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Disce quasi semper victurus; vive quasi cras moriturus.

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Notable Autographs.

"The poet in a golden clime was born,
With golden stars above;
Dowered with the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn,
The love of love."

"Most can raise the flowers now,
For all have got the seed."

Probably there are but few Americans who have not, at one time or another in their lives, been swayed by the poetic impulse. It is my belief that if this impulse—especially when it comes to us during our adolescence, which is usually the case—be carefully nourished, almost any one may, with care and courage, become a highly respectable verse-maker. It may be a question whether it is worth while to acquire an art which is certainly more elegant than remunerative. On this point each man must be his own judge. That every man may become his own poet, I am strongly inclined to assert; but that his poem will find admirers beyond the select circle in which he moves naturally depends on the character and quality of the composition.

In proof of my theory, I propose to draw upon the experiences of a young poet of my acquaintance. With his free consent, I make him an example. If you had asked this poet, with the heyday in his blood, why he sang, he would probably have answered you in the accepted refrain of all the tuneful brotherhood:

"Because I can not choose but sing."

It might have been the return of spring, in its tender and pathetic beauty, that first touched his heart to song; or the natural yearning of a breast, as yet unwrung by passion, after the ideal, which is the lodestar of all youth; or a sudden sorrow that found this only fit expression; or thus did he hymn his holy joy in love's young dream. Granting that his song was honest and sweet, why should he cease to sing? Does the flower o' the peach, whose pink petals have been fed with sun and dew, ask why it is sowing the wind before its fellows? What proportion of all these blossoms comes to anything more than beauty and decay? It must be that the dumb singer, with his windfall of verses, has his mission as truly as these seedless flowers. Let me reveal the secrets of one prison-house, of which I have in my possession the magical key.

Here is a large volume of autograph letters, personally addressed to a young poet. We will imagine him comparatively alone in a remote land. With his heart upon his sleeve, he calls out for sympathy in that great world of letters from which he is so far removed. He does this in a very practical way. With a little proof-sheet of verses, containing less than two hundred lines, he ventures to address some of the poets whose songs have become household words. The replies he receives are so kindly that he is fired by ambition; a few flattering words embolden him, and anon there is no shining mark at which he dares not aim. Such success must naturally satiate even a young man's appetite, but not before he has gathered a rich and varied harvest. It is here I propose to glean; in my selections I can not but betray, for the thousandth time, the fallibility of all—or, shall I say? nearly all—human judgments, and show how great minds do not run in the same channel, and never did. The inevitable moral is that there is but one course left to the young poet: namely, he must of necessity steadily follow the bent of his genius, if he has any, and alone work out his own salvation.

For convenience sake, I have attempted to classify the autographs. I have selected but a very small proportion of those which are at my disposal, and, naturally, the majority of the letters are distinguished by a courteous discretion, for which, the poet assures me, he is now doubly grateful. In but one or two cases have I reproduced an entire letter, taking the liberty to condense and abbreviate as it seems to me wise and judicious. Some of the quotations are made more with a view to adding variety to the collection, than for anything specially striking or characteristic which they betray; but when it is remembered that those several judgments are passed upon the same verses, and that the very dissimilar impressions have been produced by two hundred lines or less, I trust that even the casual reader will find something here to excite his curiosity and interest.

Under the head of the *Noncommittal*, let me lead off with this solitary line, which closes a very friendly letter, two pages in length:

"P. S.—I am obliged for the inclosures.

"CHARLES DARWIN."

Upon the heels of that follows this after-thought, which stands on end down the margin of another gracious epistle:

"I thank you for your specimens of poetry, which I have read with interest, though poetry is not my *forte*.

"✠ M. I. SPALDING,
"Archbishop of Baltimore."

And this business-like reply, enclosing a complimentary clipping as announced:

DEAR SIR:—I have printed a scrap devoted to your verses, in the *Tribune*, and herewith inclose it.

"Yours,
HORACE GREELEY."

But comment is unnecessary. I have discarded all but the lines that bear, in some degree, upon the subject in question, and I will run over them rapidly, without reference to their dates:

"I have read your verses, and liked them, and I wish you all happiness.
A. TENNYSON."

"Spirited and suggestive verses.
"A. W. KINGLAKE,"
(Author of *Eothen*.)

"I have read your poems with great interest and pleasure. There is a good deal of beauty and freshness in them, and a certain flavor of the soil I much like.

"HENRY W. LONGFELLOW."

"I have read with pleasure thy poems. All are good, but I prefer the second one. I am, very truly, thy friend,

"JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER."

"Thank you for the present of your elegant and touching verses; and do not forget in your prayers to think of me, an old man, with death and judgment before me. Very sincerely, yours in Jesus,

"(Cardinal) JOHN HENRY NEWMAN,
"Of the Oratory."

"I am obliged for the poetical effusions; have read them with interest; shall be glad to see what other maturer works you may execute in literary matters.

"HENRY WARD BEECHER."

"I see a glimmer of the true light in your verses. A gift like yours is worthy of cultivation, and I shall look with interest for your name in the future.

"J. T. TROWBRIDGE."

"I think your poems are worthy of admiration. I have had many worse productions placed in my hands by those who were thoroughly excited about them. Yours really possess some *considerable merit*, and I hope you will live to write much 'good matter.'

"ELIZA COOK."
(Author of *The Old Armchair*, etc.)

"It is time you were working with a long aim. You don't need my advice; I should give you none that I would not take myself. Whatever you do short of arson or Chinese highway robbery—which are inartistic and ungentlemanly—I am, my dear boy, always yours.

"BRET HARTE."

"P. S.—Speaking of arson, I had forgotten Nero; accompanied by a fiddle or a lyre, it might be made poetical.

"H."

"I think some of your verses extremely pretty, but I am no critic. It is my belief, indeed, that, as a rule, encouragement is no matter. Poetry is not to be suppressed, and not to be drawn forward. If you are a poet, you possess something of much more value, and something which gives you far more pleasure, than can ever be derived from the opinion of your fellows. How can they tell from a few poems written in youth what a man may be likely to do when his mind is mature? The flower may be folded closely in the bud, and with neither its form nor its color yet visible.

"JEAN INGELOW."

"It seems to me that very decided poetic capacity is evinced by the verses you inclose. They have the ring of true metal. Are you on the stage? If you are, or are like to be, I see no cause for fear. There is no reason why the stage should have any demoralizing influence; there are hundreds of men and women on whom it exerts none, and the greatest actors are those who have the poetic temperament combined with the gift to *personate* characters and *interpret* poets. Such literary powers as I possess were certainly never injured by my life as an actress. On the contrary, they were quickened and developed. In any case, let me beg you, don't shrink from study, from criticism, or from the advice of those who have had experience. I used to listen patiently to what *every one* had to say to me, and profit by whatever struck me as reasonable. A good—nay, a sincere—critic is the best of friends and helpers.

"ANNA CORA MOWATT."
(Author of *Autobiography of an Actress*, etc.)

It must be confessed that it is a very faint line which divides the *Noncommittal* from the next installment of autographs, which I have grouped under the head of the *Appreciative*. Some of these readers have gone a little farther in their judgment; but they are, for the most part, merely conciliatory. Approaching them, I pass unnoticed communications from "Owen Meredith," Wilkie Collins, Christina Rossetti, Justin McCarthy, Professor Goldwin Smith, and a host of foreign and domestic writers, who turn pretty or evasive compliments, graciously acknowledging the existence of a young poet in the West. The truth is, their condescension becomes monotonous. Right here let me introduce, as a kind of literary curiosity, a letter which has grown in interest. Young poets will read in it a lesson of manly perseverance, which it is well to learn early in life:

"PORTLAND, Oregon, March, 1869.

"DEAR SIR:—Knowing you to be a true poet, though knowing you by your writings only, I venture to lay before you a little plan of mine, and show you how you can do me a signal service and kindness. Last year I published, only for a few friends, a little book of poems, which I herewith send you. Now I am publishing here, for sale, a book of like kind, though I think tenfold better—it is also larger (150 pages)—which will be out in about three weeks. Let me tell you a truth which may not be apparent to you. The California press *will not* approve of anything of Oregon growth, and the Oregon press *dare not* without the consent of California! It is to overcome this, and get a fair and just hearing, that I address you. I ask no favor, beg no sympathy; but it is my right, and a duty to myself to have a hearing, and a *just* one. You can look over this I now send you, and form some idea whether I have mistaken my calling, or whether you can truthfully and justly reach me your hand through the pages of the *Monthly*. Should you find merit enough in this I now send you to make it the subject of a brief article in the *Overland Monthly*, or some good authority, you will set up the ladder for my ascent. But, mind you, I want nothing said that solid merit does not justify. . . . Hoping to hear from you soon, I am, please, sir, sincerely yours,

"(Joaquin) C. H. MILLER."

The young poet felt like a patriarchal bard when he received that letter, but it fell to the lot of Bret Harte to write one of the earliest reviews, if not the first, of the now famous Poet of the Sierra. To resume:

"I thank you for your beautiful lines. They, indeed, do you great credit. Their purity of thought, of diction, and their judicious blending of good meaning and good music merit the highest praise.

"FITZ-GREENE HALLECK."

"I am much pleased with the fine and rather dainty fancy displayed in your verses.

"*Macte virtute.* Yours, Fraternally,
"JOHN G. SAXE."

"I have been agreeably surprised by the unusual vigor and originality of the poems. There would be hope for a 'fellow' at twice your years who could write such.

"FLORENCE PERCY."

"Your second poem is particularly good, I think. It might have been written by Tennyson in his earlier days. Not that it is at all an imitation, but the accuracy of imaginative description is like him, and worthy of him.

"COVENTARY PATMORE."
(Author of *The Angel in the House*, etc.)

"Thanks for the hand-grasp along the long rail and across the wide water. I like the American poetry that looks to its own nature and its own thoughts. Stick to that, and don't mind Keats. Your verses are charming. I should say you read Heinrich Heine; if not, you have a scrap of his mantle, as sure as you live.

"(Lord) HOUGHTON."
(Poet and Essayist, author of *Life of Keats*.)

"I have looked through your poems with much pleasure, both for the graceful fancies with which they abound and the facility of the versification. In the first of these respects, there is, perhaps, sometimes a certain unpruned luxuriance, but this is a good fault in a young poet. I trust that the public will hear from you yet again in the walk of literature which you have chosen.

"WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT."

"I never expected to correspond with you, though you have been a mute friend ever since the *Overland* started. I look for you every month, and think I can guess your style; and, what's more, generally find, on referring to the index at the end of the volume, that I have been right. At the time when I got your letter—it has somewhat contributed to the delay in my answer—I believed I was about to obtain the editorship of one of our new magazines, and I wanted to have asked you to contribute. It didn't come off, but it may, and then I wonder whether you will say, *T'es*.

"TOM HOOD."

"As for the poems, I have read them with real pleasure and interest. All of them seem to show to me poetic taste and facility—possibly a dangerous facility—and an acquaintance with the more modern poetry. And your sense of melody is so marked, that, perhaps, I might content myself with saying to you what a poet once said to me of another young man: 'If he has melody, that is enough.' But though many of us rhyme musically, there are few poets. I don't need to warn you against mistaking faculty for inspiration. Your good sense will teach you that; it will also urge you to distrust whatever seems to be an echo, however sweet, and to study only the great models, the poets of all time, but of no fashion. As you may have already discovered, there is no sweeter reward of authorship than the knowledge it brings us of unknown friends. I shall be glad if you will count me as yours.

"GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS."

"I have received your poetry, and I like it, for it is the overflow of an earnest spirit. The only salvation that I know of for such a spirit is a wise choice of work, and a sedulously loyal pursuit of it. Work, moreover, can not be chosen without trial; you can not, until you try, know what you are best fit for. *Try, choose, and act*; don't let partial failures daunt you. I have had no rule of life, but a determination to do my work in an honest, manly way. The spirit of work around you will incorporate itself according to your circumstances. That work may be poetry, it may be science, it may be commerce. The thing to be sought for is *life*; the thing to be avoided is *stagnation*. Let your health be cared for. Make your body the strong vehicle of a pure soul, and I wish you good speed.

"Yours, faithfully, JOHN TYNDALL."

"Now, as I write, I sit by a large open window, looking

south and west, down the Potomac, and across to the Virginia Heights. It is a bright, warm, spring-like afternoon; I have just re-read your sweet pages all over, and I find them indeed soothing and nourishing after their kind, like the atmosphere. I do not, of course, object to the emotional and adhesive nature, and the outlet thereof, but warmly approve them; but do you know (perhaps you do) how the hard, pungent, gritty, worldly experiences and qualities in American practical life also serve?—how they prevent extravagant sentimentalism?—and how they are not without their own great value, and even joy? It arises in my mind, as I write, to say something of that kind to you. I frankly send you my love, and I hope we shall one day meet.

"WALT. WHITMAN."

(Author of *Leaves of Grass*.)

"I am not fond of writing letters, and am obliged to leave some kind ones unanswered; but I can not resist your appeal from the other side of the world, especially as the first of your little poems pleases and interests me, drawing me into conferences with you in your longings. I shall be able to think, henceforth, with much fellow-feeling of one mind in San Francisco, which had before been a place of very cheerless associations to me. I shall hope that you are planting and watering a little garden there, to breathe purity and freshness. Yesterday, I was reading in that old, old writer, Marcus Aurelius: 'What the structure of the human nature is chiefly adapted to is a social communication of God'—that is, the instrument can only be brought into full tune by being perpetually in the play of that harmony. How finely symbolical that physical fact is that a violin constantly played on out of tune is permanently unfitted for true harmonies. I shall remain yours, with sincere wishes,

"GEORGE ELIOT."

"I shall not criticise your poems, which are evidently dictated by a true poetic feeling. They have more freshness in them than most of those which are sent me by young persons. I have no particular advice to give you. You have formed your style in good measure, and the rest must depend on your taste, genius, study of good models, and the time and labor you devote to practical composition. You must remember, however, that the pursuit of poetry is not like to give you a living, and not like to forward you in any other useful calling. Think well of it, therefore, before you relinquish any useful occupation, which will afford you steady employment and support, for the life of an artist in verse. As an incidental accomplishment, it is an ornament; but in some it is used as an apology for neglecting humbler and more steadily industrious pursuits. If you happen to have a portion which is sufficient for your present and future, then, I have no doubt, you will find your talent will well repay the time given to its cultivation. Otherwise, I should be jealous of allowing poetry more than the spare hours of my life, which it may solace and embellish, and be at the same time a pleasure to others.

"OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES."

With uncommon pleasure—I hope there is no tinge of the malicious in it—I have caused the more pronounced critics to cross swords over the verses, which are now *forgotten*, even by their author. Will any reasonable reader give a fig for criticism after he has compared the judgments of these illustrious minds? Please remember that the same lines which have been referred to from the first here receive their final verdict, and that beyond this hour there is no appeal.

"A sort of California wild flower you seem to me, brilliant, spontaneous, free, springing from a rich soil, with a careless, winning, laughing grace—is that you? You seem to me well worthy every good and perfect gift—friendship the most perfect of all—and I think you clear and fine and promising in intellect, and simple-hearted—simple in its grand, heavenly sense, I mean, not in its mean and worldly one. So, let me help you if ever I can; not in any outward way, perhaps, but in some silent fashion, as dews and darkness help the flowers.

Heaven has given you much, but the fruits of Heaven's gifts your own will must ripen. I could wish that you might grow up into a full-statured man; single in purpose, symmetrical in development, high-toned and efficient in good words—and, indeed, good words often are good works. California is in need of such men; the whole country needs them, and is in evil case this moment for want of them.

"GAIL HAMILTON."

"My marvel is that one, who writes as well as you do, should care for word of mine in praise or blame. I can only say your poems are the product of a truly, purely poetical mind, to which study, observation, and experience will be sure to bring treasures of material for higher art. I have the sincerest admiration of your gifts, and the strongest faith in your future.

"J. G. HOLLAND."

"I have preserved your poems in a book, in which I mean to put only good and interesting verses. Indeed, I am much touched with them, and think so well of their superior skill and tone that I would hear with pain that you had discontinued writing. I do not think that one who can write so well will find it easy to leave off, even in the deafest community. He will sing to himself, and as unawares find happy listeners. With great regard,

"RALPH WALDO EMERSON."

"You ask for my opinion. Well, then, to speak frankly, I think you will see, by-and-by, that these poems lack substance and are mainly devoted to a manner. Much of the poetry now written runs to a mere daintiness of expression—a kind of velvet covering to commonplaces. Seek your *thought* first, and your *phrase* afterward. Then, if you are a young man, never remember that any one has praised your writings, but be grateful to your sharpest critics. Now, this may be good advice or bad; you must judge.

THEODORE TILTON."

"I already know your name as the author of several short, melodious poems, which I read in the newspapers, and the specimens you send me confirm the impression they made—that you have the true poetic faculty, or gift (the something which is *born* in a man). It is dangerous to prophesy, and, therefore, I will not say whether you shall become a part of our literature. That depends on your comprehension of the poetic art, and the degree of faithful, conscientious labor which you devote to it."

"BAYARD TAYLOR."

"Some of your stanzas are charming. I *think* you are a true poet. Send me some more. But do not compromise your future by haste. Be reluctant to publish. Do not dispose of your poetical children while they are yet too young. It is a hard and heartless world, and early verses receive but little kindness in it. Fill your house with them if you like—the more the better; but be careful that they don't get away until they are able to take care of themselves. A few years will accomplish much, and I, for one, expect great things of you. How I would like to visit the land in which you walk—a land of dreams, in which you now seem a singing shadow, far away! With sincere hope for your future, that your life may be as beautiful as the thoughts you have sent me, and much of it be moulded into noble verse, I am, my dear new friend, yours, faithfully.

"T. BUCHANAN READ."

"Some of these stanzas seem to me full of poetic promise, quite as good as many of the poems of Tennyson written at the same age. But the 'In Memoriam' measure is a dangerous measure for young poets to launch into, as it at once challenges a comparison. Tennyson has made it peculiarly his own, and yet he got the key-note from a poem written as early as 1660, and published in the Lettrell collection. There is so much that is good in your poems that it is an ungracious task to criticise. I should say, let the sweet vein flow on; don't stanch or stay it. I would have you more attentive to the music and euphony of your words; there is no writer who has carried the art of verbal melody to such a perfection as Tennyson. There is among much that is bad a deal of good poetry written nowadays by writers hardly known outside of a small circle. It requires courage now

to aspire to gain the world's ear as a poet. You have begun well.

EPES SARGENT."

"I want to indorse your book" [in the press at the time], "because I know all about poetry, and I know you can write the genuine article. Your book will be a success—your book *shall* be a success; and I will destroy any man who says the contrary. How's that? There's nothing mean about me. I wrote a sublime poem—'He done his level best'—and what credit did I ever get for it? None. Bret Harte left it out of his *Outcroppings*. I never will write another poem. I am not appreciated. But that don't set me against other poets, like it might have done with other men, and so I will back up your book just as strong as I know how. Count on me to-day, to-morrow, and all the time, and I don't say it in a whisper, but I say it strong.

"(Signed and sworn to.)

MARK TWAIN."

"I have read your poems with much interest, *at least some of them* (for I won't lie to you), and think they are full as good as most that are published and cracked up here, but I don't think poetry will prove to be your vocation after a few years. All my friends who have visited California tell me it is useless to write except by return post, as the whole population is here to-day and gone to-morrow. However, I hope that you may get this somehow or another, at San Francisco or elsewhere, and that you will do what you can to make your people a little more moderate and sensible about England. There is no more bigoted Philo-Yankee, or Philo-American, than I in this country; but I would sooner be ordered out to Canada with my volunteer regiment than give in an inch to this swagger of Sumner, Chandler & Co. There is plenty of fight in the old country yet, but I hope to Heaven the United States will not be the nation to bring it to the proof. TOM HUGHES."

(Author of *Tom Brown's School Days*, etc.)

"Write poetry, by all means, only don't make a volume of verses in a hurry. Dash away while under the *estro* of composition; but, after many days, *correct with great self-sacrifice*. The true poet writes and blots out a great deal. Even if you never publish a volume of poetry, *write it*; for it will teach you the various meanings of words, and thus school you into writing good prose. And this remember: the fewer adjectives you use, the stronger will your writing be; and, as a rule, when you write anything which strikes your *fancy* (not your *judgment*) as being particularly fine, put it into the fire. Fine writing wants backbone.

R. SHELTON MACKENZIE."

(Author of *A Life of Dickens*, etc.)

I draw a curtain upon the rose-tinted picture, and reverse it. What is the result? What could it be but this:

"As for the profession of literature, let me warn you that there are hundreds of young men here in London, and, I might add, of old men and of women of all ages, vainly endeavoring to get their bread by writing. Of all professions, it seems to be the most precarious. And it is more crowded even than others, by the fact that no apprenticeship or special tuition is necessary to those who undertake it, and there is no standard by which an aspirant can measure himself, so as to learn whether he have or have not the necessary gifts and qualifications. It is alluring, of course, for this reason, and who can say who may not succeed? But it is a career full of danger, and one in following which many hearts are broken.

"ANTHONY TROLLOPE."

Let me conclude this final series of Notable Autographs with a too flattering tribute from one at whose side the poet was wont to sing. It came to him upon his name-day, with a garland of blossoms—itsself a wreath that might have been woven in the rose garden of Sheik Saadi, and she who gave it was alone worthy to receive—

"Roses for one who weaveth in his art
The bloom and splendor of the Rose's heart.

"Lilies, pearl-white, so fair and without stain,
Are the rapt dreamings of his poet-brain.

"Daisies, shy-faced; for so his songs express
All worth, disguised in modest humbleness.

"And violets, than all blossoms sweeter far,
As balmy-perfect as his fancies are.

"Fair nursling of the sun, and dew, and wind,
Whose velvet tongues shall whisper him, I find

"Something that breathes of each and all of these
I' the subtile sweetness of his melodies.

"SUB ROSA."

Not all who are capable of building verses are wise enough to refrain when they discover that their art is not so high as their ideal; but in this case it seems that while his golden hour was still young, the poet had premonitions of his own declension, and in a swan-song he solemnly heralded approaching silence.

Prophetic soul! With him, in a brief decade, desire has failed, rhyming has become a burden, and the mourning muses go about the streets; for he has shrouded himself in that comfortable obscurity which is, perhaps, all things considered, a greater boon than world-wide fame.

ANON.

Corals and Coral Islands.*

"Sic et coraliū, quo primum contigit auras
Tempore, durescit: mollis fuit herba sub undis."
OVID.

The present century is, indeed, the age of enlightenment; for in all branches of learning, invention and improvement, prodigious strides have been made. The sciences—chiefly through the exertions of such men as Huxley, Carnoy, Van Beneden, Agassiz, Dana and Tyndall—have been advanced to such a state of perfection, and nature has been so deeply investigated, and her wonderful workings so well revealed, that bright minds, tempted, have fallen down, adoring her as God. In nature there is, indeed, enough to dazzle and overwhelm any mind that is not thoroughly imbued with a lively and unshakable faith in the Great Creator of the universe, to whose almighty power all these wonders owe their existence.

The subject which I am going to treat—"Corals and Coral Islands"—is one in which we find much to admire; much to investigate, instructively and profitably. Of corals, comparatively nothing was known before forty years ago. The ancients, according to the story of Ovid, believed that when Perseus slew the Medusa she was converted into stone, and formed the anthozoa—"sea-flowers." Indeed, the poor ancients but obeyed the evidences of their eyes when they held the corals to be "flowers"; for so beautiful are they, so admirable is the assortment of all corals—red, blue, green, gold, violet—that even the most gorgeous tropical vegetation bears no comparison to a bed of expanded corals.

* Paper read before the Notre Dame Scientific Association by FRANK J. HAGENBARTH, '87.

Ehrenberg, the great naturalist, found, as he thought, the bottom of the Red Sea carpeted with "the most beautiful of flowers." Those sites thus covered with the living coral have very aptly been styled "Meadows of the Sea." The water being in some places not more than one, two or three feet in depth, the observer is strongly tempted to step out on the imaginary "meadows" and pluck a few specimens; but in the attempt, the illusion vanishes, for it was simply an illusion: the beautiful and varied colors were produced by the minute polyps who make the corals their home. As soon as a disturbance takes place in the water, they quickly draw in their tentacles and hie themselves to their cells, thus leaving you stationed upon a bed of stone, and one, too, from which you will do well to quickly withdraw, if you are not provided with a protection for the feet.

A very common, but, nevertheless, erroneous, belief is that corals are soft when first removed from the water, and afterwards harden by exposure. The only difference between "live and dead" coral is that the former feels slimy, owing to the presence of those animals that built it; whilst the latter, owing to the influence of the heat, has dried and presents a rough and seemingly harder surface. The sea-water and the ordinary food of the polyps are evidently the sources from which the ingredients—principally carbonate of lime—of coral are obtained. The currents of the Pacific are constantly bearing new supplies of water over the growing coral beds, and the whole ocean is thus engaged in contributing to their nutriment. Fish, mollusk, and zoöphytes are thus provided with earthy ingredients for their calcareous secretions, if their food fails in giving the necessary amount; and, by reason of the powers of animal life, bones, shells and corals are thus formed. Early navigators and investigators believed that the coral grows in great depths; but, by means of investigations and observations, twenty fathoms has been agreed upon as the limit of corals as regards distribution in depth.

The rate of growth of corals is a subject of which little has been said, and less known. There is no doubt but that the rate differs in different species. "In the Persian Gulf a ship had her copper bottom covered, in the course of twenty months, with an encrustation of coral three feet thick." The *madrepora prolifera* restored in two months some large individual corals that had been torn away. In general, three inches a year may be taken as a sufficiently close approximation to the truth.

Reef-forming species are the warm-water corals of the globe. A general survey of the facts connected with the temperature in coral reef seas appears to sustain the conclusion that they are confined to waters which, even in the coldest winter month, have a mean temperature not below 68° F. Under the equator, the surface waters in the hotter part of the ocean have the temperature 85° F. in the Pacific, and 83° F. in the Atlantic. The range from 68° to 85° is, therefore, not too great for reef-making species. As a general rule, the corals grow in greatest profusion

and wildest variety through its hottest portions. Through the torrid region, in the central and western Pacific—that is within 15° to 18° of the equator, where the temperature of the surface is never below 74° F.—all the prominent genera of reef-making species are abundantly represented.

About forty-five years ago, Reambieur was ridiculed and laughed at in the French Academy of Sciences for stating that corals were animals. This so discouraged and mortified the great French naturalist that he discontinued any further researches, thus leaving it to Darwin and Dana to fully develop the interesting subject.

The Actinozoa, a class of the Cœlenterata, embraces, among others, those animals that build the coral reefs. Their number and variety is legion, but the *Astræa*, *Mændrina*, *Madrepora*, and *Porites* are the best-known genera of coral-secreting Cœlenterates. The forms assumed by the growing coral are often of the most fantastic and beautiful nature.

The *Astræa* are a hemispherical mass covered with large cells in the form of stars; the *Meandrina*, or "brain-coral," are also globular, but the surface is very irregular and meandering; the *Madrepora* are neatly branched, with pointed extremities, each ending in a small cell about a line in diameter; the *Porites*, or "sponge coral," are also branching, but the ends are blunt, and the surface comparatively smooth and sometimes in fan-shape; the *Tubipora*, or "organ-pipe coral," consist of smooth, red tubes connected at intervals by cross-plates. The *Gorgonia*, or "sea-fan," another class of corals, consist of a horny axis covered with calcareous spicules; the branches rise in the same vertical plane and unite into a beautiful network. *Coralium Rubrum*, the precious coral of commerce, is shrub-like, about a foot high, solid throughout, taking a high polish, finely grooved on the surface, and of a crimson or rose-red color. In the living state the branches are covered with a red cœnosarc studded with polyps. The coral fishery is pursued on the coasts of Algiers and Tunis, where assemble in the winter and spring from two hundred to three hundred vessels. The coral fishermen, with large, rude nets, break off the coral from the submerged rocks. About a half million dollars' worth is thus gathered each season.

Ordinary corals have a hardness a little above that of common limestone or marble. The ringing sound given, when struck, indicates this superior hardness. It is a common error of old date that the Feejee seas afford magnificent specimens of these torrid region productions:

"Astræas and Mænadrius grow there in their fullest perfection: Madrepores add flowering shrubbery of many kinds, besides large vases and spreading folia; some of these folia are over 6 feet in expanse. Mussel and related species produce clumps of large flowers. Merulinæ, Echinoporæ, Gemmiporæ, and Moëtipuræ form groups of gracefully unfolded or spreading leaves; Bavomæ, Pacelliporæ, Seriatiporæ and Porites branching tufts of a great variety of ferns; Tubipores and Xenæ, beds or mosses of the most delicately-tinted pinks; Spongodeæ, large pendant clusters of orange and crimson; and Fungix display their broad disks in the spaces among the other kinds. Many of the species may be gathered from the shallow pools

about the reefs. But with a native canoe, and a Feejee to paddle and dive, the scenes in the deeper waters may not only be enjoyed, but boat-loads of the beautiful corals be easily secured." (*Dana*).

Coral reefs are either fringing or barriers. *Fringing* when they lie immediately adjacent to the land without any intervening space; *barriers*, when they are removed some distance from the land.

Both fringing and barrier reefs are a great advantage to the islands of the Pacific. Besides being a defence against the violence of the ocean, they are dikes to detain the detritus of the hills. They stop the waters of the streams, and cause them to drop the silt they were bearing off, and thus secure its addition to the land. The coral banks and the enclosed channels greatly enlarge the limits of the lands they encircle.

Coral Islands, or Atolls, are found only in those parts of the ocean which have known at one time or another a period of subsidence. The coral reefs, entirely or partly, encircle an island which, by its own weight and that of the coral, is gradually forced to sink till at last nothing but a coral reef remains, surrounding a miniature inland sea called a lagoon. The coral, of course, sinks with the island, but new additions are constantly being made so that it always attains, at least the level of the sea, or perhaps higher. The level is gradually raised higher and higher above the sea by the action of the winds and waves, in breaking up the living corals, and forming, with the *débris* of shells and other limestone, secreting animals and plants, banks or deposits of coral mixed with a chalky limestone, as the base of the reef. When it rises above the waves, cocoa-nuts and other seeds are caught and washed upon the top and, gradually, the island becomes large enough and fit for the habitation of man. The Bermudas are the remnants of a single Atoll. Darwin speaks of the inhabitants of these islands as living in an ideal paradise. All the blessings of nature are theirs. Their climate is practical, vegetation luxuriant, and they live the life of nature among the palm and cocoa-nut groves of their lovely homes.

Short Snaps.

On hearing the customary cackle over a new-laid stenographic egg:

O! great were Faust and Guttenberg,
Inventors of the Press;
Great, too, was Humphrey Davy,
Nor was Isaac Newton less;
But greater far the hero—
If all we read be true—
Who adds to stenographic art
The last new curly cue.

On seeing a magnificent full-length portrait in the upper gallery:

Though Noah's ark was high, he'd see,
My lord, a higher ark in thee!

On a youth's return from the *soirée dansante*:

In vain he struggled to assume his customary swagger—
'Twas not the whiskey he'd imbibed: the stag-dance made
him stagger.

On an injudicious performance:

'Twas hot as the zone that is torrid:
He felt a sad pain in his forehead,
So he bathed it in ink;
But it made his heart sink,
For his notes for the wash-room were horrid.

LETTENHAM SCHLEID.

Scientific Notes.

—It is stated that the Chinese Government, casting aside national prejudice, has called in the aid of European miners to work its coal mines. There are immense deposits of coal in China, and, with the aid now called in, they are expected to be very quickly developed.

—Mr. William Ladd, the well-known scientific instrument maker, is dead, at the age of seventy years. Mr. Ladd's name is associated with several of the pieces of apparatus employed by Dr. Faraday. He was a maker of large induction coils and of a dynamo which bears his name.

—Dr. Zulinski has published, in a Warsaw medical journal, the result of a long series of experiments made by him on both human beings and animals, with a view of verifying the physiological effects of tobacco smoke. He found that it is a distinct poison, even in small doses. Upon men its action is very slight, when not inhaled in large quantities; but it would soon become powerful if the smoker got into the habit, as some do, of swallowing the smoke. The cigar smoker absorbs more poison than the cigarette smoker, and the latter than those who smoke pipes, while the smoker who takes the precaution of using a narghile, or any other apparatus which conducts the smoke through water, reduces the deleterious effects to a minimum.

—Mr. Thomas Kay, President of the Stockport Natural History Society, read before the Manchester Literary and Philosophical Society a paper "On Making Sea Water Potable." His process is to remove the chlorides from salt sea water by the use of the citrate of silver. Mr. Kay states that one ounce of citrate of silver will convert half a pint of sea water into a drinkable fluid, and a man can keep alive on it a day, or seven ounces will serve to sustain life for a week. He proposes that bottles of the citrate of silver should be secured in the lifeboats of ships, and used when absolutely required. The citrate of soda formed is an important constituent of the human body, and citric acid from its carbon is almost a food.

—*Athenæum*.

—COCA.—WHAT IS COCAINE?—The discovery that Cocaine will produce local anæsthesia, or insensibility to pain, is next in importance to the discovery of the properties of ether. Cocaine has of late been used in important oper-

ations upon the eye; this, and especially its recent use in the disease under which General Grant has suffered so long, have given it unusual prominence. We give herewith an account of the plant from which Cocaine is derived. The earliest European travellers in Peru mention the use, by the natives, of a leaf, which they chewed to produce a stimulating effect, similar to that of opium. The leaves known as Coca, are from a shrub which bears the same native name, and is cultivated in Huanuco, and other mountainous provinces in the Peruvian Andes, which have an altitude of two to five thousand feet above the sea. The shrub reaches the height of six or eight feet, and has very thick, evergreen leaves. The name of the genus is *Erythroxylon*, which means red-wood; several of the species, natives of tropical countries, having wood of a red color. The specific name of the Peruvian species, is that given to it by the natives, hence its scientific name is *Erythroxylon coca*. In its relation the shrub is nearest to the flax and the geranium families. The shrub is cultivated in a rude manner by the natives, who raise the young plants from the seeds, to form plantations known as *Cocals*. In from three to five years from planting, the shrubs afford a gathering of leaves, and after that a picking is made annually. The leaves are mature when they break on being bent. They are dried on platforms, or on a portion of ground made smooth by stamping. The leaves, when dry, are packed in bales of about eighty pounds, which are covered by a coarse cloth made by the natives. In this form it is an important article of domestic traffic in Peru, and recently it has been sent to this country and to Europe in considerable quantities. The wholesale value of the leaves is from one dollar, to one dollar and fifty cents per pound. In Peru, the use of Coca is very general, especially among the natives. The leaves, mixed with lime, are chewed and the saliva swallowed, the individual remaining quiet the while. As the enjoyment of the Coca occurs four times each day, and each time requires at least half an hour, it causes no little interruption to work and to travel. The effects of Coca are said to be most pleasantly intoxicating, and those who become addicted to its use, rarely abandon it. It is claimed that by the use of Coca, the Peruvians can perform a great amount of labor in the mines, and as porters in carrying loads, upon very little food. The active principle, Cocaine (not "Cocaine," as sometimes incorrectly written), has been separated. The process is expensive and the product small, hence the price has been very high; the salts of Cocaine having been sold at over a dollar a grain. In view of the probable increased demand for Coca, it would be proper for our Department of Agriculture to consider the possibility of successfully cultivating the shrub within our own territory.—*American Agriculturist for June*.

THE most insurmountable obstacle to the triumph of good is not often the worst men, but rather those who carry about with them the power of certain human virtues.—*George Eliot*.

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

Notre Dame, June 6, 1885.

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 EIGHTEENTH year of its existence, and presents itself anew 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:

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

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

—The general programme of the examinations is as follows: next week will be devoted to the examinations in Modern Languages and the Minim department; the examination of the Graduates will be held on the 15th and 16th; the general examinations will begin on the 17th, and conclude on Monday, the 22d.

—The great event of the coming week will be the Class Day Exercises by the Class of '85. The programme includes, among other things, the Class Day Poem, by Mr. W. H. Johnston; the Class Prophecy, by Mr. C. Porter; Speeches by Messrs. J. Guthrie, H. Porter, G. Smith and J. F. Conway. All the exercises, music included, will be conducted exclusively by members of the Class.

—Last Saturday, Very Rev. Father General Sorin celebrated the forty-eighth anniversary of his ordination to the sacred priesthood. In union with all his spiritual children we rejoice at the health and vigor with which Heaven continues to bless the venerable Founder of Notre Dame, and we earnestly hope that the years of his useful and beneficent life in the sacred ministry may be still further prolonged—that he may happily celebrate, not only the "golden jubilee" of his career as the minister of God, but also the "golden jubilee" of

the work of his grand heart and mind—Notre Dame—whose increasing influence for good is daily adding to the merits of a noble and well-spent life.

—The following letter explains itself:

NEW YORK, N. Y., May 29, 1885.

DEAR PROF. EDWARDS:—I send you by this mail two etchings—one on plate paper and the other on India paper—of the Cardinal Archbishop of New York. Except one I sent to himself, you are the only one who has yet received one, for love or money; so consider yourself complimented.

Yours,

P. V. HICKEY.

The etchings are done in the highest style of art, and are pronounced masterpieces by so distinguished a critic as Signor Gregori. The portrait was painted by G. P. A. Healy, drawn by Alexander Zenope, etched by Stephen H. Horgan, and published by P. V. Hickey, 11 Barclay Street, N. Y. As soon as the etchings are placed in the market, Japan proofs can be secured for \$5.00, and ordinary proofs for \$3.00. Persons desiring a real work of art will do well to secure one of these etchings.

—On the 31st ult., the members of the Senior Total Abstinence Union took a trip to the St. Joseph's Farm, where they held a very enjoyable picnic. Four large carriages were filled with excursionists; and, headed by an immense band-wagon for the accommodation of our University band, who went along as invited guests, they started from the College grounds, at half-past eight a. m. Among the distinguished visitors who accompanied the party were Rev. President Walsh, Rev. Vice-President Toohy, Rev. Father Stoffel, Brothers Emmanuel and Marcellinus, Professors Stoddard and Paul. The day was a delightful one, and the seven miles of a ride through the beautiful country were passed in the greatest enjoyment, not a little of which was contributed by the enlivening and inspiring strains of the band. Arrived at the Farm, the time was spent in the employment of all those means of recreation and amusement too familiar to need description. Suffice it to say that the little intermission in the routine of college life was as happy and agreeable as it was merited by the participants.

While our Senior Temperance Society thus merrily closes its college year, it may not be amiss to say a word in its favor. It is now in a most flourishing condition, numbering about fifty members—the *élite* of the department. During the year past it has displayed a commendable spirit of zeal and activity in the furtherance of the objects for which it was established. Its various meetings, reunions, entertainments, etc., have been conducted with an earnestness and zeal which, while keeping alive the spirit and energy of the members, have exercised no slight influence for good upon their fellow-students. The stand which they have taken in the cause, actuated by the noble principle of self-restraint, is one that commends itself to the serious attention of every college student, who takes a just pride in preparing himself for an honorable

and useful career in after-life. All honor to the Notre Dame Temperance Society of '85! May it be theirs to realize, in the fullest measure, the happy and beneficent results of the noble principles which they have adopted as the guide and rule of their life and conduct!

—The festival of Corpus Christi—or the festival of the Blessed Sacrament, in which the God-Man is really and truly present upon earth—is celebrated at Notre Dame with that splendor and religious display so characteristic of Catholic countries. This year its celebration was, thanks to increased facilities, even more magnificent than that of former years. Solemn High Mass was sung at eight o'clock by Very Rev. A. Granger, assisted by Rev. Fathers Fitte and Toomey as deacon and subdeacon; Mr. J. Thilman, C. S. C., Master of Ceremonies. Immediately after Mass an eloquent sermon on the Blessed Eucharist was preached by Rev. Father Spillard, and then took place the solemn procession of the Blessed Sacrament. Several thousand persons, walking two by two, followed the grand procession around St. Joseph's Lake, while solemn music was played by the College Band, and hymns and canticles sung by the various choirs. The line of march was spanned at intervals by graceful arches, handsomely decorated, while pictures, statues, garlands and banners were placed in every available spot. Three repositories had been erected—one on the porch of the Main Building, another at the Novitiate and a third at Calvary, near the Professed House; before these in turn the procession stopped and solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given to the kneeling throng. At about eleven o'clock the procession re-entered the church where Benediction was once more given and then the grand *Te Deum* was sung by hundreds of voices, and fittingly concluded a solemnity which was as impressive as it was edifying and religious.

* * *

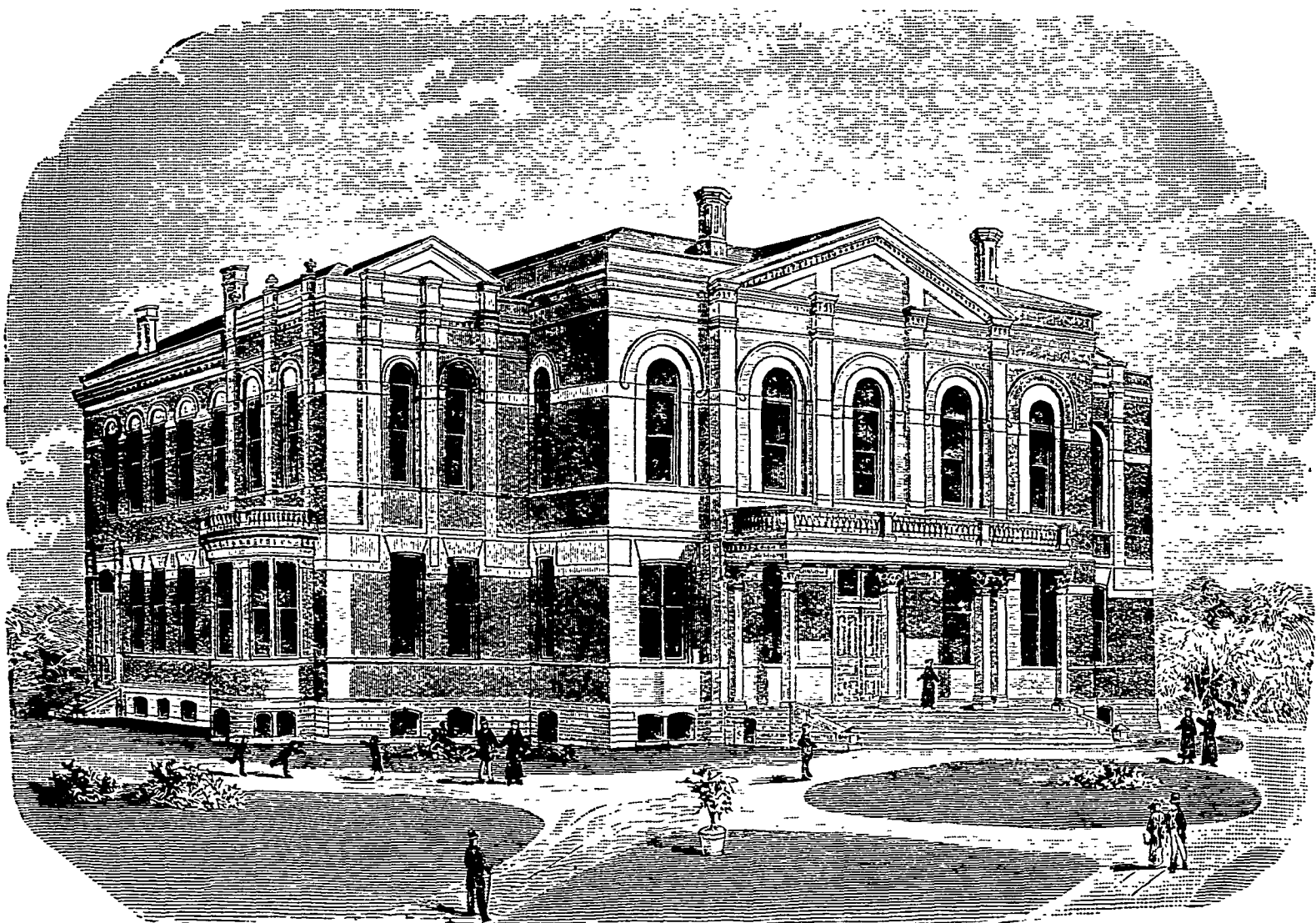
All the rare roses, gorgeous peonies, magnificent cala lilies and fragrant flowers which decorated the grand gothic altar erected before Mater Dei College were gifts to our Lord from the students irrespective of creed. Not even a single artificial flower was used in the erection of the students' repository. The boys cheerfully and lovingly gave to Him from whom they have received so much and their willing hands erected the massive structure, considering themselves highly privileged to be allowed to assist in decorating a receptacle for the Most High.

* * *

The general order and harmony prevailing, as well as the splendor of the decorations are, to a great extent, attributable to the wise and energetic management of our esteemed Prefect of Discipline, Rev. M. J. Regan, C. S. C. In particular, the design and ornamentation of the students' repository revealed the good taste and skill of Prof J. F. Edwards.

—*The Catholic Review* (Brooklyn, N. Y.,) in acknowledging a notice which appeared recently in these columns, says:

"Our readers, equally with the SCHOLASTIC, can judge how far its great praise is merited, but we amicably protest that, in giving us every other quality, it is robbing us of our one great merit of patience. It is not 'for the last four or five months' that *The Catholic Review* has attacked the consolidated bigotry of New York. Thirteen years ago, this May, it sat down before the gates of that fortress of injustice and oppression, the House of Refuge, and it resolved that even were it to take twenty years, it would remain there until either the House of Refuge was made a private institution from which Catholic children and State aid should be excluded, or that the Constitution of the United States and of the State of New York should be observed within its walls. If thirteen years further are vouchsafed to us and are necessary for the struggle, we shall cheerfully give them also. But we do not think so many will be necessary. 'The past four or five months' of the labor of *The Catholic Review*, which the SCHOLASTIC compliments, have indeed shortened the struggle for the application of a constitutional privilege, which cannot be disputed or much longer denied. They have enabled us to do the work of years. To speak of no other advantage, we have helped to secure the perhaps slow, but sure, relegation to obscurity of certain lobbyists, who, with the Catholic name on their lips and their pockets full of jobs and schemes, were willing to trade off the rights of Catholic children for anything that might help themselves or their 'pawty.' It is something to lessen the number of our open foes by convincing them of the justice and fairness of our claims; it is still more to shake off the dead and corrupting weight of false friends. Both have been accomplished by the advocates of Freedom of Worship during the past year. Whether this demand will be successfully resisted much longer, we cannot predict; but although *The Catholic Review* does not wish to see justice delayed even one hour, it would not consider it an unmixed evil if the Catholic body had to *work* a little longer for it. It is a measure that ought to be granted, but in securing it Catholics must unite, organize and work. If they do so, their demand for this or for any other justice, will become irresistible. For nothing else but justice will they ever ask, and an earnest demand for justice, from men who know that they are wronged and mean to be righted, will always impress the people of New York, who at heart are not bigots nor unjust. We thank the SCHOLASTIC for its compliment to *The Catholic Review*, which, after all, has done but a duty that gave it intense pleasure, although in doing it, it has sometimes had to pay the penalty of offending ill-informed or malicious people who preferred their opinions or their interests to those of the oppressed prisoner and to the still larger Catholic rights for which we contended. But the Catholic conscience and the Catholic intelligence of the country have sustained us, and we are content."



SCIENCE HALL, Notre Dame, Ind.

The Department of Physical and Natural Sciences.

Notre Dame has always given special attention to the cultivation of the physical and natural sciences, but during the past few years extra efforts have been made in this direction, with a view of affording to her students all the facilities and advantages that may be found elsewhere. A large and commodious building, in the Romanesque style, known as "Science Hall," has been erected for this purpose, and it is the intention of the authorities to make it as perfect in all its appointments as any similar institution in the country. There are upwards of twenty-five spacious, well-lighted and well ventilated rooms in the building, nearly all of which are designed either as lecture-rooms or laboratories for the various branches of experimental science.

The building has been carefully planned for the purpose for which it is to be used, and embodies in its construction all the improvements and conveniences to be found in the most approved scientific structures of this country and Europe.

Special attention has been given to make the building convenient both for professor and student. The laboratories, lecture-rooms and cabinets are so connected with each other, and with the grand apartments set aside for the museum, that specimens and apparatus are always at hand when desired, and where they can be used. The students

of natural history have their specimens systematically arranged in rooms adjoining their laboratories, whilst the students of chemistry and physics have their cabinets as conveniently near, and, at the same time, independent of each other, owing to the peculiar plan of the building. The various classes can enter the rooms and laboratories without interfering in any way with each other, and can continue their studies and experiments indefinitely without interruption. The general principles of science are taught by lectures, and these are supplemented by practical work in the various laboratories.

In chemistry and physics the necessary apparatus are at the disposal of the student, and he is expected to verify, by observation and experiment, what has not been experimentally illustrated in the lectures he has attended.

In all these departments, as well as in those of physics and chemistry, special stress will be laid on practical work, and a student's proficiency will be estimated by his record of observation and experiment in the laboratory and workshop.

In the study of botany, zoölogy, and physiology, each student is provided with a microscope and the necessary accessories, and most of his time is spent in microscopic study, under the direction of the professor.

In geology and mineralogy the system is the same. The student commences work in the laboratory at once, and thus early becomes ac-

quainted with the various minerals, rocks, fossils, etc. The blowpipe, microscope, polariscope and clinometer are in constant use to verify what has been learned in the lecture-room, and to fix it on the memory.

In the department of mechanical engineering it is intended to have fully equipped workshops, for wood and metals. Steam engines and dynamo-electric generators, and motors of various types and sizes will furnish the power required, and afford the student special facilities in making experiments concerning the various forms of energy.

A photographic laboratory is also fitted up in the building, where the student is enabled to learn, practically and in a short time, the art of modern photography, and thus prepare himself for professional work in the studio.

Rooms have likewise been set aside for assaying and metallurgy, and it is the purpose of those in charge to leave nothing undone to make the work in this department compare favorably with that accomplished in the others.

Additions of apparatus and specimens are constantly being made to the various departments and no effort will be spared to make "Science Hall" a recognized centre of thorough work in genuine practical science.

Exchanges.

—What is the matter with *The Cynic*, the representative of the University of Vermont? We haven't seen it for some time, and we miss its welcome visits. We hope our class-sick (*sic sum*) brother hasn't been ferried over the dark river. When last seen at Notre Dame *The Cynic* looked hale and hearty, and bade fair for a long life of usefulness.

—From opposite extremes—England and Illinois—come two new exchanges, *Fronces Silvula*, from the Salford Catholic Grammar School, England, and *The Bayonet*, which had the honor of being introduced with some flattering words from *The Niagara Index*. Both are bright, handsome little papers, and both are welcome. *The Bayonet* locates us at South Bend, Indiana,—not far from being correct, certainly, but still a couple of miles out of the way. We can see the tall chimneys of the "standpiped city of Colfax" in the dim distance, but we are not much nearer to it than we are to St. Mary's Academy in the opposite direction.

—The Exchange editor of our bright and esteemed contemporary, *The Bethany Collegian*, must have been badly hurt by our remarks upon his conduct, more than a month ago; he seems to be in a dazed condition yet, talking little, and that in an incoherent manner,—the *Speculum*, the *Blair Hall Magazine*, and the *Niagara Index* being indiscriminately mixed. We confess that it was rather a rough practical joke to make the Exchange man of the *Collegian* swallow the medicine compounded in his own pharmacy, by another editor,

for somebody else,—but, then, the said Exchange editor was sorely ailing, and the medicine suited his case exactly. A second dose might effect a permanent cure.

—The *West Virginia School Journal*, an excellent sixteen-page monthly magazine devoted to the educational interests of West Virginia, comes to us with a request to exchange. The high character of the *Journal*—it is edited by Prof. B. S. Morgan, Sup't of Schools, assisted by an able corps of associate editors from various educational institutions—makes the exchange an agreeable one to us. If there be any among us who wish to make teaching their life work they will find entertainment and instruction in the *School Journal's* contributed and editorial articles. A fair share of miscellaneous selections, suitable for everybody, will attract the general reader. The *Journal* may be found with our other exchanges in the reading-room.

—The *Academica* publishes a circular addressed to the citizens of Cincinnati by the new President of the University, calling attention to its claims, and a large edition of the paper has been printed. The editors say that copies of the present issue will reach every family in the city that has children in the intermediate and high schools, and be also extensively circulated in Indiana, Kentucky, and Illinois. The *Academica* having been adopted as the organ of the University of Cincinnati, we hope it will try to merit the honor, and this implies a great deal more and better work than formerly. The Exchange editor compliments us by saying that he agrees with the *Concordiensis'* statement that "the only thing the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC has in common with other college papers is an Exchange column." This is doing us too much honor; we think the statement should have read, "in common with *some* other so-called college papers"; all the college papers are not so far behind as the *Concordiensis* and *Academica* suppose.

—The *Cornell Era* gets off, or rather throws light on, a good joke upon its college "shells." Some time ago the *Yale Record* published the following item:

"Cornell has a collection of shells valued at \$10,000. Aquatic interests must be in a flourishing condition at Cornell."

The *Era* picks the kernel of the joke by saying that the collection referred to is probably the one illustrative of the science of conchology, and has not helped boating matters at all, "because the crew have never yet rowed in a clam-shell." The other collections of "shells," in the boat-house, was inventoried for the prosecution in the Fiske-McGraw will case, it adds, and put at \$1.13. From the same number of the *Era* we learn that the New York Intercollegiate Baseball Association has been in constant trouble since its organization, with no prospect of immediate relief. Cornell has lately won three victories in the diamond—two from Union College, with odds of 14 to 7 and 34 to 0 respectively, and one from Hamilton with odds of 12 to 6.

—Our Kentucky friend the *Skirmisher* waxes wroth, and from the abundance of his heart pays us a very expressive if not a very polite compliment. He says: "That model of bloated egotism, the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC, has seen fit to take the *Skirmisher* to task for publishing 'Burchard Dean's' letters, which, it says, 'for sheer idiocy take the cake.'" Now, *Skirmisher*, you must not let your angry passion get the better of your judgment in this way. You must know that what we said was true,—every word of it. We did not write to pick a quarrel, or to make anyone angry; the criticism was an honest one, and as such we think you ought to take it in good part. People who give an honest opinion seem to be as rare nowadays as an honest man was in the olden time, when the Greek philosopher, with his lantern alight in broad day, was seen vainly searching for one in the market-place. You say that "people who live in glass houses must *not* throw stones." They *may*, if they will; but they should not. The aphorism is a trite and a good one, but we cannot apply it to ourselves in the present instance. We have not lived and do not live in a glass house, and we do not throw stones. Years ago, with the exuberance of a boy in knee-breeches, we did throw stones, but being chased once by a brave and punctilious policeman we were so badly scared that we went and hid ourselves, and have refrained ever since.

—We were surprised, last month, on receiving what we supposed was our sprightly old contemporary *The Polytechnic*, of Brooklyn, in a new dress, or rather undress, for the brown wrapper with the suggestive spider web was off, and in its place a plain but neat cover of toned paper. We couldn't account for it, and hardly knew whether to compliment *Poly*, or not, upon its changed appearance. The handsomely engraved title-page, as well as the cover, was absent; but the body of the paper was of a finer quality than formerly, the print larger and clearer, the articles good, as usual, but for the life of us we couldn't make out *Poly's* object in changing; so we laid the paper aside, hoping to take it up again and notice it on its merits. Like many other good resolutions, we forgot all about this one in a little while. But when the old *Poly* came, this month, in its usual handsome garb, spider-web and all, and the new *Poly* came in a different but also handsome garb, we found the mystery explained. The latter, a new-comer—but like the other, *The Polytechnic*—was from the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, Troy, New York. These papers are two of a sort, and the sort is a good one, so we bid the new-comer a cordial welcome to the classic halls of Notre Dame. While commending both papers, would it not be advisable that the younger *Polytechnic*, for the sake of distinction, prefix "Rensselaer" to its title, or change it in some other way?

Personal.

—B. J. Claggett, of '80, and wife, of Lexington, Ill., visited the College during the week.

—Among the visitors who attended the Corpus Christi procession was Miss Eliza Allen Starr, of Chicago, the well-known writer and art critic. Many of the college people attended the art lectures given during the week by this distinguished lady at our sister institution, St. Mary's Academy.

—Among the visitors during the week were: Mr. and Mrs. Andrew and daughter, Laporte, Ind.; Miss Tillie Steis, Winamac, Ind.; Miss Carrie B. Hathaway, Boston, Mass.; Miss May Loomis, New York City; Jas. Devine and wife, Bloomington, Ill.; Mrs. Washington Graffe, Mrs. Henry Graffe, Miss Lizzie Graffe, Miss Katie Müller, Fort Wayne, Ind.

—A recent issue of the *Chicago Times* contained a flattering notice of the prosperity and success of the College of the Sacred Heart, Watertown, Wis., of which the Rev. John O'Keefe, C. S. C., formerly Prefect of Discipline at Notre Dame, is the efficient President, ably assisted by the Rev. A. Morrissey, C. S. C., formerly of the Faculty of Notre Dame. We append the following extract from the notice in the *Times*:

"The College of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart is widely known in liberal teaching and best discipline, while in the example shown and favor secured it holds first consideration, and claims the attention of the best circles. It embraces in its course of study a thorough English, commercial and classical course, and graduates from its halls are fitted in the various pursuits of life. Under the able management of Rev. Father O'Keefe, assisted by Father Morrissey, together with an efficient corps of assistants, the school not only retains all its former excellence, but is steadily gaining new laurels in the popular course pursued and universal satisfaction given."

Local Items.

- Time creepeth on apace.
- The St. Cecilians to-night.
- Commencement—June 23d and 24th.
- Hail to the champions of St. Joseph Co.!
- A rage for "Prince Alberts" has struck these parts.
- The triple competitions are progressing rapidly.
- "Gallantry is the brother of Generosity"—G. Harry.
- "Dickie" wants to *tour* the College Nine. All aboard!
- "Little Wag's" nine leads in the second nine championship.
- The electric crown on the statue of Our Lady burns brightly.
- The Seniors have begun to make preparations for the grand Annual Picnic.
- A grand final meeting of the Thespian Association will be held next week.
- The decorations for the festival of Corpus Christi were elegant and tasteful.
- St. Edward's Hall was elegantly decorated for the Procession on Corpus Christi.

—One solitary wall, like some grand old ruin, is all that remains of Old Science Hall.

—Ye seekers for honors, be on your guard, "lest ye be disappointed even at the last day!"

—Father Sullivan, an old student of Notre Dame, visited the Philosophy and Logic Classes last week, meeting with a cordial welcome.

—The clothing stores of our neighboring metropolis are being ransacked at this period of the year to furnish something elegant for the fastidious student.

—The curator of the Museum is indebted to Mr. Joseph Frankel, successor to Adler Bros., South Bend, Ind., for a contribution to the Numismatic Cabinet.

—Owing to press of other matter, the "Roll of Honor," "Class Honors" and "List of Excellence" have been crowded out, and several interesting items curtailed.

—Through Master G. Cooper, of the Junior department, Rev. Father Burke, of the Dubuque Cathedral, has presented to the Bishops' Gallery a 36x24 full-length photograph of his Grace the venerable Archbishop of St. Louis.

—Rev. President Walsh has commenced a visit of the classes in the Minim department to satisfy himself as to the improvement made during the year. On Wednesday he examined the Grammar Class and was well pleased with the work of the young grammarians.

—The following is the score of the 1st game for the Junior championship, played on last Thursday, between the "Reds" and the "Blues":

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
REDS:—	2	0	0	6	0	0	3	6		==17
BLUES:—	5	0	0	2	0	0	9	0		0=16

—Very Rev. Father General visited the Minims last Tuesday. He found them earnestly at work. He proposed some of his own knotty problems to the Arithmetic Class, and the "Princes" solved them with a dispatch and accuracy that greatly delighted him.

—The 10th regular meeting of the Sorin Literary and Dramatic Association was held on Monday, May 25th, at which C. Mooney and J. Piéro were elected to membership. Essays were read by F. Rugee, E. Kelly, I. Grunsfeld, D. Sweet, J. Kelly, F. Peck, B. O'Kane, F. Piel, F. Weston, F. Garrity, A. McVeigh, W. McPhee. The meeting closed with an interesting address from the chair.

—A fine large crayon portrait of Rt. Rev. Bishop O'Reilly, second incumbent of the See of Hartford, Conn., has been placed in the Bishops' Gallery. Bishop O'Reilly was drowned at sea in 1856. The vessel he sailed in on his return voyage from Rome was never heard from, not even a stick or spar from the missing vessel was ever found. The crayon portrait was copied from a daguerreotype and presented to the Professor of History by Mr. Luke Tully, of Providence, R. I. who was confirmed by the lamented prelate.

—Last Saturday evening a very enjoyable concert

was given under the auspices of the Crescent Club. Many distinguished visitors were present, and an excellent and varied programme was presented. The exercises began with a classic "Overture," played in good style by the Club Orchestra. Mr. C. Reynolds followed with a piano solo—"Mendelssohn's Wedding March," *Fantasia* by Sidney Smith,—and played in good taste and correctness. Ch. Ruffing and A. Cooper, in turn, gave piano solos—the former rendering "Harp Sounds" by Yungmann, and the latter a composition of Lange, entitled "Pure as Snow"—both pieces were well received, the performers showing correctness and facility of execution. An excellent violin solo was given by Mr. G. Myers, who played a "Fantasia" from *La Gazza Ladra*, and deservedly received great applause for his admirable performance. A piano solo by S. Nussbaum came next; the piece was "La Torrent de le Montagne," by Sidney Smith, and interpreted by the player with spirit and taste. Our little *maestro*, R. Oxnard, gave one of his excellent and marvellous piano solos, playing a *Valse de Chopin*. The performance was closed by the "Grande Marche de Triumphe," by the Club Orchestra. This hurried account gives but a faint notion of a really meritorious performance and a most delightful evening.

—The College nine have added another feather to their cap by defeating the South Bend "Green stockings," the champions of the district. Our boys may justly be proud of their work as the latter nine is composed of old and experienced players. The strong hold of the home team was its battery, Guthrie and Burke, the first of whom puzzled the visitors by his hard but deceptive pitching. In fact, every position was finely played and each member of the team can congratulate himself in being one of the number who defeated the "Green Stockings." The following is the score:

UNIVERSITY NINE.....	A.B.	R.	I.B.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Devoto, 1st b.....	5	0	2	2	12	2	0
McNulty, s. s.....	5	1	0	0	1	0	2
Guthrie, p.....	5	1	2	3	3	12	3
McCabe, 2d b.....	5	1	0	0	2	1	0
Burke, c.....	5	2	1	2	4	2	4
Coghlin, l. f.....	4	1	1	2	0	0	0
H. Porter, c. f.....	4	1	2	2	1	0	0
Tully, 3d b.....	4	1	0	0	2	2	1
C. Combe, r. f.....	4	0	0	0	2	0	1
<i>Total</i>	41	8	6	11	27	19	11
GREEN STOCKINGS.....	A.B.	R.	I.B.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Johnson, s. s.....	5	0	2	0	1	5	0
Barr, r. f.....	5	1	0	0	2	0	1
Peak, c.....	4	2	0	0	8	2	1
Dobson, 3d b.....	4	0	0	0	0	0	3
Jamison, 1st b.....	4	0	0	0	6	0	4
Miller, 2d b.....	4	0	0	0	4	2	1
Deacon, l. f.....	4	0	0	0	3	0	0
Cooper, c. f.....	4	1	0	0	1	0	1
Kurtz, p.....	4	2	0	0	1	5	2
<i>Total</i>	38	6	2	2	26	14	13

Porter out by batted ball.

INNINGS:—	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
UNIVERSITY NINE:—	0	1	0	3	1	0	0	0	3=8
GREEN STOCKINGS:—	2	0	1	1	0	0	0	0	2=6

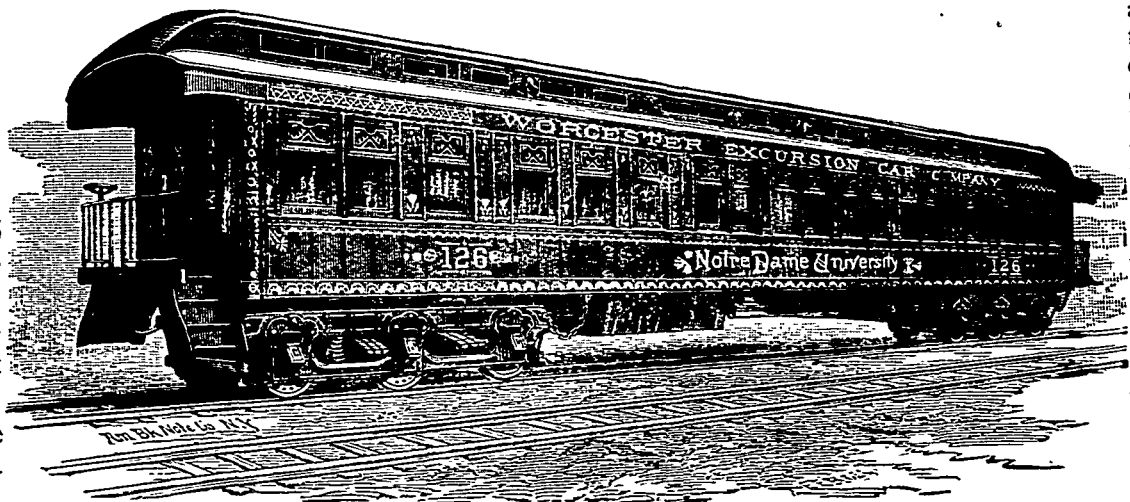
Two base hits, Burke, Guthrie, Coghlin.

The New Hotel Car "Notre Dame University."

We present herewith an engraving of a magnificent palace car, secured by Father Zahm, for the special use of the western students with their parents and friends. The car is built by the Worcester Excursion Car Co., and is by far the finest and best that has yet been sent from their shops. It has been appropriately named "Notre Dame University," as it will be the car used by the students of Notre Dame in going to and returning from their distant homes in the Far West. Experience in conducting students' excursions shows that it is not only far more convenient and comfortable, but actually cheaper to have a first-class buffet or hotel car than to travel in the ordinary way. This applies particularly to cases where students remain in the cars for several days. In going to Denver, for instance, the shortest time, *via* the Burlington route, is two days. To the Pacific Coast it requires between four and five days, whereas to the city of Mexico, which is about three thousand miles distant, the trip occupies six days. A little over a year ago a party of students for Notre Dame from the city of the Montezumas came in a special hotel car from Mexico to South Bend without change; but this was in connection with the celebrated first International train from the Mexican capital to Chicago—an excursion, by the way, which was gotten up by Father Zahm.

Having a special through car, the party escapes all the annoyances incident to transfers from train to train and from depot to depot. And if their car be a hotel car, they can take their meals together at their leisure, and when they feel disposed to do so. They are not obliged to wait for their meals when the train is behind time, or to bolt their food as they are almost obliged to do by the customary twenty minutes' stoppage at railway eating houses. By having a hotel car of their own, the party is practically at home, and a long journey, far from being a source of annoyance and fatigue, becomes one of pleasure and recreation.

We are sure our western friends will be pleased with this new arrangement, as we are certain it will conduce materially to the comfort of their necessarily prolonged journeys to and from college. Hitherto the western students have always had special Pullman palace cars, but this gave them only the benefit of a sleeper. Now they will have the luxury of a dining car added.



We understand the western delegation has already commenced making arrangements to render their trip homewards a delightful picnic. From the grand scale on which they have done things hitherto we are prepared to expect almost anything from them in that line, now that they have the new car referred to. Their *chef de cuisine*, we are informed, is a French cook who served three years in Delmonico's, New York, and who promises to provide for the party in a way that would delight royalty itself. To render the trip more enjoyable there will be music, readings, recitations, etc. Father Zahm, will have charge of the party, and will, we understand, be accompanied by two or three members of the Faculty.

The following is a description of the new car—"Notre Dame University"—and will, we are sure, be read with interest:

"The interior of the car is finished in mahogany and oak, richly carved, and ornamented with marqueterie of colored woods, metals and pearls. The ceiling is of panelled birds-eye maple, decorated with hand-painted designs of vines and flowers. In the centre panel, over the grand saloon, is an oil painting of the grand Falls of the Yellowstone River, in the National park. The easy chairs and sofa seats are of solid mahogany, upholstered in Florentine plush, while the dining chairs, of same wood, are covered with leather. The floor, throughout, is covered with

a rich mezzotinted Wilton carpet of new design. As the lower berths in the main saloon are entirely removed from the floor when not in use, there is ample room for easy chairs and other movable furniture, which gives an air of comfort quite out of the question

where only stationary seats are used. A special feature of this car is a sliding partition between the front passage and the state-room at the end of the car which may be pushed back into a pocket, out of sight, increasing the width of the state-room to the entire car."

In the SCHOLASTIC of next week we will give a view of the interior of the car, which has been crowded out this week. In connection with "Notre Dame University" a parlor car will be chartered, thus giving ample room for the party.

"LET us go back," said the speaker, beginning his lecture, "into the dim past of the Tertiary ages." And his audience arose, as one man, and left the hall. They didn't object to going back to the Tertiary ages particularly, but they didn't propose to start off on such a remote excursion without feeling pretty certain that the return tickets wouldn't expire before the home trip was concluded. Anybody can go to the Tertiary ages; it doesn't require a lecturer to take us there. The trouble is to get back here again.—*Ex.*

Saint Mary's Academy.

One Mile West of Notre Dame University.

—A class in Type-Writing has been formed.

—On Tuesday, June 2d, Miss Starr arrived at St. Mary's. With her she brings a large collection of valuable paintings for the illustration of her lectures.

—The classes in Book-keeping, of which there are four, this week have passed their examinations very creditable to the members, nearly all of them deserving 100.

—Miss Estelle Horn is to be specially commended for the active interest she has taken in making the meetings of St. Catharine's Society a source of real improvement.

—On Trinity Sunday, at 11 a. m., the reception of Children of Mary took place, in the Chapel of Loreto. Rev. Father Shortis conducted the ceremony, and preached a beautiful sermon. The Misses Brady and Dwan were admitted to full membership, and Miss Thornton as an aspirant.

—After the usual instruction, on Monday morning, in the Chapel of Loreto, Very Rev. Father General presented each of the Children of Mary with a snow-white chaplet which with his own hands he had blessed. Later, two prizes were drawn; a china plaque, beautifully decorated, fell to Miss Dunne, and a volume, entitled "Catholic Poets," to Miss Brady.

—Among the visitors of the week were, Mrs. S. H. Chute, and Miss Chute, of Minneapolis, Minn.; Mrs. M. Carney, of Detroit, Mich.; Mr. and Mrs. B. J. Clagget, Lexington, Ill.; Mr. and Mrs. H. McLachlen, Mr. H. L. Hendy, Mrs. A. H. Hendricks, and Mrs. Lowell, Elkhart, Ind.; Mrs. J. W. Irons, Logansport, Ind.; Mr. Geo. W. Munger, Chicago; Miss B. Andrews, Laporte; Mrs. J. Terry, Mishawaka, and Mrs. Van Pelt, South Bend, Ind.

—Miss Eliza Allen Star, of Chicago, so widely celebrated in the literary and artistic circles of Europe and America, gave a magnificent lecture on Tuesday evening. Very Rev. Father General, Rev. President Walsh, Rev. Fathers Spillard, Fitte, Shortis and Saulnier were present, also Professor Hoynes. The subject was "Florence and her Artists." The engaging charm of Miss Starr's style and manner is only equalled by the grandeur and earnestness of the faith which inspires her every thought and expression.

—The closing of the devotions of the month of May, on the evening of Trinity Sunday, constituted a very beautiful and imposing ceremony. The statue of the Blessed Virgin was borne on a palanquin, by four of the officers of the Children of Mary—the Misses Sheekey Heckard, Adderly, and A. Murphy. An exquisite crown of tuberoses, white geraniums and white heliotrope, woven by the Vice-President—Miss Bruhn—was

carried, on a satin pillow, by Miss S. Dunne, the worthy President, who, in the chapel, at the close of the devotion, placed the fragrant gift on the head of the statue, during the singing of an appropriate hymn. The procession was perfect. The gleaming of the numerous banners—the members of the various religious societies, the Children of Mary, the Children of the Holy Angels, and the Children of the Holy Child Jesus, each bearing one in her hands—produced a charming effect. The singing of the Litany, the *Magnificat*, and Father Faber's hymn, "O Purest of Creatures," fittingly timed the glorious march in honor of her who is

"Our tainted nature's solitary boast."

The palanquin was most tastefully decorated by the Prefect of Studies who is also the Prefect of the Sodality of the Children of Mary. For her untiring interest and constant devotion throughout the month of May, the grateful recipients of her kindness present their heartfelt acknowledgments.

Liberal Education.

BY MARTHA MUNGER.

We speak of one, for example, as having a good English education; or of the scientific, musical, artistic, or professional advantages enjoyed. Partial culture is implied in these expressions. Quite different is the conclusion to be derived when we refer to the liberally educated. Here we look for no subserviency of training to any other object than that of complete mastery in each and every branch of literary, scientific and artistic learning. To this no very young person can pretend. Many years must be devoted to the work. Smattering is quite out of the question. Not to *seem*, but to *be* thoroughly educated is the aim. The forcing of an acquirement is not tolerated by the guardian of a child who has determined that she shall be liberally educated. Such a guardian is, as a rule, himself well prepared, by his own early training and his true interest in his charge, to appreciate the necessity of taking due time. He will not inconsistently demand that several incompatible branches shall be "gone through with" in a certain number of years. An inexperienced guardian or parent may overrate the abilities of the pupil, and, by urging her to undue efforts, defeat his own laudable purpose. A wise teacher is the better judge. First and foremost health, then aptitude, interest in the branches proposed, and many considerations, would lead us to oppose the crowding system. To overburden the young is to occasion disgust. To rouse a love of study is to conquer the work of education by removing the greatest obstacle—distaste for books,—and in no case is *love of learning* so essential as in that under our present consideration.

In the olden times, when advantages afforded were so few and so poor, it would seem that pu-

pils made up for what was wanting by their earnestness of application, and that thorough culture was even more common than at the present day. With our surfeit of opportunities, our intellectual appetites are less keen, our mental circulation less vigorous. We are satisfied with superficial attainments, while our predecessors would spurn a shadow of pretension. Will our pride suffer us to acknowledge the truth? Rather let us humbly admit that too often real improvement is the last thing thought of. Watch the current of conversation in recreation hours. If it should prove something above the dreamy gossip of society, a fanciful future, or trifling flattery, it would, too often, be a matter of surprise.

When we read of "the burning of the midnight oil," the late and early study of old-time scholars who had neither gas or stenotypes to facilitate their mental efforts, we may plume ourselves upon our progress, and think that forty years' labor of the past should be crowded into five or six of the present. But however rapid the play of machinery, there has not as yet been invented a machine for thinking, and the process will probably be as deliberate at the last day as it was when Eve entered into her foolish debate with the serpent, and nine hundred years of penance was the outcome of her novel experiment in the use of dialectics. Her progeny of to-day have a like scorn for authority, but we are sure that time wasted—and worse than wasted—by some, if well employed, would make of them very good scholars. Their misplaced assiduity will meet its deserts, even as did her timidity.

A modern mistake is the frequent elimination of the languages from the scholastic course. This is not a slight, but a grave error; for in acquiring foreign tongues the door is opened to valuable literature to which we must be otherwise strangers. Translations can never take the places of the originals: again, should we travel—which, if liberally educated, it is to be supposed we shall—how greatly will our enjoyment be abridged if we know but our vernacular. Our new acquaintances in foreign countries must be superior to us and know our language as well as their own, or we find ourselves unable to converse with them. To render ourselves agreeable we must be able to speak the living languages—French, German, Italian and Spanish, etc. True, we may not aspire to rival Mozart or Bach, or Da Vinci, or Raphael, but we must be good judges of music and painting; and, though we make no pretensions to authorship, we must be familiar with the choicest literature, and our letters and conversation must show that our Grammar has not ended in the ability to recite the rules. We must be able to converse and compose freely and elegantly. This will show that we have devoted much time to the practice of intelligent conversations; that we indulge in none other, and that, in correct and praiseworthy composition, we have made our thorough studies, counting them as the corner-stone, the solid foundation to the educational super-structure.

But as one whom we all most highly esteem has said of a learned woman that, "without manners, she should be shut up in the corner of a Library all her life," we must conclude that such anomalies exist, and, should it be our happy lot one day to be learned, we must forestall the danger and now give earnest attention to the art which spreads its beauty over all the relations of life. Society in the future will look to us. Realizing the responsibility resting upon those who are now acquiring their education, let us be true to our sacred trust and never be satisfied with low attainments.

Roll of Honor.

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

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Par Excellence—Misses M. Adderly, Alwein, M. Bruhn, Blair, Brady, Call, Carney, S. Dunne, M. Dillon, E. Donnelly, C. Donnelly, M. Fuller, C. Ginz, B. Gove, C. Griffith, Gavan, Alice Gordon, B. Heckard, Hale, Keenan, Kearns, Kearney, Lange, T. McSorley, A. McSorley, Murphy, McHale, O'Connell, O'Halloran, Ramsey, Rose, Richardson, E. Sheekey, Sharette, Schilling, M. Scully, C. Scully, Schmidt, M. Shea, S. St. Clair, F. Thornton, L. Walsh, A. White. *2d Tablet*—Misses Blain, Bubbs, Fehr, Addie Gordon, L. Hutchinson, L. St. Clair.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Par Excellence—Misses B. Erlenborn, F. Hertzog, Norris, C. Prudhomme, Preston, Paul, C. Richmond, G. Regan, E. Sheekey, B. Snowhook, H. Stumer G. Searls, G. Stadtler, M. Smith. *2d Tablet*—Misses O. Boyer, L. Trask, M. M. Murphy.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Par Excellence—Misses E. Blaine, E. Burtis, E. Chapin, Hopkins, Johnson, Lindsey, Murray, Schmauss, Spencer, S. Van Fleet, E. Hammond, D. Lee.

ART DEPARTMENT.

HONORABLY MENTIONED.

FIGURE-DRAWING.

2D CLASS—Misses Fuller, English, Fehr.

ELEMENTARY PERSPECTIVE.

Miss C. Lang.

PAINTING IN WATER-COLORS.

Misses Trask, Stadtler, Keyes.

PAINTING ON CHINA.

Misses Shephard, Richmond, L. Van Horn.

OIL-PAINTING.

2D CLASS—Misses Heckard, Sheekey, Dunne.

3D CLASS—Miss M. Fuller.

2D. DIV.—Misses Munger, E. Walsh, Kearney, McSorley, Addie Gordon, Alice Gordon, McHale, S. St. Claire, Schilling C. Scully.

GENERAL DRAWING.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses C. Griffith, M. Hale, E. Donnelly, A. Donnelly, Thornton, T. McSorley, A. McSorley, Schilling, E. Walsh.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses Stadtler, Trask, Quill, McEwen, Hertzog, Prudhomme, Murphy, Preston, Norris, V. Balch, T. Balch, Smith, Boyer, Brown, T. Haney, Van Fleet, Servis, Erlenborn, Allen, Barney, Schmauss, Lindsey, Chapin, Burtis, E. Blaine, Murray, Johnson, Spencer, Hammond, Hopkins.