opportunity of vilifying you whether you deserve it or not—the New York Herald, for instance. The "Free Press" calls it "boycotting," but gives the Scholastic credit for recommending this measure in a very mild form. Call it by what name you will, "Mr. Free Press," the proprietor of such a measure should resign the circumstances mentioned, cannot be called in question.

The Watertown Gazette wag continues his homoeopathic dose to the Watertown folk. His latest advice is: "If you don't want to be good, don't get 'flu. If you have it engraved on your umbrella." Among the news items are the following: "The old lady who mended her husband's trousers with a potato-patch is now smoothing her hair with the comb of a rooster." —In Montreal, Canada, 'bangs' are regarded as too 'loud' for decency. "—"In Montreal, Canada, 'bangs' are regarded as too 'loud' for decency." We thought he had quiet banging the "bangs." He says Adam was born a little before Eve; how comes he to know at what time Adam was born? he wasn't there, and if he was, he would have to retie it long ago.

The editors of the "Rouge et Noir," the handsome and ably edited paper published by the students of Trinity College, Toronto, entertain hopes of soon being able to issue their paper monthly, instead of quarterly, as it is now. "Rouge et Noir" gives excellent poetry, classically written essays, and has an exchange editor equal to any with whom we have become acquainted, not excelling those of the Williams Athenaeum, The University College Message, etc.

The Berkshire for May is a good number. It seems journalism and bugology or entomology are slightly at loggerheads in the University of California. One hundred and thirty letters and three articles have been sent to the Scholastic, the majority of them being on the life of the American "Fuller's Earth," and used it for cleaning their buck-skin breeches.

—The Watertown Gazette continues his homoeopathic dose to the Watertown folk. His latest advice is: "If you don't want to be good, don't get 'flu. If you have it engraved on your umbrella." Among the news items are the following: "The old lady who mended her husband's trousers with a potato-patch is now smoothing her hair with the comb of a rooster." —In Montreal, Canada, 'bangs' are regarded as too 'loud' for decency. "—"In Montreal, Canada, 'bangs' are regarded as too 'loud' for decency." We thought he had quiet banging the "bangs." He says Adam was born a little before Eve; how comes he to know at what time Adam was born? he wasn't there, and if he was, he would have to retie it long ago.

Exchanges.

—The High-School Bulletin, Lawrence, Mass., is a new exchange to our table, although having reached the eighth number of its second year. This high-school bulletin doesn't fall far in ability and tone below the level of some of the so-called college organs—the mere mention of which fact is suggestive.

—The Georgetown College Journal for May is, we think, an improvement on its immediate predecessors. "Loquast the Ear" eulogizes it not a little. The editor's communication had been inserted it would be doubly interesting. "Ah!" has taken his fair competitor at a disadvantage. He should give her a chance to vindicate herself and let the public judge for themselves.

—The Western Home Journal, Detroit, Mich., has met with such prosperity that it has had to move into new and more commodious quarters. Mr. Savage, the editor, now has his editorial rooms and printing-office on the second floor of the Post and Tribune building, from, and with the change promises further improvements in his excellent paper—in which we wish him success and a large patronage.

—The editors of "Rouge et Noir," the handsome and ably edited paper of Trinity College, Toronto, entertain hopes of soon being able to issue their paper monthly, instead of quarterly, as it is now. "Rouge et Noir" gives excellent poetry, classically written essays, and has an exchange editor equal to any with whom we have become acquainted, not excelling those of the Williams Athenaeum, The University College Message, etc.

—The Berkshire for May is a good number. It seems journalism and bugology or entomology are slightly at loggerheads in the University of California. One hundred and thirty letters and three articles have been sent to the Scholastic, the majority of them being on the life of the American "Fuller's Earth," and used it for cleaning their buck-skin breeches.

—The Detroit Free Press, the famous organ of The Limekiln Club, objects to some of the ideas advanced in a late editorial of the Scholastic—namely, the propriety of giving the college and non-colleges to papers that seize every opportunity of vilifying you whether you deserve it or not—the New York Herald, for instance. The Free Press calls it "boycotting," but gives the Scholastic credit for recommending this measure in a very mild form. Call it by what name you will, "Mr. Free Press," the proprietor of such a measure should resign the circumstances mentioned, cannot be called in question.

—The Watertown Gazette continues his homoeopathic dose to the Watertown folk. His latest advice is: "If you don't want to be good, don't get 'flu. If you have it engraved on your umbrella." Among the news items are the following: "The old lady who mended her husband's trousers with a potato-patch is now smoothing her hair with the comb of a rooster." —In Montreal, Canada, 'bangs' are regarded as too 'loud' for decency. "—"In Montreal, Canada, 'bangs' are regarded as too 'loud' for decency." We thought he had quiet banging the "bangs." He says Adam was born a little before Eve; how comes he to know at what time Adam was born? he wasn't there, and if he was, he would have to retie it long ago.

—The Notre Dame Scholastic prints a weekly issue of 500 copies. Whew! What iron-clad intellects they must have in Indiana to accede such a magazine for 100 dollars a year. A single solid for a single dollar would be enough to permanently derange the digestive apparatus of any high-minded and intelligent goat, to say nothing of thinking bipeds.—Amherst Student.

We were not aware before that the digestive apparatus of the high-minded and intelligent goats of Amherst was so weak, and we are now too near the close of the college term and our term of editorship to think of compounding a suitable pabulum for their dyspeptic stomachs. Spring is at hand, though, and they may go to grass. We hope our successors will provide some soft gruel and Irish moss for the Amherst kids, next year.

—Wabash is the only Indiana college that is not co-educational.—Dartmouth. This item is still going the rounds of the college press, although Wabash has for some time been a co-educational institution.—Notre Dame Scholastic. Not very long.
have it from good authority that they are fraudulent. They advertisement of the "Only Lung Pad" Co., of Detroit, Mich. We they should be.

—Lariat.

Glad to hear it, Lariat; may it ever be thus—for the benefit of the faculty. Our college is, if anything, better than any other. We hope, however, that none of the latter will, in the mean time, suffer for want of opportunity to obtain a higher education. We regret that we made the mistake. Notre Dame is set down as a co-educational college too, although it is far from being such.—St. Mary's young ladies' Academy being a good mile from here.

—The Carroll Institute Gazette—a copy of which we have seen for the first time—is published by the Carroll Institute, of Washington, D. C. It is neatly gotten up and handsomely printed. The number before us contains nothing unfavorable—and justly, we think—upon the new Slubbs' Permanents necessary to distinguish this from the Ricine poetry.

This number, and looked upon as an insult to the whole army; that when God created man He reserved a special lump of slime to make the anti-Roll-of-Honor man, and that of the student the greatest is that it affords a very good means of communication between college papers. And until the establishment of the Associated College Press it is by far the best number, and looked upon as an insult to the whole army; but then Napoleon's Legion of Honor, stands at the opposite end of the main street; it is a heavy building, the students were about thirty in number when I was there; from their appearance, one would imagine that the Seminary ought rather to be termed a grammar school than a college. The Bishop of Virginia is President of the college, and has made many improvements in it. The buildings, there are not a dozen or more of them, are large, and the number of students, the eldest about twelve years old, dined at his table one day that I was there; some were without shoes or stocks—other without coats. We hope they will not have to help themselves at the sideboard. A couple of dishes of salted meat and some oyster soup formed the whole of the dinner. I only mention this, as some little idea of American colleges and American dignitaries.

The editors of The Princetonian add: "Mr. Weld unfortunately did not extend his travels to New England. Had he done so, his work would doubtless afford a highly interesting topic for the other American colleges at the close of the last century."

—The Ollenean Argus, a neatly printed eight-page paper, hailing from the Tennessee Female College, comes to us with a modest request to exchange. It publishes a Roll of Honor,—a sensible idea, we think, although a dangerous one to the peace and welfare of the Argus. Some persons that we wot of, and who enter- tain a very high opinion of their own merit and their own judgment, are so modest that they could not bear the sight of their names on a Roll of Honor; they are so proud of their own estimation—this latter class—that a number, and looked upon as an insult to the whole army; but then Napoleon's Legion of Honor, stands at the opposite end of the main street; it is a heavy brick building, the students were about thirty in number when I was there; from their appearance, one would imagine that the Seminary ought rather to be termed a grammar school than a college. The Bishop of Virginia is President of the college, and has made many improvements in it. The buildings, there are not a dozen or more of them, are large, and look like thirty years old, dined at his table one day that I was there; some were without shoes or stocks—other without coats. We hope they will not have to help themselves at the sideboard. A couple of dishes of salted meat and some oyster soup formed the whole of the dinner. I only mention this, as some little idea of American colleges and American dignitaries.

The editors of The Princetonian add: "Mr. Weld unfortunately did not extend his travels to New England. Had he done so, his work would doubtless afford a highly interesting topic for the other American colleges at the close of the last century."

—The Ollenean Argus, a neatly printed eight-page paper, hailing from the Tennessee Female College, comes to us with a modest request to exchange. It publishes a Roll of Honor,—a sensible idea, we think, although a dangerous one to the peace and welfare of the Argus. Some persons that we wot of, and who entertain a very high opinion of their own merit and their own judgment, are so modest that they could not bear the sight of their names on a Roll of Honor; they are so good in their own estimation—this latter class—that a number, and looked upon as an insult to the whole army; but then Napoleon's Legion of Honor, stands at the opposite end of the main street; it is a heavy brick building, the students were about thirty in number when I was there; from their appearance, one would imagine that the Seminary ought rather to be termed a grammar school than a college. The Bishop of Virginia is President of the college, and has made many improvements in it. The buildings, there are not a dozen or more of them, are large, and look like thirty years old, dined at his table one day that I was there; some were without shoes or stocks—other without coats. We hope they will not have to help themselves at the sideboard. A couple of dishes of salted meat and some oyster soup formed the whole of the dinner. I only mention this, as some little idea of American colleges and American dignitaries.

The editors of The Princetonian add: "Mr. Weld unfortunately did not extend his travels to New England. Had he done so, his work would doubtless afford a highly interesting topic for the other American colleges at the close of the last century."

—The Ollenean Argus, a neatly printed eight-page paper, hailing from the Tennessee Female College, comes to us with a modest request to exchange. It publishes a Roll of Honor,—a sensible idea, we think, although a dangerous one to the peace and welfare of the Argus. Some persons that we wot of, and who entertain a very high opinion of their own merit and their own judgment, are so modest that they could not bear the sight of their names on a Roll of Honor; they are so good in their own estimation—this latter class—that a number, and looked upon as an insult to the whole army; but then Napoleon's Legion of Honor, stands at the opposite end of the main street; it is a heavy brick building, the students were about thirty in number when I was there; from their appearance, one would imagine that the Seminary ought rather to be termed a grammar school than a college. The Bishop of Virginia is President of the college, and has made many improvements in it. The buildings, there are not a dozen or more of them, are large, and look like thirty years old, dined at his table one day that I was there; some were without shoes or stocks—other without coats. We hope they will not have to help themselves at the sideboard. A couple of dishes of salted meat and some oyster soup formed the whole of the dinner. I only mention this, as some little idea of American colleges and American dignitaries.
class of society; however much we may like them in the family circle, we do not think them nice in print. Come and see.

—We have let the Niagara Index alone for some time,—on account of its exchange man, of course. He abuses everybody, and is never more delighted than when he achieves cheap notoriety by receiving abuse in return. By giving himself airs and being very obtuse, he has oftentimes set on foot the most noisy insurrection that ever did disgrace the name of Catholic and New York. It is true that the Know-Nothing outrages some to support whichever side they please, or which pleases them; but since that time party lines have under­gone no party; the members of our communion are free to be understood in New York city, one of the most thoroughly Democratic cities in the United States. The Catholic Church is wed­ded to no party; the members of our communion are free to support the Democratic party; but this is a great mistake, and the stout advocacy of the principles of the op­posite party by the Index should cause those who study into Catholic missions to look upon themselves as the friends of the institution. All the odium rests, we sup­pose, upon the exchange department, for we have seen nothing else in the paper that they could be ashamed of. But that they are ashamed of it is a fact; we have had it from one of our editors, a son of one of that class of society; however much we may like them in the family circle, we do not think them nice in print. Come and see.

—The New York Tablet has been one of our most regu­lar exchanges this year, and a welcome one to many, con­taining much news and instructive reading matter. The Tablet is a stout supporter of the Republican party, and in this it differs from the Catholic exchanges. It has been thought by some that Catholics are, in a way, comp­elled to support the Democratic party; but this is a great mistake, and the stout advocacy of the principles of the op­posite party by the Tablet is of our oldest Catholic papers. It should convince such people that it is a mistake. This, too, in New York city, one of the most thoroughly Democratic cities in the United States. The Catholic Church is wed­ded to no party; the members of our communion are free to support whichever side they please, or which pleases them. It is true that the Know-Nothing outrages some years ago forced Catholics to support those who would not countenance the unprincipled proceedings set on foot against them; but which party lines have undergone a great change and there is no longer any reason why Catholics, as such, should support one party more than another. It would be a great deal better, we think, that papers which are professedly organs of Catholic opinion should take the strictly independent course in politics that their religion calls for, and thus prevent the partisan bigotry that is likely to result from their connec­tion with one party or the other. The fact that there is an inexistence from the press of the unprincipled oath-bound organization, professedly Republican—but really anything that will serve its purpose—whose sworn object is to keep Catholics out of office and to make war on Catholic schools and convents, does not tend to draw Catholics more closely to the Republican party, but it is to be hoped that this oath-bound organization has only a very limited power and is not countenanced by many Republicans, if by any. In fact, we are sure that the latter is not the case. It would be a sad comment on our boasted freedom of conscience if it were. Such an organization is despicable in the extreme, and no person who is a freeman in the true sense of the word would have anything to do with it. Its members are slimy "snakes in the grass," fitting objects for contempt, and enemies of true republican principles. We see by the papers that a branch of this detestable league of vipers has been lately formed in Canada, in Toronto, where its members are spoken of as "gentlemen." No gentleman would connect himself with such a slimy set of--"snakes in the grass." The general partisanship of Catholic papers gives these vipers in human shape an exact copy of the cadaver, rather of hiding themselves—under the wings of the polit­ical party against which Catholics are said to be arrayed, but which really has some of its most staunchest supporters among Catholics. We hope the Republicans will not con­trive to dignify the organization by adding the phrase "Men under the wings of the political party against which Catholics are said to be arrayed," nor will they go further than it, that is, the complete submision of a party to the dictate of the other, which is what we consider the great mistake of those who study into Catholic missions to look upon themselves as the friends of the institution. All the odium rests, we sup­pose, upon the exchange department, for we have seen nothing else in the paper that they could be ashamed of. But that they are ashamed of it is a fact; we have had it from one of our editors, a son of one of that class of society; however much we may like them in the family circle, we do not think them nice in print. Come and see.

—The Harvard Bicycle Club has over seventy riders.
—Yale claims the best college orchestra in the country.
—The bonded debt of the University of Virginia is $80,000.
—It costs over $300,000 per annum to support the Harvard library.
—Harvard, following Queen's, has raised her mark from 33 1/2 to 40 per cent. 
—In the English University boat race, Oxford defeated Cambridge by fully four lengths.
—The University of Pennsylvania has conferred the degree of LL. D. upon President Garfield.
—The students of Virginia University are lamp "mashers." The editor of the Virginia University Magazine gave the "mashers" a severe censure for their conduct towards the Acta Columbiana.
—Two students of Phillips Andover Academy were caught on the 13th inst., while in a private house, with burglarious intent, and one was fatally shot by the owner of the property. The one who was killed was studying for the ministry. The other has been traced to them. —College Ramble.
The attention of the Alumni of the University of Notre Dame and others, is called to the fact that the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC has now entered upon the fourteenth year of its existence, and presents itself as a candidate for the favor and support of the many old friends that have heretofore lent it a helping hand.

THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC contains:
choice Poetry, Essays, and the current Art, Musical and Literary 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.
All the weekly local news of the University, including the names of those who have distinguished themselves during the week by their excellence in class and by their general good conduct.
Students should take it; parents should take it; and, above all,
OLD STUDENTS SHOULD TAKE IT.

Terms, $1.50 Per Annum, Postpaid.
Address EDITOR NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC,
Notre Dame, Indiana.

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

The Virginia City, Nevada, Chronicle, gives some disgusting particulars of the brutal treatment of the male and female inmates of the State Orphan Asylum in that city. The Chronicle informs us that girls, ten years of age, were most unbecomingly punished in presence of the whole school, boys and girls. The children finally rebelled, and an investigation was called for; although the directors and teachers had positively forbidden the children to speak to anyone, the brutal conduct of the teachers finally became known. This thing of co-education at any age, is wrong in principle, and must produce seriously bad consequences. In the present case, the director, Mr. Mill, and his teachers, Miss Harris and the rest, have shown themselves utterly disqualified by this exhibition of brutality to hold their position in the asylum any longer, and should themselves be sent to a reformatory or to the penitentiary.

Mr. Editor:—In your last issue, we noticed a communication from a correspondent who is evidently wrong in his conclusions. He dilates on lunches, picnics, and banquets with a view of calling attention to alleged abuses with those given at Notre Dame. From his remarks, it is quite evident that he is not master of the situation which he attempts to describe; otherwise he would not have drawn so freely on his imagination. He says, "Among the many favors which, in our judgment, are asked for, and, by some means or other, obtained much too frequently, we will content ourselves for the present with mentioning extra lunches." Can this wise individual inform us of the number of extra lunches given during the year? We can safely say that he cannot. We will take great pleasure in informing him of the number of these extras, and the "means" by which they were obtained. There have been less than two lunches or banquets a month during the past three years. The time when they occurred from two to three times a week. Since September, three lunches have been given; one to each of the three different associations that conducted the entertainments on St. Edward's Day, Washington's Birthday, and St. Patrick's Day. These lunches were to compensate for the suppers lost by those who took part in the plays. From mere immemorial, it has been the laudable custom of giving some slight refreshment after a rehearsal. This refreshment now takes the form of a cup of coffee and a crust of bread. The substantial parts of all other lunches and banquets were purchased in town by the members of the associations, and paid for by them. There are one or two associations in the house whose members have never had the energy to get up a banquet of any kind, neither have they paid one cent for society purposes. We have no doubt that your correspondent is a member of one of those organizations, in consequence of which the spirit of censure has taken full possession of him. The baseball clubs have been given no lunches. On one or two occasions the Directors of the clubs gave the weary boys their supper an hour earlier than usual,—surely this cannot be called giving them a lunch.

From your correspondent's manifest ignorance of local affairs, I surmise that he has not long been a student here. He says: "We look over the grounds but see not a single monument, however unpretending, erected; etc., etc." The poor fellow must be sadly in need of a pair of spectacles; otherwise he could see some sixty or seventy trees of various species growing in St. Aloysius's grove, planted there by the Cecilians, Columbians, and individual students. Near the grove he can find a costly monument, erected to the memory of a devoted Director by the ever generous Philomatheans. Let him visit the church, and he will be shown two or three gold chalices, an elegant gold ciborium, and other articles, presented by the associations of former years. Let your correspondent enter Cecilia Hall and he will find any number of pictures, statues, etc., placed there by the members of the Philomathean and Philopatrian Associations. The "groups which the President of the Cecilians annually hangs up" are paid for by the Society, and not by the President. Let your correspondent visit the Columbian Club Room and he will find two costly oil-paintings, and other decorations, purchased for the Hall by the members. Only three months ago the Sorin Literary and Dramatic Association, organized but two short years, purchased a magnificent marble memorial—which may be seen in the Church of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart—at a cost of one hundred and ten dollars. And still your querulous correspondent fails to see monuments, etc. Ask him to call at the Seniors' study-hall, and he will be shown three large pictures, presented by the baseball clubs of former years. Had your correspondent been here before the "big fire," he could have found pictures, busts, tablets, and memorials, without number, in the studies, class-rooms, club rooms, and chapels, presented by the College societies. We will not speak of the watches, medals, cains and carriages given, as tokens of esteem, to loved members of the Faculty by the literary and religious organizations. All the decorations, and many of the necessary articles, found in the old College Chapel were gifts from the confraternities. The Portiaunda Chapel still possesses a rich antependium donated by the Holy Angels' Society.
Before your correspondent ventilated himself on the sanctuary lamp, he should have posted himself with regard to the amount collected by the Junior Confraternity; for, before your correspondent's article appeared, a sufficient amount had been collected to make the purchase of the sanctuary lamp certain. We hope that he doesn't think of attributing to himself the success of this laudable enterprise. We can assert, on the authority of an old attaché of the University, that there have never been more generous students at Notre Dame than those who now compose the Junior department. We can assure your correspondent that there are a thousand-and-one avenues leading to the head and heart of these generous boys besides the one passing "through their stomach." On the shelves of the Lemonnier Library are displayed whole rows of books presented by the students. How many have been placed there by your correspondent, or through his efforts? What mark of zeal has he (or the society of which he is a member) left here to perpetuate his memory? It is unreasonable in him to attempt to speak about what has been done here for forty years, when he is not posted on what has been done since the rebuilding of the College, less than two years ago. Had your correspondent confined his remarks to a certain society, and to the time he has been connected with that society, then we would have nothing to say about his uncalled-for article. In conclusion, we would advise this young man not to interfere with the workings of societies, and to the time he has been connected with that society, then we would have nothing to say about his un-called-for article.

Last Tuesday evening, the St. Stanislaus Philatelic Association gave their ninth Annual Entertainment, in Washington Hall, before a large audience: and right here let us say that it was a success. The first thing that their neatly-printed, red-tinted, programme called for was the opening march by the N. D. C. Band. It is unnecessary for us to say that the march was well played; for the Band's reputation for excellent playing is too well established to need any encomiums from us. We can, however, but compliment Prof. Paul on the success with which his never tiring efforts to bring the Band up to the high standard attained by it in other years have been crowned. The University Orchestra, as usual, satisfied everybody, and well earned the applause given it at the conclusion of each overture. The Choral Union was a long time in getting ready; but when once they had fairly begun their song and chorus, the impatience, caused by their dilatoriness, was dispelled by their excellent singing. Herrick's "Indian Revenge" was well declaimed by that young gentleman, with that rich, clear voice of which he is the happy possessor. Everyone seems to have been charmed with "A handful of Earth," so sweetly sung by Master L. Plorman. We heard a Pro- fessor, who has long been connected with this University, say that Plorman's singing on Tuesday evening was the best he had heard in Washington Hall for fifteen years. We can but say that we were extremely well pleased with the young gentleman's singing. Music by the University Orchestra terminated the first, or preparatory part of the evening's Entertainment, and then the fun commenced.

Part second was opened by "Honesty is the Best Policy," a comedy in one act,—the roles in which were taken by Masters Herrick, Sells, Heffernan, Florman, Livingston and J. Devitt. Herrick, as "Erastus Steele," could not have been surpassed, so true was he to the spirit of his part. Before the comedy terminated, "Erastus" learned that it was much more pleasant to be a private citizen, in some humble occupation, than a wealthy, ostentatious man, with the title of "Public Benefactor." "Harry," his son, personated by Master Harry Sells, gave "Erastus" some pretty sound advice on the "P. B." business; going so far as to call his sire a "public humbug," and receiving for his pains a severe tongue-lashing from the old gentleman. "Solomon Longface," met with a warm reception from "Erastus," who did not seem inclined to contribute anything towards purchasing clothes-pins and lines for "poor washerwomen," in whose behalf the sympathetic "Longface" had come. "Bobby Simpson," a lubberly boy, found an excellent personator in Master Sammy Livingston, who soon learned that a change in one's name, or an addition to it, will not always produce a mutation in fortune. "Bobby" asked "Erastus" if he was not pleased that he had changed his name to "Bobby Erastus Steele Simpson," whereupon "Erastus" called him a grinning monkey, and forcibly ejected the now thoroughly-frightened "Bobby" from the room. "Cyrus Gancus," (a Townsman of Steele's), L. Florman, thought that he would surely obtain a handsome sum from the old gentleman, inasmuch as he had come as a special delegate from the town in which "Erastus" first saw the light of day. But, though "Erastus" was very happy to see a person from "old Skilletville," he could not be persuaded that a one-thousand-dollar's donation to that town was necessary to convince its inhabitants that he still entertained friendly feelings towards the place of his birth; consequently, "Erastus" soon invited the representative of Skilletville to leave tracks with heels towards the door. By this time, "Erastus" had got worked up to that pitch of indignation which prognosticated nothing good for the next one who would come to see him. A slack-a-day for "Erastus"! With a loud bang at the door, in stepped "Barney Hoolan" (a Ben-Butler man), J. Devitt, who felt the necessity of having more commodious quarters "for himself, the old woman, and the childers," and wished "Erastus" to be a little beneficent towards him, to tune of a few hundred dollars with which to erect a new house. "Erastus" had already resolved to put a stop to this influx of money-seekers, so he made at "Hoolan" like an infuriated bull; but "Hoolan" was not to be put off thus without making an impression on "Erastus," so he made for him in good shape, and had soon administered a sound drubbing to the "Public Benefactor." Devitt took his part well, keeping the audience in one continued outburst of laughter to the close of the comedy. This play was followed by a French song from L. Gilbert, which seemed to please all who understood that language. Geo. Schaefer then came upon the boards and, in many words, eloquently spoken, took a firm stand for boys' rights. If boys' rights were held up to public view all over the world as Master Schaefer exhibited them on this occasion, the women's-rights agitation would soon dwindle into insignificance. Then came a farce, in which the "Editor's Troubles" were well depicted. Harry Dunn, as "Lemuel Foose" the Editor, was a fair sample of the average newspaper man—without money or means, but full of fight. E. Cullinene, "Patrick O'Connor Dunlayhe," got more than he bargained for in purchasing Dunn's interest in the Mish.
Bret Harte are much together. Black is not a society man, and is very reticent, except with intimate friends.

pass over in silence the few defects which here and there water colors. He is living at Brighton, where he and worthy director. Prof. Joseph A. Lyons, on the success of occurred, and congratulate the Philopatrians and their

moreover, the Society is composed chiefly of the younger ance in public of many of the young gentleman, and that, into consideration the fact that this was the first appear­

 successfully taken by Masters H. Devitt, J. L. Heflferman, G. O'Kane, G. Haslam, E. Cullinene, D. C. Smith, L. Gib­

roles in a highly satisfactory manner. The minor parts of the drama were successfully taken by Masters H. Devitt, J. L. Hefferman, G. O'Kane, G. Haslam, E. Cullinene, D. C. Smith, L. Gib­

J. Whelan, A. Schiml, F. Prenatt, J. Flynn, and H. P. Dunn.

The Epilogue, spoken by G. Schaefer, was short and witty.

Although at times, during the play, there was a moment­ary hesitancy on the part of the actors, yet when we take into consideration the fact that this was the first appear­

ing through the drill. When the commander would say "Present arms!" they would all rush to him with their guns, etc. We thought, however, that the good thing was spoiled in being over-done.

After music by the Band and Orchestra, the third, last, and principal part of the evening's Entertainment be­gan. It consisted of "The Rightful Heir," a melodrama in three acts, arranged for the Philopatrians. "Prince Rudolph, a Presumptive Heir," found an able representa­tive in Master A. Rohrback, who played his dark rôle in Tom Keene style; we were more than pleased with Rohr­back's rendition of his part—a very difficult one on the whole. G. Schaefer, as "Edmund, the Rightful Heir," won the sympathy of the audience from the outset; and, by the almost perfect personation of his part, took away no small share of the honors of the evening. J. Willie Start, "Oberto, an Honest Agriculturalist," was true to his rôle in every particular, and won the applause and admiration of all present. The same might be said of "Elvino" (son of Oberto), A. Browne; "Stanislaus" (King of Sarmatia), F. Wheatley; "Starow" (a villainous confidant of the Prince), J. Bennett; "Kelig," J. Kelly; and "Molino," M. E. Herrick; all of whom played their rôles in a highly satisfactory manner. The minor parts of the drama were

—William Black, the novelist, is a painter, chiefly in water colors. He is living at Brighton, where he and Bret Harte are much together. Black is not a society man, and is very reticent, except with intimate friends.

—Bro, Daniel, of South Bend, has the thanks of the Director and members of the Staff for a kind invitation and complimentary tickets to the entertainment to be given by his pupils in Good's Opera House, next Tuesday even­


Local Items.

—And still the bicycles come.

—"The big one isn't bad-looking."

—Guy Woodson is steadily improving.

—Bro. Charles is at his post once more.

—Wasn't J. Willie immense, Tuesday evening?

—T. F. Clarke will represent the Academia on Society Day.

—The Cecilians will appear in public on the 9th of June.

—C. C. Echlin has purchased a handsome little printing­press.

—The intrepid "Barebones" still pursues his daily avo­cation.

—The "Staves" are about to purchase some costly badges.

—Red lights by the wholesale at the Philopatrians' Ex­hibition.
Many South-Benders were present at the Exhibition Tuesday evening.

D. C. made a first-class-looking darkey at Tuesday evening’s Entertainment.

The 9th Annual Entertainment of the Philopatrian Association was a success.

Master Willie Hanson, Minim department, has our thanks for favors received.

The regular semi-monthly meeting of the Staff was held last Wednesday evening.

The “Hedge hogs” were completely given away at Tuesday evening’s Entertainment.

Gibert’s French song took the audience by storm at Tuesday evening’s Entertainment.

Master H. Metz, Minim department, is one of the heaviest batters in the Active B. B. C.

A Rohrback will represent the Philopatrians, and W. Arnold the Thespians, on Society Day.

D. C. can say more things in an hour than any individual at Notre Dame. En, Professor?

The Band furnished excellent music during the championship game last Wednesday afternoon.

The Philopatrians have certainly good reason to feel proud of their orphicoric representative, Master L. Florman.

There will be a meeting of the Resident Alumni, in the President’s parlor, at one o’clock to-morrow afternoon.

T. F. Clarke and B. Smith made the two heaviest bats during the championship game last Wednesday afternoon.

The N. D. U. Band was in South Bend, Saturday evening, furnishing music for the fair at St. Joseph’s Church.

Baseball games in the Preparatory department last Wednesday. The Preps. are evidently suffering from spring-fever.

The Chicago delegates have returned, and are loud in their praise of the hospitality extended them in the Garden City.

It is just about time for Bonney, the photographer, to put in an appearance. Several of the societies are anxious to get “shot.”

The handballists of the Junior department avail themselves of the cool evening recreations to indulge in their favorite pastime.

Master J. Livingston, brother of Sammy, of the Prep. department, attended the Philopatrian Exhibition last Tuesday evening.

Guy Woodson’s name was on the programme of the Philopatrians’ Exhibition, but Guy was unable to assume his account of sickness.

In the game between the “Buckeyes” and “Hoosiers,” Wednesday last, H. Metz and D. Taylor made the heaviest bats, and H. Sae the best catch.

The Minims return Brother Albert their best thanks for the beautiful pictures of Very Rev. Father General which he has presented to the department.

To-morrow, 5th Sunday after Easter, Missa Parvula- rum will be sung. Vespers of St. Michael, p. 196. Next Thursday, Ascension, Missa Regina will be sung. Vespers, p. 91.

We omitted making mention of the address in our editorial on the Philopatrian Entertainment. It was an excellent piece of composition, and was well read by Master Rohrback.

How is it that, contrary to the custom of former years, none of those beautiful duets, which were wont to stir the soul of every hearer, are sung at the evening exercises for the month of May?

Rev. J. O’Keefe and Bros. Simon, C. S. C., took a large party of Juniors to the St. Joseph Farm last Wednesday. They were hospitably received and entertained by Rev. P. W. Condon, C. S. C.

Who will see to the repair of the stairs in front of Phelan Hall? Doctor Neyron says that he will have a fractured leg to attend to for somebody if those stairs remain in their present condition.

The Chicago delegation were enthusiastically received at the University and St. Mary’s Academy on their return from Chicago. Sugg’s oration at the Convention is spoken of in terms the most flattering.

Messrs. Rhodium and Brown were acolytes-in-chief; C. C. Echlin and J. Nester, light-bearers; and Master George Tourrillette, leader, at the High Mass celebrated by Rev. Father Soffell, last Sunday.

The Juniors disposed of about ten gallons of lemonade, Sunday afternoon, despite the unexpected change in the weather. We like to see young lads, encased in heavy overcoats, drinking that delicious beverage.

It is well worth one’s time to visit Bro. Albert’s Art Studio. There may be seen specimens, excellent specimens, of what can only be accomplished by close application under the direction of a skilful artist.

The sewing-machine, which was among the prizes at Polack’s donation, was drawn by M. Buckmeister, of the Manual Labor School, and not by a student of Notre Dame, as the South-Bend papers had it.

Where is the large silk flag, purchased by the old Continental Cadets and left here as a memorial of their organization? Prof. Lyons has an exhibition in his Society-hall a costly American flag, purchased by the Associations of ’75.

The members of the St. Stanislaus Philopatrian Association tender a unanimous vote of thanks to Very Rev. Father Corby; Rev. Fathers T. E. Wals, J. O’Keefe, and the Editor of the Scholastic for kind favors during the past week.

The Lemomnier Library—small in its resuscitated form—is being rapidly filled with books. All the shelf-room is now occupied, and half of the floor is covered with books. The directors are now petitioning for a more commodious apartment.

Those desiring the services of a first-class tonsorial artist should not fail to call on Mr. Commiskey, successor to Mr. Condron. He employs none but first-class assistants, and can, therefore, unhesitatingly guarantee perfect satisfaction to all customers.

At the 26th regular meeting of the St. Stanislaus Philopatrian Association, held Thursday, May 19th, the thanks of the Association were tendered to Professor J. F. Edwards; Bros. Leander, Lawrence, Simon, and Paul for favors at their last Entertainment.

Master Frank H. Grever, of the Staff, has been chosen by the members of the Junior Archconfraternity to represent them on Society Day. They could not have made a better choice, as we are certain that Frank will represent them in a highly creditable manner.

Class of Ancient History—Professor: “Mr. P. ________

* What do you think of ancient Persia when compared with other nations of the same period? * Mr. P. ________: “Very little. She has handed down to us no monuments of her greatness; if she has, they’re all gone.” (Roars.)

Query: How was it that three hours were required by the St. Joe Farm excursionists, last Wednesday, to reach the University after leaving the St. Joe? Some say it was because of the very poor horse flesh employed, while others assert that the excursionists took the wrong road—got lost.

Very Rev. Father General examined his Elucution Class last week. While expressing his satisfaction at the progress made by some members, he said there were others who needed to pay more attention to the cultivation of their voices, and to a clearness and distinctness of pronunciation before they could reach the standard he wished to see them attain.

The Associations, while grateful for the many courtesies extended them by the College authorities, desire us to state that by far the greater part of all expenses connected with the getting up of a banquet, etc., have been paid by laying an extra tax on each member. Moneys derived from entrance and monthly fees are not invariably devoted to a big “blow out;” such moneys are devoted to legitimate Society purposes.

The Minims are to have Very Rev. Father General’s
grand dinner at the end of the month. Right Rev. Bishop Dwenger, who promised the small boys that he would come and fill up the place of the fifth Minim, who unfortunately was not present last Sunday, promised they would have an organ recital on the day. Father Corby by the Philodemics.

—*Raminogrobis,* writes a correspondent, "whose dis-appearance was accounted for in so many strange ways, is not on the way to the University, as was stated in last week's *Notre Dame Scholastic.* If the Editor, or anyone else, imagines that the Minims are not a match for the Kilkenny cat, let them call gon Rev. Father General, who examined them in arithmetic last week; or let them go to the Rev. Director of Studies who, at his last monthly visit, said that some Minims would be fit for the first arithmetic class. Several of these pieces are perhaps a trifle too difficult; still the young aspirants deserve credit for their activity with which each one labors at his examination. The Minims did not exile her, because she was not a puzzle at the examination, as was stated in last week's *Notre Dame Scholastic*; but it's simply owing to unpardonable carelessness on the part of those whose business it is—or which they assume to be—to attend to this matter. By actual count, we learned that only ten chairs were found, where twenty-five or thirty were needed. That such a mistake may be committed in future, we suggest that a committee be formed whose duty it shall be to see that everybody desires to hear a lecture, or any thing of a like nature, be accommodated with seats.

—the first game for the championship of the University was played on Wednesday afternoon between the Junanitas and Star of the East B. B. Clubs, on the grounds of the former, in presence of a large concourse of people. The game was a close and exciting one until the sixth inning—the score then being 5 to 5—when O'Connor was obliged to retire from behind the bat on account of sore hands. This destroyed the Junanitas' chances, and gave the Star of the East the game, by a score of 14 to 8. In connection with this, it might not be out of place to say a word or two concerning the ungenteelism department of a few swells who manage to club together in some corner of the Campus and make it a point to vociferously cheer whenever a favorite chances to stop, throw, or catch a base ball. It is well enough to applaud whenever there is something worthy of applause; but we condemn this unman-nerly and uncalled-for applause at every commonplace play made by a "chum."

—On the afternoon of the 10th inst., a game of baseball was played between the 3d nines of the Junanitas and Star of the East B. B. Clubs, on the grounds of the former, with the following results:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>STAR OF THE EAST</th>
<th>O. R.</th>
<th>JUANITAS.</th>
<th>O. R.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>W. Browne, c.</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>Marlette,</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fishburne, p.</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>Mathers,</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Browne, c. a.</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>Gettler,</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Virginia, c. a.</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>sandbox,</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thornton, 3 b.</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>Holsey,</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tracy, 3 b. b.</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>Zahm,</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Garrison, f. f.</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>Taggart,</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stevens, c. f.</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>Nash,</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Total.</td>
<td>24</td>
<td>Total.</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

—The Lemonnier Library Association returns grateful thanks to Mrs. F. Mann, of New York, for the following gifts: The Poetical Works of Mrs. Felicia Hemans; Boswell's Life of Johnson; 1848; Irish Ode and Song; The Viceroy; British Catholic Poets, by George Hill; Poems, Patriotic, Religious, Miscellaneous, by Rev. Abram J. Ryan (Father Ryan), B.A., 1889; The Bloodstone, by Donald MacLeod, N. Y., 1883; Prunshurst, his Wanderings and Ways of Thinking, by Donald MacLeod, N. Y., Chas. Scribner, 1883; Devotion to the Blessed Virgin Mary in North America, by Rev. Xavier Donald MacLeod, N. Y., Virtue and Yorston; Father O'uld, with an autograph of Cardinal McClintock; Christmas Night's Entertainment, or the Pastor's Visit to the Science of Salvation, by Don John Falpaix, Bishop of Osma; The Book of the Bishop, by Rev. Henry Forbush, London, Burns and Oates; Trials of a Mind, by L. Silliman Ives, LL. D.; Questions of the Soul, by Rev. I. T. Hecker, Appleton & Co., 1885; Macaulay's *England, Vol. II*; Questions, by I. T. Hecker; Sermons, Lectures and Speeches delivered by his Eminence Cardinal Wiseman, During his Tour in Ireland; The Invitation Heeded, Stone; Gulliver, by Cardinal Newman; The Jesuits, by Paul Feval; The Comedy of Errors; The Invitation Heeded, Stone, by Cardinal Newman.
right, thereby winning the game for the "Washingtons."

Dwenger went out on a fly to right. The following is the making a neat double play, retiring Snee and Moroney. The "Washes" by sending a scorcher to Tourtillote, which several poor plays by the "Jeffs." The eighth was a blank passed ball, and Thompson took his base on balls; Droste Frain led off with a base hit, to his credit, taking 2d on a pass ball by Sugg, sending Droste to 2d. All hands changed bases on Thompson, c.

Bender's fly to right, which Dwenger failed to hold, Metz went out on a fly to centre; Bender scored on a fly to right, and Tourtillotte lost his tally by endeavor to –take ad­

son's liner into right; Droste scored on a passed bill, Tour­

scored again until the 8th inning, the "Washes" and Jeffersons, -composed by students of all departments, and several members of the Faculty, assembled to witness what proved to be an inter­

inning game. The clock in the steeple was just striking three when Gallagher called "game." The "Washes" won the game with a two-base hit, but was put out in trying to steal third. Campau retired on a fly to right, and "Washes." Time of Game—2h. 15m.

Umpire—GALLAGHER.

—The following is a programme of the Entertainment given by the St. Stanislaus Philopatrian Association, last Tuesday evening:

PART FIRST.
Grand Opening March. 

N. D. U. C. B. 

Music. 

Orchestra 

Song and Chorus. 

Choral Union 

"The Indian's Revenge, after the battle of Portage Prairie."

M. E. Herrick and Society

Song—"A Handful of Earth."

Harry Percy Dunn Music. 

Orchestra

PART SECOND.

HONESTY IS THE BEST POLICY.

A COMEDY IN ONE ACT.

Characters:

Ernest Steele (A Merchant) 

M. Herrick

Harry (his Son). 

J. L. Soils

Solomon Longfice (An Impostor) 

J. L. Heffernan

Cyrus Cyrus (A Countryman) 

L. Fiorman

Bobby Simpson (A Lubberly Boy) 

S. Livingstone

Barney Hoolan (A Ben Butler Man) 

J. Devitt

Song—"La Dol'averge..." 

L. Gilbert

Speech—"Juvenile Oration" 

G. Schaefer

Tympano Ciarrocelli. 

H. and J. Devitt

THE EDITOR'S TROUBLES.

A farce.

Emmanuel Foose (An Editor) 

H. Dunn

Patrick O'Connor (An Agent) 

S. O'Kane

William Shadow 

P. Dorcel

Steph Palmer 

L. Gilbert

Jim Bloodsoe 

S. Livingstone

Clifford Pinchpenny 

G. Haslam

Chawley 

S. Livingstone

Music.

N. D. U. C. B

A Drill of Raw Recruits, supposed to have taken place before the capture of South Bend, Maj. Herrick, U. S. A., Commanding. Music to the Drill... 

By Starr's Brass Band

NO PLACE LIKE HOME.

An Interlude.

Abel Grump (A Tuxbury farmer) 

G. O'Kane

Johnny Grump (Little Boy) 

W. Start

Charley Black 

J. Wielan

The Runaways 

J. Wielan

Policeeman, No. 329 

G. Kliper

Music. 

Orchestra

PART THIRD.

THE RIGHTFUL HEIR.

A melodrama in three Acts, arranged for the Philopatrians.

Prince Rudolph (A presumptive heir) 

A. Rohrback

Edmund, the rightful heir. 

G. Schaefer

Oberto, an honest agriculturist. 

W. Start

Elvino, son of Oberto. 

A. Brown

MINOR DEPARTMENT.


List of Excellence.

The students mentioned in this list are those who have been the best in the classes of the course named according to the competitions which are held monthly. —DIRECTOR OF STUDIES.

COLLEGIATE COURSE.


Indianapolis, Peru, & Chicago RAILWAY.

The Great Short Route South, Southwest and West.

May 13, 1881. Local and Through Time Table. No. 22.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Going North</th>
<th>STATIONS</th>
<th>Going South</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1.42 p.m.</td>
<td>Michigan City</td>
<td>9:35 a.m.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3:33 &quot;</td>
<td>S. B. Porter</td>
<td>2:41 &quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12:50 &quot;</td>
<td>St. Paul</td>
<td>9:20 &quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11:45 &quot;</td>
<td>Watertown</td>
<td>9:42 &quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10:41 &quot;</td>
<td>S. B. Porter</td>
<td>11:30 &quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11:19 &quot;</td>
<td>Waterloo</td>
<td>2:33 &quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12:45 &quot;</td>
<td>S. B. Porter</td>
<td>11:42 &quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11:50 &quot;</td>
<td>S. B. Porter</td>
<td>1:21 &quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12:37 &quot;</td>
<td>S. B. Porter</td>
<td>1:06 &quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1:21</td>
<td>St. Paul</td>
<td>1:06 &quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2:45</td>
<td>St. Paul</td>
<td>12:55 &quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3:52</td>
<td>St. Paul</td>
<td>11:30 &quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4:30</td>
<td>St. Paul</td>
<td>11:30 &quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5:18</td>
<td>St. Paul</td>
<td>11:30 &quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5:20</td>
<td>St. Paul</td>
<td>11:30 &quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5:47</td>
<td>St. Paul</td>
<td>11:30 &quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6:55 p.m.</td>
<td>Illinois</td>
<td>8:45 &quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8:50 a.m.</td>
<td>Illinois</td>
<td>8:45 &quot;</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

THE ONLY LINE running a through train out of Indianapolis for CHICAGO, Toledo, Detroit, Buffalo, Niagara Falls, NEW YORK CITY, and all Principle Points in the East.

Elegant Sleeping and Parlor Coaches run between INDIANAPOLIS and CHICAGO, and INDIANAPOLIS and MICHIGAN CITY.

V. T. M allot, Branch manager, Indianapolis.

Genl. Pass and Ticket Agent.

INDIANAPOLIS.
The Lemonnier Library,  
Established at Notre Dame in 1872 for the use of the Students.  

Donations of books, pamphlets, periodicals, &c., for the re-establishing of this Library, which was destroyed by the late fire, are respectfully solicited and will be gratefully received and acknowledged by the librarian. Please address

J. F. EDWARDS.  
Notre Dame, Indiana.

PRELUDES,  
An Elegant Volume of Poems,  
BY MAURICE F. EGAN.  
PUBLISHED TO AID IN THE REBUILDING OF NOTRE DAME UNIVERSITY.  
Price, $.1, postpaid.  
Address  
PETER F. CUNNINGHAM & SON.  
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

LAKE SHORE AND MICHIGAN SOUTHERN RAILWAY.

On and after Sunday, Nov. 14, 1880, trains will leave South Bend as follows:

GOING EAST.

2.25 a.m., Chicago and St. Louis Express, over Main Line. Arrives at Toledo 9.50 a.m.; Cleveland 2.30 p.m.  
Buffalo, 8.50 p.m.  
11.05 a.m., Mail over Main Line. Arrives at Toledo, 5.35 p.m.; Cleveland 10.10 p.m.; Buffalo, 4 a.m.  
9.12 p.m., Atlantic Express, over Air Line. Arrives at Toledo 3.40 a.m.; Cleveland, 7.05 a.m.; Buffalo, 1.10 p.m.  
12.18 p.m., Special New York Express, over Air Line. Arrives at Toledo 5.40 p.m.; Cleveland, 10.10 p.m.  
Buffalo, 4 a.m.  
6.31 p.m., Limited Express. Arrives at Toledo 10.35 p.m.; Cleveland, 1.45 a.m.; Buffalo, 7.25 a.m.

GOING WEST.

2.43 a.m., Toledo Express. Arrives at Laporte 2.35 a.m., Chicago 6 a.m.  
5.05 a.m., Pacific Express. Arrives at Laporte 8.50 a.m., Chicago 8.20 a.m.  
9.03 a.m., Accommodation. Arrives at Laporte 9.05 a.m.; Chesterton, 9.47 a.m.; Chicago, 11.30 a.m.  
11.16 p.m., Special Michigan Express. Arrives at Laporte, 3.12 a.m.; Chesterton, 3.23 a.m.; Chicago, 4.40 p.m.  
4.50 p.m., Special Chicago Express. Arrives at Laporte, 9.38.; Chesterton, 6.15 p.m.; Chicago, 8 p.m.

WESTERN DIVISION TIME TABLE.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th>2</th>
<th>4</th>
<th>6</th>
<th>8</th>
<th>20</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>MAIL</td>
<td>Special N.Y. Express.</td>
<td>Atlantic Express.</td>
<td>Chicago and St. Louis Express.</td>
<td>Limited Express.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chicago</td>
<td>Leave</td>
<td>7:35 a.m.</td>
<td>9:00 a.m.</td>
<td>5:15 p.m.</td>
<td>10:30 a.m.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Grand Crossing</td>
<td></td>
<td>8:09</td>
<td></td>
<td>5:50</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Miller’s</td>
<td></td>
<td>8:19</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chesterton</td>
<td></td>
<td>9:33</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Otis</td>
<td></td>
<td>9:47</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Laporte</td>
<td>Arrive</td>
<td>10:08</td>
<td>11:02</td>
<td>7:32</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Laporte</td>
<td>Leave</td>
<td>10:08</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>South Bend</td>
<td></td>
<td>11:05</td>
<td>12:20</td>
<td>9:20</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mishawaka</td>
<td></td>
<td>11:15</td>
<td>15:50</td>
<td>9:45</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Elkhart</td>
<td>Arrive</td>
<td>11:40</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Toledo</td>
<td></td>
<td>5:25 p.m.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cleveland</td>
<td></td>
<td>4:50</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Buffalo</td>
<td></td>
<td>10:10 a.m.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>New York</td>
<td></td>
<td>9:45</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Boston</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

W. P. JOHNSON, Genl Passenger Agent, Chicago.  
J. C. RAFF, Ticket Agent, South Bend.  
J. W. CARY, Genl Ticket Agent, Cleveland.  
J. H. PARSONS, Sup’t West Division, Chicago.  
JOHN NEWELL, Genl. Manager.  
CHARLES PAINE, Genl’l Sup’t.
A Welcome Visitor in Every Catholic Household.

THE ONLY WORK OF ITS KIND.

The Household Library of Catholic Poets.

From Chaucer to the Present Day.

Collected and Edited by

ELIOT RYDER,

With Critical and Biographical Notes.

This important Volume, representing the best work of Catholic Poets, and containing many of the best and brightest gems to be found in the whole field of English poetry, was begun several years ago, and contains selections from more than one hundred eminent authors, English and American.

It has been the aim of the editor to present a comprehensive collection—a library—of poetry written by Catholics, which should take rank with any collection ever published, and at the same time illustrate the magnitude and variety of the valuable work which Catholics have produced.

The Volume contains many Poems which have become favorites the world over, besides others of note and popularity, arranged with the names of their authors, who have been placed in chronological sequence.

The Collection has been pronounced by many prominent clergymen and literati to be in every way valuable, and a most admirable monument of Catholic literature. The work is furnished with an alphabetical index of the names of poems, an index of authors, and also one of the first lines, thus making the means of reference perfectly complete.

The book is handsomely printed from new type, on fine paper, and contains admirable portraits of Chaucer and John Boyle O'Reilly. Both in contents and in manufacture, this is one of the finest specimens of Catholic book-making ever produced in this country.

Please fill this out, and forward to Prof. J. A. Lyons, Notre Dame, Indiana.

SPECIAL LIMITED EDITION FOR SUBSCRIBERS ONLY.

J. A. Lyons agrees to sell and deliver, when published, to the undersigned, copies of a book entitled

THE HOUSEHOLD LIBRARY OF CATHOLIC POETS,

about to be published by him, for which the subscriber agrees to pay the sum of Five Dollars per copy, the same to be a special subscription edition of proof copies, which will be limited to two hundred and fifty in number, and will be printed from the first impressions of the plates, on extra fine paper.

Signature

Address

As only two hundred and fifty copies of this edition will be printed, and as each copy will be numbered, in addition to having the full name and address of the subscriber printed and bound in with the book, it presents an opportunity seldom offered for securing such a valuable work, the edition of which is restricted to so small a number. Among the American authors to be represented are: John Boyle O'Reilly, Maurice F. Egan, Judge Arrington, Dr. Huntington, Theodore O'Hara, Rev. D. X. McLeod, Richard Dalton Williams, Richard Henry Wilde, Rev. J. W. Cummings, John Savage, LL.D., William Seton, Daniel Connolly, Rev. T. A. Butler, Rev. M. B. Brown, Rev. A. J. Ryan, Rev. James Kent Stone, John B. Tabb, Charles H. A. Ellis, W. D. Kelly, John Locke, Bro. Azarins, Miss Donnelly, P. S. Cassidy, Katherine F. Conway, Miss Anna T. Sadlier, Miss Elizabeth Waylen, Miss Edith Cook, Miss Marian Muir, Mrs. Margaret F. Sullivan, Mrs. A. H. Dorsey, Marcella A. Fitzgerald, Harriet M. Stidmore, J. W. S. Norris, John Acton, Mrs. Mary E. Mannix, Charles Warren Stoddard, William Geoghegan, Miss Sara T. Smith, Eliza Allen Starr, E. J. McPhelim, T. O'Hagan, Rev. H. A. Brann, D.D., John Boyle, Very Rev. J. A. Rochford, O.P., Mrs. Mary C. Burke, Mrs. C. D. Eider, George H. Miles, Rev. Patrick Cronin, and many others.