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Disco quasi semper victurus; vive quasi cras moriturus.

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Thomas Moore.

IRELAND'S LYRIST.

Of Erin's bards, the sweetest lyre is thine;
For music thrilling flows in every line,
Thy chords enchanting thrill the very soul,—
Each gem of thine's a sweet harmonious whole;
What tender feelings those sweet gems inspire
That drop like burnished dew-drops from thy lyre!
In every land where Erin's exiles dwell
Thy tender songs the ev'ning breezes swell;
In softest cadence singest thou the isle
On which kind Heav'n, but not vile man, doth smile.

J. McC.

William Wordsworth.

William Wordsworth, one of England's great literary celebrities, deservedly occupies an honored position among the poetical writers of the present century. Born in England in 1770, the death of his parents left him an orphan at a very tender age. He was placed under the guardianship of his uncle, who sent him to school at Hawkshead. There we find him involved in all the wild pranks and boisterous sports of an English public school-boy. He made very little progress in his studies, but preserved his poetical taste which the beautiful, picturesque scenery with which he was surrounded served to strengthen and develop. Leaving Hawkshead, he entered Cambridge. His aversion to study and discipline now showed itself more openly. He preferred rather to spend his time in the company of the gay and thoughtless, or indulging in one of his wild dreams of fancy. It is not surprising that his memories of his *Alma Mater* were by no means the most pleasant of his youthful days. Notwithstanding these obstacles, he became master of Latin, and acquired some knowledge of the Classic and English writers. Chaucer, Spencer and Milton were his great favorites. He made them his special study, imitated them, and was lost in admiration whenever he perused their works.

In 1790 he made a pedestrian tour throughout France. The country was then torn by civil dissensions, and the agitation of the Revolution was

at its height. The people were divided into the great political parties known in history as the Jacobins and Girondists, each of which strove to gain supremacy. The artfully concealed designs of the latter party so allured our young poet into the belief of the righteousness of their cause that he became for a time a zealous supporter of their principles. But at length came the change brought about by the crimes of the parties themselves. The effects, however, upon our poet's mind were permanent and exceedingly good. From a mere poet he was changed into a philosopher and endeavored to reconcile "God's way with the human understanding." He became tranquil and meditative.

He returned to England, where he entertained thoughts of the law, and attempted to earn a fortune by writing for newspapers. But these presumptuous efforts were abandoned when he received the small fortune of nine hundred pounds with the injunctions that he should devote himself to literary pursuits. He therefore retired to a quiet village, with his sister Dorothy as his only companion, and enjoyed that peace and domestic quiet which were so congenial to his disposition. Shortly before this he had written his two little poems, entitled "Descriptive Sketches" and "An Evening Walk." Neither of them gave him much credit, though they served to reveal his characteristics.

His cotemporaries were Southey, Coleridge, and other illustrious writers with whom he rose to fame. But even after their death Wordsworth continued to rise steadily in his glory until he was crowned poet-laureate, and at his death reigned supreme in the poetical world, no other writer daring to compete with him. His intimate friendship with Coleridge, whose acquaintance he had made, and whom he greatly admired and esteemed, led to his famous "Lyrical Ballads," published in 1798. They were a little more successful in their reception by the public than his former poems, but still they reflected but little credit upon their author. Regardless of the severe criticism with which he was assailed and the ridicule cast upon him by his works, he moved on in his own independent way, writing poems upon almost every conceivable subject. He never suffered for want of a theme; his village, with its surrounding scenery abounded in poetical suggestions; in the innocent plays of children, the sparkling dew upon the meadow grass, and in the little kitten play-

ing 'midst the autumn leaves he found themes for his muse.

In 1807 he produced two volumes of poems containing many of his sonnets, and also many of his choicest pieces. His next work was a prosaic production called forth by his indignation at the tyranny of Napoleon. It is said that the sentiments are thrilling, but his manner of expressing them is so miserable that they were entirely unheeded.

Working together, Coleridge produced the "Ancient Mariner," and Wordsworth a number of small poems, among them his beautiful and much-admired "We are Seven," "Lines Written in Early Spring," "Tintern Abbey," and many others, too numerous, indeed, to mention much less to expatiate upon. The disapprobation with which they were received was almost universal; Coleridge, however, escaped rather lightly, but Wordsworth's portion was condemned and denounced as mere "trash." We must attribute this dislike to a want of appreciation of the simplicity of nature; for no one can read the little poem, "We are Seven," without failing to detect beauty in the simple little maid who insists upon asserting that, although "two of them at Conway dwell," "two have gone to sea," and "two of them in the Churchyard lie," still they are seven,—ignoring the power of death to annihilate or destroy. "Lines Written in Early Spring" is an exquisite little poem. Every line of it breathes forth his ardent love of Nature, etc. His longer works are principally the "White Doe of Rylstone," "The Prelude," and the "Excursion." The last appeared in 1814. It is founded upon a three days' stroll through the country. It is to be lamented that its extreme length prevents many from perusing it. One finds it exceedingly tiresome to plod through the entire poem. It contains, however, many beautiful descriptions, and the sentiments are high and noble. The mightiest questions concerning "God," "Nature" and "Man" are discussed with considerable accuracy.

But our author was exceedingly unfortunate in the selection of a subject for his lengthy poem. It is impossible to reconcile the narration of sad and mournful events to the idea of an excursion, which is naturally regarded as an expedition of pleasure. Whatever could have been his object in choosing such a subject, it is evident that his application of it differs widely from its ordinary use. We become disgusted and disappointed with the characters which he introduces, for they are exceedingly dull and devoid of all interest; and, what is far worse, of all probability. For instance, in the first book we find the fair Margaret, deserted by her husband, roaming through the country searching for him everywhere, and leaving in the mean time her cherished babes alone. It is not probable that a mother would forsake her children and go in search of a worthless husband who abandoned her in time of trouble and misfortune. Wordsworth continued in the same doleful strain, and relates his interview with the Solitary, accompanied by his former friend, the Wanderer. He uses few figures, and none but those most appropriate to the subject.

In the third book we find the following beautiful lines:

"Man is of dust; ethereal hopes are his,
Which, when they should sustain themselves aloft,
Want due consistence; like a pillar of smoke
That with majestic energy from earth
Rises, but, having reached the thinner air,
Melts and dissolves, and is no longer seen."

It is written in blank verse, and the language is pleasing and elegant. Not an immoral or degrading phrase is found throughout the whole poem. Although exceedingly simple in its construction, it requires considerable time for study and reflection, in order to be understood. Owing to this, it was scarcely noticed when first published. The people were so absorbed with the exciting literature of Byron, Scott and Moore, who were then in the zenith of their glory, that they scorned those that required study.

The many beautiful descriptions with which it abounds are intermingled with occasional aspirations of virtues and pictures of the imagination. His imagination is, on all occasions, rather calm, and remains undisturbed by any event, no matter how sublime or exciting. With all its faults, the "Excursion" is, nevertheless, a great poem, and Wordsworth a mighty poet. History furnishes no better example of a poet growing into favor in spite of such determined opposition. At first he had no more admirers than his wife and sister, and at his death he was universally admired.

His minor poems will always be read and relished with delight. His "Sonnets," "Ode on the Intimation of Immortality" are known and cherished by all—from the little school-girl to the great man of letters. I fear the admiration of his longer works will gradually fade away; it is certain they will never gain the favor with which his vanity flattered him. Inflated with conceit, it was his delight to sit and draw comparisons between himself and Milton, whom he considered as a grand and noble poet. Our much-admired Faber has said of him: "Well or sick, cheerful or sad, I can always get happiness from the old poet—God bless him! One may hang on a sonnet of his by the hour, like a bee in a fox-glove, and still get sweetness."

Wordsworth certainly effected a great change in the literary world. He led men to contemplate the beauties of nature, the chief of which is simplicity; inspired them with love for humanity, and gave poetry a depth before unknown. His principal fault—and one that has been the cause of so much ridicule lavished upon him by merciless critics—was his desire to elevate the lowly in man and nature by investing them in the language of the sublime. The result often proved very ridiculous, as can be seen in his "Peter Bell." The "White Doe in Rylstone" followed next. It is certainly to be preferred to the former. It is an historical narration and chiefly relates the fate of a northern family during the civil war. Its length is a little more encouraging than the "Excursion," and the sentiments and language are certainly very fine. Wordsworth died in 1850, much lamented.

G. HARRY SMITH, '85.

A Historical Error.

II.

Let us now see a few specimens of his knowledge of the history of the country. In one single day of the year 1528 Zumárraga, by means of his friars, burned *all* the magnificent temples of Anáhuac, and, at the same time, its voluminous libraries (p. 190). That day must have been a long one on which so much could be destroyed, and great must have been the haste of the Sr. Zumárraga to destroy everything Aztec, since he landed here only in December, 1528, and thus had hardly three weeks, supposing that he put it for the last day of the year in which to organize and carry out his expedition. The Bishop arrived only at the end of 1528; but, according to F. Mier, as early as 1525 he sets out with all his clergy for Tlaxcala, on account of the disputes between the royal officers. The passages quoted from this author against Bishop Zumárraga are principally the following:

"It was now time that the Lord bishops should have been converted by experience from their rash opinions concerning them (the Mexicans). The first bishop of Mexico took it into his head that all the symbolical manuscripts of the Indians were magical figures, sorcery, and demons, and he considered it a religious duty to exterminate them, by himself and by the missionaries, delivering up to the flames all the libraries of the Aztecs, of which that of Tezcoco alone—which was their Athens—arose as high as a mountain, when, by order of Zumárraga, it was set on fire. And as the Indians remade their manuscripts or concealed them to preserve the history of their nation, the missionaries employed Christian children, whom they inspired with their own erroneous zeal, to steal them from their parents;—this was the cause of the death of the seven Tlaxcalan children who are considered as martyrs. Thus, this bishop caused the nation and the literary world a loss as irreparable as it was immense."*

The second passage is as follows:

"The Spaniards and the missionaries, determined to see only the devil, even in the crosses, played the devil with everything without scruple,—*todo lo endiablaron sin escrúpulo*; and collecting the rites and beliefs of the various provinces, and in consequence of having burned the libraries taking their information from the ignorant rabble, who amongst Catholics also would give a devilish account of our faith, made an intolerable fricassee (*pepitoria*). From the time when the Spaniards arrived in New Spain, and saw themselves so highly honored and called *teotli* or *teutli*, they imagined that they were taken for gods, and the missionaries hearing this word applied also to the mountains, all things were in their minds turned into gods and goddesses."†

We honor the name of Humboldt, one of the most learned men of the century. Still, with all due respect we refuse to bow to his authority in this matter, supported as it is by no other. He believes, but cannot induce us to believe, that Sr. Zumárraga undertook to do away with the antiquities of the Aborigines of America. He is alone in this monstrous exaggeration. He says:

* *Apologia*, published in 1805; reprinted in the *Biografía*, by D. J. Eleuterio Gonzales, Monterey, 1876, p. 39.

† *Historia de la Revolucion de Nueva España* (under the name of D. José Guerra), London, 1813; tom. ii, appendix, p. 40; or Sahagun, supplement to p. iii, p. xxvi.

"When Bishop Zumárraga undertook to destroy all that related to the worship, the history, and the antiquities of the indigenous people of America, he also caused the idols of the plain of Micoatl to be broken."*

F. Clavo, of the same school as Clavigero, attributes the destruction of antiquities and manuscripts to the conquerors, and not to the missionaries. And yet he quotes the celebrated passage of Torquemada (lib. iii, c. 6) which we shall soon comment upon, in which nothing is said of the conquerors. In regard to Cortés, he is accused of the contrary. The witness, Rodrigo de Castañeda, declares that when the friars of St. Francis went about the country and in the territory of Mexico burning *cues*, D. Hernando Cortés "asked why they burned them, which had better have been unburned, and he showed great vexation, because he wished that those houses of idols should remain as memorials." As to the soldiers, I doubt very seriously whether they troubled themselves in searching for and destroying papers; they sought for other things. I do not think that we need set much weight on an author so much later than the events which he records, and who quotes an authority that does not bear him out in his assertion.

The authority of Clavigero, author of the *Historia Antigua de México*, 1780, has great weight. Nevertheless, it is a fact that his bitter lamentations over the destruction of paintings is unsupported by any particular authority: it is natural to suppose that they are drawn from Torquemada and Ixtlilxochitl, the principal sources of his work. On the other hand, he shows a great admiration of everything Aztec, and a low estimation of the first missionaries, though he sometimes declares the contrary. Clavigero, following the current of ideas in Europe in his day, dwelt upon and exaggerated the destruction at every opportunity, and admitted the supposed destruction of the archives of Tezcoco by the first religious; and at the same time he finds fault with Robertson for saying that the paintings that had escaped destruction were worth very little; telling us that "he exaggerates the destruction caused by the superstition of the missionaries," and that "the paintings that had escaped that search are not few." We may speak again of these contradictions; they suffice to show that Clavigero did not subject his assertions to severe criticism, but, like others, followed the general current.

Robertson published his "History of America," in 1777. I would not speak of him, but would unceremoniously put him aside, were it not that Mr. Sanchez quotes him. The testimony of an author comparatively modern, a foreigner and a Protestant, who tried to cover ground too extensive for his abilities, does not deserve credit nor even mention. His fierce attack on Bishop Zumárraga betrays his thoughtlessness and prejudices, since it rests only on quotations from Acosta and Torquemada, the former of whom does not mention the bishop, and in the second, details—such as that of the edict—are wanting, which Robertson

* *Vues des Cordillères*, plate vii, ed. in fol., p. 26.

added of his own head to make the picture blacker. Here are his words:

"The obscurity in which the ignorance of its conquerors involved the annals of Mexico, was augmented by the superstition of those who succeeded them. As the memory of past events was preserved among the Mexicans by figures painted on skins, on cotton cloth, on a kind of paste-board or on the bark of trees, the early missionaries, unable to comprehend their meaning, and, struck with their uncouth forms, conceived them to be monuments of idolatry which ought to be destroyed in order to facilitate the conversion of the Indians. In obedience to an edict issued by Juan de Zumárraga, a Franciscan monk, the first Bishop of Mexico, as many records of the ancient Mexican story as could be collected were committed to the flames. In consequence of this fanatical zeal of the monks who first visited New Spain (which their successors soon began to lament), whatever knowledge of remote events such rude monuments contained was almost entirely lost, and no information remained concerning the ancient revolutions and policy of the empire, but what was derived from tradition or from some fragments of their historical paintings that escaped the barbarous researches of Zumárraga.*

Thus far we have passed in review the chief of those writers who were not witnesses of the destruction themselves, and who could not hear those that were. We now enter on other ground, where we meet at the same time with Ixtlilxochitl, who wrote between 1600 and 1615, and Torquemada, who published his work in 1615, who did not witness the destruction, but may possibly have conversed with some that did. They are authors of the greatest importance in the question, for they are principally responsible for the diffusion of the error, and we therefore reserve them for examination further on.

The chronicler Herrera, of the same time, deserves great credit for his labors; but, making use of the privilege of a notary granted to royal chroniclers, he hardly ever quotes authority, and then only in general terms. He was never in America, and wrote from the papers that were given him. He could learn nothing from the mouth of the Indians, and the time for that had gone. The little that he says of the destruction of pictures he found in some writing of which it is impossible for us to say what it is, or what credit it deserves.

Dávila Padilla speaks only of the destruction of idols. Mendieta about the same. F. Acosta refers principally to Yucatan, of which province we need not treat. More disdainful or presumptuous than Clavigero, he calls the zeal of the missionaries, not *indiscreet*, but *stupid*. This author who was impeached for plagiarism, merely made a flying visit to Mexico, during which he heard mention made of the destruction, which was then a subject of talk, and his presumption originated those expressions of his which are of no weight whatever.

Pomar and F. Duran are writers of note, of whom we shall speak later on. F. Roman, who was not in America, speaks only of the destruction of some paintings, which he attributes to the Dominicans. He boasts that there was no private individual in the world who had so many papers as he on those people; and if he had such a rich supply of materials, how is it that he was not aware

the grand fire made by Sr. Zumárraga and the Franciscans? Or did he conceal the principal fact, and the one that for him was most to the point, mentioning only a single incident in regard to an order that came later?

I do not think that the elimination which I have made will be called arbitrary. In each case I have given my reasons, although being as brief as possible.

There now remain thirteen authors, who alone figure in the investigation. This investigation naturally is divided into three parts, according as it treats of the destruction of temples, idols, or paintings—things that should not be confounded, since they are not on the same footing, either on account of the reasons that there were for destroying them or of the consequences of that destruction. Each of these three parts is again subdivided into two others; what relates to the Sr. Zumárraga, the principal object of my investigation, and what must be attributed to others, whether or not they were missionaries.

That the Aztec temples were many and that they have all disappeared, are facts fully proved. But their destruction was inevitable, and should not cause us any surprise. The missionaries were not antiquarians, but came to convert the Indians, and they soon perceived that their labors would be fruitless unless they tore down the haunts of idolatry. They were very few, the gentiles innumerable; whilst they were preaching in one place, the ministers of the temples elsewhere continued their abominations, and they hardly refrained from offering up human sacrifices in public.* There was no other remedy than to drive out the ministers and prevent their return by pulling down their *adoratorios*. This was resolved upon with much reason; but it is not known that the priests were ill-treated.

But even if the zeal of the religious had not undertaken to destroy the temples, their destruction was inevitable. They were at the same time fortresses, and it was not well that they should remain in existence in a country badly subjected by a handful of men. The Aztecs themselves had given the example: the signal of a triumph was always the burning of the principal *teocalli* of the town taken by arms; thus they invariably signified their victories in their hieroglyphical writing. On the other hand, the peculiar form of those edifices prevented them from being turned to other uses. Christianity could purify and convert to its own worship pagan temples and Arabian mosques, as Protestantism and Mahometanism made use of Catholic churches; but no profit could be drawn from those heaps of stone or earth, with no other covered place but some miserable little chapels or turrets of wood, thickly incrustated with hu-

* "The Spaniards, being occupied in building Mexico and in making dwellings for themselves, contented themselves with not allowing human sacrifices in public in their presence, which were not wanting in private and around Mexico; and in this manner idolatry was in peace, and the houses of the demons served and guarded with their ceremonies."—*Motolinia, trat. i, c. 3.*

* "History of America," book vii.

man blood, fetid, abominable, which ought to be destroyed, were it only to show the horror inspired by those slayers of men.

The teocallis were really a public injury. From the moment when Cortés admitted the unfortunate idea of raising the new city in the same place occupied by the old, the remains of the great teocalli of Mexico that had escaped the ravages of war were irrevocably condemned to disappear. The great pyramid and its seventy-eight surrounding edifices occupied an immense space in the best part of the city, and it was evident that they could not remain there. We do not see how the new city could have been built without ridding it of that ungainly construction; and this is so true, that, if the great teocalli had remained till our days, we ourselves would assuredly have to pull it down.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Albigenses.

During the nineteen centuries which have elapsed since the birth of our Saviour, the Catholic Church has been unceasingly persecuted by heretics and schismatics. Heresies spring from arrogance on the part of some who call themselves Christians. Their followers deny some doctrine or other because by it they are forbidden to give vent to their passions, and are called to a sense of duty.

Of all these, no sect was ever more rigorous in their views than the Albigenses.* This sect professed Gnosticism and Manicheism in their grossest form. They denied that the earth had been created by an All-powerful Being, and held that it was made by the evil spirit, whose son, Lucifer, having seduced by his stratagems a number of heavenly beings, imprisoned them here upon earth, and that these formed a distinct class of men, whom Christ came upon earth to liberate. From this it seems that these sectarians must have been blinded by superstition and pride, otherwise they would have perceived the grossness of the error into which they fell. What can be more absurd than to believe that the author of imperfection could create a world of beings to live in such harmony with each other? Nothing less than the hand of the Almighty could do this. Reason also condemns this assertion, for the effect cannot be greater than the cause.

They at first permitted marriage; but after a short period condemned it, saying that its author was also the evil spirit. Thus we see that their views were equally destructive to the Church and humanity. They forbade the most necessary qualifications of soul and body. As we have already seen, they expressed a belief in Christ, although they held His priests in great indignation, saying that anyone who would listen to them participated in their sin. They likewise denied the resurrection, and the efficacy of baptism. We all know

* They received this name because they were more numerous in the city of Albi and the surrounding country, which was inhabited by the Albigens, from which the name Albigenses is derived.

the folly of this; because our Lord Himself was baptized by St. John in the river Jordan, and everyone believes in the resurrection. Their dualistic principle necessitated the division of mankind into two distinct classes—viz., those who were sure of obtaining salvation, and those who, on account of their origin from the evil spirit, could never obtain this great happiness. Moral guilt was altogether contrary to their belief. They held the absurd idea that an infant of the second class would be punished after death as much as a traitor or a robber. Their method of purification was very ingenious and unique. It consisted in the laying on of hands. When one received the "consolation," as they called it, he promised to lead a pure life afterwards. This promise, on account of the frailty of man, was so often violated that in a short time their system would have been destroyed. Perceiving this, they refrained from administering the "consolation" except in danger of death; and if the person began to recover after having received it he was requested to shorten his life by fasting; and in extreme cases they resorted to profuse bleeding, which ceremony was called the "*Endura*." What can be more opposed to religion than this bleeding of a man to death? It is almost suicide. Would the Maker of man require him to shorten his life?

Before their time, or since that period, no sect has ever been more violent and radical in opposing the Catholic doctrine. While their excesses against the civil government were great, they were likewise the hardest to be brought to a sense of justice.

Pope Alexander III had a crusade preached against them in 1164, but the rigor with which it was carried on was not sufficient to obtain any great advantage over the heretics, and it was not until the reign of Pope Innocent III that very extensive measures were taken for their conversion. He declared their practices more wicked than those of the Saracens. In the year 1198 two Cistercian monks, named Ranier and Guido, were sent among them to preach the true Faith to them and in that way lead them back to the Church. This attempt also failed. The Pope then, in 1206, sent among them two noble Christians named Peter of Castelnau and Raoul to preach to them in the scanty garb of the apostles.

The former was assassinated before any material change had been effected. When the news of this outrage reached his ears, Pope Innocent III ordered Arnold, abbot of Cîteaux, to preach a crusade against them. This was directed by Simon, Count of Montfort, an intrepid and faithful Christian warrior, who, upon being charged with the chief military and civil power, raised an army and marched against them. From the year 1209 to the year 1213 scarcely anything is presented but a series of bloody conflicts, in all of which the Christian army was successful. Nor did they give up their efforts until the cross rose triumphantly over all Languedoc.

When the news of these conflicts came to the ears of Innocent he wept bitterly to think that the champions of Faith should perform such cruel atrocities. But although great wrongs were committed

by the Crusaders, they were necessary on account of the obstinacy and hostilities of the Albigenses. The leaders commanded according to their own judgment and not according to the orders which were received from the Pope, therefore he was not to blame for any excesses on their part. After the death of Simon, the Albigenses once more regained power until the reign of Louis VIII, who defeated them, and they were finally subdued under the reign of Louis IX. C. R. G.

Art, Music and Literature.

—Princes Edward and George, sons of the Prince of Wales, are writing an account of their voyage around the world. The work is based upon the diaries kept by the Princes, and will be ready for publication in April. It will be in two volumes, and will be profusely illustrated.

—Mr. Alexander Dumas has presented to the Comedie Francaise the only known example of the hand-writing of Molière. It is an act of one of his plays with his signature appended at the bottom of the last page. It will be framed with this signature, exposed to view, and placed in the green-room of the theatre.

—Mr. John L. Sibley, for thirty years librarian at Harvard College, has finished the third volume of his biographical memoranda of Harvard graduates; but it is said that his failing health will compel the relinquishing of the editing and general supervision of the work to other hands. Mr. Sibley is now 80 years of age.

—The proposal to celebrate the centenary of the birth of Karl Maria von Weber by the erection of a statue of the composer in his native town, has been well received in Germany and other Continental countries. Weber was born at Eutin, on the 18th of December, 1786, and some of the principal inhabitants of that place have formed a committee for the realization of the scheme.

—Alma Tadema's latest picture represents boys and girls lying under a spreading oak and reading Horace. Speaking of the Roman poet, the late President Garfield once asked J. Randolph Tucker if he knew where our motto, "E. Pluribus Unum," was found. Mr. Tucker didn't. "Well," said Garfield, "it comes from Horace," and he turned to a page where the poet describes the making of a salad, winding up with the remark that it was *e pluribus unum*.—*Sun*.

—During the last two years Prince Ibrahim Hilmy, son of Ismail Pasha, well known for his extensive knowledge of the language and literature of England, has busied himself in the accumulation of the records of works, manuscript as well as printed, and of all countries, relating to Egypt and the Soudan. The work will extend to two large quarto volumes, and will include notices of the earliest as well as of the latest writings in any way affecting the country and its people.

—The peculiar interest of a volume of short tales recently published in Germany under the title

"Jung Amerika," has attracted marked attention to the author, Miss Sarah Hutzler. This lady was born and educated in New York, but went to Germany about seven years ago on account of a heart trouble which she was advised would be relieved by the climate of Dresden. Learning German, she began to write in that language short stories, novels, and sketches depicting American life.

—A collection of historical documents, relating to the proceedings which led to the siege of Carlisle by the Scots after the Battle of Marston Moor, has been found under a beam in the triforium of Carlisle Cathedral by some workmen who were doing repairs. The documents bear the date 1642 and 1643, and they must have been hidden under the beam two hundred and forty years ago. They have been taken possession of by the Dean and Chapter, who intend to have them examined by experts.

—Alhama de Granada, recently destroyed by an earthquake, possessed the most romantic situation and the most romantic history of any town in Spain. It stood high upon the verge of a gigantic cleft in the mountains, the result of volcanic action. From its position it was justly regarded by the Moors as the key of their kingdom of Granada, and when captured, in 1482, by the forces of Ferdinand and Isabella, the Alhambra was felt to be foredoomed. It was that event which gave origin to the mournful ballad, "Muy Doloroso," translated by Lord Byron, with the sad refrain at the close of each stanza, "Woe is me, Alhama!"

ART IN CHICAGO.

Now that Art Academies, Art Institutes, Art Leagues, Art Guilds, and Bohemian Girls are claiming so much of our attention and admiration, we can well afford to look back to the modest beginnings of art studies in Chicago. The first to inaugurate regular and systematic studies from nature, from life and even from casts in Chicago, whose persevering labors in this direction preceded all the institutions now so popular among us, and this without any public recognition, and with no association of interests to assist her in carrying out her design, is still teaching in her studio at 299 Huron street, according to the ideas with which she opened her classes in Chicago in 1857. From the very first, Miss Starr's pupils were from the most cultivated families in Chicago; and a list of her pupils, during these years, would include names brilliant in art circles at home and abroad, and well-known teachers in New York, St. Louis, Philadelphia, San Francisco, and almost every large city in the Union; while among the youthful *élite* of Chicago she planted a love of true art which can hardly be fully estimated in its influence upon the taste of our young city. Through whatever medium her instructions were given, the spirit of these instructions was that of conscientious truthfulness and a deep, profound love of beauty in its most enduring sense.

Those who remember Miss Starr twenty-five years ago, must remember the sketching classes

which covered, with groups of eager delineators, so many of the pleasant lawns of the North side, during the early summer until the late autumn; while in her studio she gave lessons, not only in flower-painting, but from casts and heads from life; and in the evening her studio was often crowded with young gentlemen studying heads from life and from casts. Among the lovely girls at Miss Whiting's school and the Dearborn seminary, where she gave lessons for fifteen years, were many whose children now come to her with the same enthusiasm as their mothers twenty years ago. No copying is done in this studio even by the youngest pupil. To say how she has thus adapted her instructions to pupils of all ages is to tell a woman's secret, we believe. But the results show how admirably this adaptation has been made. Children of eight years are giving, under her guidance, truthful representations of objects in free-hand, while, at the same time, charcoal studies of heads from the antique, and a life class for figures in costume are going on with her, as regularly among her ladies as in any academy in the land.

One of her earliest patrons in Chicago remarked: "It is not so much what Miss Starr actually teaches, as what she inspires her pupils to attain." With her, art is an essential element of life, of happiness; and the love of perfection is the rule of this happy and elevated idea of existence. Perhaps it is this which has made the charm of her instruction, as it certainly has of the lectures upon art literature, of which she gives twenty every year, requiring three years for a full course. Besides giving them at her house, they have been for two winters repeated, week by week, at the house of some lover of art in a distant part of the city, now on the West, and now on the South side, always to delighted circles, and to yearly increasing numbers. Besides her other artistic occupations, Miss Starr took up etching before any etching clubs had been established, in order to illustrate her own works, and she has now printed (in "Pilgrims and Shrines") more than forty from sketches taken abroad to illustrate the story of her visit to the Old World.

Miss Starr has always loved teaching. She has never considered it beneath any true artist to communicate of his treasures. Nor has she ever flagged in her enthusiasm. The smiles of approbation for some timid beginner or some persevering pupil of many years, over the last finished sketch or picture, is as sincere as ever, and we believe she never taught as well as to-day.—*Chicago Telegram*.

College Gossip.

—The Paris Ecole de Médecine now contains seventy-eight female students.

—Kalamazoo College (Michigan) gets \$2,000 by the will of the late E. G. Huntington.

—The late Dr. Francis B. Hurd, of Boston, a graduate of Phillips Exeter Academy, bequeathed it \$50,000.

—The amount collected up to June 20th, 1884, towards paying the debt of Mt. St. Mary's College was \$73,630.40.

—At the University of Virginia there is said to be no regularly prescribed course of study, no entrance examinations, no vacations, except the summer one, and but six holidays.

—Charles Colby has given a round \$1,000,000 to establish a new university in Wisconsin. It was his father, Gardiner Colby, who endowed Colby College, at Waterville, Maine.

—Countess Bose, of Cassel, has left as a legacy to the University of Berlin the sum of seven hundred and eighty thousand marks, nearly two hundred thousand dollars, for the benefit of poor students of medicine.

—The Harvard library contains 184,000 volumes; Yale, 115,000; Dartmouth, 60,000; Cornell, 53,000; Brown, 52,000; Columbia, 51,000; Princeton, 49,000; Michigan, 45,000; Notre Dame, 20,000; Williams, 19,000; Iowa, 18,000; Oberlin, 16,000, and Minnesota, 15,000.

—The College of Physicians and Surgeons of New York city has received a gift of \$500,000 from Mr. William H. Vanderbilt. The desire of the donor is that New York shall become the medical centre of this country, and that the New York Medical School shall rank with those of Paris and Vienna.—*Adelphian*.

—Dr. Chandler relates an interesting story about a light-headed daughter of a certain John Farr, of western Pennsylvania. Oil having been discovered on his land, he suddenly found himself a millionaire. Shortly afterwards he inquired of the school teacher how his daughter was getting along. The independent school ma'm told John that she lacked capacity. "O!" was the reply, "buy her all the capacity she needs, and draw on me for the amount."—*Columbia Spectator*.

—If things continue to go at the pace they are going at present, Oxonians who went down in 1880 will be unable to recognize the face of their *Alma Mater* in 1890. She is not only changing her normal complexion, but also her physical features most rapidly. Four new buildings of importance have sprung up within the last two years. The most important, the new schools, is yet in an unfinished state; Magdalen and Trinity are greatly extending themselves, and a new college is nearly completed which will work great results in bringing old-fashioned Oxford up to date.—*Sun*.

—Bring out the ancient pipe, chum,
I smoked in days of yore;
She's jilted me, and now, by Jove,
I'll drink and smoke once more.

'Twas in my freshman year, chum,
I laid this pipe away,
And promised her I'd give it up
"Forever and for aye."

But now I'll—gracious heavens, chum,
Bring me some water, quick;
I'm feeling faint, my head whirls round;
I really think—I'm sick!—*Orient*.

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

Notre Dame, January 24, 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.

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

All the weekly local news of the University, including the names of those who have distinguished themselves during the week by their excellence in class, and by their general good conduct.

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OLD STUDENTS SHOULD TAKE IT.

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Notre Dame, Indiana.

Lecture on Temperance.

On last Sunday evening, as previously announced in the SCHOLASTIC, the Rev. Father O'Brien, Professor in the University, spoke on the subject of Temperance to an audience of Senior students who were assembled in St. Cecilia Hall, to the number of 100. Among those who honored the occasion with their presence were Rev. President Walsh, and many of the officers and members of the Faculty. We give herewith, imperfect though it be, a synopsis of the interesting and instructive lecture.

The Rev. lecturer began by saying that he spoke on the subject of Temperance, not that he believed the subject of special application to those whom he was addressing, but that there were few assemblies nowadays to whom the consideration of this subject would not be of the greatest utility. "For the fact is," said the speaker, "that the dangers of intemperance are well nigh ubiquitous; and that its evils are many and most fearful, is a fact too patent to need proof, and too painful to require exaggeration." Temperance is one of the four cardinal virtues and may be defined as "habitual moderation in the use of the lawful pleasures of the senses," but people nowadays understand it to mean total abstinence from intoxicating liquors, and in this sense the speaker intended to use the word.

Before entering upon his subject he deprecated that excessive zeal that is sometimes met with, and

which does more harm than good to the cause of Temperance. "There is," he said, "something in the human heart that prompts us to dislike excess and exaggeration of every kind. When we meet with men who are everlastingly talking on Temperance, who seem unable to talk on anything else, who appear to regard it as the only virtue, and who—judging them by their words—seem to condemn even the moderate use of liquor as a sin and a crime—when we meet with men of this stamp, we are almost sure to be prejudiced both against them and the cause they advocate. Let us not forget that truth must never be sacrificed. The use, therefore, must not be confounded with the abuse of intoxicating liquors."

Considering his subject from a moral point of view, the speaker stated that intemperance was a mortal sin, when, by means of it, a man loses his reason, be it for ever so brief a period. When a man wilfully loses his reason, he is guilty of one of the very greatest violations of the laws of nature, and, consequently, must be guilty of one of the very greatest violations of the law of God. The man, therefore, that gets drunk wilfully, loses his reason and commits what is called a grievous sin. And, reasoning upon the subject from a mere rational point of view, what horror and contempt ought we not to have towards the drunkard! We can have pity and respect for the poor creatures deprived of the use of reason through no fault of theirs, "but for a wilful habitual drunkard, for a man who is crazy from the effects of drink, for a man who is a standing scandal to his fellow-men and who is thus doing more harm to the cause of religion and morality than twenty sober men can do good—for such a man, however poor, or afflicted, or unfortunate he may be, what pity or what respect have we or can we have?"

"In suffering," continued the speaker, "there is a something, a mysterious something, so to speak, that is sure to awaken our sympathy. But so far as the drunkard is concerned, though he is one of the greatest sufferers, the sympathy his unhappy condition may awaken within us is always mingled with indignation." The students would find much food for thought and reflection in this consideration; they would find that intemperance must indeed be a great evil since it can thus turn into bitterness itself the sweetest sympathies of the heart. They would find a motive impelling them to avoid intemperance, if they did not wish to be contemned, loathed and avoided by their fellow-men. They certainly wished the contrary, and they were right; for the love and respect of our fellow-men are a great help in order to our social and moral advancement. For it is often the case that for moral good or for moral evil human motives are of most potent, most wonderful efficacy. The truth of this could be seen by considering a man who has lost the respect and esteem of others. It was true that in the case of a man who was entirely dead to the world, wholly given to God, the contempt and hatred of man might be only an additional and powerful motive in order to his advancement and perseverance in virtue; but if he was a man of very

ordinary virtue, of very ordinary aspirations—as the great majority of the best of men—such a man would be fearfully tempted when the whole world was turned against him; he would get desperate, care for nobody since nobody cared for him; he would lose all shame, all self-respect, and consequently all self-restraint. It was easy for the student on entering life to come to this dreadful condition. It was only necessary when starting out in business to have a conviction that a stimulant was needed—which must be, of course, in the shape of liquor. This would have, occasionally at least, to be procured at the saloon. There, of course, nice companions, gay and festive young fellows would be met, and in due time dangerous friendships would be formed. These newly-acquired friends would become more agreeable than brother or sister, and the saloon a much pleasanter place than the home. Soon the passion for drink would be strong, and before long it would be irresistible. Drink would become a sort of necessity and must be had at any cost—at the cost of decency, at the cost of character, at the cost of the soul's salvation. This was no exaggeration; and the speaker illustrated the truth of his words by an instance that had come under his own notice of one who had been, intellectually, morally and physically, a model man, but who, through easy stages, became a confirmed drunkard and died a miserable and sudden death.

“Do you want,” said the speaker, “the splendid opportunities you now enjoy to come to naught, or, rather, to become to you the occasion of disgrace and of failure? If you do not, then, I say it again, avoid intemperance. Or, rather, I will say be total abstainers. Avoid liquor of all kinds and altogether. Don't touch it; don't taste it; don't handle it; don't look at it. But do not misunderstand me either. I am not going back on what I said in the beginning. I am not holding up temperance as the only virtue and intemperance as the only vice. I know there are many other ways by which a man may go to the bad. But I know, at the same time, that if you are total abstainers you will escape *one* of the greatest, nay, *many* of the greatest dangers that will beset your path through life. I know that if you are total abstainers, thorough temperance men, that in all you undertake your chances for success will be increased tenfold. Now, think of this and don't forget it; for if I were to speak to you all night, I could not teach you a truer or more practical lesson.”

The Rev. speaker then considered some of the objections urged against the practice of total abstinence—for there were objections against it as against everything else—the existence of God, the truth of religion, the testimony of the senses, etc. First it was objected that “some of the greatest frauds and hypocrites were found among its most zealous advocates.” But the question at issue was whether the practice of temperance was good or not. If all men were to follow it, would there be less sickness, less insanity, less crime, less suffering of every kind? If this question could be answered in the affirmative, as most undoubtedly it could,

then it mattered not who advocated the cause. Another objection, and one that had great influence with certain sensitive characters, was “that the practice of temperance argues nothing short of moral cowardice. That man, it is contended, must be a weak creature who, in order to avoid becoming a drunkard, must tie himself up by pledges and promises and affiliations with temperance societies.” “But,” said the speaker, “the young man that values his character and that is determined to succeed in life will not let himself be influenced by this objection, specious and plausible as it is. He will look at the matter in the light of what he deems safe and prudent. He will remember that many a young man of virtue greater than his, and of strength of character and force of will greater than his, killed himself morally, socially and physically through intemperance. And then he reasons: ‘Had I not better be cautious? Do I not know—have I not been taught again and again by the experience of others, by my own sad experience and by the voice of inspiration itself that *he that loveth the danger shall perish therein?* Since men will talk of me if they get the least chance, and since of two evils I *must* choose, is it not better that I choose the less? is it not better that I let them call me a coward than give them reason for calling me a drunkard?’”

There could be no better reasoning, argued the speaker, and he exhorted his hearers to take the lesson it taught as if addressed to them personally and directly. There could be no doubt but that they knew what was best for them to do; they must have been convinced that the surest, in fact the only way, to escape the dangers of intemperance lay in total abstinence from every kind of intoxicating liquors. They should not delay in entering upon this safe way. Now, that they were free from evil occasions, was the time to secure by firm resolutions the continuance of these good habits, and avoid creating a desire which would lead ultimately to moral and social ruin. They might, perhaps, think that from past experience they were confident of never going to excess—they might think they never experienced any evil effects, but, on the contrary, that they derived, not only much pleasure, but real benefit from moderate drinking. And then, following the not always safe rule of judging the future by the past, they concluded that as they had hitherto been drinking with safety there was no reason for supposing that they might not continue to do the same. But they should remember that as man's physical constitution changes with time, a person cannot do at all periods of his life the same thing with the same safety. There have been instances of men drinking with safety until they became really old, and then becoming drunkards; thus, it may have been, blotting out the fairest records, neutralizing the effects of long lives of virtue, and going to their graves without a single one to regret them.

“Let me, therefore,” concluded the speaker, “say to you again, and with all earnestness: if you mean ever to become total abstainers, now is the

time for you to begin. It is said in Holy Scripture: 'Catch the little foxes that lay waste the vineyard of the Lord.' Commentators tell us that these words may be understood as counselling us to catch and kill our evil passions whilst they are weak, just as we would catch and kill noxious little animals, and not wait until those passions have grown to be monstrous and cruel beasts that will tear us to pieces. Do not delay, then, to carry out your good resolution of becoming total abstainers. If delays are ever dangerous, they are especially so in the matter of which I speak. Do not wait until your passion for liquor shall have become strong—a passion that you will find it morally impossible to overcome—a wild beast that will kill you and ruin you in body and soul; no, but kill that passion, now that it is weak and that you can kill it; kill it by starving it out; kill it by total abstinence. And I never said a truer thing than when I assure you that if you do as I say, you will never regret it. If you do as I say, God will bless you—yea, a hundredfold will He bless you!"

* *

The lecture was listened to with attention throughout, and produced a deep impression upon the minds of all present.

Exchanges.

—The *Xavier* for December (St. Francis Xavier's College, New York) is rich in prose and poetic essays, Latin and English, translations from classic authors, etc. From an editorial on student reading we take the following sentence: "We deprecate very much the frequent reading of novels in a library where works of history, travel, adventure and general literature are so numerous." So do we; but the average reader, especially among the small boys, wants the novel or—nothing. Pity 'tis, 'tis true.

—They have been making some wonderful discoveries lately at the University of Nebraska. Among others, the Exchange-editor of the *Hesperian Student* publishes the following:

"NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC has a curious Ex.-editor. We used to think he had no brains. Lately he has come out in favor of Commercial Freedom. His prospects, mentally, are looking up."

Wrong again, *Hesperian*. Our personal convictions favor a protective policy. On this subject, however, we believe the members of our Staff are about evenly divided.

—From the following exchange note it would seem that somebody or bodies had lately made an unexpected flank movement, and caught *The Skirmisher* napping. The clever young ladies of the *Sunbeam*,—eh, *Skirmisher*? If so, you have our sympathy. But for the exchange note, which is as follows:

"The NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC is still our staunch friend. We see that the *Sunbeam* has seen fit to take exception to something said by the SCHOLASTIC in one of its previous issues. Whether the *Sunbeam* says what she does say in fun or not, we are inclined to be of the opinion

that the attack is entirely undeserved; and moreover, we are certain that had the SCHOLASTIC said anything that could have been construed as bearing any hidden meaning calculated to offend the delicate feelings of the fair sex, it would be ready at a moment's notice to offer every apology within its power. So, hoping that friendly feelings will once more prevail between both journals, we anxiously await the issue."

—The editors of the *Boston College Stylus* made a strong combined effort to get out a holiday number of their paper that would long be pointed to with a feeling of pleasure, and we feel confident that they have succeeded beyond their most sanguine anticipations. Prose and poetry of a first-class order for college students are given in pleasing variety. The leading article in prose is the *Stylus* prize essay, on "Dr. Samuel Johnson," by Richard F. Harris, '85. It takes up seven columns of the paper. We have seldom seen anything better from the pen of an undergraduate. Accompanying this holiday number of the *Stylus* is a splendid supplement of twelve pages, commemorative of the tercentenary of the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin. Here, again, prose and poetry—English, Latin, and Greek—are blended in beautiful variety and make a most harmonious whole. There are two pages of music—one of them a hymn with Greek text "ΕΙΣ ΤΗΝ ΠΑΝΑΓΙΑΝ" words from "The Christ's Passion" of St. Gregory Nazianzen, music arranged by E. J. MacGoldrick. The whole is printed on toned plate paper, and presents a very handsome appearance. The editors of the *Stylus* deserve credit for their enterprise, and especially for such a beautiful and appropriate memorial of the tercentenary.

—The *College Index*, from Kalamazoo, Mich., always a good paper and always a welcome visitor, is doubly welcome this month. In addition to its excellent contributed and editorial matter the Exchange editor pays the SCHOLASTIC a fraternal and large-hearted compliment. Coming from such a source we appreciate it the more highly, and we feel sure our readers and contributors will like it too. Here it is:

"The NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC, occupies a prominent place in our exchange basket. As a college paper it takes a high rank, and as an exponent of the institution it represents, it is perhaps without an equal. Its pages reflect the moral and religious atmosphere of the University, and the life and doings of its students more perfectly than any other paper that has come to our notice. Though its extreme devotion to religious and local interests is censured by many, yet we think it is much less a fault than the opposite. Too many college papers give no adequate idea of the institution they represent, and some can scarcely be distinguished from one-horse newspapers. To alumni and students, the matter which pertains more closely to the college and college life, is of the most interest; and to outsiders, that which gives the best idea of the college from which it comes should be most desirable. For matters of general interest, we look to other sources. The literary matter of the SCHOLASTIC is usually of a high standard. The article on 'What Constitutes Greatness' is a well-written production. The views of the author, however, on American politics are quite pessimistic. He advises young men of ability and moral excellence to shun political life and its debasing influence. But if young men of ability and moral excellence were to follow his advice, it would throw our political interests into the hands of mediocrity and depravity; and we fail to see how such a course would benefit either morality or the country."

Books and Periodicals.

HINTS ON LETTER-WRITING. For the Use of Academies, and for Self-Instruction. Adapted from the French of the Author of "Golden Sands," by Miss Ella McMahon. New York, Cincinnati, and St. Louis: Benziger Brothers. 1885. Flexible Cloth, 16mo, 201 pages. Price, 60 cents.

The delightful author of the *Paillettes d'Or* is here in a new and apparently far more insignificant rôle than formerly, but we find him (or her) as charming in the hints and examples here given as if it were his special gift to convey such instruction. So great is the difference in letters that letter-writing would seem to be a special gift, and has often been so considered; but it can undoubtedly be acquired, at least in a measure, by cultivation and the study of good models. Who does not recall the feelings of pleasure with which the letters of Père Lacordaire, Frederick Ozanam, Theophane Vénard, the Count de Maistre, Mme. de Sévigné, Mme. Swetchine, and Eugénie de Guérin were first perused?—or those of Cowper, Macaulay, and Sir Walter Scott?—so full of deep and beautifully-expressed thoughts, interesting details, pleasant reminiscences, sprightly anecdotes, delicate compliments and *bon-mots*, and all apparently without the least effort, without pedantry or attempt at display, with the most charming *naïveté*.

Very few, comparatively, are obliged to write articles for magazines or newspapers, but nearly everybody is frequently called upon to write letters; letter-writing, therefore, should be more cultivated as an art, in order to make our writing more agreeable and effective. The author of the "Hints" says:

"Everyone who knows how to think and to write, doubtless knows how to write a letter, that is, to express his thoughts in writing; but in the manner of expressing one's thoughts are there not a multitude of ways which render the thought more *effective*, for example, if it be a request we wish to make,—more *persuasive*, if it be a desire we wish to express,—more *humble* and more *submissive*, if it be a pardon we wish to obtain,—more *pleasing* and *graceful* if it be a simple greeting to a friend—and, finally, more *affectionate*, if it be gratitude or affection which we wish to express? All these ways are not directly acquired, but they are at the command of one who has carefully read good authors, and whose taste has been trained and cultivated."

It is almost impossible for one to move through life without writing letters; therefore, we say again, everyone should learn to write letters well. *Apropos*, we know of no better manual than the "Hints."

—In the *North American Review* for February the question, "How shall the President be Elected?" is ably treated by five happily chosen writers, viz., two United States Senators, Dawes and Vance; a college president, F. A. P. Barnard, of Columbia; a New York lawyer, Roger A. Pryor; and a well-known journalist, William Purcell. The substantial agreement of four of them on the same point is significant. Another notable article in this unusually strong number is a review of "Holme's Life of Emerson," by the veteran historian George Bancroft; and still another is an essay by Prof. C.

A. Young on "Theories regarding the Sun's Corona," which he skilfully brings within popular comprehension. The Rev. Dr. W. G. T. Shedd defends the dogma "Endless Punishment," and Prof. G. Stanley Hall writes on "New Departures in Education," Dr. H. J. Van Dyke, Jr., and Henry Ward Beecher, debate the question "Shall Clergymen be Politicians?"

—The *Catholic World* for February presents a number of excellent articles, chief among which are, "The Educational Question in England," by Charles Kent; "Ecclesiastical Survivals and Revivals," by Prof. St. George Mivart; "Gordon and the Mahdi," by Alfred M. Cotte, LL. D.; "Scriptural Questions," No. IV, by the Rev. A. F. Hewitt. This last is the conclusion of a series of able articles on relations between scientific and biblical statements: we may be permitted to quote the concluding words:

"Let us repeat again the statement of M. Moigno, that the prime question at issue is between an antiquity of man which includes thousands of *years* and one which includes thousands of *ages*. This last is a 'cosmological paradox,' considered as a part of the general 'mechanical theory of the universe,' and in itself, apart from any false theory of the origin and evolution of the world, is contrary to common sense, as well as to every kind of science—a despicable 'philosophical superstition.' It is certain that man is the latest as well as the most perfect of God's creatures in this world, that he has been on the earth during a relatively short period, and that the regular and constant increase of the human race will not permit its history to be prolonged very far into the future. For the calculations we have given in our second article, although they cannot be too tightly strained without breaking, yet, taken in a looser and more flexible sense, are irrefragable. Unless the period of human existence on the earth have a relatively short duration, we cannot account for the fact that mankind have not long ago become too numerous to live on it; and, unless the period assigned by God for the actual state of human probation be ended after a much briefer duration than what has elapsed, mankind must become too numerous to be able to live on the earth. We cannot determine the past or future limits of this duration with precision, but we can do so approximatively and negatively."

"The truly scientific method avoids all narrowness and exclusiveness in the cultivation of the distinct branches of science, and gives to each one due regard, so as to combine all together in working out common and general results. Mr. Mivart, in the same article which has just now been quoted, wisely remarks: 'The progress of science brings home to us more and more plainly how close in truth the kinship is between seemingly unrelated branches of knowledge.' How much closer, then, is it between branches obviously related, although the kinship be frequently ignored or disavowed! It is, therefore, only by a combined and harmonious cultivation of all, of theology, of philosophy, of history, of the physical sciences, striving after a synthesis through the highest and most comprehensive acts of reason enlightened and directed by divine faith, that an approach can be made toward a complete science of man and the universe—the goal of those who are running in this noble race, though it can never be reached in the present state of existence."

"In respect to all those questions in which science has some important relation to faith, and which are at present wrapped in some obscurity, it is a favorable augury for both religion and human science that there is a considerable and increasing phalanx of warriors in the cause of truth, who are at once able and zealous investigators in science and loyal sons of the holy Church. In difficult and doubtful matters we may patiently await the progress of the sciences and the final verdict of the competent."

The *World* is an excellent periodical, presenting each month able articles, literary and scientific,

together with entertaining and moral tales of fiction. Published by the Catholic Publication Society Co., New York.

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(Under the General Supervision of REV. T. E. WALSH.)

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NOTE.—The examinations in the Course of Modern Languages, Fine Arts, and Special Branches have taken place during the present week.

Local Items.

- Blizzard!
- Where are our vocalists?
- Examination, next week.
- "Young man, go cut the stubble!"
- Thespian rehearsals begin next week.
- The Boards of examiners are named in this issue.
- The second edition of the *Scholastic Annual* is now ready.
- The four hundred and fifteenth student entered Tuesday.
- Let us have a grand *soirée* at the opening of the new session.
- Cold? Yes. 21 degrees below zero is the average for the past week.
- Rev. President Walsh lectured in Kalamazoo, Mich., last Thursday evening.
- Friends from the rural districts report the snow to have drifted six and seven feet.
- Prof. Ackerman has been engaged during the week in frescoing the Convent Chapel.
- The "new departure" spoken of last week is hereby requested to come early and often.
- Greater interest might be taken in the preparation of debates given out in the different societies.
- Don't forget the prize essays. The contest thus far seems to be confined to a few; but it is a "free for all."
- A large stock of apparatus has recently been

received for Science Hall, and will be put in place in a few days.

—Quite an addition to the Scientific Library has lately been made by works purchased and donated. More are expected soon.

—Through the exertions of the Professor of Philosophy, several valuable French works have been added to the Library.

—The altar boys took an extended trip Thursday. They had a most enjoyable time, thanks to the kindness of Mr. Thillman.

—Ice-cutting has begun on St. Joseph's Lake. The ice has been improved by the late blizzard, and will be much better than was expected.

—The weather has been intensely cold all week. One of the results thereof was that there were very few applications for permits to visit the city.

—Among the visitors of the past week were Hon. P. B. Ewing, Lancaster, Ohio; Mr. and Mrs. C. D. McPhee, and Mr. J. E. Bates, Denver, Col.

—Mrs. Dr. Grimes, of Denver, Col., has the best thanks of the Minims for some Chinese lilies in full bloom that she has kindly sent to St. Edward's Hall.

—Saturday evening, the Crescent Club had their semi-annual banquet. It was a success. The C. C. Orchestra is up to a higher standard than ever before.

—Our astrologer says that on the 31st of the month not a particle of snow will be seen on the ground. Just think of it! The snow now lies three feet deep.

—The latest arrivals among the "Princes" are Masters Edwin C. Campau, of Frederick, Dakota Territory; and Henry Carnahan, of Benton Harbor, Michigan.

—The Denver boys return thanks to Mr. C. D. McPhee for kindness shown during his visit here. The Minims from the Centennial State wish he would come oftener.

—Very Rev. Superior-General Sorin paid a visit to the Junior study-hall, last Monday morning. He was much pleased to see the good order reigning throughout.

—That harmonious discord flowing from the band-room attracts crowds daily—even if it is 20 degrees below zero. C. H.—'s solo is especially looked for,—it is sublime.

—The Band held a *revival* on Monday evening for the purpose of settling necessary business. J. D. Reach was appointed Corresponding Secretary, and Messrs. Cartier, and Rahilly were admitted as members.

—Professor Edwards has received from the Archbishop of Havana a copy of an oil-portrait of the illustrious Sr. Dr. Don Luis Penalver y Cardenas, first Bishop of New Orleans, later Archbishop of Guatemala, and afterwards transferred to the See of Havana.

—Mr. James Fenlon, of Notre Dame, offers for the use of the committee on affording relief to the poor of this city a horse and buggy valued at

\$300 to be raffled off or disposed of in any way that may suit the committee. The outfit will probably be raffled for.—*South Bend Times*.

—Owing to the severe strain which several members of the Orchestra sustained in their efforts to propel music from a pair of cymbals and an antiquated jews-harp, it was deemed necessary to take a rustic jaunt in the sleigh to Mishawaka. From latest reports we learn that *this* Arctic expedition returned.

—We have received the *Scholastic Annual*, edited by Prof. J. A. Lyons, and published at the University of Notre Dame, Ind. The selections show the good taste of the Professor, and furnish much information and good reading. The typographical work is excellent, and worthy of the University press.—*Colorado Catholic*.

—An essay on "skating" appears at the end of these columns. The writer is evidently an enthusiast on the subject, but it must be said that he gave vent to his feelings under the inspiration of happier and brighter moments than the present week could afford—*i. e.*, before two feet or more of hard snow covered the frozen surface of the lake.

—The Preps., accompanied by their kind Prefect, Bro. Lawrence, visited the Lemonnier Library last Sunday. They enjoyed a profitable afternoon, inspecting the antiquities, coins and curios. They hope to be permitted soon again the privilege of roaming at will through the nooks and recesses stored with relics and reminders of the literature, science and art of the past.

—Very Rev. Father General honored the "Palace" with a most pleasant visit last Monday. He was delighted to find his "Princes" so comfortably situated, able to bid defiance to the extreme cold weather. While all outside seemed like the Frigid Zone, the beautiful flowering plants, the birds, the warmth and sunshine in St. Edward's Hall gave it a tropical appearance. No boys at Notre Dame know better how to enjoy these comforts than Father General's little *protégés*.

—The "Laws" are interested now in a moot-court case—being a suit brought against a railroad Co. for damages. The attorneys for the defense are Messrs. Burns, and Conway; for the prosecution, Messrs. Steis and Conlon. The question promises to be an interesting one from its peculiarity, and also from the efforts being made by the orators, who are to wax eloquent when they appear—Saturday evening.

—Master A. Hoyer, of New Orleans, has presented to the Cabinet of Curiosities a miniature bale of cotton, a bale of Louisiana moss, and a young alligator just leaving its shell. The latter is a beautiful specimen of taxidermy. Mr. M. Sykes has the thanks of the Professor of History for some Mexican coins; Master George Meyers, for a good portrait of Bishop Smyth, of Dubuque, and Master A. Parres, for a photograph of the interior of the Church of Our Lady of Guadalupe.

—The Senior Branch of the T. A. U. has re-organized, with an increase of membership. In

behalf of the society, Rev. Father O'Brien delivered an able discourse on "Temperance," being a most agreeable diversion from the ordinary style of Temperance lectures. After the lecture, new members were entered, and the following officers elected: President, T. McKinnery; Vice-President, F. H. Dexter; Treasurer, P. J. Goulding; Corresponding Secretary, J. Reach; Recording Secretary, A. J. Ancheta, and Censor, P. Chapin.

—The first session January term of the University moot-court was held on the 17th inst., Judge Hoynes presiding. The indictment charged grand larceny. A. J. Ancheta appeared for the state, and P. J. Goulding for the defendant; T. Callahan acted as prosecuting witness, while H. A. Steis took the part of the defendant. The case involved some nice points of law, and both sides were well presented. The jury, consisting of Messrs. J. D. Wilson, J. Conlon, M. O. Burns, D. Burns, P. Chapin and T. McGill, after a short consultation, returned a verdict of "not guilty."

—We were shown, some days ago, a number of beautiful photographs of the Exposition buildings at New Orleans, by the well-known artist, Edward L. Wilson, of Philadelphia. They were given to Father Zahm by Mr. Wilson during his recent visit there. Father Zahm expects to have a collection of transparencies of the great exposition for the lantern as soon as Mr. Wilson can find time to make them,—and then we can have a view of the beautiful things at the World's Fair without the trouble of going to the Crescent city. We hope they can be had soon. Mr. Wilson is everywhere recognized as the ablest and most enterprising of living artists in the line of transparencies for educational purposes, and always keeps a large stock on hand. His views of the New Orleans Exposition promise to surpass anything he has yet made.

A TREATISE UPON THE ART OF SKATING.

Compiled from the Experience of a two Years' College Life.

Now, that winter is here, and a few feet of congealed frigidty covers the erstwhile dancing waves of St. Joseph Lake, there is a great indulgence* in that exhilarating pastime—skating; and ever since our return from our holiday vacation we have been repeatedly pressed to give some information and suggestions—with a view of attaining excellence—about this popular amusement. Before entering farther upon our treatise it is but proper that we should make a few remarks on its origin, showing its dignity as a pastime among our fathers and their ancestors, and as we proceed, invest it with a shade of romance. There is no doubt but that the idea of skating occurred to the ancients. Suetonius (*De Stipibus in Iceum*, p.p. 240-276) tells how Pompey the Great, stepping once upon a banana skin in front of the temple of Jupiter Capitolinus, glided with such rapidity down two pair of steps as to necessitate his removal in the hospital ambulance. Sir Isaac Newton did not arrive at the exact idea of the law of gravitation until he determined the velocity with which a skater on a frozen river will shoot, comet-like, towards *terra firma*.

Along with cast iron, baseballs, roller-skates, and, to students, other equally tempting innovations, modern civilization has brought that small steel, scaffold-like machine found now in every hardware store in the country and known under various titles, as "The Double-Back-Acting Bloodless Ice Skate," "The Mountain Shaker,"

* Written at a period prior to the recent blizzard.

etc. You can find them in all styles and descriptions; from the cast iron blades our fathers wore, held on the feet by a few yards of clothes-line and a hole big as a walnut gouged in the heel, to the delicate, shining blades fastened to the shoes by a single twist, or whiff of the breath.

For beginners we would suggest the former. Plenty of rope, straps, chips, and cord wood should be used as by means of the lines an anchor can be secured occasionally by running over them or getting them tangled between your legs. Wood is a material aid in obtaining a good ballast; the more you use and the heavier it is, the better. It will save you a good many strokes—as you may not be able to move at all.

While putting on your skates make a great fuss, and, so as to appear like an old hand, borrow three or four keys, a dozen button hooks, two or three knives, and a few other choice articles; but you must immediately forget to whom they belong, and drop them into your pocket. They will do you more good than they would the owner, and, besides, may serve you as ballast. Always have great confidence in yourself, even in trying circumstances when, perhaps, you are trying to get a grip on the air in a vain endeavor to keep your body *à la perpendiculaire*. Strong confidence in yourself will act like a system of Stoic philosophy, enabling you to wear a calm smile in the midst of danger, and to be ghastly humorous whenever you suddenly sit down. When you are down, it is your duty to adjust the straps and buckles with a cheerful countenance and make believe that it was due to their looseness that you stopped to rest. The sensations you feel as you "glide over the frozen sea" are various. One of the most thrilling is when you make a few kicks: one leg shoots out at a tangent of infinity and the slippery skates musically say "*bzt! bzoo-o!! bang!! Whoof!!!!*" You lie down, then, and ponder blissfully, —oh, so blissfully!

We would recommend plain movements for beginners and only in case somebody is watching you should you attempt to cut the "German roll," the "Buzz Saw," or any of those intricate movements requiring grace and precision. Following are a few suggestions, which, if closely and persistently followed, will be productive of immense results—to the surgeons.

I. STARTING.—As you step upon the ice, grasp your friends by the collar and compel them to draw you. (1) If you see a happy Junior starting before you in his pristine innocence, ignorant of razor straps, cheroots, and cigarettes, look upon him with ineffable disdain, as if you would like to give him a few pointers on skating. (2) As you begin to grow confident, leave your friends and strike out for yourself. (3) Suddenly let both feet roll out. (3) Sit down. This evolution is very easy and is generally acquired at the first attempt.

II. THE COMET PLUNGE.—This interesting movement must be studied with care to cause the proper effect. (1) Smile graciously around you. (2) Start out as though you wanted to make a mile in 2.10. Don't watch your feet, but think to yourself how fast you are learning. (3) Run into some one and lock your feet with his; throw your feet in the air and hold your head in a graceful downward position till it strikes the ice. (4) Lie there several minutes,—and we would suggest that you get your work in here on the smile of confidence mentioned above.

III. THE NASAL GLIDE.—To do this well requires a companion; but is not necessary that he should be more skilful than yourself. (1) Start with a gentle roll, but as you near a turning point, put on a tremendous rate of speed. (2) Trip your partner, and as he shoots by in front of you, elevate your hands, incline your body forward till the bridge of the nose is in contact with the ice. (3) Skate quickly without changing this position until friction of the nose diminishes the *momentum*.

IV. THE SEDENTARY SURPRISE.—This is one of the most graceful and interesting movements possible, and never fails to attract attention when well done. (1) When you meet a dear friend and are talking about the weather, or the next *Philodemic* debate, suddenly bring both feet on a level with your head. (2) Twist your body into the shape of a corkscrew bent like a letter V. (3) Drop as though

you were shot, and fetch upon the ice with a dull, sickening thud. As the ice-wagon is being laden with your *disjecta membra*, think often how you *didn't* follow the rules, and come to the conclusion that skating is an exhilarating pastime.

Above we have given a few suggestions—the result of much experience and observation—and we hope that our correspondents will be greatly benefited thereby. Altogether, skating is a most healthy and interesting exercise, for as long as a man is able to skate he can stand anything—from a railroad collision to a misunderstanding with dynamite or a mule.

Don.

Roll of Honor.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Messrs. Arce, Ancheta, Ashton, Felix Baca, Becerra, J. Baca, Burns, F. Brown, Breen, Callaghan, Conlon, Walter Collins, Chapin, Crawford, Casavantes, Creel, Carbajal, Cusack, De Groot, Donohue, Dwan, Dexter, Dolan, Ewing, Estrado, Freyermuth, Goulding, Guthrie, Garcia, A. Gordon,* Hamlyn, Halligan, Howard, Johnston, Jess, Kolars, Keys, Kavanagh, Livingston, McKinnery, McNulty, McGuire, Meyer, McErlaine, McCartney, Marquez, Morrison, Meister, Murphy, O'Connell, J. P. O'Donnell, H. Paschel, C. Paschel, Perley, Padilla, P. Prudhomme, H. Porter, C. Porter, Rothert, Rul, Riley, Rahilly, F. Ryan, Roth, G. Smith, A. Smith, Sheridan, Steis, Sanchez, Saviers, Triplett, Troy, Trepanier, Terry, W. Wagoner, Wiley, A. Williams, White, Warner, Wilson, Zeitler.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Masters Arts, Adams, F. Benner E. Benner, Borgschulze, Byerly, Baur, Berthelet, Burns, Burrett, Combe, Congdon, Cummings, Chamberlain, D. G. Cartier, Colina, Cavaroc, Cleary, Cooper, Cleveland, Calvin, O. Dillon, Dempsey, Dorenberg, Dougherty, Donnellan, Daly, Darrah, Day, W. Devine, Emmons Ewing, Finckh, Fisher, Fehr, Flood, Frain, Grunsfeld, L. Grever, J. Garrity, F. Garrity, Howard, Haring, Hieronimus, Hibbeler, Holman, Houlihan, Hagenbarth, Hornbeck, Johnson, Kegel, Knisely, Kenny, K. Laner, Luther, F. Long, Loya, Mulkern, Muessel, McCourt, V. Morrison, R. Morrison, Monschein, Macke, Meehan, Nusbaum, Oxnard, O'Brien, Portillo, Prudhomme, Porter, Robinson, Regan, Real, Rose, Rattigan, Ruffing, Remish, Reynolds, Rogers, Ryan, Rietz, Stubbs, Senn, Shields, Soku, Soden, F. Smith, Stange, Schmauss, Shaw, Sedberry, Servis, Tewksbury, Talbot, Thurston, Tarrant, Wabraushek, W. Wagoner, Williamson, Weiting, Zollars.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Masters J. Addington, Boos, Bunker, Bull, Barger, Crotty, Campau, Comins, Cobbs, Carnahan, F. Dunford, Ernest, T. Falvey, F. Falvey, Grunsfeld, Haney, Henry, Hopkins, C. Inderrieden, R. Inderrieden, S. Jones, Johns, E. Kelly, Kellner, Landenwich, McPhee, McVeigh, Murphy, Morgan, C. Mitchell, J. Mitchell, Moncada, McCourt, Mason, McNulty, Mooney, Nusbaum, Nester, J. Peck, Paul, Piel, Piero, Quill, Quinlin, Salman, Sweet, Scherrer, Stone, Weston, Williamson, Zozaya.

* Omitted last week by mistake.

Class Honors.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Masters J. Addington, Berry, Bunker, Blakeslee, Henry, Grunsfeld, McVeigh, McPhee, J. Kelly, Piero, Ernest, Murphy, Salman, Sweet, F. Peck, Comins, Bull, Baker, H. Addington, Mooney, Nester, E. Doss, S. Jones, Nussbaum, McCourt, Hopkins, T. Falvey, E. Kelly, Scherrer, Cobbs, Weston.

For the Dome.

An offering of gratitude to Our Lady.....\$20.00

Saint Mary's Academy.

One Mile West of Notre Dame University.

—The mosaic cross was won by Miss Clara Richmond, who gracefully waved her claim in favor of Miss Fannie Hertzog.

—The gift to the Novitiate of "*Les Splendeurs de la Foi*," par l'Abbé Moigno, also numbers of the *Art Magazine*, by Very Rev. E. B. Kilroy, is gratefully acknowledged.

—The beautiful statue of St. Catherine in the Library appears to much better advantage since rich, dark curtains have been hung, to throw the admirable figure into relief.

—For obliging dispositions, and very important services courteously rendered during the Christmas vacation, Miss Lizzie Walsh received from the Prefect of Studies a beautifully-bound volume of Henry Lasserre's "*History of the Grotto of Lourdes*." Miss Lizzie Sheekey, for similar kindnesses, received a very handsome Christmas card.

—*The Ave Maria* is a welcome guest to many of the pupils from personal subscriptions, and well may they prize it, since its pages are brilliant with the productions of our best living authors. It is among the most desirable of the numerous publications which find their way to the table of St. Edward's Reading-Room. It is a pleasure to know the esteem in which the "*Journal of Our Lady*" is held by the highest authorities in the Old and New World.

—The examinations in Christian Doctrine took place on Sunday the 18th, occupying the afternoon from 2 until 4.30. The Catholic pupils were divided into three divisions. The Graduates and 1st Seniors occupying the Library, presided over by the Rev. President of the University, assisted by Rev. R. Shortis; the Second and Third Seniors in their pleasant class-room, presided over by Rev. Father Stoffel; and the Preparatory and Junior classes in the Confraternity-room, presided over by Rev. Father Saulnier, the teachers from the different departments assisting in each. The answers from the pupils were clear and distinct, showing not only a knowledge of the essential truths, but the power of defining them; the replies exhibited a thorough and enlightened knowledge of the beauties of their Faith. No study is more essential to a Catholic young lady in these days of infidelity and skepticism. Mingling constantly in society where religious truths are wholly unknown or ignored, every well-educated young lady should be armed with the weapon of a clear knowledge of these truths that she may ably defend her holy religion, and answer the many unjust and ridiculous assertions made by those who have gained their information from Protestant and prejudiced sources. We sincerely hope that all the examinations will be as satisfactory to teachers and pupils. The written examinations are already commenced, oral examinations in the English

branches will take place the 27th, 29th and 30th. Examinations in Modern Languages will begin on the 28th.

Wilful Ignorance, Its own Punishment.

BY BELLE GOVE.

Though the "tree of knowledge is not that of life," yet knowledge is one of the seven gifts of the Paraclete, therefore a primary element of happiness. "Knowledge is power," and power is always advantage when it is employed and not abused. But often, on the plea of ignorance, we excuse others for faults and even for misdemeanors of a graver sort. Insuperable ignorance is, no doubt, a sufficient reason why another should not be severely reproached for mistakes or failures; but wilful ignorance claims no such palliation. The latter is by far the most common. Unfortunately, in many ranks of society, that knowledge which is salutary power is little valued. Knowledge that is superficial and of but temporary worth is given the precedence; hence the rarity of the thoroughly and liberally educated.

It is true that many are endowed with keen, broad, superior intellects, who by circumstances are deprived of the ordinary means of gaining information; but their natural taste for learning and noble intellectual pursuits cause them to make so good a use of ordinary benefits, that they excel the student upon whom every educational advantage has been lavished.

Here we find a fair illustration of our subject. In the two supposed cases, the mental abilities are equal. The first is observant, diligent, thoughtful. Moments of time to him are pearls of great price. Not one must be squandered. Obstacles are surmounted for the pleasure afforded by conquering difficulties and, above all, for the conscious augmentation of mental force achieved by the victory. What a contrast the second presents. Listless, wayward, dissipated, his example is like the poison aroma of the deadly Night-Shade. Time to him is a burden that he wastes without a scruple. The least discouragement is enough to overthrow his strongest resolutions. To gain knowledge is "too much trouble," and he will not make the necessary effort. Is such a one to be commiserated? Far from it. He is to be censured as inexcusable. Unhappy the guardians who sympathize with his indolent dispositions and make light of his prodigality! They but "sow the wind to reap the whirlwind." The future will surely bring the just punishment of such folly.

A child who has not yet arrived at the age of responsibility is not accountable for his ignorance; but the little ones, even before they can reason, learn many a lesson from example that goes with them through life, and tells its history for good or evil while eternity endures. Happy are they if, from the first, they behold in those placed over them a great respect and esteem for the gifts be-

stowed by Heaven! They will learn to set the like value upon the powers they possess. The wilfully ignorant, however, set no good example to young or to old. Their existence is a failure, and affords the disastrous view that any ruin must present.

But the human mind is so constituted that it must be active, and the wilfully ignorant often become, as a natural consequence, the wilfully depraved. The knowledge of good is indifferent to them, and they fall back on the knowledge of evil. Hours that should be given to faithful study are frittered away on the most inane gossip, or, perchance, on some equally empty book, whose author is no less reprehensible than the foolish creatures who can be entertained by his insipid writings. What was at first a seeming passive fault, often grows to be a positive peril to body, mind, heart and soul. Why do we find so few who possess, or who retain, if they have once possessed, a taste for noble intellectual pursuits? In many instances the fact may be directly traced to the inefficient effort of the school career. It was all surface work. No deep, lasting impression for good was made. The text-books must be gone through from cover to cover. Very well; this was accomplished. The terms of the given sciences or arts must be understood—the course must bear its examination. By a summary process all this is performed. Nevertheless, without any fault on the part of those charged with the instructions, the waves of the first year out of school completely efface every impression of the culture intended.

There are, undoubtedly, many things of which it should be our glory to be ignorant. Our best security against the specious allurements of detrimental knowledge is a love for that which is useful and praiseworthy. Where a desire for profitable information exists, it is usually accompanied by that sense of wise discrimination which instinctively adopts what should be retained, and rejects what is unworthy. This is among the highest rewards of a generous love of knowledge—an interior dread of error, an inborn love of truth.

That wilful ignorance is its own most severe punishment is a fact so palpable that demonstration seems almost unnecessary. Few are there who have not been subject, at one time or another, to the mortification which proves our assertion to be true, and which lays the charge of wilful ignorance even at our own door. Who has not felt the tingling blush of shame mount to the cheek when found less intelligent, upon a subject with which she should be thoroughly acquainted, than she was expected to be? But wilful ignorance stubbornly persisted in is frequently attended by far more serious consequences than the humiliation sustained by those at fault.

To realize the void it leaves in our lives we have but to reflect on the happiness, the beauty, the grandeur imparted to existence by the conscientious cultivation of our God-given powers, and to contrast this view with the narrow range and sensual character of the pleasures afforded to those who are deprived of education, and who have

never formed a taste for any but the most earthly and often debasing enjoyments.

We are not the judge of the wilful or the insuperable neglect, except in our own case. We are, however, fully assured that education is, in every sense of the word, a priceless advantage, not alone for the benefit to be enjoyed by its possessor, but on account of the wide and irresistible power for good imparted; on account of the benefit conferred upon all who come within the charmed circle of his influence.

Roll of Honor.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Par Excellence—Misses M. Adderly, I. Alcott, N. Brady, M. Blair, E. Call, C. Cox, S. Dunne, E. Donnelly, M. Dillon, A. Dwan, M. Fuller, D. Fitzpatrick, C. Fehr, J. Foster, Fisk, B. Gove, C. Ginz, A. Gordon, A. Gordon, C. Griffith, Hayes, M. Hale, M. Helpling, A. Heckard, B. Heckard, L. Hutchinson, B. Kearney, N. Kearns, N. Keenan, J. McHale, T. McSorley, A. McSorley, N. Myler, M. Newman, E. O'Connell, M. O'Halloran, H. Ramsey, E. Rose, L. Sheekey, L. St. Clair, A. Shephard, M. Schmidt, M. Shea, M. Scully, C. Scully, Sharrette, A. Schuler, E. Taylor, L. Walsh, E. Walsh, A. White. *2d Tablet*—Misses J. Barlow, A. Donnelly, B. English, M. Munger, S. St. Clair.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Par Excellence—Misses M. Barry, M. Barr, Brown, M. Cox, F. Hertzog, A. High, A. Malbœuf, M. McEwen, M. Murphy, L. Norris, C. Prudhomme, E. Preston, C. Richmond, G. Regan, N. Sheekey, B. Snowhook, M. Smith, G. Searls, G. Stadler, L. Van Horn. *2d Tablet*—Misses M. Allen, N. Quill, L. Trask.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Par Excellence—Misses E. Blaine, E. Burtis, E. Chapin, E. Hammond, F. Johnson, L. Johns, V. Johns, M. Lindsey, D. Lee, F. Spencer. *2d Tablet*—Misses B. Murray, A. Schmauss, S. Van Fleet.

Cass Honors.

[The following-named young ladies are best in classes—according to competitions held during the month.]

GRADUATING CLASS—Misses Call, Dunne, Ginz, Gove, Sheekey, Ramsey.

1ST SENIOR CLASS—Misses Cummins, Keenan, Munger, Heckard, Barlow, Ducey.

2D SR. CLASS—Misses Sheekey, Horn, C. Griffith, A. Donnelly, A. Murphy, Wolvin, O'Connell, M. Dillon, Hale, Adderly, C. Scully, McHale.

3D SR. CLASS—Misses Kearns, Eisenstadt, T. McSorley, Taylor, Rose, Fehr, Regan, Brady, C. Cox, B. English, M. Scully, M. Schmidt, High, Alice Gordon, Richmond, Snowhook, Trask, Carmien, Barr, Addie Gordon, Schidler, Murdock.

1ST PREPARATORY CLASS—Misses L. Blaine, M. Shea, A. McSorley, G. Stadler, Blair, M. Cox, A. English, F. Hertzog, Barry, Lauer, Dwan, Newman, Malbœuf, Ducey, Smith.

2D PREP. CLASS—Misses Searls, McEwen, Schmauss, Norris, Spencer, Murray, M. Murphy, Quill.

JR. PREP. CLASS—Misses M. Lindsey, Burtis, Prudhomme, Allen, Chapin.

1ST JR. CLASS—Misses Johnson, Blaine, Van Fleet.

2D JR. CLASS—Misses Lee, Hammond.

FRENCH.

1ST CLASS—Misses Bruhn, Call.

2D CLASS—Misses E. O'Connell, Barlow, Adderly, C. Griffith, Wallace, Malbœuf, Morrison.

3D CLASS—Misses Van Horn, Snowhook, Richmond.

4TH CLASS—Misses McSorley, Kearns, E. Sheekey, Cummins, English, McEwen, Kearsey, Hertzog, Faxon.

5TH CLASS—Misses Stumer, Ducey.

2D DIV.—Misses Johnson, Murray, Chapin, Prudhomme.