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Disce quasi semper victurus; vive quasi cras moriturus.

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Liberty.

BY E. P. RYDER.

And you shall see her, whom the gods have formed
For humble homage and for all men's love,
Fair as a daughter of imperial Jove;—
Oh, wondrous fair! and every heart is warmed
With pleasure at the radiant smile of her
Whose every wish is as a dear command
To all the true men of our glorious land,
Whose hearts are loyal, though oft-times they err.

Child of the Orient! vain thy feeble strength
Against the Eastern despots' rabble hordes;
Though fierce thy blows, they could not conquer swords
Plied by fanatics' hands; and so at length,
Turning thy face unto the setting sun,
Thou wandered through long centuries of years,
Seeking in patience for the blessed spheres
Where thou couldst bide and claim thy victory won.

Rivers thou leaped and seas could not restrain
Thy spirit in its dear and priceless quest;
And when Columbia welcomed thee as guest,
Smiling, thou said: "My labors were not vain."
Here hast thou found sweet freedom's blessed land,
Where right makes equal brothers of us all,
Where all men know, whatever ills befall,
Stretched out to save is every neighbor's hand.

Yet, reaching still unto the Occident,
Thy restless spirit seeking larger space
Than Eastern shores, with all their natural grace,
Possess to make the heart of man content,
Unto the boundless prairie land thou came,
And here, where earth, and air, and sky combine
To make good men's existence seem divine,
Didst thou sit down, at last, with eyes aflame.

And when an angry discord meets thy glance,
Trembling with fear and in confusion dire,
Backward it goes, and loses all desire;
'Tis only good things thou dost bid advance
Only the good, whatever man's desires,
And when the curious seek thy works to know,
Thou turnest to them with face aglow,
Pointing to towers of schools and high church spires.

Fair goddess, knowing all our earthly needs,
'Tis only duteous lives that win thy smile;
But hearts that turn to thee, if void of guile,
Know thou wilt lend them aid in all their deeds.

Mighty art thou, and great thy power to bless,
And thou hast taught us that in serving thee,
That though from all restraint we may be free.
We shall not love our blessed Lord the less.

Daughter of pagan gods! in brighter spheres
Than those of old thy presence shines to-day;
For justice, honor, truth, and right hold sway,
And gild with lustre all these later years.
Giver of every good, we turn to Thee,
Praying for larger grace, and love, and light,
And for the power to read Thy works aright,
So Thou shalt bless us in our liberty.

A Memorable Voyage.*

At noon, on Saturday the 13th of November, 1875, we found ourselves passing under the "Stars and Stripes" that waved gayly over the handsome gateway leading to the pier at which was moored the French steamer *Amérique*, bound for Havre. A lovelier day could not shine in November, and it was worthy of our brightest Indian summer. Great was the bustling and commotion over our baggage; but this important part of the embarkation arranged, and my young companion beginning to look rather ruefully at the narrow limits of a cabin on the grandest of our ocean steamers, W—— came to tell me of the friends who had come to see us off, and give us the last "God-speed." We found them on deck, in smiling humor, and with a charming bouquet of rosebuds for a *souvenir* on the voyage. This greeting was hardly over when we saw the venerable face of Father Sorin, who had caught sight of us also. We had begun to fear that he was not on board, and our joy was all the greater at meeting him. There was still an hour for chatting; but the inevitable moment came, the bridge was unlashed, and as we swung slowly from our moorings three guns announced that the *Amérique* had started on her ocean course. At this very instant, too, hundreds of hats, caps, handkerchiefs waved farewell from the pier to the ship, from the ship to the pier, and more than one "*au revoir*," that word of hope in the midst of parting, was shouted on the air. Even those who had no friends on the pier waved

* From the opening pages of "Pilgrims and Shrines," by MISS ELIZA ALLEN STARR.

adieux to the crowds thus wishing us "happy voyage." A moment of more intense excitement could hardly be imagined. When the faces of friends could no longer be distinguished, hands still waved, until a turn of the steamer hid the pier from view. The day was too bright for forebodings, the sky too blue for tears to remain long on the saddest cheek, and in half an hour cheerful groups were scattered over the deck, watching the sunset forming its brilliant tints in the sky. The weatherwise may have noticed, as we did, a thin veil of mist over the sun's face; but all lingered, enchanted with the gorgeous changes of the clouds, to catch the last ray as it disappeared below the last land we should see for ten days. To us it was another parting, for we said "good-bye" to our native land. It was by the light of this setting sun that we read the prayers appointed for travellers called the *Itinerary*, in which are embodied some of the most consoling ejaculations from the Sacred Writings.

Sunday morning brought us sunshine, but also head winds. Most of the passengers spent the day on deck. Not the least encouraging feature of the day to those, who read the Office or looked at the Ordo, was the fact that the Feast of the Patronage of the Blessed Virgin had been transferred from the fourth Sunday of October to this very Sunday of November. Clouds might come over the sky, but that celestial Patronage, which had never been known to disappoint any who trusted to it, would be a sure anchor of hope. Besides, what fervent prayers were ascending in our special behalf from hundreds of hearts and scores of altars!

We were glad to remember all this when we came alongside the Grand Bank, that crucible of fogs and storms, amid which the fishermen of our northeastern coast ply their sloops and light fishing-smaks with a courage we felt astonished never to have appreciated before. We are not sure that the dainty mackerel, fresh from the brine, would not then have seemed too dearly bought for our breakfast-table, while our imaginations led us still farther into northern seas, among

"The stormy Hebrides."

and even to Saint Columbkil's "sea-girt Isle of Iona;" to the monks who sought him out in spite of the rigors of the wintry seasons in that high latitude, and to the hardy fishermen and sailors along that wild coast, who were not ashamed to invoke the aid of his prayers, nor ever invoked them in vain. Stories of perils and rescues long forgotten or scarcely thought of beyond their picturesque beauty or fervor of religious faith, came to mind as we watched the waves breaking around us or dashing in graceful curves over our cabin windows. As no brush of the painter, so no words of the poet have ever done justice to the crystalline tints of these ocean waves, their fantastic but ever graceful shapes. Green breaks into blue as they rise from the deep, then blue into green, and both disappear in a wreath of foam as white as the last curl of a snowdrift and as thin as vapor.

But the Grand Bank was at last behind us; the

sun came out, the sky was mild and propitious. Friday morning the sails were all set to woo the gentle wind, and the sea was really beautiful. That night there was no clatter of dishes, no booming of heavy waters against the ship, and everybody slept soundly; for the sleep which comes with the rocking of the waves is one of peculiar quietness. It is the old story of babes in the cradle.

Saturday evening, W——, who had been taking his usual walk on deck, came in, saying: "You have heard of the phosphorescent lights at sea; would you like to look at them?" Of course we drew our heavy wraps around us and braved the winds, which were again very stormy, and the spray which leaped lightly over the ship's rail. At first we leaned over the vessel's side, but W—— found that the lights were much more brilliant at the stern, where a train of foam, white as moonlight, seemed to stretch from the ship to the horizon. In this *milky way* of the ocean shone, like nebulous stars, the phosphorescent lights, which I had so often longed to see. Their beauty is not to be described. Those we saw were as large as the hand, continually appearing and disappearing, in a way to fascinate the least enthusiastic. We stood leaning against the rail until, wet with spray, watching the phosphorescent waves dashing off our track, and the grand motion of the steamer rejoicing in her strength and as buoyant on her course as the Arab steed on the desert. All went to their berths that night with a sense of exultation as well as of contentment, for we were making fifteen knots to the hour, and Tuesday night would show us the lights of the good old town of Havre.

But how roughly were we aroused from these dreams of land! The ship kept proudly on her way until half-past three o'clock Sunday morning, the 21st of November, when a crashing sound, succeeded by an awful stillness, awoke everyone on board. The first thought was that we had struck a rock; the second that our engine had broken in some vital part—and this was true. Most of the gentlemen were instantly on deck, and the captain gave them the intelligence of this disaster. Still, we were in no actual danger. Our ship, pronounced the very strongest ship on the line, was perfectly sound, and the most we had to dread was delay. Signals of distress were immediately raised, and about ten o'clock, a. m., the China, a Cunard steamer, on her way to Queens-town, responded to them. Our boat was lowered, and into it were put the mail and dispatches from the captain. The answer was that only a few passengers could be received, and they could take nothing beyond their hand-baggage. There was a consultation among the gentlemen, and they came to the conclusion that our condition should be a great deal worse than it appeared to be, to agree to such proposals, especially as the dispatches sent by the China would give our friends in America as well as in Europe assurance of our safety and the cause of our delay. A few only of the passengers therefore were transferred: the others

preferred to remain. The captain dispatched for a steamer to come to our relief, which, we were assured, could be confidently looked for on Friday; and with this prospect before us we saw the China turn on her course without misgivings. Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, were all beautiful days. On Friday evening the ship seemed actually to stand on a sea of glass, so profound was the calm. The sounds on board were as peaceful and domestic as those of a country-house. In fact the stillness was so deep as to be solemn, and almost oppressive; for no ship had come, as we had so confidently expected. During the night the wind freshened, and by morning there were plenty of *white-caps*. Noon only brought stronger winds, and by night we were in the midst of a gale, which continued unabated until Sunday evening. During the whole of Sunday the waves ran thirty-five feet high, and our vessel stood at an angle of 45 degrees as it rocked from side to side. Although we could not step from our cabins on Sunday, we found courage to watch the waves breaking over our small round windows, and giving us, each time, a heaven in miniature. There is nothing so pure this side of heaven, I am certain, as the waters of the sea; and the very azure of the summer sky with its clouds, reflected in the curls of white foam, were to be seen in that circle, which was scarcely more than a span in diameter. When the eye wearied of this, we allowed ourselves to watch, mentally, the riding of our good ship over the mighty waves. I do not wonder that sailors love a good ship. The *Amérique*, disabled as she was, rode the sea that day like a living, intelligent being. When we came to an awful wave she did not shiver or twist, but planted her steps on the slopes of the watery mountains as carefully as an elephant would plant his feet on the firm spots of some rocky causeway, and the descent was made in the same manner. But with all this we realized, as never before, our absolute helplessness; for our ship, drifting at the will of the winds and waves, was something quite different from the smallest craft which still owned her sails. Indeed, the lifelessness of this great steamer was something appalling to think of. With the sun, however, the wind went down, and by Monday morning we felt as if our greatest peril had passed. But what of the ship expected day by day, night by night; watched for, longed for, and prayed for so earnestly? On Tuesday evening a German steamer came along-side, but the roughness of the sea and the darkness precluded all thoughts of a transfer. She could only take our despatches to Southampton, and go on her way. The weather, however, became balmy once more. Everyone was on deck, and the sweet laughter of the children was heard as distinctly as in the quiet street of some New England village. On Thursday we were entertained by the bringing up of provisions from the hold, and the hours passed quickly; but when Friday and Saturday came and went, with their sunshine, and the sea as smooth as a river, yet no *rescue*, the hearts of all began to languish. We could not enjoy the tropical moon-

light, which seemed to wish to cheat us of the knowledge that we were actually drifting into northern seas before that mild southern wind. We could not enjoy the sunrise or sunset; and though our boat rocked as gently as a cradle, few eyes slept. It was on Friday afternoon, as I sat in the sunshine on deck, my beads lying in my hands, that Father Sorin came up to me, with a smile which tried to be his old smile of cheer, saying: "You do not pray at all, or we should certainly see our ship!" "Oh, Father," I said, "I have asked God, over and over again, what He wants me to do, what He wants me to promise Him." "Yes, yes, child!" said the kind Father, the smile leaving his face; then, lighting up again, he added: "Keep on praying." A few minutes after I remembered what wonders had been wrought by the devotion of the "Thousand Hail Marys," and immediately told Father Sorin. "Say them," he said, "every day, and I will do the same." From that moment the languor left my heart, and my beads never lay idle in my hands.

(CONCLUSION NEXT WEEK.)

A Historical Error.

III.

In the destruction of the *teocallis* the missionaries needed the efficacious co-operation of the Indians, and they easily obtained it. It was an easy matter to burn the wooden chapels; but the demolition of the pyramids required the employment of a great many hands. The converted Indians, who in the beginning belonged all to the poor class of people, and must consequently have earnestly desired to witness the disappearance of those altars soaked with the blood of their class, cheerfully helped in this work. If France tore down the Bastille and burned the guillotine with great shouts of joy, with how much more reason did the poor Aztec roll down the stone of sacrifice from its high place, and scatter the ruins of those infamous piles that rose gloomily on all sides, announcing far and wide the torments and the death of thousands of men! Without the help of the Indians those few religious could not have done their work, and we owe them a debt of gratitude for having purified our soil from that abomination. When, in our splendid cathedral, we witness the grave and imposing ceremonies of the Catholic worship, it is not possible, much as science may lament the loss of some inscriptions and obscure figures, to extinguish the sentiment of gratitude that flows from the heart at the thought that in the very same place where deformed idols stood, real demons, always thirsty for human blood, is now adored the true God who asks no other sacrifice than the Unbloody One of the Altar. The joyful bell has succeeded the dismal *teponaxtli*, and calls the people to prayer, not to slaughter: people do not go there now to receive death, but the pardon of their sins. We should not feel sorry that the

teocallis were destroyed: what is to be regretted is that they were ever built.*

Nor was the destruction so rapid, complete, and wanton as some pretend, who go so far as to make it the work of one day. It began on January 1st, 1525, according to Motilinia, who simply states that on that night three friars *put to flight* all the priests and servants of the temple of Tezcoco, and this *battle against the demon* was repeated in other towns. The Indians joined at once and made use of the stones of the teocallis in the building of churches; the Spaniards followed their example, and the temples became quarries for the construction of new edifices. Thirteen years afterwards, towards the end of 1537, the bishops, amongst them Zumárraga, wrote to the king "that the teocallis were not even yet all torn down, and that the Indians had their idols in them with the accustomed worship." Although it was the first duty of the bishops to overthrow idolatry, they did not consider themselves authorized to order the demolition of the temples. They petitioned for the requisite authority, and the king in reply ordered that the temples should be destroyed *without scandal*, and the stones should be used in the churches.

We thus find that the documents of the epoch oblige us to diminish very much the part that is attributed to the Sr. Zumárraga in the destruction of the *teocallis*. This destruction had begun in 1525, whereas he arrived in 1528. It is evident that during these four years most of it must have been done, both because this was necessary to facilitate conversions, and because the rebuilding of the city of Mexico and the building of churches in many places were then pushing forward vigorously, for which purpose there was the more need of the material furnished by the pyramids: In all

* "And the walls and floor of that *adoratorio* were so saturated and black with human blood that they had a very bad odor. . . . All was full of blood, walls as well as altar, and such was the stench that we were in a hurry to get out. . . . And all impregnated with blood, and such a quantity, that I give them my malediction; and as all had the stench of a slaughter-house, we could not get out quickly enough from such a bad stench and worse sight." These are the words of an eye-witness in his description of the state of the temple of Mexico at the arrival of the Spaniards. (Bernal Diaz, c. 92.) Tezozomoc describes as follows the great sacrifice made by Ahuitzotl to inaugurate the new temple of Mexico: "Through the temple, and from the roof and front of the altar of Huitzilpochtli flowed the blood of the innocents, which appeared like two streams of water all colored with blood, so that Ahuitzotl, Nezahualpilli? Totoquihuaztli, and the very demon Zihua-coatl, who ordained all these inventions and cruelties, had their arms, breasts, legs, and faces colored with blood, so that they seemed to be painted scarlet; and the same was the case with the temples of eleven other places (which he names here): all these houses and temples were colored with blood, which they daubed on the walls after having anointed the lips and hands of the idols; then all the walls of the temple of the nuns, which they call *Zihuateocalli*, which was also daubed with blood. . . . The deaths and cruel butchery lasted for four natural days, so that the blood and hearts of the dead were already fetid; they immediately carried the bodies and the entrails to throw them into the middle of the Mexican Lake. . . . The city was infected by the putrid blood, bodies, and heads of the Indians." (*Crónica Mexicana*, c. 70, *apud* Kingsborough, tom. ix, p. 118, 119. See Durán also, c. 44.)

this a prelate who had not yet arrived could have had no part. And if at his arrival he had ordered the total destruction attributed to him, why does he, nine years afterwards, ask for the authorization to demolish what had remained? To sum up, I know of no authoritative document on the point from which it can be proved that the Sr. Zumárraga laid hands on any temple.

The idols must disappear as well as the temples, and even with greater reason. Strictly speaking, the buildings, at least the chief of them, could be guarded in such a way as to prevent the priests from re-entering them; but the idols were so numerous that nothing but their destruction could prevent the Indians from continuing to offer them the ancient worship. A *teocalli* could not be hidden, whereas the idols, especially if they were small, of which the number was countless, were easily hidden almost anywhere. In the houses, in caves, in gardens, in the woods, in the hills, and in all places, even buried at the foot of crosses, the lords and the priests preserved the figures of their gods. The persistence of the chief men in idolatry required energetic means. The horror with which the missionaries beheld this abominable worship was increased by the deformity of the idols and the remembrance of the horrible sacrifices that were offered to them. Those monstrous figures of the large idols, covered with human blood, which even at the present day, cleaned off as they are in the museums, are found to be repulsive and disgusting, could not remain exposed to the view of all, and provoked their own destruction. Those who, like Clavigero, honestly pretend that such figures could have been preserved in a museum, do not understand the epoch, have not transported themselves back to it to judge it. What would the Indians have thought if they saw that the missionaries preserved those idols with care, placed them in halls, and appointed persons to guard them? Undoubtedly they would have taken these marks of regard as a kind of worship. It was necessary, on the contrary, that they should be witnesses of the contempt with which the missionaries treated the false gods, who did not hurl their thunderbolts on the heads of the profaners, as the Indians expected. For this very purpose they were ignominiously thrown into the fire, a punishment reserved for the very worst criminals, without wasting on them those ceremonies spoken of by Mr. Sanchez, which we find practised in one solitary case. For the same reason the religious could not, even had they wished, preserve the idols of precious material, such as that which F. Fernandez reduced to ashes in Achiutla. The Indians would have believed that it was not the horror of idolatry, but the desire of possessing that precious object that impelled the missionary to seize on it.

The Indians themselves, at their conversion, brought their idols and burned them at the feet of the missionaries, thereby to give proof of the sincerity of their conversion; and the children that were receiving instruction sought and took them away from those that concealed them, which cost some of these auxiliaries their lives. If the mission-

aries, instead of permitting the natives to break their idols, had carefully gathered them up to preserve them in the museum imagined by Clavigero, the Indians would have considered it their right to preserve these precious objects just as well as the Spaniards, and every house would have been converted into a little *teocalli*. If, whilst preaching to them that those were the figures of demons, as they were actually in appearance, they at the same time collected and preserved them, there would be an evident contradiction between their words and their acts. The destruction of the idols was therefore an unavoidable necessity under the circumstances. And I do not know why we should affect to be so much scandalized by it, when we hardly notice the havoc made by the iconoclasts of all ages, especially by the Reformers of the sixteenth century, not on deformed lumps, but on works of the great masters.

What part had the Sr. Zumárraga in the destruction of the idols? We have said already that whatever precedes 1529, cannot be laid to his account. Subsequently, he appears only as the destroyer of the idol of Teotihuacan, and of the bass-relief of Tezcotzinco. As to the first, he merely threw it down from the rock on which it stood, as was his duty, and at the end of the following century Gemelli saw it still at the foot of the pyramid, divided into three large pieces, which could easily have been joined together again and preserved.* The destruction of the bass-relief of the pond of Tezcotzinco, as far as I know, rests only on the authority of Ixtlilxochitl, a man of a very vivid imagination in creating marvels in Tezcoco and causing them to disappear. Davila Padilla† speaks of a very different matter—namely, of his having caused the figure of a coyote, engraven on the summit of a mountain, to be broken. To these all the charges are reduced.

We now pass to the examination of the paintings or manuscripts, the principal stumbling-blocks. From the thirteen authors that remain, we must lay aside six (at least), because they treat only of temples or idols destroyed, on which point we have said enough; these are Friar Martin de Valencia, F. Gante, F. Motolinia, the letter of the bishops (1537), the answer of the emperor, and F. Mendieta. There remain seven: *el Libro de Oro*, Pomar, F. Sahagun, F. Duran, Torquemada, Ixtlilxochitl, and the letter of the Sr. Zumárraga to the General Chapter. This letter is doubtful, for Mr. Sanchez maintains that in it pictures destroyed are spoken of, and I hold the contrary opinion.

We shall begin with what most directly bears upon the purpose of this article, viz., to show what part the Sr. Zumárraga took in this destruction, and that which made the most noise, the burning of Tezcoco. How are we assured of the existence of these magnificent archives which contained the treasure of all the accumulated knowledge of Anáhuac? We have no other authority besides

that of Ixtlilxochitl.* And what credit is to be given him, especially in matters pertaining to the kingdom of Acolhuacan? Very little. Though a legitimate descendant of that royal house, he was in straitened circumstances, and solicited the Spanish Government for assistance corresponding to the services which his ancestor of the same name had rendered the conquerors. Hence his eagerness to exalt the glories of that kingdom, which in a certain manner reflected on him. The spectacle of a descendant of great kings reduced to misery is far more touching than that of an unfortunate man that has never been in any other than a state of misery. Many of his writings are the memorials of a pretender. He was also impelled by a natural inclination to dwell upon the greatness of his lineage, and from all this comes a marvellous picture which at once inspires distrust. It is only necessary to compare Ixtlilxochitl with any Aztec historian, with Tezozomoc, for instance, to see what very different parts the Tezcoco monarchy plays, according to the writer that is consulted. In Ixtlilxochitl, Tezcoco was the most polished and enlightened court, the *Athens* of Anáhuac; its king, the glorious descendant of the Chichimecan monarchs, was the oracle of the Mexican kings, the one that raised his voice in the councils, and who was ever consulted in difficult cases. The Mexican language was there spoken in its greatest purity; letters were cultivated, and all the knowledge of the race was treasured up; there were academies of poets, musicians, orators, and philosophers; the temples, palaces, and gardens surpassed in magnificence and good taste those of the great Tenochtitlan. He goes so far as to assert that the kings of Mexico were tributaries of those of Tezcoco. The celebrated Nezahualcoyotl, poet, legislator, and king, who in many incidents of his life reminds us of David, is the most notable figure in the history of these regions, by reason of his profound knowledge. Through the unaided power of his mighty intellect, he attained to the idea of the unity of God. But when we have recourse to Tezozomoc or to the *Codex Ramirez*, the king of Tezcoco dwindles down to the first tributary of the emperor of Mexico, at whose call he always comes submissively, and helps him with men and provisions in whatever expeditions are undertaken to enlarge the empire. The part of the kings of Tezcoco in the pages of this historian is a very humble one. The splendor of the Mexican court had no equal, nor would the power of its monarchs admit of division or competition. Whom shall we believe? For our purpose it makes little difference, because no answer is needed. If we do not credit Ixtlilxochitl as to the existence of those precious archives, we need go no farther, because that could not be destroyed which did not exist. If we give him credit, we should also give it to him when he affirms (as he does in several places) that the Tlascalans, having entered Tezcoco in company with

* *Gero del Mondo*, pt. vi, lib. 2, c. 8.

† Lib. ii, c. 81.

* It is true that Pomar speaks of them also; but only in more general terms, and he was also a descendant of the kings of Tezcoco, though illegitimate. He is therefore on the same footing as Ixtlilxochitl.

Cortés, set fire "to the principal palace of King Nezahuilpilli, so that *all* the royal archives of *all* New Spain, and the memory of its antiquities perished *from that time*." The entry took place on the last day of the year 1520;* eight years afterwards the Sr. Zumárraga arrived in Mexico. What archives of Tezcoco did he burn if they had *all* perished already? Did he set fire to the ashes of the papers already burned by the Tlascalans?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

* Cortés, *Tercera Relacion*, *apud* Lorenzana, p. 191. Pomar confirms this fact of the Tlascalans.

Peace.

BY MARION MUIR.

Thou gentle comfort of distressful hours,
Why listen not to my imploring cries?
I see thee smiling, zoned with daisy flowers
And crowned with olives plucked in paradise.

Tender thine eyes as early August mornings,
Thy vesture whiter than the starlit snow,
And far above the crown of earth's adornings
The calm that sets a seal upon thy brow.

But thou art shyder than those cloud-cast shadows
That flit across the mountain's purple mass.
The happy sunbeams tremble on the meadows
When I awake to see thee lightly pass.

All birds salute thee, and the gray-winged swallow
Keeps at thy side like a familiar friend.
Up the steep hillside eagerly I follow
Only to find the chilling mist descend.

To meet, instead of thy sweet words and glances,
The distant thunder's deep repellant tone,
The quick red quiver of the lightning lances
By spirit foes in airy combat thrown.

I seek thee by the temple's shining altar,
Where none, they say, in vain have ever sought.
I seek, but yet my heart must chill and falter,
Spirits of light are there but thou art not.

Oh, come and still my heart's incessant yearning
With the cool pressure of thy blessed hand;
Hast thou not seen how long, with footsteps burning,
I traced thy presence through the weary land?

Vain, all in vain! in light and grace Elysian
She flits before me up the rugged path;
But when I think to join the radiant vision,
It disappears amid the tempest's wrath.

Ah, Lord, perchance the trial hath its meaning
Hid in the silence of Thy watchful love,
Not here we meet; but, on Thy promise leaning,
We find her smiling with the blest above

—Colorado Transcript.

A Boston girl never calls ice berg an "ice berg."
Oh no! She always speaks of it as "a floating
aggregation of tangible frigidity."—Ex.

Frederick the Great.

One of the most celebrated personages in the line of the kings of Prussia was Frederick II, or the Great. He was the son of Frederick William I, and Sophia Dorothea, the sister of King George II of England, and was born on the 24th of January 1712. From a very early age Frederick showed that Heaven had most abundantly endowed him with Its gifts. In character he resembled both father and mother. At the age of seven years he was placed under the direction of a Major in the army and required to engage in a series of military exercises. As long as these formed his only occupation, Frederick found them very pleasant; but they proved very distasteful and were neglected altogether after he had once commenced to study the fine arts. This course, however, was against the will of his father, who wished to make of him a great soldier. He took Frederick entirely from his studies and put him in the army, where he was required to perform the duties of a captain.

The pleasure which Frederick had found in the fine arts, could never be forgotten. As he was not allowed to practise openly on his favorite instrument—the flute—he did so in secret. But from such a father as Frederick William was, this could not long be concealed. Having found him once playing, he took away all books and flute, and with them Frederick's amusement. The contrast between father and son became more marked from day to day; indeed Frederick determined to fly to England. Being ready for departure at Wesel, his undertaking was discovered, and his plans failed. He was taken prisoner and brought to the fortress of Kuestrin, where he remained closely confined for six months. In order to be reconciled to his father, he had to swear submission to him and undergo many trials. To show himself a submissive son, he obeyed promptly and with exactness all commands, especially those regarding military affairs. The father, having thoroughly tried the inclinations of his son, and seeing his good will, committed to his care some property and a regiment of soldiers.

Frederick now had more leisure, and was not slow to resume the practice on the flute and the making of verses. During this period of his life, he made the acquaintance of Voltaire, whose works he had read and admired, and thought their author to be the greatest man living.

But time had come that he should enter into active life. His father had become seriously ill, and, having no hope of recovery, summoned his son to give him counsels regarding the government. Frederick arrived soon at Berlin, and on meeting his father, embraced him tenderly. All past differences between father and son were forgotten. Three days afterwards, the father, in the presence of mother and son died, leaving to Frederick a treasure of \$8,700,000, and 76,000 well-disciplined soldiers.

The death of Frederick William I became quickly

known throughout Europe. All the states looked with eagerness upon the new king, and carefully noted all his movements, thinking that he would seek to be revenged for wrongs in days gone by. But Frederick, knowing this too well, acted with the greatest prudence. No one knew anything positive of him, and his diligent working in the state's offices made him a terror to the incompetent or dishonest officials. On his travels through the country, seeing the scarcity of food among his subjects, he ordered that, without delay, the store-houses should be opened and the people be supplied with corn at a low price.

He now engaged in a war with Austria for the possession of Silesia. In this struggle he was successful, and Silesia was annexed to Prussia. But he was not long allowed to retain his acquisition in peace. A second and a third war followed, in the last of which Austria was assisted by France, Russia and Saxony. But victory crowned the arms of Frederick, and he became absolute master of Silesia.

But Frederick, although warlike, did not neglect his own country. He ordered high-ways to be made, and those already existing to be repaired. With the assistance of some skillful generals he made an entire revision of all the state's offices, and especially those regarding the postal business. In short, he was totally absorbed in the welfare of his people. He was known and called by everyone as "old Fritz." Once, going through the streets of a city, he met a large crowd of school-boys at play. Asking them the reason why they did not attend school, they all burst out into laughter, and one of them, a big boy, made the remark: "Ha! old Fritz is king, and does not know that there is no class on Wednesday afternoon." The king smiled at this, because his mind had been occupied with more important thoughts than those of free days. Innumerable events of this kind keep the remembrance of the great king alive.

But the greatest kings and warriors must bow to the inevitable decree of death. So for Frederick the time of his earthly career had passed. The confederation of the princes of Germany against Austria was his last act with the world outside of Prussia. He turned his whole attention to his beloved Prussia; but feeling himself weakened, he retired from active life, and after a short sickness, like his father, he died peacefully, in the year 1785.

F. L.

College Gossip.

—A new Catholic University is to be established at Salzburg in Austria.

—The indigent students of Dartmouth receive \$5,000 yearly from the State of New Hampshire.

—Sixty Harvard Freshmen have abandoned their Latin, eighty their Greek, and one hundred their Mathematics. None of them, however, have dropped their baseball or boating, and college culture is therefore safe.—*Ex.*

—A wealthy art patron has offered the directors

of the Leipzig Conservatory of Music the gift of three hundred thousand marks for the erection of a new building on condition that the work shall be taken in hand not later than next April.

—Prof. Benjamin Silliman, of Yale College, author of "First Principles of Chemistry" and of many scientific essays and volumes, died last week at New Haven, in his sixty-ninth year. He was one of the fifty original members of the National Academy of Science.

—The Rev. Charles W. Stubbs writes to the *Pall Mall Gazette*:—"I can vouch for the *bona fides* of the following, which I have met with during the last two or three years as examiner in the Cambridge local examinations: 1. 'Pitt was a great statesman; so was Fox. He wrote a very good book of martyrs. Pitt and Fox both died a month after each other.' 2. 'The Gordian knot was a very difficult knot which Nero tied, and by means of which he kept the empire of Rome in subjection.'"

—He was a college graduate and went out to one of the Territories to reform Western journalism. In the first issue of his paper he stated that prohibition was a *vexata questio*. In the next issue he rebuked several of his esteemed contemporaries for using the word "standpoint," and told them that it was no better than "sitpoint." The third issue of the paper never appeared, and one of the citizens explained the fact by saying that "the durned thing died of too much word-slinging." The young journalist has gone back East and is learning to be a newspaper-man.—*Ex.*

—The students of the Latin Quarter in Paris are noting the invasion of the schools, especially the medical schools, by foreigners. The French students complain that they are crowded out by Servians, Wallachians, Russians, Americans, and even English; and they claim, as the post of house-surgeon, or interne, in the hospitals is paid by public money, their demand is just that no foreigner be admitted to that post, that it should be reserved for French citizens. The professors, however, regard this influx of foreigners, annually increasing since 1879, as a striking testimony to the high worth of the French medical school.—*Home Journal*.

—The *New England Journal of Education* humorously combines precept with example in the following:

In promulgating your esoteric cogitations, or articulating your superficial sentimentalities and amicable, philosophical or psychological observations, beware of platitudinous ponderosity. Let your conversational communications possess a clarified conciseness, a compact comprehensibility, coalescent consistency, and a concatenated cogency. Eschew all conglomerations of flatulent garrulity, jejune babblement and asinine affectation. Let your extemporaneous descantings and unpremeditated expatiations have intelligibility and veracious vivacity, without rhodomontade or thrasonical bombast. Sedulously avoid all pollysyllabic profundity, pompous prolixity, psitaceous vacuity, ventriloquial verbosity and vaniloquent vapidness. Shun *double entendres*, prurient jocosity, and pestiferous profanity, ob-
scurant or apparant. In other words, talk plainly, briefly, naturally, sensibly, truthfully, purely. Keep from "slang"; don't put on airs; say what you mean; mean what you say. And don't use big words.

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

Notre Dame, January 31, 1885.

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

THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC Contains:

choice Poetry, Essays, and the current Art, Musical, Literary and Scientific Gossip of the day.

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

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

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

Students should take it; parents should take it; and, above all,

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Address EDITOR NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC,
Notre Dame, Indiana.

—The examinations are over, and with them has passed away the first session of the scholastic year. They were, as might be expected, searching and severe, but the boys stood the ordeal bravely, and, for the most part, did their best to pass successfully. The results may be seen from the "examination averages" which are published elsewhere in the SCHOLASTIC. It is a pleasure to note that they indicate that a great amount of good work has been done during the five months just passed. This augurs well for the successful issue of the new term upon which we have just entered, and therefore upon the general success of the whole year.

—We begin this week, and shall conclude in our next number, the publication of the opening chapter of Miss Starr's recent admirable work, "Pilgrims and Shrines." This chapter is of particular interest to many at Notre Dame and to friends of the institution abroad, on account of the venerable Father Superior-General Sorin, who was the leader of the little party in the "memorable voyage" across the ocean in the winter of '75. Many at Notre Dame remember with what dismay the news was received that the *Amérique* was "overdue," that she was disabled, etc., until at length, after weary weeks of waiting, hearts were made glad by the tidings of the safe arrival of the travellers. All the incidents of the trip are graphically described by Miss Starr in her book. We republish them because they form part and parcel of the history of Notre Dame as portrayed in the life and career of her Founder, and, at the same time, will give an

idea of the style of a work invaluable to the Christian reader.

The visits of the author to the sanctuaries, shrines and places in Europe hallowed by the footprints of martyrs, confessors, holy men and women of the early ages of the faith are described in a style such as to attract and retain the interest of the reader. At the same time, they are made the occasion of much critical and valuable instruction upon facts historical and sacred, and afford abundant material for the benefit of the student of art. The value of the work is greatly increased by the number of beautiful etchings—the work of the author herself—which are scattered throughout the volumes. Numerous as are the good works with which Miss Starr has enriched the Catholic literature of our day, "Pilgrims and Shrines" may be, in our opinion, considered as her *chef d'œuvre*. It is published in two volumes, and at a very low price, for a work of such intrinsic value. Copies may be had of the author: 299 Huron Street, Chicago.

—Now, that classes have been reorganized and the work of the second session inaugurated, we may look forward a little and see what is in store for us during the next five months. We may safely say that we have passed what is styled the "dull" months at Notre Dame—whenever these occur, as they do in some "off" year as the present. They are the months when, on account of the unusual severity or whimsicalness of the weather, the usual winter sports of skating and sleighing—not to speak of Campus' sports—cannot be indulged in, and thus but little can be done to distract the student's attention from the routine of the class-room, study-hall or lecture-room. Such, thus far, has been the season through which we are passing. But as we write, everything has begun to assume a brighter and more cheerful appearance; ere long, fine weather will be with us again to stay, and so we have reason to indulge in cheerful anticipations for the new session.

The societies which have always been, and are now, the life and soul of Notre Dame, will soon begin to display some of their best work. The Thespians will make their first public appearance during the present scholastic year on the 22d of February. This association, as at present constituted, is possessed of great literary and dramatic talent, and we may confidently predict that their entertainment of the 22d will be given in a manner that will not only sustain but enhance their old-time reputation. The Columbians will soon begin the work of preparation to celebrate the 17th of March. The debating societies promise to be heard from during the session, and great interest is centred in the next "circle" of the St. Thomas Academy. The Euglossians intend to give a grand Shakespearian entertainment on Shakespeare's birthday, April 23d; while appropriate days in May and June will be taken by the Philopatrians and Cecilians for choice exhibitions. These entertainments will be enlivened by the efforts of our musicians both vocal and instrumen-

tal. The Band and Orchestra are now in fine condition and will contribute materially to the pleasures of the ensuing months. The Vocal department has been re-organized and promises to attain the excellence of music's palmy days at Notre Dame. All this, together with the fact that boating and field-sports will soon begin, goes to show that the present session will leave but a very narrow margin for moping and dullness.

These amusements and diversions are thus particularly mentioned because, as every sensible man knows, they play no small part in promoting the happiness of the students and in securing the success of the year's work. We do not think that we shall be misunderstood or that any student will conclude that the principal object of his stay at college during the next few months will be to enjoy himself. Each one knows and should never forget that the *business* of his college life is to apply himself seriously to study. A few weeks of inattention may destroy the results of months of serious labor. Therefore, while profiting by the time of relaxation and recreation, the earnest student will not fail to make a good use of the time in which the mind, strengthened and invigorated, should be seriously applied, and thus seek to crown a good year's work with success and distinction.

Obituary.

RT. REV. MGR. JULIAN BENOIT.

Last Monday morning, the 26th inst., there passed peacefully from earth the soul of one long and lovingly known to the inmates of Notre Dame, as well as to the clergy and people among whom he had lived and labored so long and so well—Monsignor Benoit, Vicar-General of the Diocese of Fort Wayne. For some weeks past he had been suffering greatly from cancer in the throat, and blood-poisoning; but the trial was patiently borne until at length death came to his relief.

Father Benoit will never be forgotten at Notre Dame. More than forty years ago, he used to come here every month, on horseback, to visit Very Rev. Father Sorin, then his nearest *confrère*; and his visits were returned in like manner. The friendship that was begun amid the trials and hardships of the life of a pioneer priest, continued firm and unshaken to the last. On more than one occasion has Notre Dame—the grand and noble work inaugurated by his old-time colleague, Father Sorin,—experienced proofs of a kindly and active interest. Quickly and actively did he respond to the call of sympathy when Notre Dame lay a mass of smouldering ruins; quickly, too, did love for her, to whom Notre Dame is consecrated, stir the generous impulses of his heart when the movement was set on foot to erect in this spot the most glorious monument in the land to the Queen of Heaven—a movement, too, which he was happy to see brought to a successful issue, in the completion of the magnificent Dome, with its colossal statue, which adorns the main building of our University.

Mgr. Benoit was eminently a man of generous deeds. The innumerable services he had rendered to the Diocese of Fort Wayne for almost half a century; the monuments he leaves in that city, especially, of his boundless personal charity—the present new Cathedral and episcopal residence, the splendid Academy of the Sisters of Providence, the parochial school of the Brothers of St. Joseph,—all the outcome of his proverbial liberality, would alone immortalize his memory. As to the private and individual blessings, temporal and spiritual, received at his fatherly hands by so many throughout the whole State, they are known only in heaven.

Mgr. Benoit was a native of France, and was born on the 17th of October, 1808. He came to the United States in 1836, and was ordained the year following. In 1883 he was made a Domestic Prelate of the Pope. Seldom are honors more fully merited or more meekly borne. He possessed all the qualities which characterized the old-time missionaries, and was not only universally respected, but loved by all who came in contact with him. Simple as a child, kind-hearted, devoted to friends, prudent, though full of zeal, charitable, of stainless integrity, he leaves a record of which any mortal might be envious. When he was informed that his end was near—that his illness would prove fatal—he answered, with admirable faith and resignation: "*Fiat voluntas Tua!* I have been praying God for two years past to place on my shoulders the crosses I had not courage to take up myself." With such sentiments he closed the noble record of a long and useful career in the service of his Redeemer, and we may confidently trust he is now enjoying the reward of the "good and faithful servant." May he rest in peace!

Exchanges.

—The *Catholic Columbian*, of Columbus, O., edited by that genial son of old Notre Dame, Rev. D. A. Clarke, has just passed beyond its tenth-milestone of years. The *Somerset Press* gives only a fair estimate of the *Columbian's* merits in saying that "it is an able journal, well printed, and in every way deserving the liberal patronage of those of the Church it represents." Rev. Father Clarke gives his subscribers a very good newspaper, and it is pleasant to learn that it is appreciated in some measure according to its deserts. We find in the *Columbian* able articles on current subjects, as well as on subjects that are not current, but ought to be; pungent editorial paragraphs; religious and secular news notes, home and foreign; choice stories, and a rare selection of notes and notions that mix instruction with amusement in a free and easy style. Father Clarke is to be complimented on the success of his paper, notwithstanding the drawback of not a few dead-head *patrons* who "get angry when asked to pay, and insolently withdraw their patronage," leaving an aggregate annual debt of several thousand dollars perhaps, enough to

swamp any but a very prosperous paper, as it did the excellent *Catholic Chronicle*, of Bay City, Mich.

—The *Virginia University Magazine* is fully up to the high literary standard of preceding numbers, and better than some of them. The poetry, however, is far below par. The sketches of Percy Bysshe Shelley and "Chinese" Gordon evince study and painstaking care; notwithstanding their length, we think they will be read with pleasure by other than the writers. The department of "Collegiana" is much better than formerly. It no longer gives the idea of an extremely dull, monotonous place, with no relaxation between whiles for the hard-worked student.

—The editors of the *University Quarterly* may well feel proud of the current number of their magazine. Every one of its departments shows good work. Among the contributed articles are a sketch (with portrait) of the late Prof. B. N. Martin by Dr. Crosby, "Reminiscences of the University" by W. R. Gordon, an account of "Montreal and the Meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science," by Chas. L. Bristol, and "The American Lacrosse Team Abroad," by J. G. Gerudt. An Ixionite of '84 gives a very interesting description of the impressions of "A University Man at Rutgers."

—*Concordiensis* speaks favorably of the plan of an intercollegiate oratorical association, which several of the Eastern colleges have been discussing. It argues that if contests can be held for deciding the merits of various colleges in athletic sports, there is no good reason why there should not be intercollegiate contests in oratory. Such contests have been held in the West, but as we have not taken part in them we can only speak from report as to the results, which seem to have been variable—often fruitful in bad feeling and misunderstandings. Sometimes several of the contending parties haul the judges over the coals, and at other times they do this delectable service for one another.

—Referring to apologies, the editors of the *Vassar Miscellany* behaved magnanimously in publishing "Yankee's" letter objecting to the critical article on the "Irish in America," which appeared in a recent number of the *Miscellany*. We have said the editors,—in all probability the letter would not have been published without "M. J. G. '76's" consent, in which case she deserves the greater share of the praise. We were surprised at the tenor of her article, and intended calling attention to some of its false premises; but attention was diverted from it at the time, and that number of the *Miscellany*, and the following one, have only now been found, with other of the more valuable of our exchanges that had been laid aside for more careful perusal. We regret the oversight, for the *Vassar Miscellany*, the *University Quarterly*, *Virginia University Magazine*, etc., are always worthy of notice. With regard to M. J. G.'s article in the *Miscellany*, the writer mistakes in supposing the Irish people fit only for "the useful position" of

hewers of wood and drawers of water to their brethren of the Anglo-Saxon race. In the olden times—before the Irish nation was subjugated to a foreign yoke—Englishmen, in common with the rest of Europe, acknowledged the superiority of the Irish teachers, and there is no reason to-day to suppose that, with equal advantages, Irishmen and people of Irish descent could not cope with the most favored of other nations in ability. Tyn-dall, McCosh, and Molloy have no superiors in Science; Balfe and Wallace but few in musical genius. Moore stands unrivalled in lyric poetry. Goldsmith, Swift, Gerald Griffin, Dr. R. Shelton McKenzie, and a number of others of minor note, are prominent in literature. The father of Cardinal Wiseman, one of the most learned scholars of his day in England, was an Irishman,—this prodigy himself was a native of *unenlightened, unprogressive* Spain. Edmund Burke, Richard Brinsley Sheridan, Daniel O'Connell, Henry Grattan, John Philpot Curran, Phillips, and others, distinguished themselves in their day as statesmen and orators, as Parnell and his collaborators are now doing. Italy has 13 places whose patron saints are Irish; Belgium, 30; Scotland, 76; Germany, 152; France, 47; England, 44; Iceland, 9; the isle of Iland, 6. It is said that an Irish monk, St. Brendan, first suggested to Columbus the idea of the western voyage that resulted in the discovery of America, and Dante admits that he drew inspiration for his immortal *Divina Commedia* from the work of another Irish monk, St. Fursey, written in the sixth century. After the subjugation of Ireland, the refugees from that country rose to an enviable eminence in Austria, France, and Spain, and in our own country they made a most remarkable record. Nine Irishmen are found among the signers of the Declaration of Independence, and six of the same nationality helped to frame the Constitution of the United States. The first printer of the Declaration of Independence was an Irishman (Henry Carey, we believe), and it is said that that document was first read in public by an Irishman. Ramsay, the first historian of the United States, was an Irishman; so was Fulton, of steamboat fame; so was Cyrus McCormick. Archbishop Kenrick, of Baltimore—an Irishman—was the profoundest biblical scholar in America. Before Dr. McCosh, President Finley, of Princeton College, was an Irishman; and President Stiles, of Yale College, pronounced Francis Allison, another Irishman, the best classical scholar in America. Among the distinguished Irishmen who took a prominent part in the War for Independence were Major General John Sullivan, thrice elected Governor of New Hampshire, and his brother Judge James Sullivan, twice elected Governor of Massachusetts; General Montgomery; Commodore John Barry; Adjutant Gen'l Edward Hand; Maj.-General Knox, Washington's Chief of Artillery, and Secretary of War and of the Navy in Washington's Cabinet; General Stephen Moylan, brother of the Catholic Bishop of Cork, and his four brothers; General Daniel Morgan, the hero of the Cowpens; Gen'l Andrew Pickens, Father of Gov. Pickens of

South Carolina; Maj.-Gen'l Andrew Lewis; David Porter, father of David Porter, whose career was "a blaze of heroism," and grandfather of the late Admiral Porter; Maj.-Gen'l John Gibson, commander of the noted "Gibson's Lambs," of sharpshooter fame in the Revolutionary war, and father of Commissioner Gen'l George Gibson and of Chief Justice John B. Gibson, of Pennsylvania, whom Judge Jeremiah S. Black, (also of Irish descent), describes as "the most illustrious judge of his time." Besides which were Ephraim Blaine, Richard Butler, John Dunlap, George Ewing of New Jersey, father of the late Senator Thomas Ewing, of Ohio, James Graham (father of W. A. Graham, candidate for Vice-President with Gen. Scott), and a number of others who won distinction. These and similar historical data, of which there is an abundance, should convince the writer in the *Miscellany* of her mistake in saying that "the Anglo-Saxon supplies the intelligence, ambition, skill; the Celt, strength, docility, and contented mediocrity." We have no silly race prejudices; we write only to correct an error.

But a still greater error on the part of the writer is the assertion that "the few Irishmen who have shown greater ambition and enterprise than their fellows have been quick to desert the Roman Catholic Church," and its corollary, that "Romanism cannot expect the allegiance of men of superior ability, for they will demand liberty of thought and action, both of which are contrary to the spirit of the Roman Church." To disprove this we need only to quote the late illustrious Orestes A. Brownson, LL. D., a convert to the Catholic Church, whom Lord Brougham styled "the master-mind of America," and certainly one of the greatest philosophers of this or any other age. In his "Convert" (and he has often reiterated the assertion in his *Review*), Dr. Brownson says:

"I never in a single instance found a single article, dogma, proposition or definition of faith which embarrassed me as a logician, or which I would, so far as my own reason was concerned, have changed, or modified, or in any respect altered from what I found it, even if I had been free to do so. I have never found my reason struggling against the teachings of the Church, or felt it restrained, or myself reduced to a state of mental slavery. I have, as a Catholic, felt and enjoyed a mental freedom which I never conceived possible while I was a non-Catholic."

Books and Periodicals.

—*St. Nicholas* for February opens with the first chapters of a new serial by E. P. Roe, entitled "Driven Back to Eden," which recounts the beauties of country-life as contrasted with the city. A prominent and valuable feature of the number is Gail Hamilton's "English Kings in a Nutshell." The talented author has here given in easy flowing verse a comprehensive view of all the English sovereigns, with the principal events and distinguished personages of their reigns. Portraits of nearly every person mentioned, with many other illustrations, accompany the descriptive text. Nora Perry is the first author to contribute to the "Garden of

Girls" series. The story is entitled "Tyrant Tacy," and is a charmingly-written account of a girl's conquest of herself. Palmer Cox tells in his inimitable pictures and verses the story of the "Brownies' Return" to their native land, and the ingenious manner in which they accomplished it; "Ralph's Winter Carnival" tells of a boy's visit to the winter Carnival at Montreal; and W. T. Peters and Margaret Johnson are contributors of bright valentine verses. In the serials,—"Davy and the Goblin" visit Robinson Crusoe,—"His One Fault" causes Mr. Trowbridge's hero to fall into more trouble,—Mr. Stockton takes his "Personally Conducted" party to the queer burial ground of Genoa,—Edmund Alton imparts some more of what he absorbed "Among the Law-makers,"—and we learn about Murillo in Mrs. Clement's "Stories of Art and Artists."

—The February ("Midwinter") number of *The Century*, the first edition of which is 180,000 copies (the largest number of *Centuries* ever published), contains the beginning of a novel by Henry James, entitled "The Bostonians;" Mr. Howells's descriptive papers, entitled "A Florentine Mosaic," with their accompaniment of etchings and sketches by Pennell, reproduced by wood-engravings and the "actinic" process; Dr. Beers's paper on "Canada as a Winter Resort," with Sandham's graphic pictures. There is a story by Mark Twain, entitled "Royalty on the Mississippi," which, with Kemble's humorous illustrations, covers twenty-four pages of the magazine. Mr. Stedman writes about Dr. Holmes in his critical series on the American Poets; with this article is printed a full-page engraving of an old daguerreotype of the "Autocrat." Mr. Stillman has a brief illustrated paper on Dutch Portraiture. Poems are given by C. W. Stoddard, Henry Tyrrell, Edgar Fawcett, and (in the "Bric-a-Brac" department) by F. D. Sherman and Joel Chandler Harris (Uncle Remus). The articles in the War Series are, of course, the feature of the number. First in importance is General Grant's long-expected paper on "The Battle of Shiloh," which is accompanied by a large number of portraits and illustrations drawn from photographs or minute descriptions. General Grant narrates circumstantially his own relations to the engagement, and gives frank estimates of general officers on both sides, together with personal reminiscences of the field. A supplementary paper from a Confederate point of view is contributed by Colonel William Preston Johnston, on his father, General Albert Sidney Johnston, and the Shiloh campaign, including a running description of the battle, of which the writer has made special study. Two excellent portraits of General Johnston accompany this paper. General Thomas Jordan, the Confederate assistant adjutant-general at Shiloh, makes record of his experiences in the battle. Four maps appear with these papers. Three brief articles are grouped under the convenient title "Memoranda on the Civil War," the first being an account by General Fitz John Porter of the circumstances attending the offer to Sidney Johnston in 1861 of the command of the Union armies in the field.

Personal.

—John Armstrong, of '60, is a prominent architect in Chicago.

—H. B. Keeler, of '69, is a leading businessman at St. Mary's, Kansas.

—J. C. Larkin (Law), '83, is quite prominent as a Notary Public in Pottsville, Pa.

—Rev. S. Fitte, C.S.C., our genial Professor of Philosophy, passed last Sunday in Valparaiso, Ind.

—Cornelius O'Leary, M. D., of '52, is Professor of Classics in Manhattan College, near New York city.

—Rev. T. O'Sullivan, '58, of Irondale, Ill., paid another of his flying visits to the College last week.

—Very Rev. Father General Sorin, accompanied by Rev. L. J. L'Etourneau, went to Ft. Wayne, last Thursday, to attend the obsequies of Rt. Rev. Mgr. Benoit.

—James H. Burns, '81, of Columbus, Ohio, is spending a few days at the College. His numerous friends are glad to see him in the enjoyment of such good health.

—Mr. Charles Warren Stoddard arrived at Notre Dame, last Tuesday, and met with a hearty welcome from friends. He is now numbered amongst our Faculty.

—We learn from the daily press that, in consequence of the resignation of Archbishop Allemany, Most Rev. P. W. Riordan, D. D., of '59, succeeds him with the title of Archbishop of San Francisco.

—The sad news has reached us of the death of Mr. K. I. Espy, of '70, at his home in Mt. Pleasant, Iowa. The deceased is well remembered at Notre Dame as a bright and amiable student. His former teachers and friends unite in extending their heartfelt sympathy to his bereaved family. May he rest in peace!

—Rev. J. C. Carrier, C. S. C., formerly Professor of Natural Sciences at Notre Dame, now occupies a similar position in the College of St. Laurent, Montreal, Canada. His many friends here rejoice to hear of his continued good health, and his successful labors in the cause of Religion and Science, and cordially wish him *ad multos annos*!

—On last Thursday, the 29th inst., Rev. Thomas O'Leary, of '72, was raised to the dignity of the sacred Priesthood by Rt. Rev. Bishop Dwenger, at the Cathedral in Ft. Wayne. We extend our congratulations to Father O'Leary upon this happy crowning of his highest wishes. May he live long to fulfil the new duties imposed upon him!

—Alfred B. Christian, of '83, is now editor and proprietor of *The Fairmont Bulletin*, published at his home in Fairmont, Nebraska. At the time of its purchase, the *Bulletin* had entered well upon its thirteenth year of publication and enjoyed a fair patronage. Mr. Christian is a young man of energy, and seems to feel perfectly at home in the field of journalism. Everything in his paper gives indication of a well-conducted enterprise.

Local Items.

—First session, adieu!

—Second one, how 'do?

—What percentage did you get?

—*Deo gratias!* Examinations are over!

—Classes were re-organized this (Saturday) morning.

—*The question:* "Have you seen him? Ain't he nice?"

—"C'est la plus grande chose en dehors," said our friend John.

—The Philodemics will re-organize next Wednesday evening.

—A new series of lectures will be inaugurated in the near future.

—Look out for the ground-hog next Monday! Much depends upon him.

—The ice taken from St. Joseph's Lake is of unusual good quality and thickness.

—The "tomahawk and scalping-knife" of the dread examiner are now no more.

—The "Laws" have a new addition to their class. This time from Kansas City.

—The "Judge" will be the naughty, deep, designing villain in the coming play.

—The St. Cecilians enjoyed their sleigh-ride yesterday, when the thermometer rose a little higher.

—Several pleasure trips were prevented by the extraordinarily severe weather of the past week.

—The societies should re-organize next week as the winter months are best adapted for such work.

—A universal prayer goes up that our Astrol-oger will predict more skating before the winter breaks up.

—Twenty-four degrees below zero, Wednesday evening, according to thermometer hanging from our *sanctum* window.

—Yesterday was the "rec" day that drew the line between the two sessions. It had to be drawn somewhere, you know.

—If each one would study as hard during the year as during the few days preceding examination, what a scholar he would become!

—PROF.: "What is an infinitesimal?" STUDENT: "The opinion a fellow has of himself when he appears before a board of examiners."

—The beautiful new life-size statue of the Sacred Heart which has lately been placed in St. Edward's Hall is greatly admired by visitors.

—LOST—On Monday, a scarf-pin in shape of half-moon with small diamond in centre. The finder will please leave with Bro. Alexander.

—The Campus bears no slight resemblance to a frozen sea, these delightful, snowy days. All it lacks is a stranded ship braced up against the back-stop.

—The sociable given to the Seniors on Tuesday evening was a most enjoyable affair. "On with the dance, and let joy be unconfined."—*per* T. C.

—Yesterday was devoted to the preliminary business attendant upon the new session, and to-day the machinery was set in motion. Good luck to all!

—Signor Gregori is painting for Professor Lyons an ideal portrait of Shakespeare. Those who have seen the picture speak highly of the composition and effect.

—Just to think of its snowing so hard after receiving such valuable suggestions from El Don Senor! But then we always said skating was a-n-ice accomplishment.

—The "Philodemics" will have a meeting next week at which will be debated the question, "Resolved, that the Ancients Attained a Higher Degree of Civilization than the Moderns."

—At the reunion, on the 25th inst., of the Junior Branch of the Total Abstinence Society, Mr. Charles F. Porter, of the Class of '85, delivered a very interesting and instructive address on the subject of "Temperance."

—It is now time for him who is looking into the distant and umbrageous future, at a certain will-o'-the-wisp yclept honor, to get out his slate and pencil and calculate whether it will be a First or Second—or, peradventure, neither.

—On Wednesday evening, the members of the Library Association entertained the patrons of the reading-rooms. The Librarian and the members of the Crescent Club Orchestra did all in their power to make the time pass pleasantly.

—REWARD.—A reward of a seal-skin sacque is offered for any information that will lead to the identity of "Jno. Stubbs." When last heard of, January 5, 1880, was in Niles, Mich. Communications can be addressed to M——, this office.

—We are under many obligations to Professor J. A. Lyons, of Notre Dame University, for copies of his *Scholastic Annual*, for 1885, a publication that possesses intrinsic literary value far beyond what its modest blue cover would indicate.—*Monitor* (San Francisco).

—The venerable Founder of the University has given Signor Gregori an order for full-length, life-size portraits, in oil, of the Apostolic Delegate, Most Rev. Monsignor Gibbons, Archbishop of Baltimore, and our own respected Ordinary, Rt. Rev. Bishop Dwenger.

—Yesterday (Friday) morning, at half-past eight o'clock, the Faculty and students assembled in the Seniors' Hall, where Rev. President Walsh read the examination reports and the list of promotions. He expressed himself pleased with the result and spoke a few words of instruction and advice to the students to continue the good work.

—The Crescent Club sociable, last Tuesday evening, was one of the most enjoyable social events of the season. By special invitation, all the students of the Senior department were present. The students are greatly indebted to our energetic Prefect of Discipline for the refreshments, and to the President of the Club for the delightful time enjoyed by all without exception.

—The 9th regular meeting of the Columbian Association took place January 17th. J. De Groot, W. Harless, T. McGill, J. Chapin, M. Burns, and D. Byrnes were elected members. An interesting debate on the "Indian Question" was carried on by Messrs. E. T. Hotaling, W. Jess, L. Austin, J. Wagoner, A. McNulty, J. Cartier, E. M. Willard, H. C. Rothert, A. Marion, W. Loomis, J. Bates and W. W. Harless.

—The *Scholastic Annual* for 1885 is a model year book. Its literary matter is excellent, particularly good being Elliot Ryder's poem, "A Legend of Bretagne." There is a good showing of special articles, and altogether is exceedingly interesting. This is the tenth year that the *Annual* has been issued. We are indebted to Professor J. A. Lyons, A. M., for an advance copy. Price, 25 cents.—*Catholic Examiner*.

—The 12th regular meeting of the Saint Cecilia Philomathean Association was held Wednesday evening, Jan. 21st. Compositions were read by Masters Hagenbarth, Grever, Mulkern, and Myers. The subjects were, "Chas. Dickens," "Garfield," "Dean Swift," and "Longfellow." Master E. J. Darragh was admitted to membership. The public readers for the coming week are: V. Morrison, L. Grever, J. Monschein, E. Porter, T. Cleary, W. Mulkern, E. Darragh, and J. Courtney.

—Bro. Anselm is preparing to begin a work which will reflect great credit on himself and the Art department. It is his intention to place in the first corridor of the Main Building of the University a series of mural tablets giving the line of descent of the royal houses of Europe, and chronological charts of historical events painted on marbleized backgrounds. This is one of the very best movements yet inaugurated to make the walls of our various college edifices living teachers of History, Art, and Religion.

—The work done by the Law Class during the past session will compare favorably with that of any class in the College. Both divisions have gone over their class-work rapidly and thoroughly. The moot-courts have been made so interesting and instructive that they are attended by numbers of students from the other departments. The trials are as well conducted as are the "real article" in many of our circuit and district courts. Besides, the class has formed itself into a "quizzing" club, which meets regularly to discuss questions given in the lectures and such others as may be presented.

—The Minims' examination took place on Thursday. Present on the occasion were Very Rev. Father General, Rev. President Walsh, and some members of the Faculty. Their quiet self-possession, their intelligent answers to the rather difficult problems proposed by Father General and President Walsh, showed very clearly the careful training that the Minims receive, as well as the close application which the young gentlemen give to their studies. Altogether, the result of the examination was so satisfactory that it drew from the venerated Founder the remark: "I am prouder than ever of my Princes."

Examination Averages.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

L. Austin, 88; A. Ancheta, 99; F. Ashton, 84; A. Brown, 76; D. Baca, 65; J. Becerra, 90; Felix Baca, 80; M. Burns, 93; F. Brown, 74; J. Breen, 76; T. Callaghan, 98; J. Conlon, 97; J. Crilly, 74; Wm. Collins, 84; Walter Collins, 87; P. Chapin, 86; J. Conway, 93; E. Crawford, 75; Jno. Creel, 89; F. Combe, 83; C. Combe, 81; W. Cartier, 85; W. Coghlin, 90; J. Bates, 76; P. Carbajal, 81; J. Cusack, 66; W. Cartier, 86; F. Dory, 76; J. De Groot, 86; C. Duffin, 67; P. Dwan, 81; F. Dexter, 98; M. Dolan, 86; S. Dickerson, 95; N. Ewing, 95; H. Freyermuth, 92; P. Goulding, 89; E. Garcia, 80; A. A. Gordon, 88; J. Hamlyn, 97; W. Harless, 85; J. Halligan, 94; P. Howard, 78; E. Hotaling, 86; C. Hausberg, 82; G. Hasson, 90; W. Jess, 89; B. Loomis, 82; C. Kolars, 89; T. King, 82; J. Kleiber, 92; L. Kegel, 82; H. Keys, 84; L. Kavanagh, 90; A. Livingston, 81; J. McCabe, 80; J. McMillan, 84; T. McKinnery, 91; P. McGuire, 88; F. Meyer, 81; F. McErlain, 82; K. McCartney, 81; A. McMurray, 90; A. Marion, 84; L. Mathers, 90; T. McGill, 75; A. Miller, 89; G. Morrison, 68; W. Murphy, 84; F. Noonan, 87; W. O'Connell, 90; J. V. O'Donnell, 90; J. P. O'Donnell, 71; G. O'Kane, 77; H. Paschel, 89; C. Paschel, 91; K. Perley, 98; W. Pattison, 75; V. Padilla, 93; J. Pruchomme, 61; P. Prudhomme, 81; H. Porter, 92; C. Porter, 85; J. Piefer, 85; H. Rothert, 91; O. Ryan, 84; J. Reach, 86; J. Rice, 84; J. Riley, 83; W. Ramsay, 87; J. Rahilly, 86; J. Ruppe, 79; T. Ryan, 70; J. Roth, 83; G. Smith, 74; A. Smith, 74; T. Sheridan, 95; H. Steis, 91; J. Shaeter, 72; A. Sanchez, 85; A. Sagreda, 67; M. Sykes, 85; D. Saviers, 80; E. Schultz, 72; A. Triplett, 82; W. Tully, 95; Jno. Troy, 86; W. Troxell, 91; J. Trepanier, 92; W. Williams, 84; J. Wagoner, 86; S. Wiley, 90; E. Willard, 84; A. Williams, 76; M. White, 83; C. Warner, 80; J. Wilson, 98; E. Zeitler, 82; W. H. Johnston, 95.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

W. Aikens, 72; D. Ackerman, 69; W. Arts, 86; H. Ackerman, 74; A. Adams, 77; W. Butterfield, 92; W. Borgschulze, 87; E. Benner, 79; F. Benner, 63; J. Baur, 83; W. Berthelet, 88; C. Brown, 69; E. Burrett, 73; F. Combe, 75; W. Congdon, 95; M. Cummings, 89; W. Chamberlain, 71; M. Clarke, 94; G. Cartier, 72; D. Cartier, 78; M. Colina, 78; J. Crawford, 80; C. Cavaroc, 86; T. Cleary, 94; G. Cooper, 84; A. Cleveand, 73; E. Dillon, 93; J. Dorenberg, 87; J. Dempsey, 78; J. Dougherty, 89; J. Donnellan, 87; W. Daly, 98; E. Darrah, 88; S. Day, 75; W. Devine, 83; L. Eppstein, 85; J. Emmons, 81; E. Ewing, 98; A. Finckh, 98; J. Fisher, 85; F. Fehr, 87; T. Flood, 88; R. Frane, 87; J. Grunfeld, 83; L. Grever, 84; E. Grever, 80; J. Garrity, 84; F. Garrity, 86; W. Grimes, 78; A. Hoye, 83; W. Hemisbaugh, 82; C. Harris, 86; E. Howard, 86; J. Hieronimus, 84; J. Hibbler, 89; S. Holman, 91; W. Houlihan, 86; F. J. Hagenbarth, 88; J. Hasson, 84; H. Hornbeck, 69; P. Johnson, 91; J. Kelly, 87; B. Knisely, 68; H. Kenny, 86; M. Luther, 89; H. Long, 81; F. Long, 96; A. Loya, 75; R. Lewis, 87; G. Martinez, 83; M. Mulkern, 81; A. Muessel, 72; W. McCourt, 73; V. Morrison, 93; W. Morrison, 91; B. Morrison, 82; R. Morrison, 93; J. Monschein, 92; G. Menig, 88; C. Mason, 88; G. Meyers, 98; B. Macke, 81; J. McGordon, 78; C. McGordon, 81; A. Meehan, 87; P. Mullane, 94; S. Nussbaum, 93; R. Oxnard, 94; S. O'Brien, 95; M. O'Kane, 87; P. Portillo, 77; E. Prudhomme, 84; A. Parri, 94; E. Porter, 86; C. Regan, 79; M. Real, 95; L. Rose, 82; W. Ratighan, 89; V. Rebori, 86; C. Ruffing, 92; J. Remish, 91; T. Reilly, 83; C. Reynolds, 95; F. Rogers, 96; H. Robinson, 80; E. Ryan, 76; G. Rietz, 85; C. Stubbbs, 90; C. Senn, 84; J. Shields, 81; J. Soxup, 75; F. Soden, 87; F. Smith, 85; W. Stange, 82; C. Spencer, 94; E. Schmauss, 83; F. Shaw, 88; H. Sedberry, 85; P. Servis, 79; H. Smith, 67; D. Tewksberry, 89; J. Talbot, 89; G. Tarrant, 88; W. Wabraushek, 90; P. Wagoner, 80; H. Warner, 78; W. Willard, 75; T. Williamson, 82; G. Weiting, 72; J. Weiler, 71; J. Zozaya, 88; E. Zollars, 88.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

E. Adams, 85; J. Addington, 98; H. Addington, 90; J. Boos, 90; I. Bunker, 98; J. Bull, 85; E. Barger, 85; H. Blakeslee,

90; E. Berry, 96; F. Crotty, 97; J. Baker, 94; P. Comins, 90; C. Campau, 80; F. Cobb, 97; H. Carnahan, 70; F. Dunford, 85; J. Doss, 75; E. Doss, 85; L. Doss, 75; J. Ernest, 90; T. Falvey, 85; F. Falvey, 80; E. Falvey, 75; I. Grunsfeld, 89; A. Grimes, 85; W. Henry, 98; O. Haney, 70; J. Hopkins, 80; C. V. Inderrieden, 90; R. Inderrieden, 85; S. Jones, 75; C. Johns, 93; J. Kelly, 88; E. Kelly, 90; F. Kellner, 80; G. Landenwich, 85; W. McPhee, 99; A. McVeigh, 96; F. Murphy, 85; H. Morgan, 85; W. McGill, 85; C. Mitchell, 80; J. Mitchell, 90; J. Moncada, 85; M. McCourt, 85; A. Mason, 75; J. McNulty, 87; C. Mooney, 85; A. Nussbaum, 95; A. Nester, 97; F. Noonan, 85; B. O'Kane, 94; F. Peck, 90; J. Peck, 97; F. Piel, 90; J. Piero, 90; H. Perkins, 80; D. Quill, 85; C. Quinlin, 85; F. Ruger, 85; C. Ramsay, 80; F. Salman, 90; D. Sweet, 90; L. Scherrer, 96; C. Smith, 92; L. Stone, 80; S. Shöneman, 89; A. Williamson, 85; F. Weston, 85; L. Zozaya, 85.

NOTE—Those students whose average is below 60 do not figure in the above report. A few names also are omitted, owing to absence through sickness.

Roll of Honor.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Messrs. Arce, Ancheta, Alvarez Ashton, A. Browne, Felix Baca, Bates, Becerra, F. Brown, Breen, Byrnes, Callaghan, Conlon, Crilly, Walter Collins, Chapin, Crawford, Casavantes, Creel, De Groot, Donohue, Dexter, Dolan, Estrado, Freyermuth, Goulding, Guthrie, Garcia, A. A. Gordon,* Hamlyn, Halligan, Howard, Hasson, Johnston, King, Kegel, Keys, Kavanagh, Livingston, McCabe, McMillan, McKinnery, McNulty, McGuire, Meyer, McErlaine, McCartney, McMurray, Marquez, Mathers, Murdock, Meister, O'Connell, C. Paschel, H. Paschel, Perley, Padilla, P. Prudhomme, C. Porter, Quill, Rothert, Rice, Ramsay, Rahilly, T. Ryan, Roth, Sheridan, Stephens, Steis, Saviers, Triplett, J. F. Troy, J. S. Troy, Trepanier, Terry, W. Williams, Willard, Warner, Wilson, Zeitler.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Masters Arts, Adams, Borgschulze, Byerly, E. Benner, F. Benner, Baur, Berthelet, Burns, Burrett, Congdon, Chamberlain, Clarke, Colina, Cavaroc, Cleary, Courtney, Cooper, Cleveland, Calvin, E. Dillon, Dorenberg, Dempsey, Dougherty, Donnellan, Day, Darrah, Daly, W. Devine, Ewing, Finckh, Fehr, Flood, Frain, Finckh L. Grever, J. Garrity, W. Grimes, Harris, Howard, Hibbler, Holman, Houlihan, Hagenbarth, Johnson, Kelly, Kegel, Kenny, Klaner, Luther, F. Long, Loya, Lewis, Martinez, Mulkern, Muessel, R. Morrison, Monschein, Myers, Macke, J. McGordon, C. McGordon, Meehan, Mullane, Oxnard, O'Brien, O'Kane, Portillo, Prudhomme, Regan, Real, Rose, Rattigan, Ruffing, Remish, Reynolds, Rogers, Robinson, Ryan, Stubbs, Soden, F. Smith, Stange, Spencer, Shaw, Sedberry, H. Smith, Talbot, Wabraushek, Wagoner, Williamson, West.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Masters J. Addington, Boos, Bull, Barger, Baker, Crotty, Campau, Cobbs, F. Dunford, J. Doss, L. Doss, Ernest, T. Falvey, F. Falvey, E. Falvey, Grunsfeld, Haney, Hopkins, Johns, S. Jones, J. Kelly, E. Kelly, McPhee, McVeigh, Murphy, Morgan, Moncada, McCourt, Mason, McNulty, Mooney, Nussbaum, Nester, Noonan, F. Peck, J. Peck, Piel, Piero, Paul, Quill, Quinlin, Sweet, Scherrer, Stone, Shöneman, Williamson, Weston.

* Omitted by mistake the last two weeks.

To be humble to superiors is duty; to equals is courtesy; to inferiors is nobility; and to all, security; it being a virtue that, with its loveliness, commands the souls it stoops to.

POLITENESS is the flower of humanity. Whoever is not polite enough is not human enough.—*Joubert.*

Saint Mary's Academy.

One Mile West of Notre Dame University.

—Miss Angela Ewing, Class '81, is on a visit to friends.

—A sleigh-ride is anticipated after the labor of examinations if the weather prove propitious.

—Notwithstanding the cold weather and the examinations, there is not a single inmate in the Infirmary.

—The examination of the Second Senior Composition Class was very entertaining; the young ladies showed not only industry but superior talent.

—The Roman mosaic cross fell to Miss Grace Regan, who has worn it so frequently that she begged the pleasure of transferring her claim to Miss Nora Quill.

—Rev. Father Zahm took four of the Princesses on a little sleigh-ride, the other day—Lola Chapin, Mary Lindsey, Dotty Lee, and Flora Johnson. They feel very grateful to the Rev. Father for his kindness.

—Rev. Father Fitté, of the Faculty of the University, examined the Graduating Class in Mental Philosophy and French, on Wednesday; Rev. Father Stoffel in German, and Prof. McCormick in Trigonometry.

—The Misses Mary and Jennie O'Neil, of Peoria, former pupils of the Academy, who came to witness the Religious Reception of their sister, Miss Lizzie O'Neil,—Class '78—left for their Illinois home on Monday.

—The music examinations were highly satisfactory in all the classes, and were well attended every evening, not only by the Musical Faculty, but by teachers from the other departments, and the ladies from the guest's hall.

—Grateful acknowledgments, are tendered to Mr. John Cummings for a valuable addition to the Library sent to Mother Superior,—a work compiled and published by Bergholtz—"The Lords Prayer," in the principal languages and dialects of the world. The contents show 188 different forms.

—The custodian of St. Edward's Reading-Room and the young ladies return most profound acknowledgment to Rev. Father Zahm, of the University, for four exquisitely beautiful views from the Centennial Photographs published by E. Wilson. one—a charming picture—"Horticultural Hall," beautifully reflected in the waters of the lake, and three other fine views of the Centennial buildings. The four pictures are elegantly framed, ready for the walls of the fortunate apartment for which they are destined.

—On Wednesday the Graduating Class passed the semi-annual examination in Geology with excellent results. Rev. President Walsh, of the University of Notre Dame, the President of the Examining Board, complimented the essay on "Geology and Revelation,"—a symposium by members of the class,—read by Miss Gove. The

application of geological fossils to the illustration of contemporaneous events, by Miss Ginz, received merited encomiums from the President and Board of Examiners, and the answers and explanations of the Misses Sheeky, Call, Dunn, and Ramsay, were highly satisfactory,—in fact all that could be desired.

—The Phonography Class passed a thorough and very creditable examination on Wednesday last. The Director of the Phonographic Department at the University, who presided, questioned each member of the class on the rules and general principles of the art, going through to the brief reporting style, and had them elucidate the answers by examples on the blackboard. At the close of the examination he said he was glad to be able to compliment the class on the satisfactory answers in the oral examination as well as upon the excellence of its work in the written exercises. The exercises in reading, too, were very satisfactory, some of the young ladies reading off the easy reporting style of the mystic script as readily as if it were ordinary print.

—During the long, cold days, when to move about in the open air has been just a little removed from an heroic act, Very Rev. Father General has not been at St. Mary's; but on Saturday all were rejoiced to see "The Greys" drive up to the pastoral residence and to behold the venerable figure of St. Mary's beloved Founder—her constant support in every phase of her progress, and to whom, under God, she owes whatever of merit she possesses,—alight and enter the door opened wide to welcome him. The early Mass was offered; and the Community instruction given by him on the feast of the Conversion of St. Paul. On Monday morning he said his Mass in the Chapel of Loreto. It is to be hoped that the extreme cold weather is now over, and that St. Mary's will not soon again be so long deprived of Father General's presence.

—The Semi-Annual Musical Examination was appropriately closed on the 26th inst. by the presentation of the following

PROGRAMME:

"Le Chant des Nâides".....	<i>F. Ascher</i>
Song—"Ecstasy".....	Miss Ginz.
<i>Fantasia</i> —"Il Trovatore".....	<i>Arditi</i>
Valse—"Le Bal".....	Miss St. Clair.
Harp—"Fantasia Caractéristique".....	<i>Prudent</i>
<i>Fantasia</i> —"Lucia di Lämmermoor".....	Miss Hale.
Song—"Una Voce Poco Fa".....	<i>Anton Rubenstein</i>
<i>Chromatique Galop</i> (Opus 12).....	Miss Keenan.
Valse de Concert (Faust).....	<i>Du Brey</i>
	Miss Dillon.
	<i>Wilmers</i>
	Miss Bruhn.
	<i>Rossini</i>
	Miss B. English.
	<i>Franz Liszt</i>
	Miss Shephard.
	<i>Franz Liszt</i>
	Miss Barlow.

—With sentiments of hearty condolence, not alone with the wide circle of bereaved friends and relatives in the world left to deplore her loss, but even more regretfully with the esteemed Religious Order of which she was so useful and efficient a member, it becomes our painful duty to record the

death, at Wilkesbarre, Pa., on the 22d, of the Rev. Mother Teresa, Superior of the Mercy Convent in that city. In the high social circle which she graced by her rare accomplishments, she was known, some seventeen years ago, as Miss Anna Walker, of Elizabeth, Pennsylvania. With her equally gifted and beautiful elder sister—Miss Mary Walker—she was, some twenty years ago, a pupil at St. Mary's Academy, where, esteemed and beloved by all for her superior qualities of mind and heart, she enjoyed the advantage of having her studies superintended by the pious Chaplain, a near relative—the late lamented Rev. N. H. Gillespie—and of his sister, the Superior, Mother Mary of St. Angela. Mrs. Julia Walker Fisk, wife of D. Fisk, editor of *The Herald*, of Helena, Montana,—Class '74—and Mrs. Maggie Walker Salsbury, of Salt Lake City, Utah, Valedictorian of Class '75, are sisters of the dear departed. Their mother, wife of Major Robert Walker, of Helena, is a sister of the Hon. J. G. Blaine. About fourteen years ago, Miss Mary Walker, who also became a Sister of Mercy, departed this transitory life, robed in the garb of holy sacrifice for love of God, and known in religion as Sister Mary Wilfred. The two beautiful, cherished souls, so tenderly linked in the bonds of their holy vocation, as well as by family ties, are now united, we trust, where there can be no more parting. *Requiescant in pace!*

—The Semi-Annual Entertainment will be given this (Saturday) afternoon, at 3 o'clock. The following is the

PROGRAMME:

- Chorus—"Gallant and Gayly".....*W. Horsley*
Vocal Class,—Accompanied by Miss Gove.
Recitation—"The Legend Beautiful".....*Longfellow*
Miss Williams.
Essai—"La Littérature, la Musique, et les Arts"—
Miss Call.
Song—"Lost Birdling".....*Centemeri*
Miss Hale.
Essay—"Manners, the Mirror of the Soul"—Miss Dunne
Vocal Trio—"Ave Maria".....*Benjamin Owens*
Misses Bruhn, Hale and Walsh.
Polonaise Caractéristique (Opus 5).....*Jean L. Nicodé*
Miss Gove.
Recitation—"Joan of Arc in Rheims".....*Mrs. Hemans*
Miss Fuller.
Song—"Forosetta".....*Arditi*
Miss Bruhn.
Essay—"Das Unschätzbare Gut".....Miss Ginz
Glee—"The Hunters".....*C. C. Case*
Vocal Class.

Report of the Semi-Annual Examination of the Music Classes.

To graduate in June in the First Course—Miss Belle Gove.

Promoted to the First Class—Misses V. Barlow, A. Shephard.

Promoted to First Class, 2d Division—Misses M. Bruhn, H. Keenan, M. Hale.

Promoted to Second Class—Miss C. Ginz.

THIRD CLASS—Misses E. Carney, E. Sheekey.
Promoted to this Class—Misses L. Van Horn,

M. Adderley, E. Horn, C. Morrison. Classed—Miss M. O'Halloran.

SECOND DIVISION—Misses M. Ducey, M. Dillon, M. Scully. Promoted to this Div.—Misses M. Munger, B. Kearney, M. Fuller.

FOURTH CLASS—Misses B. Snowhook, A. Murphy, H. Ramsey, C. Fehr. Promoted to this Class—Misses G. Wolvin, A. Malbœuf.

SECOND DIVISION—Misses L. St. Clair, H. Call. Promoted to this Div.—Misses E. Wallace, D. Fitzpatrick, C. Griffith, T. McSorley, A. McSorley.

FIFTH CLASS—Misses S. Dunne, A. Donnelly, L. Williams, Elizabeth Walsh, A. English, G. Regan, Alice Gordon, E. Donnelly. Promoted to this Class—Misses B. Lauer, E. Brady, M. Fisk, M. Cox, E. Taylor, M. Barry, L. Hutchinson.

SECOND DIVISION—Misses F. Cummins, E. Rose, M. Keyes, Addie Gordon, G. Stadtler. Classed—Miss Sherett. Promoted to this Division—Misses G. Faxon, M. L. Schmidt.

SIXTH CLASS—Misses Ella Sheekey, M. Murphy, H. Stumer, F. Henry, M. Kearsey, S. St. Clair, C. Cox, B. English, L. Blaine, H. Browne. Promoted to this Class—Misses Maggie Ducey, M. Murdock, F. Spenser, M. Smith, M. Shea.

SECOND DIVISION—Misses M. Newman, E. O'Connell, L. Johns, E. Kearns, E. Walsh. Promoted to this Division—Misses I. Alcott, M. Barr, R. Eisenstadt, J. McHale.

SEVENTH CLASS—Misses F. Carmien, A. Schmauss, A. White, E. Norris, G. Searls, A. High, R. Filbeck, L. Hayes, C. Lang, M. Blair, B. Heckard, A. Helpling, S. Campeau. Promoted to this Class—Miss F. Hertzog.

EIGHTH CLASS—Miss C. Prudhomme.

NINTH CLASS—Misses E. Chapin, M. Lindsey, B. Murray. Promoted to this Class—E. Blaine.

TENTH CLASS—Misses V. Johns, D. Lee.

HARP.

Promoted to 2d Class, 2d Div.—Miss M. Dillon.

Promoted to 3d Class, 2d Div.—Miss Fitzpatrick.

Promoted to 5th Class—Miss A. Shephard.

GUITAR.

Promoted to 3d Class—Miss L. Van Horn.

4TH CLASS—Miss A. English.

6TH CLASS—Classed, Miss A. Schuler.

VOCAL DEPARTMENT.

1ST CLASS—Misses Bruhn and Hale.

2D DIV.—Promoted to this Division—Miss B. English.

2D CLASS—Promoted to this Class—Miss S. St. Clair.

2D DIV.—Miss Ramsey. Promoted to this Division—Misses Lauer and A. English.

3D CLASS—Misses M. Ducey, E. Walsh, and Sheekey. Promoted to this Class—Misses Alcott, L. Walsh, L. St. Clair.

4TH CLASS—Misses L. Van Horn, Addie Gordon, Alice Gordon. Promoted to this Class—Misses G. Stadtler, E. Rose.

5TH CLASS—Misses Fehr, F. Henry, H. Stumer, C. Lang, B. Heckard.