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Disce quasi semper victurus; vive quasi cras moriturus.

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[Every student of nouns, pronouns and verbs knows the necessity of transposing language for the sake of ascertaining its grammatical construction. The following shows twenty-six different readings of one of Gray's well-known poetical lines, yet the sense is not affected:]

The weary plowman plods his homeward way,  
The plowman, weary, plods his homeward way,  
His homeward way the weary plowman plods,  
His homeward way the plowman, weary, plods,  
The weary plowman homeward plods his way,  
The plowman, weary, homeward plods his way,  
His way the weary plowman homeward plods,  
His way the plowman, weary, homeward plods,  
The plowman, homeward, plods his weary way,  
His way the plowman, homeward, weary, plods,  
His homeward, weary way the plowman plods  
Weary, the plowman homeward plods his way,  
Weary, the plowman plods his homeward way,  
Homeward, his way the weary, plowman, plods,  
Homeward, his way the plowman, weary, plods,  
Homeward, his weary way the plowman plods,  
The plowman homeward, weary, plods his way,  
His weary way, the plowman homeward plods,  
His weary way, the homeward plowman plods,  
Homeward the plowman plods his weary way,  
Homeward the weary plowman plods his way,  
The plowman, weary, his homeward way plods,  
The plowman plods his homeward weary way,  
The plowman plods his weary homeward way,  
Weary, the plowman his way homeward plods,  
Weary, his homeward way the plowman plods.

## Free Trade vs. Protection.\*

REJOINDER ON THE AFFIRMATIVE.

BY WILLIAM H. ARNOLD.

(CONCLUSION.)

My friend either misunderstands or wilfully distorts the meaning of the sentence in my opening speech which is the subject of his third heading, viz.: either "Protection" is ineffective or it is impossible for our infant manufactories to be anything else than infant manufactories. Surely my meaning was not so ambiguously expressed as to mislead him in the manner which it appears to have done.

His quotation means simply that

\* Errata from the portion of this rejoinder published last week: On p. 343, 2d column, a little more than two thirds from top, for "interchange of these conditions" read "interchange of these commodities"; on p. 346, near the top of 2d column, for "84 million miles of track in the United States" read "86 thousand miles of track in the United States." Omission in same: from the middle of 1st column on p. 345, an explanation that the increase of exports over imports since 1873 is largely due to the payment of 130 millions annually to the foreigners who do our ocean carrying trade; from middle of 1st column on p. 346, "65 per cent. on salt."

SO LONG AS PROTECTION CAN BE SECURED, OUR MANUFACTORIES WILL NEVER BE ANYTHING ELSE THAN INFANT MANUFACTORIES

since no amount of "protection" seems to have strengthened them so as to render them able to compete with foreigners.

I claim that from their own assertions they are never strong enough to compete with foreigners, and if this be true they are still *infants*, and the theory of protection is a false one since it does not accomplish what its advocates claim. Who ever heard of a "protected" manufacturer asking that the duty on his merchandise be removed? Which one of them does not say he shall be "ruined" if "protective" duty is abolished? There is no example in history where a protected manufacturer ever requested that the duty on his manufactured goods be remitted on the ground that his industry had been fostered long enough, and had been made strong enough to compete with foreigners. At the breaking out of the war there were comparatively few heavy duties in force; but in order to produce a revenue for carrying on the war, almost everything imported was taxed, and the duties which had previously existed were raised enormously. Now, since the war, whenever it has been proposed to remove duties or to cut down the high ones to their rate before the war, there has not been an instance where an industry would be thus affected but what its owners have asserted, both privately and through their newspapers, that if such a reduction or removal of duty was accomplished they "should have to close up"; moreover there is not an instance of the kind where these "protected" parties have not used every means in their power to influence legislation in their behalf.

If we look over our past, we shall find this is the case not only now, but all the way through our history. The first duty was imposed in 1789: it was then but a "temporary expedient," soon to be removed, and averaged only 8½ per cent, but after 93 years of protection there is little chance of immediate removal, and the duty now averages 43½ per cent. Over one hundred years ago we exported such quantities of pig iron to England that she then, to "protect" her manufacturers, prohibited the importation of pig iron from the colonies. In 1789 the iron and steel makers of Pennsylvania asked for but a "few years protection" at the rate of 7½ per cent. on iron and \$11.00 per ton on steel, but to-day the duty on iron and steel is from 20 to 104 per cent.; and the iron producers of New Jersey and elsewhere still clamor for more "protection." Cotton manufacturers were contented with but 5 per cent. at first, and this was soon to be discontinued, and now the duty on cotton goods is from 35 to 63 per cent. In 1810 our woolen manufacturers considered that our woolen trade was past its infancy and they proposed to get along in a "year or two" without their duty, which was then from 5 to 22½ per cent., but now the duty on woolens is from 40 to 120 per cent. So I might continue on indefinitely. Protectionists asked only a little in the beginning, "for a short while," and now these monopolies have become so bold in their old age that they will not listen to the removal, and will not allow a reduction.

BUT DO OUR "PROTECTED" MANUFACTORIES COMPETE WITH FOREIGNERS?

Do our high protected goods constitute a large part of our exports? If they do not, then certainly protection is false and ineffective in its claimed results. I have already shown

that protection, by rendering prices high, *ipso facto* precludes us from competing abroad in those high dutied articles. Let us see if my conclusion is warranted by the facts. I regret that space will not permit me to produce a table of statistics. I take the exports of 1879 as one example, and, leaving out the minerals of our mines and the giant timber of our vast forests, I find that our natural resources—the productions of our soil, the gifts of Providence—sum up 88 per cent. of our entire exports; and the artificial production from our “protected,” fostered, cherished manufactories, all united, amounted to but the puny figure of 12 per cent. of our productions which left the country.

According to the United States Treasury reckoning, the purely agricultural and the forest products amounted in 1878 to 81.98 per cent. of our exports; in 1879, 77.72 per cent; in 1880, 83.24 per cent. of our exports. Comparing the “protected” exports during 1879, with the free, “unprotected” articles exported, I find the following proportion in round numbers: manufactured cotton, but \$11,000,000, while raw cotton was \$162,000,000; iron and steel combined, but \$15,000,000, while cheese and butter rated \$18,000,000; manufactured tobacco, but \$3,000,000, while the plant was \$25,000,000; copper—and we have the richest copper mines yet discovered—only \$2,000,000, while bacon was \$51,000,000. But how about the exports of our woolen producers—who proposed, in 1810, after a couple of years more fostering, to compete with Europe? Ah, here are the figures,—\$346,733! Wonderful! Gigantic competition! Instead of competition abroad, we find that the imports of woollens into the United States during the same year amounted to \$29,390,366! This is a fair sample of what “protection” accomplishes.

I trust that I have now made the meaning of the quotation which Mr. Orrick takes as his third heading, clear enough for that gentleman's understanding; if not, he will have to get some one else to explain the satire.

I do not claim that “protection” causes a decline in our manufactories,—quite the reverse. I do claim it discriminates in favor of the manufacturer at the expense of the consumer,—that it pays a bonus to the manufacturer which is extorted from the consumer,—that it raises the price so high that we cannot compete abroad,—that it limits us to a home market, and thus causes a transfer of home wealth (into the manufacturers' pocket), but not an increase of wealth in the country.

Mr. Orrick endeavors to show that the decline of ship-building in the United States is due to the introduction of iron steamers, which England was better prepared to produce than the United States. And pray why? Has she any better resources? What do you mean by better facilities? Have we not iron and steel manufactories “protected” by high tariff, and what better facilities do we need? Have we not scores of “better paid” (?) workmen? Ah, here's the rub! It is because England produces ships cheaper than the United States,—it is because *you put a tariff on steel, iron, copper, brass, wood, paint, sails, glass, rope, etc., everything* that enters into the construction of the vessel,—and thus England, with her Free Trade, can build ships cheaper, and thus

#### PROTECTION DESTROYS WHAT IT SEEKS TO PROTECT.

Mr. Orrick says that the refusal of the United States flag and registry to foreign-built ships has nothing to do with “protection.” Why, sirs, it is according to the very spirit of “protection.” The object of protective tariff is to prevent competition,—competition can only be prevented by keeping out all competitors, and if protective tariff fails to keep out all competitors, then the next and only protective measure is absolute prohibition. Why was this tyrannical law ever enacted if not to protect our ship-builders? Why have “protective” Congresses repeatedly refused to abolish these laws? Why do Mr. Roach and our other ship-builders cry out that they shall be “ruined” if these laws are repealed?

“Germany and Italy, both of which have high tariff, have navies much better than our own,” says Mr. Orrick. Is this a protective argument? Why, the gentleman should know that Great Britain—a free trade country—has a “better” navy than Germany, Italy, France, the United States, and some other countries besides, thrown in. In my argument I said nothing about the navies of any nations; I spoke only of the merchant marine or *carrying*

*trade* of the United States and Germany, and showed how the United States had lost her carrying trade by following our “protection” policy, and how Germany by following a directly opposite policy—by buying of England what she did not build at home—by giving the flag register to foreign-built ships—had built up a merchant marine which now divides with England our abandoned ocean-carrying trade. England builds ships not for Germany alone, but is constantly building for France, Italy, Russia, and nearly all the ship-owning nations of the world.

I will mention here something which was by mistake omitted from the portion of this rejoinder published in last week's SCHOLASTIC. I refer to the fact that payment of our *freight bills* to the foreigners who do our ocean carrying trade increases annually our exportations to the amount of \$130,000,000, for which we receive no importations in return. This, with the causes already cited, fully explains our increase of exports over imports since the great panic of 1873. These facts, moreover, expose the fraud practised by protectionists when they tell us that our excess of exports is a “favorable” balance of trade, notwithstanding the United States Treasury statistics show this kind of a “favorable” balance of trade to have happened so very seldom in our history—notwithstanding it is as plain as day that when we lose more than we gain, and others gain more than they lose, the balance of trade is favorable to *those who gain*, and not to us who lose.

Fifth and last, for which we are thankful, Mr. Orrick attempts to demolish us not by arguments but by a happy question which relieves him of that difficult (?) and rather laborious task. He asks

#### WHY DO THE IMMIGRANTS FLOCK TO THIS HAVEN

of protective rest? Does he not realize that there is some other reason besides “high wages”? Well, let us see. From 1820 to 1879, a period of sixty years, the total immigration to this country was 9,908,799. Of this vast number, England, excluding Ireland, furnished 1,632,337, Germany and Italy 3,072,208. The percentage furnished by England is a little more than half that furnished by the two specially mentioned protection countries, Germany and Italy. Though England has contributed to populate the greater part of the civilized world, yet this large number have peopled our mighty country because each man here is his *own sovereign*, his home, humble though it be, is *his own castle*; and because here he has rights which the highest in the land are bound to respect. These *not very* potent reasons, in addition to the facts before mentioned that thousands of fertile acres await his coming, make plain in part why the immigrant has sought a home here. And I might add also in the case of the poor Irishman, because he is free here to practice his religion, and can *dispense with rack renting landlords*.

Mr. Orrick does not believe, and says it is not generally known, that the wages of tradesmen, mechanics and laborers, etc., in Great Britain are twice as high as in Germany and Italy. I have the statistics before me, and would quote them if I had not already gone beyond my limits. I therefore take pleasure in referring him, and others not acquainted with this fact, to the report of the Secretary of State concerning the condition of labor in Europe, compiled from data submitted by United States consuls. He will find, as I have said,

#### THE WAGES OF GREAT BRITAIN ARE TWICE AS HIGH AS THOSE OF GERMANY AND ITALY,

and very much higher than those of any other nation in Europe. High wages in the United States are due to our great natural wealth and the constant demand for the productions of our soil.

Mr. Orrick tells us that England, Ireland and Scotland may cry for free trade, but the majority of nations prefer “protection.” He will find, if he carefully examines the history of all nations, wherever the people understand the subject and are *permitted* to express their preference it is invariably in favor of Free Trade. He says the people send representatives to Congress who will not remove the tariff laws. Ah, sir, rather say the *corporations*, the mighty monsters of monopoly, who bridle the will of the people with their ill gotten wealth, send these representatives, while the people remain indifferent or uneducated in the subject. But, sir, the American people are alive to the

schemings of monopoly, and there has been such a demand from the people for a reduction, if not the removal, of this obnoxious tariff as to cause even a Protective Congress, against its will and at the risk of its life, to take notice of their appeal.

Our prosperity is not the result of tariff, and no one should know this better than Mr. Orrick, who is so deep a student of political economy. Our prosperity is because the resources of this country are superior to any on the face of the globe, and because of the vast tracts of land which furnish the wealth of the country. It is not our desire or intention to discourage or destroy our manufactories, but it is our aim to prevent their encouragement at the expense of the farmer. It is our purpose to prevent by every means in our power the robbing of our agriculturists, as well as all other consumers, to make richer a few rich men who to-day could "corner" all the provisions in the United States to bend the poorer classes to their will.

I have looked carefully through every number of *Blackwood's Magazine*, issued up to date, since December, 1880, and have not been able to find either the "article on the subject" or any words or statement bearing resemblance to the passage which the gentleman pretends to have quoted "from an excellent article on the subject in *Blackwood's Magazine*." I do not believe the quotation—which is an array of false and plainly absurd assertions—was ever printed in *Blackwood's* or any other respectable periodical published in Great Britain. Even if the paragraph was published in Britain, this would only prove that there are "cranks" there as well as in the United States. It is much more probable that the "quotation" referred to was found in some village upstart sheet of our own country, owned by some protectionists who invented the "quotation" for a self-evident purpose. It may not be amiss to introduce, in response to Mr. Orrick's "quotation" of ludicrous and untrue assertions, the following quotation from a recent issue of the *London Times*:

The English financial year ends April 1. Mr. Gladstone estimated that the increase of revenue for the present year would amount to £1,000,000, but the improved prosperity of the country will carry the amount up to more than three times that sum. The returns for the first three-quarters of the year showed an increase of £2,993,000, and although the closing quarter is not expected to make so good an exhibit, owing to a reduction of the income tax, the general business of the country is so flourishing that the revenue from other sources will counterbalance the loss on this item, and the year's returns show a very handsome surplus for the Government.

That portion of Mr. Orrick's "quotation" in regard to Ireland needs no refutation by me in view of the existing state of affairs in that unhappy country.

As regards France, we beg our friend to examine a little closer the modern almanacs respecting France, and he will see that France has had for some time a reciprocal free trade treaty with England, and that she has adopted a policy which is far different from the United States' protective system. But 10 per cent. of France's whole revenue is obtained from custom—her revenue is derived from the excise and stamp taxes which are laid upon all articles sold in the country, whether foreign or domestic. This system does not discriminate in favor of a certain class, and is in principle far more just than "protection" as practised in this country.

#### THE WAR ARGUMENT.

This, the gentleman says, is "the strongest argument in favor of protection." If so, I can easily prove that their "strongest" is indeed very, very weak. This argument (?) is based upon the assumption that free trade would make us less powerful in war, and, too, that free trade would destroy our manufacturing industries. But, sirs, it never has been proven that free trade would effect either of these two states of affairs. And so the assumptions are but idle conjectures, without precedent in history or in our own experience. Has the repeal of the Corn Laws and the establishment of free trade by Great Britain in 1846 made the country less powerful for war? Has free trade destroyed her manufactories? Certainly her industries have grown stronger and stronger since free trade became the law. The adoption of free trade in the United States might stagger a few of our hot-house manufactories, which are entirely unnatural, and can only be kept alive by the employment of unnatural means. But, sirs, any industry

which is natural and can flourish by the aid of nature would not at all be injured by the removal of the obstruction to trade called "protection," but would really be greatly benefited by the removal of a measure which makes all dependent upon inconstant legislative action, and makes the life of even the naturally strong and vigorous uncertain. Surely a country having the greatest natural resources has enough to do, and could even employ all her citizens in attending to those natural resources; and certainly it will pay far better to cultivate what is natural and easy, than to produce what is purely artificial, unnatural, and consequently very difficult to produce.

"England could entirely cut off our supplies of warlike implements were we unprotected," says Mr. Orrick. Why, there is not a case recorded in history where one belligerent nation has kept the other from obtaining a supply of the implements, etc., of war. The South during the late war experienced little difficulty—in spite of our iron-clads, war vessels, and blockading—in obtaining supplies of arms and ammunition; her principal drawback being a lack of wealth. No nation could possibly so blockade our extensive coasts as to prevent the introduction of war supplies. *Wealth* and *saltpetre* are the two things most necessary for waging war. And I have already shown that "Protection" prevents the increase of the country's wealth, for the new wealth of the country must come into the country in the shape of imports, and the object of "protection" is to prevent and limit imports. It likewise cannot be shown that a protective tariff on saltpetre will ever cause an abundance of saltpetre to be imported.

On no ground can it be shown that it is necessary we should continue indefinitely to pay such enormous tariffs in order that we may be better prepared for war. Free trade, which admits of no obstruction to commerce, prevents war by promoting progress—an interchange of commodities causes peoples to admire each other, in admiring each other's handiwork. Thus intimacies and friendships spring up between peoples, and troubles between friends and acquaintances are more easily adjusted than those between total strangers. Besides, free trade makes nations mutually interested in and somewhat dependent upon each other, and, consequently it is to the interest of both to prevent war and to settle their differences amicably. This is exemplified in the peaceable settlement of the differences between the United States and Great Britain concerning the Alabama claims. The citizens of both nations were absolutely opposed to war, as they clearly saw that war could not but prove very disastrous, if not entirely ruinous to the commercial interests of both countries. More than one half of our exports go to Great Britain and Ireland, and these exports are five times as much as any other nation buys from us.

As regards the starving of England by the United States or any other powers, we shall only hope Great Britain may never be placed in that situation, if not for her own sake, at least for her enemies'! The people of the United States might possibly, in time of peace, be starved to death by a score of rich men, whom we protect by taxing our neighbors and ourselves. Why, if we were to restrain the sending of our grain and provisions to the British isles, our productions of this kind would rot upon our hands and cause so great a loss to our country that the result should be greater calamities for ourselves than it is possible for the pen to picture, while we could never succeed in starving our enemy. If Great Britain could no longer buy from us, she would find it quite easy, with all the wealth she has acquired under free trade, to buy from Canada, Australia, India, South America, Africa, and the rest of the world.

But what remedy does the gentleman suggest? What! Would this political economist have England impose a tax on the *staff of life*? Would he have her re-enact the Corn Laws, with all their long train of famine, bread riots, misery, degradation, and crime!

Adieu, Mr. Orrick; better luck next time is all I can wish you. You have amply demonstrated the weakness of the cause which I, by such long arguments, have endeavored to show; for which kindness accept my thanks.

A FRENCHMAN in business in California advertises that he has a "chasm" for an apprentice. He had looked up the word "opening" in the dictionary.

### Fables for the Young.

THE EDITOR AND THE GROUNDHOG.

An Editor going out Early to pick up Items on the Second of February observed a Groundhog issuing from his Subterranean Retreat, to look at his Shadow, according to the Established Custom. His Shadow being Remarkably Conspicuous, the Sagacious Little Animal returned to his Seclusion, after Solemnly Assuring the Editor that we should have Six Weeks more Winter. A number of days of Unexampled Serenity Succeeding, the Editor assumed a Supercilious attitude, Anticipating great Amusement when the Old Snoozer should be called upon to justify the Renewal of his Hybernation. But on the morning of Shrove Tuesday, on looking out of the window, he saw, to his Intense Dismay, that the Prediction had been only too True, "We have the Mardi," said he, "but where is the Grass?"

MORAL I. I told you so.

MORAL II. Never try to get Out of It, by attempting to joke in a Foreign Tongue.

### Art, Music, and Literature.

—Mr. Longfellow will celebrate his 75th birthday on the 27th inst. Many and happy returns is the wish of his Notre Dame admirers. The house in which the poet was born at Portland, Me., is still standing.

—Mr. Riddle, who took the part of *Œdipus* in the presentation of the *Œdipus Tyrannus* drama at Booth's Theatre, is not an amateur. He played at the Boston Museum and the Montreal Theatre for three seasons, and was playing an engagement in Philadelphia when he was called to Harvard to fill a professorship.

—Good musical entertainment is provided in Cleveland in a course of twelve concerts at ten cents each, or a dollar for the dozen. The best local talent is engaged, and singers are sometimes brought from a distance; but the other expenses are kept down as low as possible, and the philanthropic managers are able to make both ends meet.

—Mrs. Jenkins, the sister of N. P. Willis, Richard Storrs Willis and Mrs. James Parton, ("Fanny Fern"), died last week in Boston. She possessed, says the *Boston Saturday Evening Gazette*, "her share of the brilliancy and the intellectual fascinations that have always characterized the Willis family. In the large circle of friends to whom she had endeared herself, no less by the sweet and genial qualities of her lovely nature than by the fulness and the attractiveness of her mental gifts, her taking away will be long and sincerely lamented."

—We translate the following from *O Aster tes Anatoles*, a weekly paper published in Athens, Greece: "The past year has thrown a light upon the history of Egypt. Dr. Brugsch Passas has discovered a hole dug in the solid rock, 35 feet deep, from which a secret passage leads into a monument 200 feet in length. In this secret place were found various articles belonging to the ancient dynasty of Thebes, and, besides, 39 mummies with royal and priestly faces. In 26 of them the resemblance was identified; one of them is Thotimes III, and another Ramesis II. The latter was the Pharaoh who afflicted the Israelites; the former, the one who ordered the two obelisks to be erected one of which stands now in the Central Park, New York, in America. How wonderful and inscrutable are the designs of the Most High! from the bowels of the earth the witnesses are coming forth to testify to the truth of the Holy Scripture; and still there are, unfortunately, even among those calling themselves Christians, those who strive to discover falsehood therein." An excellent proof, indeed, to establish the infallibility of Scriptures!

—Wolfgang Mozart, the great German composer, died at

Vienna, in the year 1791. There is something beautiful and touching in the circumstances of his death. His sweetest song was the last he sang—the *Requiem*. He had been employed on this exquisite piece for several weeks, his soul filled with inspirations of the richest melody, and already claiming kindred with immortality. After giving it its last touch, and breathing into it that undying spirit of song which was to consecrate it through all time, as his "cyrccean strain," he fell into a gentle and quiet slumber. At length the light footsteps of his daughter Emilie awoke him. "Come hither," said he, "my Emilie—my task is done—the *Requiem*—my *Requiem* is finished." "Say not so, dear father," said the gentle girl, interrupting him, as tears stood in her eyes; "you must be better—you look better, for even now your cheek has a glow on it. I am sure we will nurse you well again—let me bring you something refreshing." "Do not deceive yourself, my love," said the dying father, "this wasted form can never be restored by human aid. From Heaven's mercy alone do I look for help in this my dying hour. You spoke of refreshment, my Emilie—take these my last notes—sit down to my piano here—sing with them the hymn of your sainted mother—let me once more hear those tones which have been so long my solace and delight." Emilie obeyed, and with a voice enriched with tenderest emotion, sang the following stanza:

Spirit! thy labor is o'er!  
Thy term of probation is run,  
Thy steps are now bound for the untrodden shore,  
And the race of immortals begun.

Spirit! look not on the strife,  
Or the pleasures of earth with regret—  
Pause not at the threshold of limitless life,  
To mourn for the day that is set.

Spirit! no fetters can bind,  
No wicked have power to molest;  
There the weary, like thee—the wretched, shall find  
A heaven, a mansion of rest.

Spirit! how bright is the road  
For which thou art now on the wing,  
Thy home it will be, with thy Saviour and God,  
Their loud hallelujah to sing.

As she concluded, she dwelt for a moment upon the low melancholy notes of the piece, and then, turning from the instrument, looked in silence for the approving smile of her father. It was the still and passionless smile which the rapt and joyous spirit left—with the seal of death upon those features.

### New Publications.

—*The Penman's Art Journal* for January is a superb number of that most excellent of penmen's periodicals. It is, in truth, a thing of beauty, as well as of the greatest utility, and the low price of subscription (\$1 a year) places it within reach of almost everybody. A good time to subscribe is now, at the beginning of a new volume. We advise all our readers to send 10 cents for a sample copy. Address, *Penman's Art Journal*, 205 Broadway, New York. London agency, International News Company, 11 Bouverie Street (Fleet Street).

THE SAGE OF MENTOR. By the Unknown. In Five Cantos. By the Unknown. Chicago: Ottaway & Company, 54 and 56 Franklin St.

A poem suggested by a recent and horrible tragedy gains little by being issued soon after the event. The terror of the time falls on men's minds with such weight that when the first shock is past they are quick to turn to other things. Americans who wept with the bereaved mother and wife of the murdered President turning to laugh at the antics of the murderer give proof of this. It is hard, too, after Cæsar has been slain to change from the consideration of the crimes to an analysis of the hopes of the poet who sings his dirge; and, for this reason, this poem by the Unknown might be overlooked by the critic and classed among those thousand memorials of the dead President which sympathy and the freedom of the printing press provoke, but which good taste condemns. "The Sage of Mentor" is a poem,—full of high thoughts set in burning words, set in a form which recalls an older school of poetry

than that which at present finds imitation. The author has by a bold stroke sent his *motif* and its treatments far above the material world, and he keeps them there by the force of a rich and poetic imagination. Thus he obtains the softening effect of distance and that elevation which a frightful and brutal assassination needs in poetry or the drama, to make it heroic. The poem is well-sustained, containing a rarely occasional prosy line, sweet yet solemn in cadence, and it shows a depth of thought and a chastened use of a very full poetic vocabulary. Here are some lines which are among the best in the book:

"When Knowledge sits, in templed loveliness,  
Devouring Joy; and its companion, Care,  
Breeds disappointment: happiness grows less  
As knowledge doth increase; and he must bear  
The whips and stings which Wisdom doth impose  
On mortal. Knowledge heeds a thousand woes,  
Which we prepare."

Altogether, the poem, considered, apart from its subject, will make every reader curious as to the personality of the "Unknown," who, when less limited by his theme, may prove worthy of the adjective applied to that other "Unknown" who gave us "Marmion."

HOUSEHOLD LIBRARY OF CATHOLIC POETS, FROM CHAUCER TO THE PRESENT DAY. (1350-1881). Edited by Eliot Ryder. Joseph A. Lyons. The University of Notre Dame, Indiana. 1881.

We are indebted to the generous publisher, Prof. Lyons, for a handsome copy of this entertaining and instructive book of Catholic poetry. Though the editor has not aimed at anything more than a mere specimen of the style of each author, and a very brief biographical sketch, yet there is a fascination about the book that will lead the reader to spend hours musing over its leaves. This first attempt at collating Catholic poetry is deserving of great credit, but Mr. Ryder will not receive what he deserves for his labor. Others will come after him and on this as a frame work build up the *house* for the household of Catholic poets. The study of literature is at all times refining and ennobling, and Catholics whose faith affords so much material for the poet have no reason to feel that Catholic poets are inferior to others. We hope that Prof. Lyons will dispose of many thousand copies of this book. —*Catholic Columbian*.

### College Gossip.

—There are said to be, in round numbers, 26,000 college students in the United States.—*Rambler*.

—The schoolmaster is a very inquisitive person. He is always asking questions. His is a question-able calling.—*Penman's Art Journal*.

—A Nevada school-teacher died the other day, and the local papers announced it under the head of "Loss of a Whaler."—*Teacher's Guide*.

—New Jersey is trying to claim Noah because he was a New-ark man. Yes, but you know he looked out of his Arkansaw land. Give the South a fair show in this thing.—*Collegiate*.

—On application to the Secretary of war, colleges accommodating more than 150 male students may be furnished with a drill-master and all necessary arms and accoutrements.

—President Barnard, of Columbia College, in his last annual report recommends that the doors of that institution be opened to women. The students are strongly opposed to the measure.

—St. Isidore's Institute, a new Catholic college opened in 3d District, New Orleans, a few months ago, has already as many students as there is room for. Rev. J. Sherer, C. S. C., is the efficient principal.

—F. H. Peterson, of Brown county, Minn., who was selected out of 15 competitors for a cadetship at West Point, failed to pass the examination at the military academy there, and a new trial of aspirants will be had.

—Ko Kun Hua, professor of the Chinese language and literature in Harvard University, died on the 14th inst., of pneumonia. Prof. Ko was a gentleman of elegant man-

ners and high attainments, and had made many friends since coming to this country.

—The nomination of Mr. Alexander Porter Morse, one of the alumni of Georgetown College, as assistant counsel for the French Republic before the French and American Claims Commission has been confirmed at Paris by decree of the President of the French Republic.—*Catholic Mirror*.

—The increased attendance at all the German Universities is very marked. Halle has reached the unprecedented number of 1,389 students, while Göttingen figures with 1,071, the largest number during the past fifty years. At Strasburg 788 students were matriculated, among whom there are 210 from Alsace-Lorraine and three sons of the princely houses of Saxe-Meiningen, Hohenlohe-Oehringen, and Thurm and Taxis.

—We had an opportunity last week of seeing the new house of studies at Assensole for the Jesuit scholastics belonging to this Mission of Western Bengal. It is a fine range of buildings, 160 feet in length, in the Gothic style, and is now very nearly completed. There is no wood used in the construction, the whole being vaulted. We may perhaps be prejudiced in saying so, but it appears to us the finest building in the station.—*Indo-European Correspondence*.

—The prize of a hundred ducats, offered by the *Deutsche Zeitung* of Vienna for a national hymn better suited to the wants of the Germans of Austria and Hungary than the "Wacht am Rhein," brought out over five hundred competitors. It has been awarded to Joseph Winter, a student of medicine at the University of Vienna, hitherto unknown to fame. Prizes have also been given for the two next best poems, written by students of philosophy and law at Vienna and Leipsic.

—Mr. W. W. Corcoran, the well-known Washington banker and art connoisseur, has presented to the Columbian University, of Washington, a valuable lot at the corner of Vermont Avenue and I street, in that city, for a new university building, which will be soon erected. It is to be devoted to the purposes of a law and scientific school. The Columbian Law School is one of some note. A more gloomy-looking building than the Columbian University proper it would be hard to find.

—"There is to-day a Catholic University in Ireland, founded by voluntary contributions, but the English Government does not permit it to confer degrees! At the same time the University of Dublin is essentially Protestant; the astounding fact stands forth that in the last quarter of the nineteenth century a Catholic cannot obtain a university degree in a country of which four-fifths of the tax-payers who sustain the schools are Catholics."—*Ireland of To-Day*, by Mrs. M. F. Sullivan.

—On the 15th inst. Ex-President Woolsey, of Yale, who has just passed his 80th year, was presented by the professors of that college with a gold medal in recognition of his services. The presentation speech was made by Prof. Thatcher, who was the earliest of President Woolsey's pupils among the officers of the college. On one side of the medal is an excellent likeness of President Woolsey and on the obverse is a wreath bearing the inscription: "Præceptor suo præceptores Yalenses." President Woolsey made a brief reply to the presentation speech.

—Considerable excitement was caused at Williston Seminary, Easthampton, Mass., last week, by the suspension of three students for hazing a young man from Conn., recently entered. His lamp was smashed in the encounter. He then went to the Faculty and exposed his assailants, three of whom were temporarily disgraced. In revenge for this, five masked students broke into his room Monday night, bound and gagged him, forced him to dress, put him in a sleigh, and drove him a mile beyond Northampton, where they left him with his arms pinioned, to make his way back as best he could. Since then the two upper classes have sent the Faculty an anonymous communication saying that if the three suspended men are not reinstated the classes will "cut" recitations. The Faculty are bound to stop hazing at any cost, and are supported by the resident trustees. The hazed student offers to leave the seminary, as he does not wish to cause further trouble, but the Faculty refuse to allow this.

# Notre Dame Scholastic.

Notre Dame, February 25, 1882.

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 FIFTEENTH 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.

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

—We are happy to announce to our readers that the SCHOLASTIC will soon have a new dress of type, which has already been ordered from the foundry. And we fancy every one who sees this announcement will remark, "It needs it." So say we, all of us. So we have been saying. We ought to be thankful, and we are thankful. It is needless to say that our little paper will present a better appearance, and it will be our endeavor to make it more worthy of our *Alma Mater*.

—The statement has been widely published, in connection with the recent frauds at Adrian, that the alleged principal defaulter, the Mayor of the city, was a former student of Notre Dame. We find no such name as his on our register for more than a quarter of a century, and as the offender is said to be only twenty-seven years old, we think we can safely count him out, and are happy to do so. We don't expect that this correction will ever catch up with the original statement, but it is just as well to start it on its way.

—George Tracy, a student at Notre Dame University, did a handsome thing last evening. Meeting on the street a little newsboy, whose only protection from the cold was an old pair of pants and a tattered shirt, he took the gamin into a clothing store and fitted him out with a new overcoat.—*South-Bend Evening Register*.

It was refreshing to come across the above paragraph,

after a long search through our exchanges, and we gladly reproduce it. Mr. Tracy did a golden deed, and such acts are not too common in this age of selfishness. Another thing quite as much to Mr. Tracy's credit is, that nothing was heard of his praiseworthy act till it happened to come to the knowledge of the *Register*. We hope Mr. Tracy's charity will find many imitators.

—People are ever ready to find flaws in the predictions of our weather-prophets; but when these predictions come true, wholly or in great part, the prophet seems to obtain little credit for his wonderful prescience. Some time ago the ground-hog business was made much of by a local railer at the SCHOLASTIC astrologer; now, that his predictions have been verified, the local critics are silent! The editor of the *Peoria Daily Transcript*, however, puts these critics to the blush. In the issue of his paper for February the 10th he says:

"But what may in this instance be pointed to as most notable is in the following remarkably accurate prognostication of the present weather: 'On the 5th of February, Mercury being in the watery sign of Pisces, Venus in Aquarius, Mars in Gemini, and the moon decreasing and in Virgo, storms will take place, with warm winds, breaking up and thawing the ice and snow. The activity and brilliancy of Mercury indicate very variable weather through the whole month. Plowing will begin, but will be interrupted.'"

There now, ye critics: read that, and be converted and ashamed.

## Falsely Accused.

This adaptation of "Waiting for the Verdict" was brought out by the Thespians on Monday evening, as the customary celebration of the birthday of the national hero. The cast of characters will be found elsewhere. The play was satisfactorily performed, although it is one that ill bears the transformation of feminine into masculine character. For a great big boy like "Claude" to tell "Humphrey" "to just wait till my brother comes home, and you'll get a thrashing," or words tantamount to that, seems rather like dodging a responsibility, and at any rate places Master Claude in a light the reverse of heroic. Also when "Squinty Smith" slaps the same gentleman, and says, "I hates you," the effect is peculiar. Moreover, the Thespians of to-day had to contend against the memory of the great graduating class of 1874, when Charles I. was king. When Charley played "Jasper Roseblade" he used to fall flat on his face on the floor in the agonies of the prison scene, which was very affecting. Still, the play is a good play. The ends of "poetical justice" are well subserved—virtue being rewarded and vice punished; and the resounding cheers of the audience as the catastrophe approached, testified to their warm appreciation of this merit.

Mr. Orrick made a very creditable "Jasper"; and Mr. McCarthy did well as the venerable patriarch, although sometimes, perhaps, a little overish sprightly in his movements, as, for example, where he waltzed into the prison to embrace his incarcerated son. Still, we all appreciate the difficulty which fervid youth finds in binding itself, even for two hours, with the icy fetters of age. Mr. O'Neill and Mr. Healy, as the villains of the play, were very dramatic, perhaps more so than any of the other characters, and each sustained his part well to the end. The trochaic combination of Messrs. Thompson and Quinn was finely conceived, and excellently carried out by the young gentlemen themselves. The Vicar of Milford reminded us of him of Wakefield, so

genuine was the manly benevolence portrayed by Mr. McGorrick. Messrs. Clarke and Grever were resplendent as noblemen of the period. By-the-way, what was the period? Railway travel and knee-breeches are incongruous. Even Oscar Wilde finds a difficulty in reconciling himself to the shocks an æsthetic mind receives from the former. Our Lord Chief Justice appeared in the conventional black of the present epoch, which looked odd, contrasted with the rich costume of "Florville." Messrs. Solon and Cleary displayed considerable legal acumen in the court scene, which was well put upon the boards. Mr. Zahn was prompt and zealous as Sir Henry Harrington, the local magnate, and the subsidiary characters were all that could be desired. The *mise en scène* was excellent, and the red fire was the only thing in the play that could raise "a blush to the cheek," etc. It is true that "the most fastidious" object to the introduction of physical violence on the stage. Like Racine and Corneille, they model their dramatic taste on that of those old Athenians, who shrank from the exhibition of mere bodily pain, while they could sit out all the filth of Aristophanes without a streak of erubescence. Far different was it with our own Shakspeare and the great writers of English drama. Their inspiration was rather that of the Christian genius that dictated the "Mysteries" of mediæval times, of which the Passion Play of Oberammergau is the sole survivor.

The music of both Band and Orchestra was fully up to the mark of former years. The energy and devotion of our *toujours gai* Professor Paul have borne rich fruitage. In spite of a bad cold, there he was with his piano at the post of duty. The whole entertainment reflects great credit upon the general manager, Professor Lyons, whom but to name is to account for the success of the evening.

The entertainment being designated as complimentary to President Walsh, that gentleman rose to make the closing remarks, congratulating the boys on their success, and expressing the sentiments of the audience in acknowledging the satisfaction with which their performance had been received. He also stated that this would be the last exercise witnessed by the public in the old hall, as the new one would be ready by June; but we hear already the distant mutterings of Philopatrian thunder, and it is even said that the St. Cecilians threaten to break out again in a dramatic rash.

FIDÈLE DEDIE

### Exchanges.

—The redeeming literary feature of *Concordiensis* for January is its poetry. The prose essays etc., are whittled down to a point so fine that they can hardly be called essays. There is one consolation for the editors and writers—the college critics cannot carp about their being too long-winded. The other departments of the paper are up to the general average.

—The *Cornell Era* of this year is, in our estimation, a great improvement on the paper of the last two years. The *Era* takes a high and manly tone in its editorials, and the criticisms on the events and happenings at Cornell are viewed from a stand-point far above the common. We have little doubt that the *Era* wields an immense power for good among the students, and in this respect does a work that the college Faculty could hardly find it in their power to do.

—The *Amherst Student*, like *The University Press*, has interviewed Oscar, the wild Irishman who passes off in this country as an English æsthetic. To the question "Whether and what art thou?" he is quoted as answer-

ing, "I am the Priest of Beauty! the Temple of the Graces, the Mouth-piece of the Muse." And as to what he considers the true essence of poetry? "Incoherence." Too true, Oscar. The editorial matter of *The Student* is up to the average of the best of our college papers. The exchange department has been done away with; it is replaced by one of general college news.

—The exchange editor of *The University Press*—or, rather, one of the exchange editors, as there are more than one editing the exchange department of that paper—seems to have been greatly pleased with a late "article" in the SCHOLASTIC on "Geese." We take a brief extract:

"In going through the exchange column the manner and movement heretofore has been that of a carriage wheel in mud. The mud flies, and it seems, from the last issue, that the *University Press* happened to stand incautiously near, and got spattered. We have usually escaped such messengers. The editor of this magazine, when he read his production, was undoubtedly surprised at the vast amount of wit he had developed, and that in so short a space. He might well have laughed at it, for it was truly laughable. Just below this very humorous article, namely, 'geese,' which occupies so much space, the SCHOLASTIC makes an excuse."

No: we did nothing of the kind—at least not in connection with the "article" on the feathered tribe. The exchange editor of *The Press* closes with a strange request:

"In your next issue would you favor us by another dissertation on 'geese' without feathers? For example, speak of Indiana 'geese.'"

"Geese without feathers," h'm! Well, that is rather an interesting subject,—too interesting to be slighted, so we think we shall lay it upon the table until full justice can be done it.

—As we turn to our pile of exchanges—owing to want of time to notice which a large number have accumulated—we find three numbers of *The American Art Journal*. The first of these gives a very fine likeness of Caroline Richings-Bernard, whose musical talents have for a period of thirty years been known and highly appreciated throughout the United States. Mr. and Mrs. Bernard conducted a Conservatory of Music in Richmond, Va., and were the acknowledged leaders of musical circles there. Mrs. Bernard died of small-pox, in that city, Jan. 14th. The next number we take up (Jan. 28) is illustrated with views of Sophocles' Greek tragedy of "Œdipus Tyrannus," as performed at Booth's Theatre, New York—one large and three small engravings, the subjects chosen for the latter being the interview of Œdipus and Creon, Tiresias's Prophecy, and Œdipus Blinded. In the current number of the *Art Journal* we have a portrait and sketch of Mme. Antoinette Sterling, the celebrated American contralto, who not only charmed the London musical public with her sweet voice in the Albert and St. James Halls, but who drew from the entranced Emperor of Germany the exclamation "*Magnifique! Magnifique!*" as the talented young singer concluded one of the German *Lieder*. The Empress—a very kind, noble-hearted woman—conversed with the charming cantatrice, and was surprised to learn that she was not a native of the Fatherland. "Honorable, scholarly, and musical," says the *Art Journal*, "Mme. Sterling links the circle of the virtues by her high physical perfection. Entering the London Concert Room at the time when it was the fashion for performers to paint themselves in the same manner as for the stage, Antoinette Sterling from the first refused to resort to any tricks of the toilet. Although at first her refusal to wear low dress was made the subject of a sneer by some critics, she persisted in her intention, never once finding her audience less kind to her on that account; and she has to-day the satisfaction of seeing high dress the prevailing mode, and adopted by the generality of concert singers, even in the evening." The modesty of this noble woman is a reproach to those of her sex who have had better opportunities for refinement and culture, but who are weak or silly or wicked enough to posture like half-dressed wax-dolls in public society. At a dining-table in Paris one of these so-called "full"-dressed ladies whom the accident of social position threw into the highest circles of society, sat near or opposite the celebrated M. de Ravignan, and, wishing to enliven him a little she blandishingly asked: "M. de Ravignan, have you lost your appetite?" "And you, Madame," he retorted, "have you lost your shame?" The

woman blushed to the ears, and said not another word till the close of the dinner. To conclude with our subject, Mme. Sterling has a handsome mansion in Belgravia, the Fifth Avenue of London, where she receives her friends in her own charming way. Her voice is a rich, mellow contralto, and is thoroughly cultivated. Although in its prime, its owner will not use it in opera. "I would not," she says, "sing a wicked or a frivolous word before my audience for anything on earth. I love them, and I know they love me." The *American Art Journal* is doing a good work in bringing such noble characters prominently before the public, and, like the present subject of its sketch, we hope it will long exert an ennobling and refining influence on society. From the day that Mr. Thoms took it, after the death of its eminent founder, it has constantly risen in the scale of perfection.

—The exchange editor of *The Argo*, Williams College, Mass., says that, taken as a whole, the Western college papers compare very favorably with the best Eastern journals. Among the former, the highest in his estimation—giving them in the order in which he has placed them—are the "*Oberlin Review*, *Marietta College Ohio*, *Notre Dame Scholastic*, *Chronicle*, *North Western*, *Knox Student*, *Racine College Mercury*, and *Student Life*." "These," he says, "may be taken as the best of the Western papers, representing mostly the largest and best of the Western colleges." When this verdict reaches some of the Western colleges we think there will be much wailing and gnashing of teeth among the unrecognized, and no doubt many of the exchange editors will swear vengeance on "Ephraim" and say he's a bold, bad man. Verily, there will be much sharpening of pencils and covering of foolscap when *The Argo* comes home to them. "Ephraim" gives us a going over, and hopes we will mend our ways. We have been backsiding of late, "Ephraim," and hope to profit by your friendly advice; that of another sister journal, *The Athenæum*, is also borne in mind. We suppose our readers are anxious to know what *The Argo* editor says. Here it is:

"The *Notre Dame Scholastic* is very ably edited in its literary columns, but has elsewhere several very peculiar features. The exchange editor has a queer habit of confining his observations to religious papers and magazines, phonographic monthlies, and the "smaller fry" of Western college journals. With reputable college papers he very rarely deals. We think he would make his column much better, if he should devote more attention to the best college paper. The department of 'art, music, and literature' would not be tolerated in our Eastern papers. Men prefer to get such news at first-hand, from the literary journals. The Roll of Honor, in which is recorded the names of all the "good boys," is a feature of the paper which offers food for reflection to students of Protestant colleges."

The charge of confining our attention to the "smaller fry" may be all right; but, on the other hand, *The Lariat*, from Wabash, chides us for being "stuck up," and not wishing to talk to common Western folks. As to the best college paper, we are informed in a late number of *The Chronicle* that it is dead. We refer to *The University*; all in all, we thought it the best college paper that came to our table, either from the East or from the West, although in truth there are so many good ones—*The Chronicle*, also from the University of Michigan, among them—that it was no easy matter to decide. We are glad "Ephraim" thinks well of the Roll of Honor; it has been cut and slashed at by the college press at large—even our friend of *The Niagara Index* taking a whack at it—but it comes out of the fray unhurt, and serenely calm in its conscious dignity. It is *on dit* that certain members of the Faculty here have thought the Roll of Honor not just the thing for a University, but these worthy men are as far behind as the Roll of Honor is ahead of the age. The Roll of Honor is popular among the students here, and has a beneficial effect. It was by its aid that Napoleon established such an admirable *esprit de corps* among his soldiers; and by its aid, to a great extent, is such admirable order and gentlemanly conduct preserved among the 400 students now congregated here from all parts of the United States. If Princeton and Cornell and Harvard and Williams and Toronto had a Roll of Honor, the disgraceful proceedings by which twenty or thirty young men brought odium upon colleges of many hundreds might perhaps have been averted. "Ephraim" is right; the Notre Dame Roll of

Honor "offers food for reflection to students of Protestant colleges," and "Ephraim" is so far ahead of his confreres. By the way, when "Ephraim" learns the mysteries of the art of "winged words" he will not blame our enthusiasm in this branch of the fine arts. It is as far ahead of our present slow and cumbersome method of writing as the locomotive and palace car is ahead of the old-time stage coach. We advise him, and all others who wish to be up to the progress of the times, to expend twenty cents for a copy of Isaac Pitman's "Teacher" and satisfy himself on this point.

### Personal.

—Mr. Hugo Hug, of '73, was a welcome visitor last week. We hope he will be able to make a much longer stay next time.

—Mr. W. Osborn, of Burlington, Iowa, who has a son among the Juniors, is a member of the well-known firm of Messrs. E. & W. M. Osborn, dealers in paper, blank books etc. Ben ought to know something about the "art preservative," with which his father was connected for over twenty-five years.

—We copy the following names from the college register of this week: Mr. Joseph Smith, '81, Circleville, Ohio; Mrs. J. Weber, Laporte, Ind.; L. B. Holabird, Cincinnati; W. M. Piatt, Macachuck, O.; Mrs. Jacob Wile, Laporte, Ind.; Mrs. D. C. Richmond, Lima, O.; Mrs. J. Boose, Lima, O.; John B. Frawly, Burlington, Iowa; John McBride, '57, Woodville, Ohio.

—The following, clipped from the *Burlington Hawkeye*, has been handed to us: "Herbert Hunt, distributed a couple of thousand cigars yesterday among his friends, and it was suggested that his father got one of the boys to go into the back part of the store and shout Grandpa! into a barrel, so he could hear the sound thereof. It's a boy, and weighs ten pounds and more. Herbert thinks it is a valuable piece of property."

—The Valparaiso (Ind.) *Messenger* has the following editorial item about Mr. Louis Horn, '79: "Louis Horn, one of our prominent and enterprising young men, absented himself on last Monday from the stern cares of business, and is now visiting at Notre Dame (Ind.), of which college he was a former student. Mr Horn, before returning, will make an extended visit with relatives through Ohio and Pennsylvania."

—Prof. Ivers, of whom many of the readers of the SCHOLASTIC have pleasant recollections, is now in Philadelphia. We learn that he has returned to his old profession of teaching; to use his own words, he is "still trying to prove to young men that 2x2 are—is if you prefer it—not five and that 6+7 are not 11." We feel sure Prof. Ivers's efforts are attended with eminent success, for we remember his powers of demonstration higher up in the scale. He wants to know what has become of Prof. Lyons, and if Father Walsh is still *in terris*? Of the former we will simply say *adest*—"he holds the fort." Rev. Father Walsh is not only living, but is the life of the institution. Prof. Ivers sends kind remembrances to all his friends.

### Local Items.

—Prof. Gregori has been spending a few days in Chicago.

—Brother Paschal ruleth wisely and well over the Infirmary.

—Isn't it strange that no one ever seems to know what he gets notes for?

—The President of the Horticultural Bureau spent Monday at the Farm.

—Our friend John advises everyone to observe Lent *propter stomachum*.

—The Ordo wasn't *secundum ordinem* last Saturday. "*Humanum est errare*."

—There was rain instead of snow on the 18th. The "ruling wind" was to blame for it.



—The venerable rector of the Old Men's Home was over last week, looking hale and hearty.

—Master René Papin, of the Minim department, celebrated his 10th birthday on the 19th inst.

—Very Rev. Father General has written a new drama for the Minims. It will be brought out after Easter.

—Our weather-prophet is in correspondence with Venor. Now we shall have "weather." Two heads are better than one.

—The high altar was beautifully decorated for the devotion of the Forty Hours. All the Catholic students received Holy Communion.

—The original Raminagrobis having met with a catastrophe, another specimen of the historic race will be imported early in the Spring.

—Master E. Fishel distributes a large number of newsy papers and magazines twice a week among his *confreres*. The Juniors are great readers.

—Prof. Unsworth's Lecture on History, delivered before the Columbian Society last week, is highly spoken of by all who had the good fortune to hear it.

—The Band was out serenading last Tuesday, and paid a visit to the printing-office, where some sweet music was discoursed to the delight of the *denizens*.

—Among the best of the annuals for 1882 is the SCHOLASTIC ANNUAL, by Prof. J. A. Lyons, of the University of Notre Dame, Ind.—*McGee's Illustrated Weekly*.

—The *South-Bend Daily Tribune* contained a full account of the celebration of Washington's Birthday, together with the speech in full of Mr. George E. Clarke.

—We note with pleasure, that many of the members of the Senior Archconfraternity are in daily attendance at six o'clock Mass, in the college chapel. We regret that the same cannot be said of the Junior branch.

—There was "rec." of course, in honor of Washington's Birthday, which is always enthusiastically celebrated at Notre Dame. George Washington never appears greater than when compared with some of his successors.

—The Anti-detention Society should be reorganized in the Senior department. At all events, something should be done to prevent so large a number from remaining in the study-halls on recreation days. The remedy is in the hands of those most interested.

—While returning from Notre Dame Monday night, Prof. Howard's buggy, containing Mrs. Howard, two of the children, and Miss Dwyer, collided with one of Shickey's teams. All the occupants of the buggy were thrown out, but happily no one was injured.

—Rev. Father Stoffel, Professor of Greek, receives a paper from Athens entitled *O Aster tes anatoles*. It is in modern Greek, and has a very attractive—somewhat attractive—appearance. Father Stoffel will be glad to receive subscriptions. Now is the time to get up clubs.

—The 16th regular meeting of the Columbian and Literary Association was held Thursday, Feb. 16th. At this meeting Prof. Unsworth kindly consented to deliver a Lecture on History. After the interesting and instructive discourse, the Association tendered the genial and learned gentleman a vote of thanks. The Professor, we are glad to announce, will favor the Association with another lecture.

—"The SCHOLASTIC ANNUAL" for 1882 is now before us. Like its predecessors, it is brimful of useful and instructive information, and reflects the highest credit on its talented editor, Prof. J. A. Lyons, of the University of Notre Dame, Indiana. Among other things, its pages contain a brilliant eulogy on the life and labors of the late Archbishop McHale, whose love for Ireland was only second to his love of God.—*Western Catholic*.

—Very Rev. Edward Sorin, Superior-General of the Congregation of the Holy Cross, celebrated the 68th anniversary of his birthday on the 6th inst. The event was made the occasion of fervent prayer and good wishes for him. He seems to be as vigorous and fresh as he was ten years ago. His active spirit gives an impetus to the Congregation not only in the United States, but also in Canada and France. It is the earnest wish of the numberless friends of the beloved founder of Notre Dame that his

gentle, wise spirit may direct the Congregation of the Holy Cross for another quarter of a century.—*Boston Pilot*.

—The Mignon Club celebrated Mardi Gras this year by a phantom party. The weird-looking costumes worn by the members and their guests, and the almost absolute silence maintained for an hour, made the entertainment a most amusing pantomime. Mr. Bailey, of Boston, led the German, many of which were prepared for this celebration. The musical programme, under the leadership of Mr. Grever, of the Club Orchestra, was one of superior excellence. Altogether the affair was a decided success. The next public reunion of the Mignon Club will be a Shakespeare Night, when that author will be discussed by the members.

—Mr. Shickey brought a number of ladies and gentlemen from South Bend to the Thespian Entertainment Monday night. After letting his passengers out, he fastened his team securely to a post near Washington Hall; but during the entertainment (probably considering that they had waited long enough) the horses pulled up the post and decamped, no one knew whither. On missing his team, Mr. Shickey started for South Bend, feeling certain that the horses must have taken that direction. But no 'bus or horses were there. Very soon, however, a message came by telephone from Notre Dame stating that the team had been found O. K. in the back yard of the College. Shickey at once started to Notre Dame to the relief of his passengers. But meantime Mr. Lyon, the gentlemanly representative of the *Tribune*, volunteered his services as driver, and the South Bend party took its departure, reaching home in good time. The excited livery man was met on the way, just after his collision with Mrs. Howard's buggy.

—The following was the cast of characters for "Falsely Accused":

Jasper Roseblade.....	E. C. Orrick
Jonthan Roseblade, (Father to Jasper and Claude).....	W. J. McCarthy
Claude Roseblade.....	E. A. Otis
Humphrey Higson, (Steward to Earl of Milford).....	J. P. O'Neill
Jonas Huddle, (Formerly a Poacher).....	M. F. Healy
Owen Hylton, (Vicar of Milford).....	E. M. McGorriak
Lord Viscount Elmore.....	T. F. Clarke
Lieutenant Geo. Florville.....	Frank H. Grever
Lord Chief Justice.....	Geo. Edmund Clarke
Grafton (Counsel for Prisoner).....	J. M. Solon
Sergt. Stanley (Counsel for Prosecution).....	W. S. Cleary
Blinkey Brown, } Eccentric Sports.....	W. M. Thompson
Squinty Smith, } .....	F. A. Quinn
Sir Henry Harrington, (Magistrate).....	A. F. Zahm
Clerk of the Court.....	R. E. Fleming
Sheriff.....	W. J. McEniry
Usher of the Court.....	T. Flynn
Foreman of the Jury.....	R. M. Anderson
Grange, } Game Keepers to the Earl.....	F. M. Bell
Thorpe, } .....	W. S. Bolton
Wilfred, } Associate Judges.....	J. C. Larkin
Spencer, } .....	G. S. Tracy
Officers, } Russell,.....	W. J. O'Connor
} Richmond,.....	W. H. Bailey
Tankerville, } Bailiffs.....	C. M. McDermott
Woodstock, } .....	T. Healy
Albemarle, (Attendant to Lord Chief Justice).....	J. A. McIntyre
Marlborough, (Superintendent of Prison).....	F. W. Gallagher

Barristers, Jurymen, etc.

—THE LITTLE ONES —Our Minims are not quite so literary as they have been. Their classes, probably, have been re-arranged since the February examination, and they are, no doubt, engaged in adjusting themselves to the new state of affairs. One of the most interesting results of the examination was the conferring of a degree on Master Cecil Quinlan, which was done at a special session, and by the unanimous vote of all present, as we are informed by the venerated Secretary of the Faculty, who was never caught in a lie yet. The diploma, when made out, will read as follows:

"Præses et Professores Collegii Dominae Nostræ a Lacu, omnibus præsentibus literas visuris, salutem in Domino sempernam.

"Quandoquidem æquum est, ut qui activitate et inquietudine cæteris præstant merita laurea decorentur, Nos, ad id munus decreto publico delegati, notum facimus et testamur dilectum nobis

## Cecilius Quinlan,

in solemnī nostræ Facultatis sessione,

## MINIMUM MINIMORUM,

rite fuisse renunciatum.

"Hujus rei testes, hæc literas manibus nostris subscriptas, et Collegii nostri sigillo corroboratas, dedimus die quartodecimo mensis Februarii, anni millesimi octingentesimi octogesima secundi."

Here follow the signatures and the College seal. Master Quinlan can henceforth write M. M. after his name.

Master J. J. McGrath leads the van of our contributors with strictures on the late performance of "New Arts," in the Rotunda, which he regards as a Seniors' play, seemingly forgetful of the conglomerate character of the *corps dramatique*. He states that "they got left badly in the closing remarks, anyhow." This is too sarcastic of Master McGrath. He should encourage the Seniors in their well-meant though feeble efforts to emulate the Minims. He ought to reflect that perhaps some day he may be reduced to be a Senior himself, and then how will he feel? He also uses the Sphynx-like expressions: "They pick the berries before they are ripe." "We warn them that they had better keep still or we will let the cat out of the bag on them." The ancient Egyptians worshipped the cat. Can our Minim friends have derived the suggestion of this awful threat from a Coptic source? He goes on in the same enigmatical fashion: "They are half asleep, but don't they wish that they had as good a backstop as the Minims?" *O semisopiti!* what is a backstop? A backstop! Let us see, when you bow from the hip, do you require a backstop? Some might. Master McGrath should publish a key to his works for the use of the instructor only.

Master Chaves wants folks to know that he can have Indian adventures as well as anybody else. He says; "New Mexico is south of Colorado. It is quite hot; but I think the weather was very fine last vacation. I was there. There were lots of Indians near the place. One man got shot right in the leg; and more men were going over there, and one of the Indians hid behind a tree and shot another man in the neck [bad place to be shot] and killed him." He also adds: "Two boys got caught by the Indians, and they tied them on a tree; and they were there for quite a while." Let us hope they are there still. They will be out of mischief as long as they are tied to the tree.

Master John A. Kelly gives us his views on popular pastimes. He says: "Skating is a useful play, and sometimes it ain't much fun when you crack your head on the ice." Very true. "Fishing is nice fun. Sometimes your hook gets caught on a log; and sometimes you think you have got a bite and you are left; and sometimes you fall in, and you have a tough time getting out, and when you get out you are pretty near frozen, and the water is rolling off of you." This leads him naturally to mention swimming, of which the most marked feature is that "sometimes when you ain't thinking you are ducked."

Master Willie Welch "used to live on the Mississippi. [Rather thin diet. Now, if it was the Missouri, you might imagine it was pea-soup.] We used to have a fine time skating and swimming. There are nice bluffs there, and plenty of hills to coast on. We could go boat-riding whenever we pleased. . . . In 1878 the Mississippi overflowed. It came away up over its high-water mark in 1860. They had a hurricane there not long ago." Well, if they could afford it, they were entitled to it, we suppose. We have hurricanes here, now and then.

Master Frank I. Otis describes an interesting quadruped that he used to own: "I could do anything with him. [Write an epic, we presume, or skin a rattlesnake.] I used to go up in the stable when I had nothing to do, and lay on his back and groom him. [This must have been rather an acrobatic feat.] And I always used to have something in my pocket; and as soon as I would come into the stable he would come up and search all over me; and sometimes I used to get into the manger, and he would hit me with his old snout and go through my pockets after something." Then follows an episode with a starch bag, which we regret we cannot give.

We trust our little friends will not keep us "Waiting for their Verdict" on "Falsely Accused."

## Roll of Honor.

[The following list includes the names of those students whose conduct during the past week has given entire satisfaction to the Faculty. They are placed in alphabetical order.]

## SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

R. Anderson, J. C. Armijo, H. Akin, J. B. Berry, W. B. Berry, W. H. Bailey, F. M. Barron, J. F. Browne, F. M. Bell, R. Becerra, T. Cullen, D. Corry, S. G. Clements, M. J. Carroll, E. V. Chelini, J. J. Conway, G. Clarke, N. Commerford, J. Delaney, J. P. Delaney, J. Donegan, J. Drury, A. Dehner, M. E. Donohue, F. Ewing, B. Eaton, R. Fitzgerald, E. J. Fenlon, T. P. Fenlon, J. Farrell, R. E. Flemming, J. Falvey, M. Falvey, C. L. Fishburne, W. W. Gray, A. J. Golonski, F. H. Grever, M. F. Healy, W. Johnson, J. J. Kelly, J. Kindel, A. Kuntsmann, G. M. Kerndt, J. C. Larkin, W. McCarthy, C. I. McDermott, W. McDevitt, H. W. Morse, E. McGorrick, F. Kavanagh, W. Minnis, E. B. Mason, G. E. McLain, W. McGorrick, J. Nash, H. Noble, J. P. O'Neill, W. H. O'Connor, J. B. O'Reilly, T. O'Rourke, E. C. Orrick, E. A. Otis, A. J. Peery, F. Paquette, C. L. Pierson, S. Pillars, J. P. Peifer, E. J. Ryan, W. E. Ruger, C. D. Saviers, W. Schofield, J. Solon, W. E. Smith, E. E. Smith, C. A. Smith, H. Steis, A. C. Schiml, J. J. Sturla, W. Thompson, G. Tracy, F. Wheatly, F. S. Weber, J. A. White, J. A. Walsh, E. D. Yrisarri.

## JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

P. H. Archer, A. A. Browne, W. F. Bacon, W. H. Barron, G. B. Buchanan, B. B. Baca, F. Barnard, A. J. Campau, J. W. Courtney, A. M. Coghlin, W. L. Coghlin, W. J. Cavanagh, A. M. Chirhart, G. L. Deschamps, M. Dolan, H. F. Devitt, J. A. Drendel, T. M. Danielson, W. Dare, C. C. Echlin, W. A. Ellis, N. H. Ewing, Ed Fishel, Fred Fishel, W. E. Freyermuth, J. H. Fendrick, R. French, J. M. Flynn, L. F. Florman, M. L. Foote, H. G. Foote, J. Friedman, L. G. Gibert, H. E. Gilbert, M. S. Gooley, A. A. Gall, P. G. Hoffman, H. N. Hess, H. Hibbeler, T. J. Hurley, E. A. Howard, W. F. Hanivan, J. L. Heffernan, W. E. Jeannot, W. H. Johnson, C. C. Kolars, O. Kempf, J. J. Kahman, H. A. Kitz, S. Katz, J. T. McGordon, H. M. Metz, J. J. McGrath, E. McGrath, F. X. McPhillips, C. M. Murdock, M. E. Murphy, J. T. Neeson, J. E. Orchard, J. P. O'Donnell, J. V. O'Donnell, F. Orsinger, J. M. Powell, H. P. Porter, C. F. Porter, S. L. Peery, D. G. Quill, A. L. Richmond, C. F. Rose, J. C. Ruppe, J. A. Ruppe, V. L. Rivaud, F. Ryon, H. C. Snee, G. H. Schaefer, E. G. Schmitt, J. S. Smeeth, E. G. Tappan, D. G. Taylor, A. T. Taggart, A. J. Vernier, T. Williams, J. E. Warner, M. J. Wilbur, E. J. Wile, R. J. Yrisarri, J. E. Zaenley, C. Ziegler, J. G. Grever, W. M. Graham.

## MINIM DEPARTMENT.

H. J. Ackerman, W. T. Berthelet, P. E. Campau, C. C. Campau, F. I. Coad, E. S. Chirhart, T. E. Curran, M. E. Devitt, Ryan Devereux, J. P. Devereux, J. H. Dwenger, W. P. Devine, A. Devine, H. C. Dirksmeyer, C. O. Dawson, T. Ellis, J. A. Frain, L. P. Graham, F. I. Garrity, J. H. Hopkins, P. P. Johnson, J. A. Kelly, A. J. Kelly, J. J. McGrath, J. McGrath, E. McGrath, C. H. McGordon, D. L. McCawley, C. Metz, W. J. Miller, W. M. Masi, E. P. Nash, T. Norfolk, F. P. Nester, D. A. O'Connor, F. I. Otis, A. J. Otis, D. A. Piatt, D. Prindville, R. V. Papin, B. B. Powell, V. A. Rebori, J. L. Rose, A. P. Roberts, W. J. Stange, J. Tong, E. A. Thomas, D. Vosburgh, W. Welch, W. Walsh, F. S. Whitney, L. J. Young, F. Fehr, F. Kellner.

## Class Honors.

## COURSE OF MODERN LANGUAGES, FINE ARTS, AND SPECIAL BRANCHES.

C. C. Echlin, J. Courtney, O. Kempf, L. Gibert, G. Castaneda, C. Kolars, A. Browne, H. Snee, W. Graham, J. Zachtle, W. Jones, J. Kahman, H. Hibbeler, D. Taylor, G. Schaefer, F. Lund, J. Livingston, G. Deschamps, E. Fishel, H. Metz, G. Tourtilotte, J. McGrath, T. McGrath, F. Kengal, S. Rosenheim, C. Warner, J. Grever, A. Richmond, H. Devitt, S. Murdock, C. Murdock, W. McCarthy, W. Freyermuth, C. Zeiger, E. Gerlach, B. Zekind, H. Kitz, C. Rose, G. Rhodius, W. Hanavin, J. Ruppe, J. Guthrie, M. Murphy, A. Chirhart, J. Heffernan, H. Seils, J. Friedman, W. Barron, F. Farrelly, S. Ka'z, E. Schmitt, L. Florman, E. Drendel, L. Rivaud, J. Gallagher, F. Ryon, J. O'Donnell, A. Brewster, H. Foote, J. Vernier, B. Baca, F. Johnson, E. Wile, E. Eager, J. Sturla, E. Otis, E. Orrick, A. Christian, J. Concannon, J. Kindel, L. Steiger, J. Marlett, J. Drury, W. Gray, A. Meyer, J. Murphy, W. Thompson, A. Schiml, F. Bell, W. Schofield, F. Kuhn, W. Connor, M. Healy, J. Delaney, J. Zettler, D. Saviers, W. Bolton, R. Fleming, A. Kuntsman, W. McCarthy, F. Kinsella, H. Steis, M. Falvey, C. Metz, W. Ruger, J. Armijo, R. Anderson, F. Wheatly, B. Noble, M. Burns, F. Grever, M. Henoeh, N. Commerford, A. Dehner, T. Cullin, E. Ryan, E. Fenlon, J. Donegan, W. McDevitt, J. Millett, G. Kerndt, H. Akin.

# Saint Mary's Academy.

One Mile West of Notre Dame University.

—The Catholic pupils have the privilege of uniting with the Sisters in the Forty Hours' adoration of the Blessed Sacrament.

—The fine weather gives opportunity to enjoy many pleasant walks, and relieves the pupils from the possibility of dulness. Everyone seems full of energy and ambition.

—At the Sunday evening reunion, on the 12th inst., the young ladies of the Graduating and First Senior classes presented "Rosa Mystica" for the entertainment of the audience. The articles were considered very creditable. Contents as follows: I, A Week in the Capitol, by Miss Galen; II, Great Orators, Miss Cavenor; III, Contrasts, Miss Feehan; IV, The Name of Mother, Miss Haubury; V, Editorial, Misses Fox and Dillon; VI, Art Notes, Miss Wiley; VII, Comical Queries, the Classes; VIII, Mrs. Sally Ann Sykes' Visit to the Academy, by the Classes.

(Selections from "ROSA MYSTICA" and "ST. MARY'S CHIMES," monthly MS. papers edited by the young ladies of the Senior Department.)

(The following article was supposed to have been clipped from the "Spread Eagle Banner.")

STUMP TOWN, SQUASH CO., ARKANSAS, FEB 8, 1881.  
MR. EDITOR:

I take my pen in han to write for yer noospaper a stunnin' artikel. Maybe you'll be sorter surprised to git this sort of a letter all composed by myself, yours truly, Mrs. Sally Ann Sykes. Now, yer see, the why and the wharfore o' my writin' this dockiment fur that noospaper o' yourn, the well-known "Spread Eagle Banner," is the fack that I bin a visitin' a famus edercational instertootion up in Indianer that I bin a hearin so much 'bout that I jest made up my mind not to pay any attention to reports and prologs they publish, but jest to go up myself and see what sort a concern they was a runnin' in the edercational line, fur I goes in fur edercation in general and the edercation of young femernines in purticular, fur if I didnt had got the edercation I did, I woodn't be no whars now in the social an perlitical circles o' Stumptown, whar I, as yer know, writes up all the leaders fur this "Spread Eagle Banner" and draws up all the reserlutions and prayambles fur the timprance and schoolmeetins all threw Squash County.

Wal, comin back to fust principels, I jest went up to their examination and passed off *incog*. 'cause I new 'twould kinder skeer them young gals if they saw me thar in my rale karakter of reporter and writer fur the "Spread Eagle Banner," so I jest put on my foread one of them frizzly things and got me a rale poke bonnet and tried to look as if I didnt know nothin at all, so I passed off as the fashionable Mrs. John Smith, of New York, who had come on purpose to see 'bout puttin two little nieces to the St. Mary's Cademy, Notre Dame Ind. So them ladies what runs the instertootion was awful purlite to me, and mighty particklar to sho me all the good pints o' their instertootion. I did kinder like them sleepin rooms, they was so tidy-lookin and airy, and I liked the place whar they eat, and I liked

the place whar the scholars got their lessons and say their lessons, and the cute little peanna rooms. Why, I believe they got 'bout forty of 'em peannas, and them places whar the gals make pictures was jest awful purty, and they had a room where they made clay statures, but I can't see how they can have that grinnin skull afore them. Why, I jest felt like runnin' right out o' that room, and when one o' them ladies with one o' them queer bonnets on was a pinting to the clay skull what somebody had made arter the pattern o' the rale one, I jest wondered what was goin to become o' the people what foller sich occupation. But that wasn't quite as bad as when they showed me inter the Museum, as they call it, whar they had a lot of nateral curerosities—some grate piles of white stone they called it, Stalack-tights and Stutac mights, and they tried to make me believe them things was made by water a drip-pin'—well, I jest looked green and said, "Yes, ma'm." Then I wus shone a lot of purty things and told that them ar curerosities wus made by insecks so small you couldn't hardly see em. I jest dropped another kurtsy and "Yes, ma'm." When we got to the show-case whar them valerable minral specermens wus, I jest got to reflectin how decevin' was looks, for them ruff stones what you wouldn't bother to pick up was wurth piles o' munny. But I tell you what! they had a thing thar that wus nuff to make a mortal woman's hair stand on end. Now, my readers, prepare! it was the hand of a man that died off in Egypt; 'twas wrapt up in brown cotton. They told me it was dead since 4000 years, and 'cause they saw I made no objections to what they told me I suppose they thought they had crammed that down my unserfisticated throat, but I'm Sally Ann Sykes as long as I live, and they couldn't impose on me. So arter I cooled down out o' my fright a bit, I kept up the deloosion, and kind o' greenly obsarved, "Do yer think that feller ever shuck hands with Noah?"

Well, as I had cum to see the examernation, one of 'em there ladys what runs the instertootion perlutely asked me to walk into the nateral ferloserfy class. Well it beat all creatiun—there was a room ful uv schollurs and a lot uv them ladys with the queer bonnets a settin round a littel glass pump, and one girl was pumpin away fur dear life at the masheen, and pretendin' she had pumped out all the air. Well, not a bit uv air nor nothin else did I see. Then two schollurs cummenced pullin away at two bowls with handels, and pretended they couldn't pull 'em apart. I showed I wus tired of all that foolin, and so I wus tuk in the kimistry class-room. Now, that ere class beat the uther wun for foolry and slite uv han.' They had a botel that sung off a toon equal to a primme donner. Then they set watur on fire; gess thay'll set that St. Joe river a fire sum day with 'em slite uv han tricks. Then they showd icicles was jest as good as matches to lite a candel; and then thay begun to tell how to decumpose evry thing into eliments, and ratteld off a hull string uv eliments. Well, now, I wunce got hole uv a book printed 60 years ago, an it sed thar wus only 4 eliments: erth, air, fire and wartur. Now, tell me, whin did nater make all thim uther eliments? I gess this ginarashun is gittin 2 smart to liv long. I wus gittin anxshus to git out uv that room les sum uv thim orful smart schollurs would decumpose me inter sum uv thim eliments, but jest thin sum uv 'em dropt sum clear stuf on sugger and got up sich a big blaze that I run rite out uv the room an was jest a goin to cry fire, but I saw evry body lookin so calm and cum posed that I didn't.

Aftur all this nonsense they tuk me inter a room whar the Gometry class was bein examened. Wal, I don't like to say anythin' bout all these procedins, but I do declar big gals, most as sensibel-lookin as me, stud up thar to a black-bord and drawd thereon a lot uv squares, and 3 cornured planks, wheels and barruls, and boxes and what thay called prism and mountin lookin things, and then sat down the A B Cs at the corners and sumtimes in the middel, and then wint on to talk about them, jest as if thay was tryin' to larn their letters. It wus jest too silly.

Now the hull thing is, they get inter their heads that that 3d branch o'mathymattooks as they call it, makes a person smart. So thay waste their time on that for a hull ten months. Then what they called the graduatin' class went thro somethin jest 'bout the same, if not more redicklus, and still thay told me that was the 4th branch o'mathy mattooks. Wal, these gals sat down a hull string o'syns and cosynes and tans and cots and put a letter arter each one, till the hull thing looked a heap like that monument the New Yorkers brought over from Egypt. How they managed to talk so much about the hull thing while they kept a writin' down, was a more'n I can see. Now my ideer uv an edercation isent much like that. Now, as I said afore, I hate to bring afore the public so many folt findin remarks, but then it's the most interestin thing I've tended in a long time. Then they tuk me inter the Gology class. Wal, if this thing didnt beat all I'de ever heered of! There they had a lot o'rocks, stones and stove coal and things I can't get my tongue around, and the talked 'bout them things till I got sick. Mind yer! they went on to tell 'bout animals and things that never was on record nor on the erth, and Noar himself dident no nothin about. One of the perfessors o'science, as they called him, kept a'askin' them young skeered to-death gals how these things cum, and if they couldnt a cum some other way until he thought he could get 'em mixed up, but he couldnt, and I guess they guv him back purty good ansers and in the end they all new as much about the hull thing as I did, and I never fooled my time on any sich nonsense. One thing that beat all was they said they'd found tracks some place in the sand and from these tracks mind yer, they went on to say thar used to be horses havin' 4 toes and I guess if horses used ter have 4 toes they'd have em now. If they do kick they're not likly to kick their toes off! and if they thought they could cram that down me they was mighty well fooled, for I've seen horses a little too often for all that.

Arter that, a sage-lookin' perfessor who learned them mentle Filoserfy began askin' questions 'bout thought and 'tentions and conscienceness and like things, and how they thought and thought and how they remembered and so forth; honestly, them gals talked a blue streak until I thought they'd go crazy 'fore they stopped. But every one seemed to take it in earnest so I kept in from lafin, too. Now the furst thing I expected to see was that them gals would prodooce a rale brain and take the hull thing to peaces, fur I saw one in the show case that was petrified and I shoulde'n't wonder if it belonged to some o' the poor gals, who left this class last year.

Now I see my artikel is goin' to be 2 long fur the vacant place in yur. paper uv this week, so I'll cut it in haff 'an send the balluns uv it next week.

Yours truly,

SALLY ANN SYKES.

## Roll of Honor.

FOR POLITENESS, NEATNESS, AMIABILITY, AND CORRECT DEPARTMENT.

*1st Tablet*—Misses A. Cavenor, C. Claffey, E. Galen, S. Hanbury, S. Walsh, M. Clarke, A. Dillon, Wiley, Beal, M. Campbell, C. Campbell, Chrischellis, Fendrick, R. Fishburne, Glennon, Heneberry, Lancaster, Ave Price, A. Rasche, Simms, E. Shickey, Vander Heyden, H. Van Patten, L. Van Patten, Black, Call, Coryell, M. Fishburne, Leydon, Owens, Margaret Price, V. Reilly, J. Reilly, A. Richardson, M. Richardson, Rulison, Thompson, Chirhart, Behler, Thomann, L. English, Fleming, Mulligan, M. H. Ryan, Reutlinger, Adderly, Clifford, Wagner, Newton, B. English, Gavan, Northrop, Ives, M. Watson.  
*2d Tablet*—Misses Fox, Feehan, Bland, Donnelly, McKenna, A. Nash, H. Nash, Wall, Butts, Barlow, Casey, Hackett, Keenan, Legnard, McCoy, Papin, Fenlon, Garrity, Williams, Harington, Green, H. Hicks, N. Hicks, Smith.

### JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

*1st Tablet*—Misses C. Ginz, C. Lancaster, H. Ramsey, J. Spangler, A. Clarke, M. Chirhart, M. Coogan, F. Robertson, M. Dillon, A. Martin, J. Charles, L. Robinson, C. Richmond, C. Bard, M. Condon. *2d Tablet*—Misses S. Semmes, M. Morgan, M. Otis, L. Heneberry, G. O'Neill.

### MINIM DEPARTMENT.

*1st Tablet*—Misses J. English, Rigney, Sawyer, Martha Otis, A. English, S. Campau, Castanedo, Barry, J. McGrath, J. McKenna.

## Class Honors.

GRADUATING CLASS—Misses Cavenor, Claffey, Galen, Hanbury and Walsh.

1ST SENIOR CLASS—Misses Clarke, Dillon, Fox, Feehan and Wiley.

2D SR. CLASS.—Misses Chrischellis, Donnelly, Fendrick, R. Fishburne, Lancaster, McKenna, Maude Price, Ave Price, M. A. Ryan, Rasche, Simms, Shickey.

3D SR.—Misses Butts, Barlow, Black, Casey, Etta Call, A. Chirhart, M. Fishburne, Ginz, Keenan, C. Lancaster, Legnard, Mowry, Owens, Margaret Price, Mary Price, S. Papin, V. Reilly, A. Richardson, M. Richardson, H. Ramsey, J. Spangler, Thompson, Semmes, Thomann, Waters.

1ST PREP. CLASS—Misses Clifford, Davenport, Fenlon, Fleming, Behler, L. English, Mulligan, Reutlinger, A. Watson, Williams, Adderly, Wagner, Newton.

2D PREP. CLASS—Misses Green, H. Hicks, N. Hicks, A. Clarke, M. Chirhart, Considine, Coogan, Dillon, C. Ducey, Fisk, Morgan, Martin, Paquette, F. Robertson, Rodgers, W. Mosher, Eldridge, Ives, M. Watson.

JR. PREP.—Misses A. English, J. McGrath, A. Welch, P. Ewing, F. Hibbins, E. Papin, J. Krick, M. Condon, M. Wilkins, B. Hackett.

1ST JR.—Misses Browne, Coyne, Chaves, E. Mattis, Rigney, Schmidt, Sawyer, M. Otis, Best.

2D JR.—Misses M. Barry, J. English, J. Charles, Martha Otis, J. McGrath.

### FRENCH.

#### HONORABLY MENTIONED

1ST CLASS—Misses E. Galen, C. Lancaster, M. Feehan, C. Bland, A. Castanedo.

2D CLASS—Misses J. Reilly, M. Campbell, A. Cavenor, M. Morgan, B. Semmes.

3D CLASS—Misses J. Barlow, M. Price, M. Clarke, A. Clarke, M. Paquette, A. Leydon.

4TH CLASS—Misses Nash, Call, Walsh, Donnelly, A. McGordon, Mary Price, M. Beal, E. Shickey, M. A. Ryan, J. Owens, Ave Price, and A. Glennon.

2D DIV.—Misses L. Van Patten, H. Van Patten, E. Vander Heyden, L. English, and L. Fendrick.

5TH CLASS—Misses M. Chaves, M. Otero, C. Richmond, A. Sawyer.

### GERMAN.

1ST CLASS—Misses C. Claffey, A. Dillon, E. Chrischellis, C. Ginz, M. Thomann, M. Behler, L. Wagner.

2D CLASS—Misses J. Butts, M. Chirhart, M. Reutlinger, M. Casey, M. Fleming.

3D CLASS—Misses N. Keenan, H. Van Patten, L. Van Patten, J. Spangler, E. Considine, M. Eldridge.

4TH CLASS—Misses A. Martin, M. Coogan, H. Hicks, M. Ryan.