

THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

Disce quasi semper victurus; vive quasi cras moriturus.

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No. 22.

The Groundhog to his Shadow.

Perturber of my hibernating dreams!
Dark, fateful child of wintry solar beams—
Of that chill sunlight, powerless to thaw,
Companion of the breezes, bleak and raw,—
Say, dost thou lie in wait my hopes to blight,
When I awake from this long winter's night—
To dog my footsteps, chase me back to earth,
Put off for six weeks more my second birth?
Molest me not, dire phantom, troublous elf,
Malevolent presentment of myself;
Let thickening clouds obscure the solar ray,
So oft desired, so undesired to-day,
Then shall I revel in Dame Nature's lap,
Nip the young twigs and taste the ascending sap;
A jocund life of genial days commence!
So mote it be! Hence, horrible shadow, hence!

JUSTIN THYME.

FEBRUARY 2, 1885.

A Memorable Voyage.

(CONCLUDED.)

Sunday morning saw the horizon studded with sails, and no less than thirty appeared before 10 o'clock a. m. About 11 o'clock we saw a bark coming towards us, with that graceful dip and courtseying on the waves peculiar to a sailing vessel, and which is like nothing so much as the motion of a sea-gull on the waves. She was not a steamer, but we appreciated her politeness, and a boat met her with all speed. There was a short delay; our boat turned towards us, and the bark, too, turned gracefully on her ocean course. How buoyant she seemed beside our lifeless steamer with its sails flapping uselessly against the masts! "And that is all!" was said on every side of us. "She can tell no news, nor take any, for who knows when she will reach her haven?" She was, in fact, only a vessel from Newfoundland, and her passengers were only poor fishermen; but how little we knew the gratitude we owed to our courteous visitor of the morning! And we watched the rainbows that appeared from early morning until afternoon with eyes almost blind with disappointment, for that day we were looking, not for the ship from Havre, but for the *France*, which had left New York one week before, and might be expected to come near

enough to us to relieve us. So strong was this expectation that many of the passengers remained on deck to catch the first lights of "*La belle France*," as she would certainly be to us. But what was their astonishment as well as joy, when they saw lights approaching us, not on the line of the steamers from American or European shores, but from a point utterly unlooked for! Signal rockets were thrown up and joyfully answered, and a little past midnight W—— came to our cabin door to tell us that a ship, not the *France*, but our own ship, sent to our rescue, had at last found us! To measure the joy of this intelligence, one must have measured all the preceding anxieties and have realized that our bread and flour had both been consumed. As it was, thankfulness banished sleep, and all were preparing for a transfer with the morning. But when morning came we found the boats, which had been flying all night with provisions, were no longer equal to riding the heavy seas. *We must wait for calmer weather.* And wait we did; waited not only through Monday, but Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday—each day growing rougher and gloomier, and our only human consolation the sight of the good *Ville de Brest*, which hovered around us, and whose lights at evening shone as cheerfully as some neighbor's house on a low hillside. There was held out to us during this stress of weather one hope—the full moon, which would come on Saturday night or Sunday morning; but, weary as we were, Saturday afternoon found us rocking under a gale which put all our courage and hope to the test, and we were looking forward to a night of tempests, perhaps shipwreck, when the wind lulled, the full moon came forth, and all hearts were ready to join in a *Te Deum*. By 7 o'clock on Sunday morning (how eventful had all our Sundays proved!) we had word that all who wished to be transferred to the *Ville de Brest* must be ready in half an hour. There was no longer any hesitation; and yet many young faces grew sober and took a worn look as they leaned over the side of the vessel to watch those who went first. We had all heard of *transfers* at sea, and had seen something of it when a few of our fellow-passengers went on board the *China*, three weeks before; but now it was a personal matter. The small children were let down by a rope, and the little things went spinning down like spiders into the hands of the sailors in the boat below; but for the others, due preparation was

made, for the deck of the *Amérique* stood twenty feet above the sea. A rope was carefully adjusted and tied around the waist, and held by two sailors on board. The captain assisted each one to step from a box inside, and close to the ship's rail, to the ladder outside; and then saw the feet of each one planted on the steps, and the hands firm on the ropes. He then gave orders to each one: "Go down carefully; take your own time; when you have come to the last 'step, I will call out 'Let go!' and you must let go the ladder, let go the rope, let go *everything*, and think of nothing." Neither Saint Theresa, nor any other saint in the calendar, could suggest a more perfect act of abandonment into the hands of God. When the word "Let go!" came, we did let go, and remembered nothing more until we felt ourselves pulled down into the boat by the sailors, and the encouraging words of our companions already in the boat. Then came the short row of a life-boat over the blue waves, the oars dipping in and out, until one hardly knew which was the bluest, the sky above or the water below. As we came near the *Ville de Brest*, each one dreaded the ascent. The waves rocked our boat, but any collision with the ship was prevented by staves which kept us on our own waves, until the rope could be thrown down with a noose large enough to slip over the head and under the arms, and each person was told to hold both hands on the rope above the knot, and *do nothing*. The hands of each were hardly adjusted before the sailors, lashed to the sides of the ship, adroitly pulled each passenger on to the deck of *Ville de Brest*; and yet the blanched, absolutely lifeless countenance of each one who came up, told how severe was the mental experience of those few seconds. The transfer was over by noon, and had been accomplished without a bruise or a scratch, and we were all quite ready for the mid-day luncheon. In the course of another hour, the *Amérique* had been attached to the *Ville de Brest*, and we had started for Queenstown. There was a sense of relief with the first movement towards port; but the sun was soon overclouded, and the wind freshened, until, by Monday p. m., we were rolling fearfully. The night was the most terrible one we had had, and the waves stood on each side of us like walls, ready to engulf us. Still all the gentlemen insisted that there was not the least danger, and at a late hour all went to their cabins, but not to sleep. Towards morning the wind calmed, and we were more than grateful for the quiet sea on which we rode into the grand harbor of Queenstown, on the evening of the 19th of December. The old headland of Kinsale was passed at midday, and we were glad to see its grim rocks behind us, and to stand on deck and watch the brilliant sunset as we drew near Queenstown. The town was just lighted up for evening as we approached, and seemed to welcome us after all our perils and hardships. There were three days of waiting at Queenstown, but in that time we received our baggage from the *Amérique*, and many of the passengers braved the rain to step again on shore.

There was one desire deep in every heart—to

reach Paris in time for Midnight Mass. We had spent the whole of Advent on the sea, and of all the deprivations of those weeks we had felt most the deprivation of Jesus present on the Altar, and of the early Mass. To drift, day after day and week after week, as we did, with the possibility of drifting upon rocky shores or dying from starvation, was bad enough; but there is a Food which alone appeases the hunger of the soul, and of that we had been deprived during all these weeks of terrible trial. Had the weather favored an attempt to visit the shore for any but the hardy and adventurous, we should gladly have visited the shrines in old Cork, and the monument of Father Matthew, and have stepped foot on the soil of that island which is the Island of Saints. But even when once on the boat which plied between the ship and the shore, the violent storm drove us back to our cabins, and we were compelled to look at Ireland from a distance. Some of our party, however, brought us sprigs of holly from Cork, and a cane of Irish blackthorn is another memento of the Emerald Isle. The storm raged fearfully, even in the harbor, until late Tuesday evening; but on Wednesday morning the sun rose clear, and as our preparations for sailing were all made, we expected to move by 10 o'clock, when a squall sprang up which seemed to put all idea of a Christmas in Paris out of the question. Happily, the waves subsided almost as suddenly as they had risen, and by noon we were on the way to Havre. We saw the grand fortifications and the light-house disappear, to find ourselves on anything but a summer sea, although the heavens above were blue. Gusts of wind, rain and even hail, by turns sent clouds across the sky, and the waves dashed over our upper deck with a spitefulness which promised a wild, if not perilous, night. In fact, until we had doubled the dreaded Scilly Isles, as we did at half-past four o'clock on Thursday morning, there was no sleep on board. From that time, however, until we were close beside the pier in the old Norman city of Havre, we had no complaints to make of sea or sky. The air was like that of spring, and we entered the harbor with a sense of relief which few who cross the Atlantic can fully understand. As if, however, to show us that we were indebted to an ever-merciful Providence for our safe arrival, we had just come to the wide mouth of the harbor when one of our shafts failed. The *Ville de Brest* carried two shafts, and we were soon under way and ready for the tide to carry us in; but there could have been few persons on board who did not realize the difference between the breaking of a shaft at the entrance of a port, on a quiet morning, and upon the high seas. It was like a parting admonition from our Angel Guardians to remember Who had brought us safely to land. When the noon express train from Havre started for Paris, almost everyone of our fellow-passengers was our companion, to Rouen, at least. But the charms of that ride through Normandy on the vigil of the Nativity must be reserved. For the present we can only say that it would be hard to explain to ears unaccustomed to hear the interior

voices which speak to the soul and console it under all adversities, why our long-anticipated visit to the Old World should have so solemn a preface. But we can rest assured that all was directed by One who "never willingly afflicts or grieves the children of men;" who, in the words of the prayer which follows the *Te Deum*, "*suffers none who hope in Him to be afflicted over-much.*"

"Where shall we go for High Mass?" asked our young companion on the voyage, on Christmas morning, after our arrival in Paris.

"Oh, to Notre Dame, of course."

"But shall it be to 'Notre Dame des Victoires,' or to 'la Cathedrale de Notre Dame?'"

That very afternoon, however, we heard what suddenly gave Notre Dame des Victoires a singular and abiding claim upon our hearts. If our readers will go back with us to that Sunday morning, the 5th of December, when a small fishing bark paid the disabled *Amérique* a visit of courtesy, they will remember the slight tinge of bitterness with which the passengers remarked: "She brings no news, and she can take no dispatches; for who knows when she will arrive in port?"

But although she brought no news, and was not esteemed a suitable bearer of dispatches, she was chosen by the Queen of Heaven to take her dispatches in our behalf. And now comes one of those so-called "singular coincidences," which baffle the learning of the wise, but which are easily read by the devout. At the very moment when the bark came courtseying towards us with her graceful, sea-gull movement, public prayers and Masses for our rescue were being offered up in the Church of Notre Dame des Victoires in Paris. The community of Ste. Croix at Neuilly, full of the most distressing anxiety for their Superior-General, Very Rev. Father Sorin, who was known to have embarked on the *Amérique*, had secured the celebration of special Masses and the public recitation of prayers for those in danger at the altars of this church, so famous for the miracles of mercy wrought at its shrines. It was during the afternoon of the same day, Sunday, the 5th of December, that the *Ville de Brest*, in search of the *Amérique*, met our small fishing bark, which eagerly communicated to our ocean steamer the precise whereabouts of the *Amérique*. What was the joy of the good commander of the *Ville de Brest*, when, in one moment, and from a source so little anticipated, he received the information which put him immediately on our track! Before midnight, the *Amérique* had exchanged signals with her deliverer, the *Ville de Brest*, and our rescue could be looked upon as accomplished. There was a delay of six long days before our transfer and the attachment of the *Amérique* to the *Ville de Brest*; but had we not been found that night, before the coming up of a dense fog which rose one hour later, succeeded by the cloudy, rough weather of the next six days, there is no reason to suppose that we should ever have been found. We had drifted already, completely off the path

of ocean steamers from any quarter, and during the next six days we drifted still more in the wrong direction; but, thanks be to God, the *Ville de Brest* was allowed to go with us, and to be our companion on the rough ocean. Nor was this all. On the very day of our transfer, the 12th of December, the prayers of the Archconfraternity at Notre Dame des Victoires were asked for us, and well may we ascribe to those efficacious prayers the safe transfer of so many persons of all ages, under almost every variety of physical condition, from one ship to another on a wintry sea.

When our transfer had been made, and the gentlemen who had been passengers on board the *Amérique* asked the Captain of the *Ville de Brest* "How did you find us?" he answered, with all the frankness of a sailor: "It was by a miracle; and do you never call it anything else!" He then went on to say that his orders from the Transatlantic Company were to this effect: "Wait off the Scilly Isles until the *Amérique* sails by, and then take her in tow." The beautiful weather of the first week after the disaster was thus spent by the *Ville de Brest*, while we languished, with motionless sails, on the Atlantic, which was as placid as a river. The storm of the 27th and 28th, or the Saturday and Sunday after the accident, drifted us directly away from the Scilly Isles, and so did every breeze that visited us after that time. At last the captain of the *Ville de Brest*, finding that his supply of coal was not equal to any long search for a missing vessel, put into Queenstown, where he was further delayed by affairs connected with the line of steamers. On leaving that port his instinct, as an old sailor, told him that if the wind could say anything it would say this: "Wait, captain, as long at the Scilly Isles as you please, but we shall never bring the *Amérique* to you!" Listening to this voice, he started for latitudes and longitudes indicated as probable for us, under the continued blowing of the wind. But how direct his course after days and days of fruitless search, on that sea which bears no traces of fleets or armaments on its mobile waters? The heart of the good captain began to feel like lead in his bosom. To go on as he was going, was like another search for Sir John Franklin, and yet it seemed an awful thing to turn his ship's prow away from so many hundreds of human beings, thus leaving them to starvation or the risk of running upon some rocky coast. It was just at this perplexing moment that the fishing bark, getting sight of the steamer *Ville de Brest*, made all haste to bear the dispatches—not of the captain or officers of the *Amérique*, but—of her whose powerful intercession had been so earnestly invoked in the place where she had been named Notre Dame des Victoires: truly Our Lady of Victories; not only over hostile armies but over every danger which threatens humanity!

WE are in the world. Let us be cheerful and joyous. Morose sullenness is no part of Christianity.

"Lead, Kindly Light."

Duc, alma lux, circumstat umbra mundi,

Duc, alma lux,

Est atra nox, mei jam vagabundi.

Sis ergo dux,

Serva pedes—non cupio longinqua

Videre; satis semita propinqua.

Non semper eram, ut nunc, doctus precari,

Ductorem te;

Magis me exploratorem gloriari

Duc tamen me.

Præclara amabam, neque expers timorem

Regebam me; sis immemor actorem.

Tam diu præsens adfuit vocanti,

Divina vox.

Sic erit vel per ima dubitanti

Dum fugit nox,

Et mane lucent nitidæ figuræ,

Notæ per annos paululum obscuræ.

—C. S. O., in *Canada Presbyterian*.

A Historical Error.

IV.

The facility with which errors make their way into History, and the labor that it costs to correct them, even if it can be done, are certainly to be wondered at. Ixtlilxochitl himself, who accuses Sr. Zumárraga of burning pictures, does not charge him with destroying the archives of Tezcoco, but awkwardly charges it to the missionaries, forgetting what he had said of the previous destruction. Clavigero, if he believes in it at all, attributes it to the missionaries in general. No ancient writer attributes it to Sr. Zumárraga. Who then was the author of this fable? It appears incredible, and I myself have hesitated long before admitting that it was F. Mier who, towards the end of last century, first started the idea that Sr. Zumárraga had made a bonfire of these archives. Although I knew that he was quite capable of inventing this and much more, I imagined that I had not made a sufficiently thorough search, and that I must have passed over some ancient author from whom he took that charge. But though I have spared no diligence, I find nothing; and I see also that neither Sr. Sanchez, in treating this question expressly, nor Sr. Orozco y Berra, so thoroughly acquainted with our history, has produced any such proof. It is true, that the writings of F. Mier were very little known till quite recently, and that consequently the general assent of writers in this fable could not have come from them; but there is no doubt that Bustamante heard it from the lips of his "honorable and very dear friend and companion," and set it in circulation, ornamenting it with circumstances of his own invention, for he includes in the bonfire the archives of Mexico; and having read in Ixtlilxochitl or

Veytia that Don Alonso Axayacatzin was archivist of Tezcoco, he takes it for granted that it was he who delivered up to Sr. Zumárraga the treasure that he guarded. The story being thus completed, it circulated everywhere and took deep root, thanks to the popularity which the writer obtained before he sank down to his proper level where he is to-day. Not even as to the locality of the tragedy are authors agreed. According to Clavigero, it occurred in the market-place of Tezcoco.* Bustamante says that Sr. Zumárraga, with "*brutal, superstitious, and wilful ignorance*," had the papers transferred to *Tlatelolco*, and, after the fashion of *penitenciados* of the Inquisition, set fire to them."† Such a reckless author as this deserves to have the brutal epithets, by which he outrages the memory of a venerable prelate, hurled back at himself. In his turn, the clear-sighted Cubas, three centuries afterwards, discovers that the bonfire was made in Mexico on the very spot now occupied by the Church of the *Santisima*. Prescott on this point wrote with so little reflection that, after having discharged the vials of his wrath on Sr. Zumárraga for this burning, he relates a little farther on how it was done by the Tlascalans, without noticing the contradiction, and without expressing any indignation.‡

But it may be said that if Sr. Zumárraga did not burn the archives of Tezcoco, he did as much harm by destroying whatever historical paintings fell into his hands. To ascertain the truth in this matter we will begin by examining the letter addressed by the Bishop to the General Chapter of Tolosa, in June 1531. In treating of the interpretation of an expression of Sr. Zumárraga, it is evident that we must first have his exact words. I take it for granted that the letter was written originally in Latin, because being addressed to the General Chapter, it would naturally have been written in the language understood by the assembled Fathers of all nationalities. Moreover, both Mendieta and Daza say that they give it *translated into Romance*, which proves that the original was not in Spanish. This being settled, we must turn to the Latin text; and although there are two versions, both agree in substance. The most ancient, and, no doubt, the original, says: "*Baptizati sunt plusquam ducenta quinquaginta millia hominum; quingenta deorum templa sunt destructa, et plusquam vicesies mille figuræ dæmonum, quas adorabant, fractæ et combustæ.*"|| The other: "*Quorum (of the infidels) plusquam decies centum millia baptizata sunt; quingenta idolorum templa solo æquata, plusquam viginti millia dæmoniacorum simula-*

* Lib. vii, sec. 47.

† Note appended to the *Horribles crueldades of Ixtlilxochitl*, p. iii. Bustamante could hardly have been more inexact had he tried: the *penitenciados* were *not* burned by the Inquisition.

‡ *Conquest of Mexico*, book i, c. 4, and v, c. 7.

|| More than two hundred and fifty thousand men have been baptized; five hundred temples of the gods have been destroyed, and more than twenty thousand figures of demons, which they adored, have been broken and burned.

crorum, AB HIS ANTEA CULTA, confRACTA et con-cremata."*

The letter speaks then only of the destruction of temples and of idols; no mention is made of paintings. So the Spanish translators understood it, and it is so obvious that Sanchez himself *at once admits* "that that expression (*figuræ demonum*) must be understood of a representation of a false deity, *of an idol*," but as this confession obliged him to leave out the paintings, and thus greatly diminish the value of the letter, he added: "But precisely what historians lament is that the missionaries took for *objects of idolatry* things so entirely different as were the historical documents." To give a foundation to this assertion, he quotes F. Mier, who, in addition to being what he is, in reality does not speak to the point. And he immediately adds: "It being once granted that those ancient Fathers aimed at destroying only idols and nothing more, . . . we shall find that they destroyed *at the same time* manuscripts and documents of the very greatest importance." He afterwards lays it down that "from the study and comparison of these passages. . . it is seen, with complete evidence, *and without leaving the slightest doubt in the mind*, that the word 'burned' of the letter of Sr. Zumárraga applies to the books or writings of the Indians, which they (the missionaries) *took for idols or objects of adoration*" (p. 56). A little farther on, in speaking of the discovery of a paper idol mentioned by Dávila Padilla, he asks: "May they not rather be the paintings of which historians speak, and which were taken for idols?"

I do not admit that the missionaries took manuscripts *for idols or objects of adoration*. No writer tells us that the Indians adored books, nor that the missionaries believed such a thing. If some manuscripts were condemned, it was because in them the idols used to be painted amongst the other hieroglyphics; because they contained the gentile rites, which ought to be forgotten, and because many of them were full of superstitions and witchcraft, to which the Indians were and are so much given. They constantly make the distinction between idols and writings. Motolinia speaks of *shields* on which the false deities were represented.† Mendieta and others mention idols *of the brush* (*de pincel*), but these were not *writings*—just as amongst us a picture is not a book. Of that kind was the idol of which Dávila Padilla speaks, and which cannot be confounded with a hieroglyphical picture; here is his description:

"There was found a *very large* idol, although *of painted paper*, and it was full of small idols, and of green and red feathers, and of the blood of Indians and of animals. *This idol was in the church-yard*, where there were Spaniards and Indians looking at it."

The Religious who had discovered it demolished and destroyed it with his foot. It is clear

* Of whom more than ten hundred thousand have been baptized; five hundred temples of idols levelled to the ground; more than twenty thousand demoniacal images heretofore adored by them, broken and burned.

† Trat. i, c. 4.

that that was not a manuscript or hieroglyphical painting, but one of those genuine idols *of paper*, either painted or raised. The *torture* applied to Zumárraga's letter consists in supposing him to say what he does not speak of. There is no mention in it of manuscripts. The Sr. Orozco y Berra objected to me that the word "burned," *quemados*, could not be properly applied to idols, because being in general of stone they resisted fire, and for this reason we should understand that papers were spoken of. To this I replied by calling his attention to the fact that there were also idols of wood and of paper; that those of stone were usually covered with garments which could burn; that there is repeated mention made in the chronicles of idols *burned*; that even when they were not combustible, they were thrown into the fire, out of contempt, which did not prevent them from being broken afterwards; and that it did not look probable that, the letter mentioning only two kinds of destruction, these should be of temples and manuscripts, the important one of idols being omitted. Sr. Sanchez skips over the difficulty by reducing the two to one; but his explanations do not satisfy me; and in my opinion (the reader is free to form his own), in the letter there is question only of *teocallis* and of the individual idols to which the Indians offered worship. Both texts say, very clearly: *quas adorabant; ab his antea culta*. This was the principal occupation of the missionaries in the first years, the few years that preceded the arrival of Sr. Zumárraga; the destruction of paintings, greatly exaggerated, was a very secondary affair.

But as we are treating of this letter, we will not dismiss the subject until we have attended to another accusation of Sr. Sanchez against Sr. Zumárraga, founded on the text of the same letter, and which relates to the part that is assigned to the Bishop in this whole affair. Sr. Sanchez says that it is not likely that Zumárraga personally and with his own hands did the burning or breaking; but that, "as far as the responsibility that rests upon him as prelate or ecclesiastical chief went, when there is question of a fact that relates to worship and which is carried out collectively for the purpose of abolishing idolatry, it is sufficient that he ordered or consented to it, representing it to the Chapter as a meritorious act." It was certainly not necessary that the Bishop should *order* what the missionaries were already doing at his arrival; that he approved and consented to it, I readily believe. I am not going to do Sr. Zumárraga the injustice to maintain that he took no part whatever in the destruction of temples and idols; on the contrary, I think that he was quite right in consenting to it, as he was in representing it to the Chapter as a meritorious work. It would be strange to pretend that the Bishop failed in a primary obligation, and, for a doubtful historical interest, attempted to prevent the disappearance of idolatrous objects from amongst his flock. But let us take things at their real value, without any exaggeration. There was no necessity for him to *order*

what was already well advanced, and which was an inevitable consequence of the preaching of the Gospel; it was enough that he did not interfere with it, and it would go on. Moreover, it changes nothing that Sr. Zumárraga speaks in the plural in his letter, because he wrote in the name of the Franciscan friars, of whom he was one; but it is well to take notice that in speaking of the conversion of the Indians he uses the plural, as he ought, because he also took part in the work; but when he comes to mention the baptisms and the destruction of idolatrous objects, he claims no part in it, but attributes it to the friars—"By the hands of our religious of the order of our seraphic Father St. Francis." From the manner in which things are represented, one might imagine that the temples and idols had remained intact for four years, and that the arrival of Sr. Zumárraga, animated with that *furious* zeal attributed to him, which had never a place in his calm soul, was necessary, in order that, at his urgency, the religious should begin to attack idolatry. These latter were not so remiss in the discharge of their duty. The vivid imagination of Robertson carried him so far as to make him attribute to Zumárraga an edict *ad hoc*, which nobody has seen nor can see. He forgot, or, rather, he never knew that there is no record to show that that Señor ever published any decree; nor was there any reason why he should, because the secular clergy were very few, and the missionaries were almost independent of the bishops. If they did not themselves wish to destroy, they would have cared little for episcopal decrees. The mania for confounding times is very general, and for supposing in the past the same state of things that exists in the present, and this gives rise to great errors in those that are without means of discovering the truth.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Art, Music and Literature.

—Mr. Stedman is at work upon the concluding pages of his much-desired book on the "Poetry of America."

—Henry Adams, the great-grandson of John Adams, is writing "The History of Political Parties in the United States." Two volumes are already completed, but publication will very likely not be begun till the entire work is nearly completed.

—Henry M. Stanley is pushing to its completion the manuscript of a work on his African labors. The work will bear the title, "Congo, or the Founding of a State; a Story of Work and Exploration." It will consist of two good-sized volumes, and it is expected that the manuscript will be ready for the printer within a month.

—The two replicas of the bust of Henry W. Longfellow, taken from the one now standing in the Poet's Corner of Westminster Abbey and presented by the Prince of Wales to Harvard College and the Maine Historical Society of Portland,

have arrived in Boston. They are made of marble, and are exact reproductions of the bust in Westminster. The opinion concerning the bust is that, as a work of art, it is excelled by none other in the Abbey, and is the *chef d'œuvre* of the sculptor, Thomas Brock, A. R. A.

—Mr. Leslie Stephen is the editor of a "Dictionary of National Biography," the first volume of which has just appeared. It will be confined to lives of inhabitants of British Islands, and will not include living persons. The scope and exhaustive character of the work may be inferred from the fifty large octavo volumes, to be issued at intervals of three months. It fills a hitherto vacant place in English literature; and, if completed on the scale upon which it has been commenced, will be a monument of industry and intelligent research.

—There are in existence rather more than forty Egyptian obelisks. Of these, England possesses 7; America, 1; Germany, 1; France, 2; Italy (including Rome, which has 12), 17, and Constantinople, 2. The remainder, many of which are fallen or broken, are still in Egypt. The smallest is the Lepsius obelisk in the Royal museum at Berlin, which is two feet one and a half inches high, and weighs two hundred pounds: the largest, unfinished, of Assouan, still in quarries at Syene; the estimated weight of which is more than 1,500,000 pounds.

—The centenary of the birth of Jacob Grimm, the great German story-teller, whose works are at present accessible to every child in the civilized world, has called forth a burst of enthusiasm throughout Germany, which is loudly echoed by the press. The *Kölnische Zeitung* gives expression to its feelings of gratitude in a long article, in which, besides Grimm's merit as a story-teller, he receives well-earned praise as a reformer of the German language and a German patriot. "He descended into the deep mine of German nationality, German language, and German folk lore, and what he saw there he taught himself and his people to love—namely German depth of feeling and German power of intellect." A Grimm monument is to be erected in his birthplace, Hanau.

—A translation of an ancient Babylonian cylinder now in the New York Museum of Art, has been made by J. F. X. O'Connor, S. J., a pupil of Professor Haupt, the great authority in cuneiform inscriptions. The cylinder belongs to the seventh century before the Christian era. The inscription refers to the rebuilding and restoration, by Nebuchadnezzar, of the Temple of the Sun at Sippara, a sister city to Larsa, where there was also a temple of the Sun-god Samas. The inscription will be published with triple text—the Archaic Babylonian cuneiform of the original; the Babylonian cuneiform of the sixth century, B. C., and the Assyrian of the seventh century. The details of translation and the modification of the wording will appear in full in the work now in press, as the translator has collated it with the Babylonian texts hitherto published.

Scientific Notes.

—Professor Mommsen has prevailed upon the Royal Academy of Sciences of Germany to make investigations to determine, if possible, the exact location of the battle-field on which the army of Varus was annihilated by Arminius and his Teutons.

—A properly-developed, full-grown man, weighing 154 pounds, ought, according to Prof. Huxley, to consume daily 5,000 grains of lean beefsteak, 6,000 grains of bread, 7,000 grains of milk, 3,000 grains of potatoes, 600 grains of butter, and 22,900 grains of water.

—It being shown by test that 282,240 pounds of coal will propel a ship and cargo weighing 5,600,000 pounds a distance of 3,380 miles, *The Railroad Gazette* goes to its arithmetic to show that an ordinary letter, if burned in the ship's boilers, will generate sufficient energy to transport one ton of freight one mile.

—The camphor laurel, a native of China, and the tree from which most of the camphor of commerce is obtained, seems to have been introduced successfully into California, one tree in Sacramento having attained a height of thirty feet. The wood, every part of which smells strongly of camphor, is light and durable, not liable to injury from insects, and much favored by cabinet-makers.

—The completion of the Mackey-Bennett cable makes the total length of submarine cables, according to *The Electrician*, about sixty-eight thousand miles. Each cable contains an average of forty strands of wire, so that, altogether, there are over 2,500,000 miles of wire used in their construction, or ten times the distance from the earth to the moon. Practically, all this has been laid within the last twenty-five years; the greater part within a decade.

—One of the curiosities of the New Orleans Exposition is an air flower from the City of Mexico. It is two inches long, and resembles a beetle with wings and horns. The wings are of light sea green color, dotted with specks. The horns are now white, and at the points very short. The body of the flower is pale yellow and deep orange, and gives a slight hyacinth perfume. Including the broad, banana-shaped leaves, the entire plant looks as though molded in wax.

—In the Cassel, Germany, natural history museum are specimens of the wood of five hundred different European trees, made up in the form of a library. Each specimen is in the shape of a volume. The back is formed of the bark; the sides, of the perfect wood; the top, of the young wood, with narrow rings; the bottom, of old wood, with rings wider apart. When the volume is opened it is found to be a little box, containing the flower, seed, fruit, and leaves of the tree, either dried or imitated in wax.

—*Science* destroys some of the most cherished popular delusions. Catgut is derived from sheep; German silver was not invented in Germany, and it contains no silver; Cleopatra's needle was not

erected by her, nor in her honor; Pompey's pillar had no historical connection with that personage; sealing-wax does not contain a particle of wax; the tuberose is not a rose, but a polyanth; the strawberry is not a berry; Turkish baths did not originate in Turkey, and are not baths at all; whalebone is not bone, and contains not any of its properties.

College Gossip.

—A plan is on foot for a confederation of the colleges of Ontario, Canada. Seven colleges are embraced in the scheme.—*Ex.*

—Ezra Bostwick, of Union City, has donated a 640 acre farm, valued at \$50,000, to Albion College, (Mich.) for a Chair of Astronomy.

—The late Annie M. Woodman, of Cambridge, bequeathed twenty thousand dollars to Dartmouth College for the benefit of the Chandler Scientific Department.

—Elbert E. Farman, of Warsaw, N. Y., has given to Amherst College Audubon's collection of American birds. Mr. Farman bought the collection from a grand-daughter of Audubon.

—Rev. Dr. Zschokke, rector of the Catholic University of Austria, has been appointed Domestic Prelate by Leo XIII, in recognition of his valuable services in behalf of Catholic education.

—The "Landwirthschaftliche Schule" (Agricultural College) at Ludinghausen, Germany, is now attended by 158 pupils. These colleges are established for farmers' sons, who are taught arts and sciences useful to their calling, such as chemistry, botany, surveying, book-keeping, etc.; a good common school education being the only requisite for admission to these colleges. There can be no question of their usefulness.—*Catholic Columbian*.

—The university which has for some years been in progress at Tomsk, in Siberia, is approaching completion. Of the 727,957 rubles (\$549,000) assigned to the commission charged with carrying out the work, 38,326 rubles (\$35,700) were expended in October last. The Government contributed 300,000 rubles through the Department of Education. The remainder of the money has come from private sources. It is intended that the university shall have a complete staff of professors.

—One of the finest exhibits in the New Orleans Exhibition, says the *Buffalo Union and Times*, is that of the Brothers of the Christian Schools, of work done by pupils in institutions under their control. Brother Candidian, of Baltimore, and Brother Noah, author of several well-known text books and classical works, have charge of the display which is similar to that of their display at the Health Exhibition in London, for which the Brothers received the highest honors, the schools being specially recommended for short-hand reports and telegraphic courses. The houses represented at New Orleans are Rock Hill College, Ellicott City, Md.; Manhattan, New York city; Missouri, California, Buffalo, Rhode Island, Pennsylvania, Albany, Brooklyn and Troy colleges.

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

Notre Dame, February 7, 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.

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Notre Dame, Indiana.

—Miss Caldwell's offer of \$300,000 towards the founding of a Catholic University in the United States pleased the Holy Father greatly, and he has announced his intention of conferring on the young lady a signal mark of distinction—the Golden Rose,—which heretofore has been given to only one American lady, Mrs. Gen'l Sherman.

—The observing mind will not fail to notice that each particular object in nature has its own proper peculiarities. The skilled botanist will readily tell you to what species of plant belong the leaves you show him. Hand a rock taken from the deepest mine or the highest mountain to the geologist, and he promptly refers it to its proper age, period and group. Repeat an expression or describe an act of any person to one skilled in reading human nature, and he finds in it a key to the whole character. He can usually tell what kind of man used with deliberation the language indicated or did the act described. Man is a bundle of habits and characteristics, all of which are united by a common tie of consistency among themselves, and to discover one is to have the key to the whole of them, due allowance being made for differences of temperament, condition and surroundings. Consequently, wise men are careful not to prejudice by word or act their claim to the character of gentlemen.

—A telegram from Chicago on Sunday evening last announced the sad news of the sudden death of Prof. Nicholas F. Cooke, M. D., LL. D., an old-

time friend of Notre Dame and one of the sponsors of our monster bell.

Dr. Cooke was a bright light of the medical profession, and was widely known and beloved. He was the author of several learned works, and was a frequent contributor to the medical magazines of the country. He was a follower of the Hahnemann School of Medicine; but so broad was his science and so conscientious his endeavors for the alleviation of human ills, that he was regarded as an authority by his brethren in the profession. A man of scholarly attainments, always a close student,—a practitioner of wide experience, and informed of every important discovery in his favorite science, he well deserved the esteem in which he was everywhere held.

Dr. Cooke was a convert to the Catholic Church and his ardent faith and tender piety were at all times conspicuous. Of singularly amiable disposition—gentle and kind towards all, very charitable to the poor, devoted to friends,—he will be missed as few are missed, and those who knew him intimately can never forget him.

—The world of literature has suffered a great loss in the death of Lady Georgiana Fullerton, which sad event occurred on the 20th ult. Lady Fullerton, born Sept. 23, 1812, was the daughter of the first Earl of Granville. In 1833 she was married to Capt. Alexander George Fullerton. Her first novel, "Ellen Middleton," appeared in 1844, and was succeeded in a few weeks by "Grantly Manor." Both works exhibit great skill in character, analysis and plot. "Lady Bird," published in 1852, after she became a Catholic, is a narrative of her religious struggle. Since her conversion her works have mainly comprised religious novels. Her "Too Strange not to be True" is a powerfully-written tale of Europe and America. Up to a few years ago, when she became enfeebled by sickness, she contributed occasional stories, original and translated, to the *Ave Maria*, notably "The Handkerchief at the Window," written after the burning of Notre Dame, in '79, the MS. of which was presented to the Rev. editor as an offering expressive of her sympathy with the home of Our Lady's Journal. This beautiful story was afterwards reprinted in the Tauchnitz edition, and in a collection of tales, published a year or two ago in Boston. She has also published works in French. Lady Fullerton's pen was employed to glorify and advance the cause of religion, and, at the same time, to charm, instruct and advise; and to the young she was an ever welcome guest. We learn that an intimate friend, also a well-known author, will contribute a sketch of the life of Lady Fullerton to an early number of the *Ave Maria*.

—On yesterday, the 6th inst., the venerable Founder of Notre Dame reached his 71st birthday. His youthful *protégés*, the members of the Sorin Literary and Dramatic Association (Minim-

Department) had prepared to celebrate the joyful anniversary; and, at 10 o'clock a. m., in presence of a select audience of Minims and friends, they gave an entertainment in St. Edward's Hall, which was handsomely decorated for the occasion. They were kindly assisted by the Orpheonic Club of the University, under the skilful direction of Bro. Anselm, C. S. C., who contributed the musical numbers of the programme. Besides the young "Princes," who were assembled in full force, there were present, Very Rev. Father General Sorin, in whose honor the entertainment was given; Rev. President Walsh, Rev. Fathers Granger, L'Etourneau, Frère, and Zahm; Mrs. F. Chute, of Minneapolis; Mrs. W. Henry, Dallas, Texas; Mrs. F. Brown, of Hancock, Mich.; Mrs. F. Salman, of Chicago; Mrs. C. Ramsey, of Crawfordsville, Ind., and others.

The entertainment consisted of addresses, recitations and dialogues interspersed with musical selections, both vocal and instrumental. Too much cannot be said in praise of all who took part in the exhibition which, the appreciative audience said, was in every respect a success, and reflected the highest credit on the Sorins. A well-written address to the venerable Founder was read with excellent effect by Master Leo Scherrer, of Denver, assisted by Masters Francis Noonan, of Golden, Col., and Cecil Quinlan, Chicago. At the close, Father General arose, and, in his own graceful and happy style, thanked the "Princes" for the pleasure their elegant entertainment had given, not only himself but all present. In the course of his remarks he said he regretted that the parents of all the Minims were not present to enjoy what he had witnessed. Speeches, congratulating Very Rev. Father General on the happy anniversary, and complimenting the members of the Sorin Association on their elocutionary talents, were made by Rev. President Walsh, and the other Rev. Fathers, after which the audience retired, greatly pleased.

Very Rev. Father Sorin thus happily enters upon his 72d year; and, as one who has known him for two score years says, "he never enjoyed better health than he does at present; he has a buoyancy of spirits and an elasticity of step that would do credit to a man of thirty." Father General's friends—and they are without number—congratulate him upon this auspicious anniversary, and pray that Heaven may long preserve him in his grand field of labor in the cause of religion and education, and that his wisdom and experience, for many years to come, may continue to direct our *Alma Mater*.

—A writer in the current number of the *Echo* advocates very strongly and sensibly the cultivation of Church music in our Catholic colleges. His remarks are directed especially to seminaries for the education of aspirants to the sacred ministry, but apply with equal force to colleges wherein the students reside and are required to attend Divine Service. In the latter, it will be readily understood that the solemnity and impressiveness of the

Church services on each recurring Sunday and festival may be greatly enhanced by the part taken by the students' choir, after effective drill and training. And, therefore, as one of the first thoughts that should occupy the mind of the Christian is the fitting celebration of the service of praise and adoration to the God of all, so, as a means to that end, due attention should be given to the cultivation of the grand old music of Mother Church. For, if properly rendered, it is calculated to inspire devotion and elevate the soul, because of its correct interpretation of "the prayer and meditation of the Spouse of the Holy Ghost in her liturgy." But when this sacred chant is carelessly and poorly executed, instead of attracting, it repels—nay, even scandalizes the worshipper. The writer in the *Echo* speaks of the impression which badly-executed plain chant produced upon a non-Catholic—Col. Nichols, President of the College of Music at Cincinnati, and says:

"It was very humiliating to a friend and myself to be obliged to listen to his criticism of the manner in which our beautiful plain chant is sung. We could not deny patent facts. When we, desirous of palliating the matter and of defending the clergy, told him that plain chant does not receive the necessary attention in our seminaries, he would not receive the excuse, but found it more incomprehensible still."

Corruptio optimi pessima. There can be no doubt that the very excellence of Gregorian chant and its superiority over all other styles of music as a means by which to offer external worship to God demand that proper attention be given to its study and rendition. For, great as is the wholesome, soul-stirring influence which it exercises when well executed, correspondingly evil is its effect when sung without due preparation and training.

The study and practice of plain chant have never been wholly neglected at Notre Dame, though for many years its use was confined to the more solemn services of the Church during the Lenten and Advent seasons. It is now some fourteen years since the total abrogation of figured music was effected and in its stead substituted the more devotional music of the Church. For a number of years a college choir existed and the plain chant—harmonized for festivals—in unison with double choir for ordinary Sundays, was sung with most pleasing effect. Of late, for some reason or other, this music has not received the attention requisite, and as a consequence, the solemnity and attractiveness of Church services have suffered in no little degree. And this defect has been all the more glaring from the fact that Notre Dame possesses unusual advantages for the rendition of sacred music in all its splendor. We have here competent instructors, good material to be found among the students and others, and there can be no reason why Church music, in all its grand simplicity and majesty, should not find a model rendition. However, we are glad to note that steps have been taken to remedy existing defects, and we hope the new movement will meet with the success it so well deserves.

Exchanges.

—The *University Press* contains a clever essay on "Balzac," by Grace Clark. In thought, construction, and language it is unexceptionable. The essayist is peculiarly happy in her comparison of the novelist's work with that of Dante and Shakspeare—the former especially—the "Human Comedy" with the "Divine Comedy;" but there, we think, the parallel ends. Balzac is neither a Dante nor a Shakspeare.

—The *Musical Record*, for February, contains as usual a very large amount of interesting musical gossip from all parts of the civilized world, besides a number of original articles from persons holding high positions in the music world. There are, also, about twelve pages of new and excellent music—such music as one might expect from Oliver Ditson & Co., the publishers, and selected by Mr. Dexter Smith, the veteran editor.

—The *Princetonian* for January is at hand, and an interesting number it is,—not only for the large fund of information it contains on doings at Princeton, but at other colleges also. The article on the new system of grading we read with some care; but the details given are hardly sufficient to enable an outsider to institute a comparison and form an opinion. The students seem greatly pleased that the old system has been replaced by a far better one.

—For some time past we imagined we were carrying some things that we ought to be rid of,—that some little somethings were stuck away in odd corners of our brain that could not easily be got at when we wanted to disburden ourselves of them. The clever Exchange-editor of *The Cornell Era* seems to have been similarly afflicted, but more successful than we in dislodging one of these small but uncomfortable ideas, not innate ideas, by any means. Here it is:

"Why do so many of our exchanges persist in rolling themselves up and gumming themselves all over with tough paper and strong mucilage until it becomes as hard a task to get at them as it is to unwrap a mummy? Of course we have a great many leisure hours to spend in reading exchanges, and enjoy nothing more than employing all our leisure time in doing so; but really we can hardly say, truthfully, that it adds very greatly to the pleasure we derive from an exchange to be obliged to spend as much time in getting it open as it ought to require to read it through. Tight rolling, too, simply spoils a paper for binding. We don't get all our exchanges bound, but we presume they each have some dearest friends who do. Let the paper be folded once, neatly wrapped, and gummed enough, but not too much. The mails will carry it quite as safely then as if it were rolled into a pea-blower, and it will be much more certain of finding a mission other than the waste basket."

—Both the *Rambler* and the *Hesperian* have able articles on the question of a prohibitory liquor law—that in the *Rambler* favoring, the other against prohibition, at least as a national question. If prohibitionists acted according to reason they would agitate and work for the enforcement of the existing proscriptive laws in the several States, and perhaps make those laws more stringent and proscriptive, instead of agitating prohibition as a na-

tional question. Such agitation at present is silly. Suppose St. John honest in his campaigning, and elected President, what could he do? Nothing. The President doesn't make the laws. Suppose a certain number of Congressmen favoring prohibition elected, what could they do? Nothing. Maine has long had a prohibitory law, but it isn't enforced. Malt liquors are excluded, but instead a kind of rot-gut, maddening stuff is made and freely sold in Maine, and we are told that nine-tenths of the murders there are caused by it. Iowa has a prohibitory law which succeeds only in excluding beer; whiskey is extensively smuggled in, and as much of it used as before the prohibitory law was passed. Indiana has a law prohibiting the sale of liquor to minors, but the law is freely evaded. The President of Notre Dame University has prosecuted several vendors for selling liquor to students. The prohibitionists are chasing a chimera. We think a high license, supplemented by a rigid enforcement of the law, and a local option in the granting of licenses, which would shut up or exclude the low grogeries and disreputable places, far more practical than the idea of national prohibition. The idea of illegalizing the sale of liquor is inane; if put into effect it would only shut up houses of good repute and leave the business in the hands of outlaws, who would find in the executors of the law their best protectors.

—The *Cornell Era* is a strong college paper—one of the best that we receive from the Eastern Colleges. For some time past the *Era* has been assuming a more serious intellectual tone and has now reached a point of excellence which may well excite a spirit of emulation among its confrères and a pardonable self-complacency in its editors. The editorials have always been good; so have the Exchange notes,—far better than those of most papers, Eastern College papers especially. The "German University Notes" in serial numbers, the third of which has just appeared, are splendidly edited and add greatly to the interest of the paper. A part of the "Thanksgiving in New York," however, is altogether too objectionable for publication. The article on the *New Englander* and orthodoxy deals with a grave question in a sensible manner, ironically concluding as follows:

"It may well become a serious question with Christian parents under whose influence they can consistently place their sons. Cornell, Harvard, the University of Michigan, and some other institutions of this school were placed on the 'Index' long since; but nobody dreamed that Yale and the University of Wisconsin would be subjected to the same fate, and that, too, through the 'stark rationalism' of two recognized pillars of orthodoxy. How many other stern masks of orthodoxy cover the hideous features of 'stark rationalism'? And within what cloisters of evangelicalism has the heresy intruded itself? The *Herald* and the *Banner* have still other tasks before them. Let these centres of 'rationalism' be pointed out as speedily as possible. It is highly probable that President Bascom and Professor Ladd are not the only conspirators. President Bascom was a former professor and well-known representative of Williams College. Did he imbibe his 'rationalism' at that institution? Dr. McCosh has weakened on the subject of evolution, and although no charges of 'rationalism' have yet been brought against him there is no telling to what extremes his first heresy may lead; his offence is already

as great as that which caused Dr. Woodard to be bundled unceremoniously out of a theological seminary in South Carolina. The *Herald* and the *Banner* had better have a watchful eye on Princeton. The confederates of President Bascom and Professor Ladd [of Yale] must be ferreted out and exposed. But when all is done, where shall 'Christian parents' send their sons?"

—The *American Art Journal*, which for years has been the leading music trade journal of America, still holds the high position gained for it by its founder, H. C. Watson, who was an eminent connoisseur and critic in his day. Mr. Watson long since passed from the scene of his earthly labors, but he found an able successor for the editorial chair in his assistant, Mr. Wm. M. Thomas, who still edits the *American Art Journal*. The *Art Journal* is now published weekly,—the only weekly critical review, we believe, devoted to Music, Art, and the Music Trade in the United States. The current issue (January 3), like the preceding numbers, devotes several pages to original articles of some length, and to correspondence, after which come the trade notes, criticisms, reviews, and editorial miscellany. For the present, music is the leading topic. Comparatively little advance has yet been made in other branches of art in the United States, and what little has been done is kept very quiet. Why this is the case it would be hard to determine; but the fact is that we hear but little of painting and sculpture, and that little in scraps, few and far between, in the *Art Journal* and *Art Amateur*. This is, of course, the fault of the artists and art connoisseurs, and not of the editors, who of course would be glad to publish anything deserving of notice. For instance, we have grave doubts that any account of the splendid paintings at the University of Notre Dame has ever been sent to *The American Art Journal* or similar publications here or in Europe. We know that a party of Art connoisseurs who came here from Chicago a few months ago, on a visit, were astonished at what they saw here and had never heard of until they accidentally stumbled upon it, as it were, and they have not yet ceased talking of the matter and expressing their delight. If everyone contributed his mite to art matters as does Eliza Allen Starr, of Chicago, by her books and lectures, people would be surprised at the notable works of art stowed away in nooks and corners, and visitors and lovers of art would know where to look for them. The painter's brush has been active for years, and sculpture is not yet a lost art; but if no one takes the initiative in making the progress of these arts known, the general public will continue in ignorance of what has been done.

—The opening paragraphs of Prof. Lowe's article on "The Stability of Republics," in the December number of the *Heidelberg*, led us to infer that the writer was decidedly pessimistic; but on reading further we find the extreme of optimism. He says:

"The dangers which beset our country and threaten her existence afford a favorite theme for many writers and speakers. Not only the zealot who cries 'Rum, Romanism and Rebellion,' but he who cries, 'Injustice, Illiteracy and Infidelity,' or Suicide, Slavery and Socialism,' will find an eager audience and is perhaps impelled to exaggeration

because thus he may produce a sensation. Add to the list Mormonism, a Constitution without the name of God, a debasing, blood and thunder literature, a reckless, gambling business spirit, and on all the several counts it can be proven to the satisfaction of the speaker and many of his auditors that the country is going 'to the dogs,' or worse."

But the writer argues that the prevalence of alarming evils, while a source of weakness, is a proof of the stability of the State, in that she so successfully resists such formidable enemies. In a monarchy, he says, Nihilism and Socialism may cause consternation; but in republics, where the meetings are open, nothing is to be feared. There is such a thing as danger from this over-confident spirit. Liberty, it has been said, is the price of eternal vigilance. We may not yet fear Nihilism, or Socialism; and as "Romanists" ourselves—"Romanists" of the most confirmed type—we are sure that no danger need be feared from the rapidly growing strength of the religious body that is so nicknamed. But we are not so free from apprehension in regard to Mormonism, hostile as it confessedly is to morality and our institutions, for the very good reason that Mormonism is rapidly absorbing the worst elements in Europe and growing into dangerous strength, and more especially because such vast numbers outside of the Mormon pale are so loose in morals as to lead us to fear a more general decadence and, in time, covert sympathy with the now outlawed sect. Illiteracy, too, bad and dangerous as it is, is not half so much to be feared as education without morality or religion. Our jails and penitentiaries are filled with men of such education, while the census statistics show that the number is increasing with fearful rapidity. The masses of the people should be educated, but educated properly. From present indications one is naturally led to infer that the education given a large number of the present generation is an education in the wrong direction, tending to make of them a generation of sharpers, with no moral bias.

Local Items.

—And still they come!

—The work of refitting the "gyms." has begun.

—Do not accept an office unless you get a fat one.

—"The lot of the Property Manager is not a happy one!"

—Who will tell us the author of the saying—*Nil de mortuis nisi bonum?*

—The number of new students at this time of the year is something unprecedented.

—It is reported that the Scientific Association will be re-organized during the coming week.

—A number of new text-books will be added some time this or next month to the Law Library.

—Mr. Sydney Dickerson, of the Class of '85, will deliver the address on Washington's birthday.

—Lectures on "Evidence" were begun this week before the students of the Senior Law Class.

—Tom wishes to inform his friends that he will receive congratulations at 4 o'clock this p. m., in front of the pie store.

—Where are all our politicians? They must have gone to Washington to be present at the distribution of the spoils.

—An interesting case will be tried to-night in the University Moot-Court. All who may wish to attend will be welcome.

—The "Laws" are to have new and commodious quarters as soon as arrangements to that end can conveniently be made.

—Oh! ye modest members of societies! be not bashful, but step up and begin the new session by interviewing the Treasurer!

—Lost.—A gold medal, awarded to John Nester, June 1882. The finder will confer a favor by leaving the same with Bro. Emmanuel.

—Lost.—A diamond pin between the kitchen and Seniors' refectory. The finder will confer a favor by leaving it at the Students' Office.

—A grand *Séance Scientifique* will be given soon by the students of the Biological Laboratory. It will be a unique affair, and well worth attending.

—The cause of Science demands that a certain feline, now inhabiting the third story, be immolated. An attempt has already been made on *Phelan*, you know.

—The "Princes" enjoyed a grand sleigh-ride to South Bend, last Thursday afternoon. Especial pleasure was taken in their visit to the Studebaker extensive wagon works.

—The St. Cecilians return an unanimous vote of thanks to Rev. President Walsh, Mr. J. Thillman, Bros. Marcellinus and Simon for favors received in connection with their recent excursion.

—A gallant effort was made to secure the services of Twain and Cable on the occasion of their appearance in South Bend, last Thursday, but it failed, owing to prior and urgent engagements.

—Great excitement prevailed in the Juniors' reading-room, last Saturday evening, over the "drawing" for a billiard cue of superb manufacture. T. J. Cleary was the fortunate winner of the prize.

—We have just received a copy of the *Notre Dame Scholastic Annual*, for 1885. It is a very neatly gotten up book, full of most interesting reading-matter, and is in every way worthy of the noble educational establishment it represents.—*Citizen* (Chicago).

—The following contributions to the Cabinet of Curiosities are gratefully acknowledged: Miss Florentine Hagan, of Chicago, a statue of Pueblo pottery; Mr. P. Schneider, of Notre Dame, a German prayer-book printed in 1754; A. McMurray, of Chicago, a Chinese Bin and a Mexican Real of 1860.

—The Law Class will hold a moot-court this evening. The case set for trial promises to be one of the most interesting held during the year. J.

Conway and D. Burns will present the claims of the plaintiff, while H. Steis, and J. Conlon will see that justice is done the defendant.

—Dull, duller, dullest, is about the way affairs may be expressed at present; not even in the Boat Club is there any excitement, yet the Commodore says that the squadron will be well manned and ready to start when navigation opens, and that the June race will meet the expectations of all.

—Within the last year there has been a great deal said among the boys about re-organizing the Notre Dame Military Co. We possess a fine set of guns, and the students are ready to enter into the project in earnest—provided it be feasible. In former years such a company existed, and had its own uniform. Why not now?

—At a meeting of the Philodemics, held on the 2d inst., the following officers were chosen for the ensuing session: Rev. T. E. Walsh, Director; Prof. Wm. Hoynes, Assistant Director; H. A. Steis, President; T. E. Callaghan, 1st Vice-President; J. J. Conway, 2d Vice-President; F. Dexter, Recording Secretary; P. J. Goulding, Corresponding Secretary; L. Mathers, Treasurer; M. Dolan, 1st Censor; F. Combe, 2d Censor; J. Conlon, Sergeant-at-Arms.

—The *Catholic Fireside* has the following notice of the *Scholastic Annual*:

"By far the best number of this useful and interesting little periodical is the present one, which is its tenth. In addition to an array of statistical information—ecclesiastical, astronomical, etc.—there is a goodly amount of select reading-matter, including poems, sketches, historical incidents, and the like. A paper entitled "A Patriot Without Reproach," by Margaret F. Sullivan, is one of the best that has yet appeared on the late lamented A. M. Sullivan."

—A meeting of the Guardian Angels of the Sanctuary was held on Wednesday, February 4th. Officers for the second session were elected, as follows: Very Rev. E. Sorin, C. S. C., Director; Rev. A. Granger, C. S. C., Assistant Director; Mr. J. Thillman, C. S. C. President; Bro. William, C. S. C., Promoter; J. McNulty, 1st Vice-President; F. Salman, 2d Vice-President; E. Berry, Secretary; W. McPhee, Corresponding Secretary; L. Scherrer, Treasurer; C. Mooney, Librarian; F. Piel, 1st Censor; J. Piero, 2d Censor; F. Crotty, Standard-Bearer; M. McCourt, Sergeant-at-Arms.

—The 11th regular meeting of the St. Stanislaus' Philopatrian Association took place February 2d. Officers for the second session were elected, as follows: Rev. T. E. Walsh, C. S. C., Director; J. A. Lyons, A. M., President; Bros. Alexander, Leander, and Lawrence, C. S. C., Promoters; G. Tarrant, 1st Vice-President; D. Tewksbury, 2d Vice-President; J. Baur, Recording Secretary; M. Luther, Corresponding Secretary; W. Houlihan, Treasurer; G. Meehan, Librarian; L. Rose, 1st Censor; E. Schmauss, 2d Censor; D. Cartier, Sergeant-at-Arms; W. Stange, Marshall; M. O'Kane, and J. Donnellan, Prompters; W. Morrison, and W. Devine, Property Managers.

—The fifth regular meeting of the Junior Branch of the Archconfraternity of the Blessed

Virgin Mary was held Sunday evening, Feb. 1st. Master M. Clarke read an essay on "Our Lady of Lourdes," and Master M. Mulkern, one on the "Rosary," after which the election of officers took place, which resulted as follows: Director, Rev. T. E. Walsh; President, Rev. M. J. Regan; 1st Vice-President, F. J. Hagenbarth; 2d Vice-President, C. J. Stubbs; Recording Secretary, S. O'Brien; Treasurer, J. Dorenberg; Corresponding Secretary, M. Wabraushek; 1st Censor, M. Daly; 2d Censor, M. B. Mulkern; Standard-Bearer, C. Mason; Organist, R. Oxnard.

—The Thespian Society re-organized last Monday evening, and elected the following officers for the 2d session: Rev. T. E. Walsh, Director; Rev. M. J. Regan, General Critic; J. A. Lyons, A. M., President; T. McKinnery, 1st Vice-President; J. Guthrie, 2d Vice-President; A. Brown, Recording Secretary; H. L. Porter, Corresponding Secretary; F. H. Dexter, Treasurer; L. Mathers, Historian; P. J. Goulding, Librarian; M. A. Dolan, 1st Censor; A. J. Ancheta, 2d Censor; C. C. Kolars, Prompter; D. Saviers, Sergeant-at-Arms; J. Conway, Dramatic Property Manager. Executive Committee: T. E. Callaghan, C. Porter, W. E. Ramsay, H. Steis, L. Mathers, S. Murdock.

—A TALE.—The snow was sifting softly o'er College, dome, and fields. The whistling wind whisked and drove the snow in the corners and about the gables of the buildings with anything but a pleasant feeling to the wearer of a last year's ulster and spring coat. A pale, careworn, timid creature was seen to pass stealthily and silently along, and after stopping certain hasty students, with his note-book in hand, he would shake his head, and ruefully exclaim: "Nought plus nought is nothing!" and then he sighed. A tender-hearted Minim, who was touched by the air of misery this individual wore, asked a Senior who he was. The Senior looked tremblingly about him, and then, bending low, he whispered: "Hush! 'tis a society treasurer!"

—Mr. Samuel Steele, of the Chicago *Times*, came to Notre Dame on a visit Tuesday evening, and remained till Wednesday afternoon. He has been connected with *The Times* for fifteen years or more, and during that whole period his standing among Western journalists has been conspicuous and creditable. Though his friends in public, business and professional life in Chicago are innumerable, yet his brethren of the press, who meet him most frequently and know him most intimately, have perhaps learned to form a more accurate estimate of his proved abilities, his good nature, his sterling qualities. We are glad that his visit to Notre Dame afforded him pleasure, as well as additional information relative to this thriving Institution. The pleasure of his visit, however, was reciprocal, and we hope he may come again and stay longer.

—The 11th regular meeting of the Columbian Literary and Debating Club took place January 31st. The principal exercise of this meeting was the election of officers for the ensuing session.

The following is the result: Rev. T. E. Walsh, C. S. C.; Director; J. A. Lyons, A. M., President; J. F. Edwards, L.L.B., Hon. President; Bros. Emmanuel and Paul, Promoters; C. D. Burns, 1st Vice-President; P. Chapin, 2d Vice-President; P. Howard, Critic; W. Cartier, Treasurer; A. McMurray, Rec. Secretary; G. O'Kane, Corresponding Secretary; L. Austin, 1st Censor; E. Hotelling, 2d Censor; M. Burns, Historian; A. Marion, Librarian; J. E. Cusack, Sergeant-at-Arms; J. Bates, Marshall; P. McGuire, 1st Property Manager; P. Ryan, 2d Property Manager; W. Harless and J. De Groot, Prompters. This Society is strongly organized; and, judging from the talent of its members, it gives every assurance of celebrating the 17th of March in a manner never before excelled at Notre Dame.

—The members of the Band enjoyed a lively time on Monday last when they made a sleighing expedition to the Farm, and a slaying assault upon the bountiful rustic repast which, on their arrival, was speedily set before them, and as speedily stored away. The instruments were brought out, and some of the most delicate pieces were rendered. A cymbal solo, by D. Reach, and an after dinner drum duet, by two, were marked features of the impromptu *soirée*. On the return trip the fun began, and every farm-house which was passed were treated to a symphony with frozen instruments. Half-way home a runner broke, and after walking about half a mile to a farm-house, the lonely wayfarers were taken in by the hospitable owner, and another sleigh was sent for. The time passed swiftly and pleasantly till the sleigh arrived, and with many thanks to their hosts, Mr. Judie and his family, they started for the College where they arrived in safety and with hopes that they may soon again have such an enjoyable excursion.

—Though Science Hall is as yet in an unfinished state interiorly, there is one portion that has been placed in good working-order: namely, the Biological lecture-room and laboratory. The latter apartment is well worth a visit. The room is 40 feet in length by 20 feet in depth, and lighted by five large windows facing the north. This position is best adapted to the varied intricacies of Biological operations, which require, for their complete success, the light from the north, as the direct light from the sun is especially to be avoided. It is well stocked with the various specimens which the student of Cellular Biology may need in his work of investigation. Besides, in order to extend the benefits of the study to as many as possible, six fine large microscopes have lately been added to the others already possessed. These instruments are of the best modern manufacture, having been constructed especially for laboratory work, by Carl Zeiss, of Jena, according to the specifications of Professor J. B. Carnoy, founder of "Cellular Biology." They are heavy made, solid and possess all the necessary qualities to serve the uses to which they may be applied. They rest upon tables of a new design especially adapted to this kind of work, being solidly made

and not subject to shaking. All in all, the means provided for this branch of study are not only unsurpassed but even unequalled by any institution in the country. Indeed, Notre Dame now claims to have organized the first Laboratory of Cellular Biology in the United States. The classes are well attended and promise to be very successful. Mondays and Tuesdays, from 10 to 12, are set apart for Laboratory work, but it is opened daily from 9 to 12 and from 2 to 5, for all desiring to do special work, as during these hours the best light is generally to be obtained.

Roll of Honor.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Messrs. Arce, Ancheta, Ahtton, A. Browne, Felix Baca, Becerra, D. Baca, Burns, F. Brown, Breen, Byrnes, F. Baca, Callaghan, Conlon, Crilly, Walter Collins, Chapin, Conway, Crawford, Casavantes, Creel, F. Combe, Cusack, Cartier, De Groot, Dwan, Dolan, Dickerson, Ewing, Estrado, Finley, Freyermuth, Goulding, A. Gordon, A. A. Gordon, Garcia, Goodfellow, Hamlyn, Halligan, Howard, Hotaling, Hausberg, Hasson, Hutchison, Johnston, Jess, Kolars, King, Kleiber, Kavanagh, Keys, Livingston, McMillian, McKinnery, McGuire, McLain, McCartney, Mathers, McGill, Miller, Morrison, Meister, Jno. Murphy, Malov, O'Connell, C. Paschel, Perley, C. Porter, Powell, Phillips, Rothert, Rahilly, T. Ryan, Roth, E. Riley, G. Smith, A. Smith, Sheridan, Steis, Sanchez, Saviers, Spangler, Jno. Troy, Troxell, Trepanier, Terry, W. Williams, M. White, J. Wilson, Zeitler.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Masters Arts, Adams, Borgschulze, Byerly, E. Benner, Baur, Berthelet, Burns, Burrett, Congdon, F. Chute, L. Chute, Chamberlain, Clarke, G. Cartier, Colina, Crawford, Cavaroc, Cleary, Courtney, Cooper, Calvin, Cummings, Dillon, Dougherty, Dorenberg, Dempsey, Donnellan, Daly, Darrah, Devine, Ewing, Finckh, Fisher, Feher, Flood, Frane, Grunsfeld, L. Grever, J. Garrity, F. Garrity, Harris, Hieronimus, Hibbler, Holman, Houlihan, Hagenbarth, Johnson, Kelly, Kegel, Kenny, Klaner, Luther, Loya, Lewis, Martinez, Mulkern, McCourt, R. Morrison, Monschein, Menig, Myers, Macke, J. McGordon, Meehan, Mullane, Nusbaum, Oxnard, O'Brien, O'Kane, Portillo, Prudhomme, Regan, Real, Rose, Rattigan, Rebori, Ruffing, Remish, Reynolds, Rogers, Robinson, Rietz, Stubbs, Senn, Soden, F. Smith, Stange, Schmauss, Shaw, Spencer, Sedberry, H. Smith, Tewksbury, Talbot, Tarrant, Wabraushek, Wagoner, Williamson, Thurston.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Masters J. Addington, Boos, Berry, Baker, Barger, Bull, Crotty, Campau, Carnahan, Cobbs, F. Dunford, L. Doss, Ernest, T. Falvey, F. Falvey, E. Falvey, Garber, Grunsfeld, Grimes, Haney, Hopkins, C. Inderrieden, S. Jones, Johns, J. Kelly, E. Kelly, Kellner, McPhee, McCourt, McNulty, Murphy, Morgan, C. Mitchell, J. Mitchell, Moncada, Mooney, McGuire, Nussbaum, Nester, F. Peck, J. Peck, Piel, Piero, Paul, Perkins, Quill, Salman, Sweet, Scherrer, Stone, Shöneman, Weston, Williamson.

For the Dome.

A Child of Mary.....\$50.00

He writes as follows:

"Knowing that my heavenly Mother desires to see my undertakings through life crowned with success; but, above all, my last moments followed by endless happiness, I lovingly present this humble offering as a token of the filial interest I take in the glorious crowning of her sacred image of the great Dome of Notre Dame. My heart goes up with it glowing with joy—200 feet from the ground! She will see it sooner than in my safe. May it delight her eyes, and bring a new motherly smile on her poor son."

Saint Mary's Academy.

One Mile West of Notre Dame University.

—The pieces in the ornamental needle-work room elicited much admiration. Much beautiful work has been done, and a larger amount is now in progress.

—The examinations in the Minim department were the subject of great praise. The spirit of study and, what is far better, of piety, which seeks the aid of Heaven by fervent prayer, are alike marked features of Father General's Princesses.

—The First and Second Book-keeping Classes were examined in the presence of the Superiors and teachers with highly satisfactory results. The larger number of pupils in both classes acquitted themselves so admirably that the note "100" was attached to their names on the record of each of the examiners.

—The oil-painting of the "Fisher Girl," by Miss L. Williams, was greatly praised by the visitors on Saturday. Flower pieces, roses, etc., by the Misses A. Heckard, Dunne and Shephard received many compliments. The best work in water-colors was by the Misses Richmond, Kearney, Stadler, Trask, E. Walsh, C. Scully, Keyes, McHale, S. St. Clair, Alice Gordon and Addie Gordon.

—The painful intelligence comes to us of the death of little MINNIE SMITH, at the residence of her relatives in Ohio. Though this interesting and lovely child was connected with the Junior department but a very brief time, it was long enough to warmly endear her to the hearts of all here, as she was the light of her cherished home. The warmest sentiments of sympathy and affectionate condolence are extended to the deeply-afflicted parents and relatives.

—The most winning—and, perhaps, not least important—item of domestic economy is the keeping of the various apartments in a human dwelling in good order. The Graduates, who are charged with the care of St. Edward's Reading-room, are scrupulously faithful to their charge; and the Misses Etta Call, Lizzie Shockey, and Sarah Dunne, in their ample aprons and with their dusting brushes, made a very pretty, very picturesque pantomime, on Monday morning, with the fine pictures and furniture of the Reading-room for a background.

—In Elementary Perspective, good work was presented from the industrious pencils of the Misses Munger, T. McSorley, Lang, and Fuller; as also creditable work in figure-drawing by the Misses A. English, Fehr, Fuller and Williams. The beautiful game breakfast set of Mrs. Studebaker, mentioned at Christmas, was on exhibition. This, with some very good work by Miss Van Horn, constituted the principal display in China Painting. The arrangement of the studio was very happy; The fine new stations of the Way of the Cross form-

ing a beautiful background to the sumptuous picture presented upon entering the inviting apartment.

Geology and Revelation.

Perhaps of all the sciences there is none better calculated to engage the attention of the earnest student than that of Geology. Botany has discovered the hidden relations of the flowers and plants of every country; Astronomy has measured the distances from star to star, has advanced theories respecting their composition, and has formed the glittering balls of the heavens into beautiful constellations; but Geology has done more: from a mass of intricate rocks, seemingly indistinguishable, it has traced the formation of ages. A worm-hole has been sufficient to bring peace to the mind of the seeker. A bone, deeply imbedded in the earth and carelessly overturned by the mine-digger, has been the cause of grave and certain conclusions. Each pebble, in fact, each grain of sand, contains within its small dimensions a history; and it is wonderful to note how the smallest facts and incidents are to the geologist of vast importance.

Slowly the shades of night roll by; the great monarch of the day, as he appears above the horizon, tints the landscape with his brilliant hues, causing the green fields to sparkle with their diamonds of dew. The forest trees bow their proud heads to the torrent that thunders beneath them, while the giant rocks stand immovable on the banks of the fast-flowing river. Far in the distance the blue mountains loom high in the heavens, seeming anxious to catch one glimpse of their Creator.

Such is the Book of Nature as it lies closed before us. Its cover is replete with rare and exquisite beauties; but when opened, innumerable are the wonders contained in its pages. This volume is one upon which men have concentrated the intellect and energy of a life-time in their endeavors to fathom its contents; and when death has called them hence, they have been obliged to acknowledge their most plausible explanations but theories.

The first division has but a single chapter, yet it is the longest; and, as being the foundation upon which the others rest, is perhaps the most important. It is styled the "Archæan"; and in its rocks we read the history of the general features of the earth while still in its infancy. Its pages are unilluminated, and its print somewhat dim; yet o'er it the man of science pores, culling here and there a specimen of its style. It is impossible to estimate the years that elapsed from its beginning to its close. Through long periods, just beneath the water's edge, the outline scarcely discernible, the continents, though greatly inferior in extent, took the form they now bear.

Having taken a glance at the first, we now come to Part II, which is known as the "Paleozoic." In this, the style becomes more lively, and the

pages are beautified by illustrations. The first chapter bears the title of "Silurian Age"; its pages are illumined by the first animal life whose fossils perpetuate its history. From the first we turn to the second chapter, or "Devonian Age," where we find etchings of fishes of every conceivable description, the extreme variety of which perplexes and confuses. Tracings of land plants also appear, to foreshadow the coming chapter; for in this, a picture of the most luxuriant vegetation greets the eye: giant trees, upon whose massive trunks appear the scars of many generations past; grasses which lift their tasseled heads many feet above the sedgy marshes, along whose banks they form so dense a curtain that the water plants, barely touching the surface of the stagnant stream, are securely sheltered from the rays of light which vainly seeks to penetrate their home. The sea gradually extends its arms over this wilderness of green, burying all beneath its depths where they remain preserved, undergoing transformation, waiting to tell their story of the wonders abounding in the "Carboniferous Age."

We now come to Part III, which bears the title "Mesozoic." It has but one chapter,—"The Reptilian Age"; disclosing monsters so hideous and repulsive in form, that we gladly turn the pages to Part IV, the "Cenezoic," comprising two chapters, the "Tertiary and Quaternary." In the former are found remains of mammals, huge in their proportions. But their immensity and power are lost sight of when, in the latter, appears the crowning perfection of God's handiwork—man, for whose service these wondrous creations were formed—placed as king above all other creatures.

Closing the book, man ponders over what its pages have revealed, the myriads of years that have transpired from the Archæan to the present, the life that has been, and has fled; and as he ponders, his reason convinces him that "God reveals Himself in His works," which are the true but faint image of Himself, partaking in some degree, of His immensity.

The deeper we dig into the mysteries of the earth, the clearer does it become that there is a God. Who but He could control the universe as has been done for centuries? What but the Infinite Wisdom could guide each particle of matter? could change the courses of rivers? could cause the formation of mountains? could create something out of nothing? In the book of Revelation He has briefly stated His labors "in the beginning"; but in His other book—the Earth—He has minutely portrayed each action, each change that took place.

With His frail power of reasoning, man has attempted to prove that the Book of Divine Revelation is inconsistent with the truths revealed by the science of Geology. To overthrow the assertions of the Bible, He has made use of the "six days" mentioned in Scriptures, saying that the earth, as it now exists, could not have been completed in such a short space of time. Blind reason! We may here repeat the old but true adage that "a little knowledge takes man away from God, but that much brings him back again."

Geology teaches us that "time is long;" but this fact in no way clashes with what we read in Revelation: "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth;" but nowhere do we find it said how long a time elapsed between that act and the *fiat* of the first day; it may have been a million years. Again, we may suppose that each of the "six days" was a period of indefinite duration, so that between the beginning of the world and the creation of man six great ages of the earth's history rolled by, each one distinguished by a new manifestation of God's power. Thus we see that deeper reasoning will remove the obstacles that lie in the way of the atheist and convince him that the "six days" mentioned in the Bible may be epochs of any length, as well as days of twenty-four hours each; for it is nowhere said in the holy Scriptures that time was reckoned as it now is; on the contrary, we read that "a day is a thousand years, and a thousand years as a day before the Lord." Hence the period of time occupied in the creation of the world may have been of any length.

When we reflect upon the power of the Creator who designed this vast universe of which our world is but a speck, we are convinced that it might, in its present state, as easily have been made in one instant as in six days or long epochs of time. God's ways are not our ways; and if things seem impossible to us, it is no proof that the same is true of Him; our most perfect models being in no way commensurate with the vastness, profundity and unsearchableness of His.

The great development of this science only serves to more strongly confirm the relation between Geology and the Scriptures. With the words of the learned Cardinal Wiseman we will close: "Surely it must be gratifying thus to see a science, formerly classed—and not, perhaps, unjustly—among the most pernicious to faith, once more become her handmaid; to see her now, after so many years of wandering from theory to theory, or rather from vision to vision, return once more to the home where she was born, and to the altar at which she made her first simple offerings; no longer, as she first went forth—a willful, dreamy, empty-handed child, but with a matronly dignity and a priestlike step, and a bosom full of well-earned gifts to pile upon its sacred hearth. For it was religion which gave Geology birth, and to the sanctuary she hath once more returned."

Class Honors.

HONORABLY MENTIONED IN THE ART DEPARTMENT.

FIGURE-DRAWING.

2D CLASS—Misses A. English, M. Fuller, C. Fehr.

ELEMENTARY PERSPECTIVE.

3D CLASS—Misses Munger, T. McSorley, Lang, Fuller.

PAINTING IN WATER-COLORS.

Misses C. Richmond, Trask, Kearney, Stadler, Walsh, C. Scully, Keyes, McHale, Addie Gordon, Alice Gordon, S. St. Clair.

PAINTING ON CHINA.

Miss L. Van Horn.

OIL-PAINTING.

2D CLASS—Misses Sheekey, Heckard, Williams, Dunne.

3D CLASS—Miss A. Shephard.

GENERAL DRAWING.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses Stadler, Sheekey, Trask, Keyes, Snowhook, M. Cox, Johnson, McEwen, Quill F. Hertzog, Prudhomme, Stumer, M. Lindsey, Schmauss, Spencer, Allen, Murphy, Boyer, Preston, Chapin, Van Fleet, Murray, Burtis, Lee, L. Johns, V. Johns, E. Blaine, Barr.

[From the "South Bend Tribune."]

St. Mary's Academy.

THE SEMI-ANNUAL ENTERTAINMENT.

The semi-annual entertainment at St. Mary's Academy, Saturday afternoon, was exceptionally interesting. In spite of the deep snow and bad roads, many visitors were present. And it is entirely safe to say that all of them felt more than compensated for whatever difficulties they encountered in attending; for the exercises were meritorious and enjoyable in a high degree. In fact, the music, essays and recitations were worthy of the more formal entertainment incident to the Commencement Exercises in June. All the participants exhibited good taste, self-possession and thorough familiarity with the subjects and parts respectively assigned to them. Their efforts were creditable to themselves and worthy of the high standing and inspiring atmosphere of the Academy.

St. Mary's is noted for the excellent facilities it possesses for imparting thorough instruction in music. In this particular at least it compares favorably with the best conservatories of Europe. Many of its former pupils have taken high rank for proficiency in this beautiful art; and not a few of those who took part in the exercises of Saturday show even now a degree of culture in music, both instrumental and vocal, that can hardly fail to reach the high standard of their most successful predecessors.

The recitations by the Misses Williams and Fuller were singularly felicitous and impressive. Miss Fuller's sweet voice and graceful manner are important accessories to her powers and accomplishments as an elocutionist.

The French, English and German essays of the Misses Call, Dunne and Ginz were carefully written and well read. Miss Call's essay covered so extensive a field that she could treat but very briefly of the subjects considered. The essay of Miss Dunne was marked by a depth of thought verging on the domain of philosophy. Her conclusions showed accurate observation and much practical wisdom. The sentiments embodied in Miss Ginz's essay, which was written in the purest German, are creditable alike to the head and heart of the young lady. She contended very truthfully that wealth, honors, and all the mutable acquisitions of this transitory life, count for little when compared to "the inestimable good"—the happiness that endures for all eternity.

At the close of the entertainment, Fathers Shortis and Fitte cordially complimented the young ladies upon the excellence of the entire performance.