

THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

Disce quasi semper victurus; vive quasi cras moriturus.

VOL. XVIII.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, FEBRUARY 21, 1885.

No. 24.

Thoughts on Having Sausage for Breakfast.

How nice, when at morn we descend,
The succulent sausage appears;
While odors deliciously blend
In a rich *tout-ensemble* that cheers.

And yet would calumnious spite
E'en here a suspicion instil;
E'en here would its venomous blight
Forbid us our joy to fulfil.

For some would persuade us the purp
And his tougher old father, the dog,
And the cat and her kittens usurp
The place of the orthodox hog.

How quickly such calumnies vile
Thy genial presence dispels;
The libel we meet with a smile,
And our conduct our confidence tells.

How snugly we gather thee in,
While gravy so unctuously drips,
And our faces expand in a grin
As we lift thy loved form to our lips.

JUSTIN THYME.

A Historical Error.

(CONCLUDED.)

It would seem that what has been said is enough, and that it is time to bring this long and tiresome dissertation to an end. But I beg the kind reader to give me a little more of his attention, and to listen to some concluding remarks.

It is hardly fair, when indebted to some one for great benefits, to stop to note and magnify a fault that he has committed, without considering the reparation afterwards made. This is what has been the case with regard to the apostles of Mexico. We do not grow weary in censuring the false or stupid zeal, the ignorance or fanaticism that impelled them, according to our view, to destroy the Aztec antiquities; and we do not even take the trouble to ascertain whether the charge is true or not; nor do we take any account of the fact that to them we owe the abolition of human sacrifices, the establishment of the true religion, the defence and preserva-

tion of the conquered people. And, after all, the charge is false or greatly exaggerated; and the small amount of harm which they perhaps did in regard to really important paintings was amply compensated for by the writings that they have left.

They had come to preach, and it was not any part of their duty to assume an additional charge, occupying their very few hours of repose in writing the ancient history of these people. They learned the language, studied the paintings—which they are charged with destroying,—collected the most authentic traditions, gathered all together in works of great labor, and to them we are indebted for what we know of past times. Their immediate successors and colaborers continued the work; but those that came much later—like Torquemada—had not the terrible load of the apostleship on their shoulders. Whilst they were making use of—not to say plagiarizing—the writings of their predecessors, they did not reflect that they were doing an injustice in believing Indian impostors, charging with ignorance or misplaced zeal the eminent men to whom they owed the light that they gathered in their own works; and this was but a feeble reflection, smothered by a thousand impertinent additions, of that brightness that shines in the simplicity of the missionaries. If these had confined themselves—as they were most justly entitled to do—to the preaching of the faith, though they had preserved scrupulously even the last scrap of paper scribbled on and bespattered with human blood by the Aztecs, and, at the same time, had written nothing themselves, there would not exist to-day the little of the ancient history of Mexico which we imagine that we know.

The hieroglyphical writing of those people was altogether inadequate to the task of preserving the memory of past events: it could serve, at most, to form a sort of chronological table, without any details, without explanation of the causes of events, or of the character of persons; in fine, without anything of what history requires to deserve the name. The vague indication of some cosmogonic epochs, not always in the same order; a series of kings with great discrepancies of deeds and even of succession; dry and incomplete notices of expeditions and wars, mixed with all sorts of absurd and puerile fables; names of tributes and other disconnected items, do not constitute history. When Clavigero exclaimed, in a fit of enthusiasm, "If they (the paintings) had been preserved, *nothing*

would be unknown of the history of Mexico!" he did not know what he was saying. We should like to see the dainty *abbate* surrounded by all the famous archives of Mexico, Tezcoco, and the rest, and deprived altogether of the writings of those *friars*—whom in his heart he despises—and see whether he would have been able to extract his history from such materials.

We may boast much of the progress of hieroglyphical writing amongst the Mexicans, and even go so far as to attribute to them the use of phonetic signs—which, for my part, I have never been able to discover; but what is certain is that, as Clavigero himself says, "it was imperfect, complicated, and equivocal." To seek for a key to those pictures is to lose time, for there is none; it was said that the Licentiate Borunda had found it, and Bustamante laments its loss in every tone; but the publication of F. Mier's suit has shown clearly the incorrectness of the assertion. If we do read something in the pictures, and if they serve a purpose in shedding light on one point or other of history, it is because we know the fact beforehand, and because the missionaries have left us the knowledge of the language and of many of the signs employed by the Aztecs, and in this work they were assisted by the interpreters of the early years. Without such help, the pictures would be unintelligible; so the codex of Dresden—which is not Mexican, and has no interpretation—remains mute, and it is hardly known to what people it belongs. The meaning of certain Aztec hieroglyphics is now perfectly clear to us, but like a charade, whose solution is already known. Without any previous hint what would be our interpretation of an ugly puppet, cross-legged, the face in profile, and the eye staring forward, the head crowned with a sharp-pointed diadem, and accompanied by a sore or wounded leg? Now, we say, unhesitatingly, that it is king Tizoc, because we know beforehand that he is thus represented. And, withal, many and many a time have interpretations that seemed to be well founded fallen to the ground. In the famous picture of the "Journey of the Aztecs," even such men as Sigüenza, Clavigero, and Humboldt, saw the history of the most remote times—the universal deluge, the confusion of tongues, the dispersion of peoples, and I know not how many other things, and all this was accepted as indubitable until Sr. Ramirez, and afterwards Sr. Orozco y Berra, proved that there is no deluge at all in the picture, nor tower of Babel, nor anything like it, and that the whole thing is merely the journey of the Mexicans, not from the distant and mysterious Chicmoztoc, but solely within the limits of the Valley of Mexico. The same Sr. Ramirez, whose intelligence and sagacity no one can call in question, did not escape error himself. Attempting to interpret the well-known painting 144 of the *Codex Vaticanus*, which represents the death of Pedro de Alvarado, he met with the figure of a little animal,—which might just as well be a rat as anything else—crowned with a plant, which seemed to be the maguey. He was in serious doubt, but finally

he decided that it was a rat, and a symbolical representation of the calamities that were threatening or that had actually fallen on those people by war. He gives his reasons, adding that, as regards the maguey, he does not see that it can represent aught else except that "poverty reached such an extreme as to dry up, or was as cruel as those (penurias) which dry up the magueys and leave them in a sickly condition, whereas it has the most resistance of all plants; or that in that year there was some epidemic amongst those plants." But lo! D. Eufemio Mendoza comes forward to interpret the same painting, and he disagrees with Sr. Ramirez (rarely with reason) in almost all the figures, amongst others in regard to that of the little animal, which he declares to be a *tuza* (mole), and it signified simply the name of the viceroy D. Antonio Mendoza (*metl*, maguey, and *tozon*, tuza, or mole,) and this interpretation, be it remarked, is confirmed by the painting Aubin (p. 152), where the same hieroglyphic is found beside the figure and name of the viceroy. The same thing happened in regard to the idols. Not long since, a great noise was made about the discovery of one in the ruins of Chichen Itzá (Yucatan). A certain foreign archæologist, who could read the hieroglyphics of those ruins just as we can the Latin alphabet, dug up a statue which had been buried for *twelve thousand years*, to which he gave the name of Chac-Mool, or Tiger King. He affirmed that it was not an idol but a likeness, since he knew by name all the personages sculptured on those monuments; that he had documents relating to his life and the manner of his death, and that the statue belonged to a monument erected by the queen his wife. With great difficulty, on account of its weight, the figure was transferred to the museum of Mérida, and thence to that of Mexico. Then the same Sr. Sanchez, author of the *Cuestion histórica*, wrote a dissertation in which he showed that there exist two other statues very similar to this: one in the same museum of Mexico, brought from Tlaxcala, and the other, whose origin is not known, in a house in Tacubaya. His conclusion is that the Chac-Mool does not represent any king of Yucatan, but the god Tezcatlipoca, "under a form and appellation not known to us." These are a few specimens of the agreement that is usually found between interpreters of hieroglyphics, and of the benefit that we should draw from a large collection of them, if the missionaries had not taught the natives phonetic writing, in order that by means of it they might write the accepted interpretation; and if the missionaries themselves, the bishops and governing powers, those destroyers and *obscurantists*, had not taken care to gather up the traditions, to procure explanations of the ancient and the new pictures, and to leave in writing, either in their own hands or in that of others, an account of the events that had happened.

But even if we could clearly read the paintings, I do not know why we have to accord to them that absolute faith which some demand. Their authors are entirely unknown to us, and we can-

not judge of their aptitude and honesty. Certainly, "they were not another Moses," as the *Libro de Oro* remarks, and they were very well capable of erring in such matters. The Indian annalists, subsequent to the conquest, are shamefully in error even in regard to contemporary and well-known facts. Nevertheless, as soon as a fact is read or is imagined to be read in some painting or other, it must be accepted unhesitatingly, even if it does not agree with what is said by known authors who are worthy of credit. If the number of paintings that remain to us were increased, contradictions would multiply, and certainly the contradictions are not few in regard to the small number that we possess. I am far from wishing to throw discredit on the Aztec paintings, but simply to remove a part of the sorrow caused by the disappearance of many of them, and to exonerate the missionaries from the charge made against them. I do not think that any historical document is useless. I would wish, on the contrary, that all the histories painted by the Aztecs had remained till now, that they might serve for the study of the learned, who, with sure criticism and tranquil minds, would dedicate themselves to shedding light on those obscure epochs. But I cannot bear exaggerations springing from passion, and it is my desire that to everything should be assigned its true value.

To sum up: neither in quantity nor in quality was there any great damage inflicted by the missionaries on the Aztec paintings, and what they did inflict in the beginning, they fully repaired; and there is no justice in accusing them of ignorance and fanaticism for one moment of error which was very excusable. And if we look carefully, we shall see that those who most affect sorrow are those who are least acquainted with the subject, and who would never have gone to the trouble of studying it. It is not zeal for the progress of science that calls forth those lamentations, it is the spirit of party or of sect, which thinks to have found a weapon against Spain and against the Church in the supposed ignorance of their first messengers. Sound criticism will not allow a continuation of those absurd accusations against the missionaries, and in particular against Sr. Zumarraga. He who persists in seeking to maintain such charges succeeds only in establishing his own ignorance, prejudice and passion.

Which?

Once a poet wrote a sonnet
All about a pretty bonnet,
And a critic sat upon it
(On the sonnet,
Not the bonnet),
Nothing loth.

And, as if it were high treason,
He said, "Neither rhyme nor reason
Has it. And it is out of season!"

Which? the sonnet

Or the bonnet?

Maybe both.

"It is a feeble imitation
Of a wavier creation,
An esthetic innovation!"
(Of a sonnet,
Or a bonnet?)
This was hard.

Both were put together neatly,
Harmonizing very sweetly.
But the critic crushed completely,
Not the bonnet,
Or the sonnet,
But the bard.

—Ex.

The Influence of Catholic Laymen.*

The subject of "Influence" is one that is curiously vague, shadowy and undefined; at the same time we know that it is a fact significantly real and startlingly powerful in human affairs. There are various phases and forms of influence—moral, social, political, religious, national,—and these might be subdivided again into various minor classifications. Influence, as far as we may define it at all, is a quality or power derived from and growing out of the possession of certain attributes as character, education, wealth, talents, social or hereditary rank, and the like.

Of course, I do not purpose entering into a verbal disquisition defining phrases and meanings. I have to deal only with the moral influence of Catholic laymen. I will only say this one word on the subject of political influence: If Catholics will exercise the right of suffrage with due regard to their responsibilities as citizens and to their conscience, they would do the State a service and themselves honor. In such an event I think they would regard with more complacency, the public servants who are supposed to be, in some degree at least, *their* representatives.

But what I have to deal with in this lecture is the influence which Catholics have it in their power to exercise for the propagation of truth and the mitigation of evil, for carrying out the injunction to do good to all. Catholics are stimulated to this primarily, of course, because it is a religious duty, taught by our Saviour Himself. We have on our side a great and powerful factor which should give unfailing courage and strength for every undertaking. We are members of the Church—the living Church, the Church of the ages; the Church of St. Peter and St. Gregory and St. Patrick; the Church of Constantine and Charlemagne and Alfred, the Church of Columbus and Marquette.

It is a powerful factor of strength in a controversy, a great moral support to know that you are in the right. A Catholic has this certainty as a basis for his faith. Then, too, the Church is admittedly a great moral and conservative power, even

* Substance of a Lecture delivered in Chicago, January 7th, by the HON. W. J. ONAHAN, LL. D., '75. We are indebted to the gifted author for the copious notes herewith published. [ED. SCHOL.]

in human affairs; and this in itself is a source of strength, so that, though we may lack wealth, education and social rank as sources of influence, the lack of these, where they are not possessed, is compensated in great part by the splendid heritage we do possess.

I do not mean to speak of sacraments and graces. That is neither within my sphere nor purpose. What I wish to point out—the purpose of this unambitious lecture—is to show to Catholic laymen how and where they can most usefully and most effectively employ their zeal and their influence in promoting and forwarding works of Catholic importance. The Catholics who are to do the work of the Church and thereby prove themselves her true soldiers, are the men of earnest, sincere faith and practical piety. If we add to this a real ardor, then we have the qualities that go to make up Catholic heroes—laymen who illustrate in their daily lives the beauty and beneficence of Catholic moral teaching.

It is a great work that is given you to do, and the field is limited only by your zeal. It is no exaggeration to assert that at no previous period in the history of the Church was there so grand an opportunity for the influence of Catholic laymen such as is presented to us in this our own day; and nowhere, I venture to say, under more inviting conditions for its exercise, than in the country in which it is our happy fortune to live. The recent august Plenary Council, held in Baltimore, has, as you doubtless know, through the medium of the "Pastoral Letter," strongly and eloquently appealed to Catholic laymen to unite their forces and employ their energies and their influence to promote religious works, to rally to the defense of the citadel of Christianity itself, now threatened on every side.

The "Pastoral" says: "In the great combat between truth and error, between faith and agnosticism, an important part of the fray must be borne by the laity; and woe to them if they are not well prepared!" These are solemn words of appeal and warning. The council warmly approves of societies of Catholic laymen, and singles out for special and strong recommendation, Catholic temperance societies. Needless to say the crying sin of intemperance, the pest of society, the curse of the land, is denounced in intense language.

The present illustrious Pontiff Leo XIII, on different occasions, in encyclical letters, and in public addresses, has appealed to the ardor and zeal of Catholic laymen everywhere, urging them to combine in societies and otherwise that Catholic influence might be made more effective in promoting the work of religion, in championing and defending Catholic rights and principles. The secret of power here and everywhere is union. I need not pause to enforce this axiom by examples. Of course, I realize full well the power of secret societies; but with these, of whatever kind or character, Catholics can have nothing to do. A Catholic who joins a secret oath-bound society, in doing so, deliberately tramples his religion under his feet.

We must have open-handed and open-hearted union for known and legitimate Catholic purposes under the patronage of the Church.

How many works of practical utility and generous charity invite our zeal! how many opportunities for lofty and inspiring example lie in our daily paths! These, if rightly used, would plead for the cause of truth and justice more forcibly and powerfully than "angels trumpet-tongued." What more generous work could engage the zeal of Catholic laymen, for example, than the mission of charity, which enlists the zeal of the noble Society of St. Vincent de Paul—the ideal Christian brotherhood? Do you know the circumstances and conditions under which this now world-famed society was organized? It was not the work of a bishop, or priest, or monk; it was the work of a Catholic layman.

Frederic Ozanam, the founder, was, in the early quarter of the present century, a young student pursuing his studies at the University of Paris. He was a loyal, practical Catholic—an example, unhappily then rare, in the University. Ozanam took frequent part in the debates and discussions in the lyceum; and, as he possessed eloquence and talent, he could hold his own with credit in the intellectual controversies. But he grew weary of mere talk which effected nothing. On one occasion, as indeed on many preceding, the arena had resounded with violent attacks on the Church, the arguments, as usual, being sarcasm and ridicule.

Ozanam, as always, was prompt and effective in his rejoinder, though he, with a few companions like himself, faithful Catholics, were in an overwhelming minority, students and professors being almost altogether infidels and scoffers.

In this last discussion to which I have referred, there was one taunt flung at Ozanam which left a sting. "Yes," it was said, "no doubt the Catholic Church, your Church, was a grand affair in the past, and accomplished great works in bygone ages, but now she is *effete*; she is a ruin cumbering the earth. What does she do? What do you Catholics do?" Ozanam doubtless answered this taunt as he could so well answer it—that the Church was still, as in the ancient days, multiplying monuments and testimonies of religion and charity on every side; that she was still sending forth to the farthest ends of the earth missionaries as zealous and heroic as those who evangelized Europe in the early centuries.

But while Ozanam answered the reviler, the answer did not take away the sting of the sarcasm. He went away from the hall, pondering on the thought: What do we do to show our faith in works? He pondered on it again and again, and finally resolved, with the co-operation of his few young Catholic associates to begin a work among the poor of Paris, as best illustrating the spirit of religion, as most in conformity with divine teaching, and having the highest of all examples.

A preliminary meeting was held in an obscure room in Paris to organize the society, and there the plans were laid down. "There were only eight of us," said Ozanam, speaking afterwards of

that first meeting; "but there was the real Catholic spirit." And thus was founded the great Society of St. Vincent de Paul, now known in every land. One of Ozanam's friends, in view of what must have seemed a Quixotic undertaking, said to him, with a sort of pity: "But what do you hope to do? You are only eight poor young fellows, and you expect to relieve the misery that swarms in a city like Paris?" This would naturally be the conclusion of the worldly wise; and yet these "eight poor young fellows" shortly had increased to 2,000 in Paris alone, where they visited 5,000 poor families, or an average of 20,000 persons!

Little more than fifty years has passed since Ozanam and his few companions, these "poor young fellows," began this charitable work. You have heard how humbly, in what obscurity! See now how the world is filled with apostles of charity in the persons of the Brotherhood of St. Vincent de Paul! Why do I hold up this shining example before you? It is to move you to take courage; to show you that great works are possible even to the humblest laymen, if only they are animated by the right motives, and governed by correct principles.

To honor God; to do good to all men; to spread the knowledge of the truth; to show by example what the truth really is; to promote right principles; to be honorable, to be just; to lift burdens from the lowly and the oppressed, to help the needy and care for the orphans and the foundling; to succor the sick and the distressed; to spread the blessed light of knowledge and learning through means of Christian schools; to encourage a zeal for sound and useful literature, and to aid in extending the circulation of sound Catholic journals and magazines; in a word, where a generous or useful work is to be done, do it. On the subject of Catholic journals and literature I feel an interest second only to that I feel in Catholic education—in fact, the one is the complement of the other. If Catholic laymen are to take the part pointed out to them by the Holy Father and by the Prelates in the Plenary Council—if they are to be active and influential champions of the truth, they must qualify themselves for the lofty and honorable position. They must be well instructed and well grounded in Catholic principles. This is especially necessary in these days of daily, almost hourly newspapers, which are often unscrupulous, frequently misinformed, and never careful when there is question simply of religious faith. Daily we see the grossest and most ridiculous statements in the daily papers as to Catholic principles and Catholic practices. Not, perhaps, intentionally malicious, but frequently grossly offensive.

Have we not to beware of this poison, if not for ourselves at least for our children? A Catholic journal in a Catholic family is a necessity, and Catholic magazines, too, should be added, if possible, and books. Surely, in these days of cheap literature, the humblest home can be provided with a few good and useful Catholic books. Not show-books; not subscription books; not books with

gaudy covers and flaring designs. Don't buy these big bibles and lives of the saints and of the Blessed Virgin, that nobody ever reads, and that simply serve as a make-believe, a show for a centre-table.

If Catholics are to be informed on all necessary questions of current discussion, they must refer to sound Catholic periodicals, and good honest books. Not every one has or can have the time—many have not the taste—to go deeply, if at all, into these vexed questions of current controversy; but all will gain light and information on questions of Catholic interest at home and abroad through the columns of the Catholic journals. Let it then be a duty to support them.

The influence of Catholic laymen should be exercised in preserving and extending sentiments of loyalty and attachment to the Holy See, the centre of Catholic unity. This is now more than ever a duty. The time has come when the Popes, no longer putting trust in kings and princes, now appeal to the loyalty and devotion of the Catholic laity who alone have remained faithful. You know what a mockery the very titles of these kings of Europe are now, once the so-called champions and traditional defenders of the faith—"Catholic Kings," and "Most Christian Majesties." Why, the very dogs may well bark in derision at these monarchs in false plumage, wearing dishonored titles! No, the hope of the Church is not in crowns or titles; these alliances in the past were almost always to the detriment of religion.

You have seen what was possible to the zeal of a few young Frenchmen in the cause of charity. Let me now show you what was effected in Germany for religion, religious rights, and religious interests, by the courage, the public spirit and the inflexible firmness of the Catholic laity of Germany, in the face of the most overwhelming obstacles. You will remember that when Germany smote France to the dust, crushed her power and carried her armies, including her Emperor—the last of his fatal dynasty—into captivity; when she had bound and fettered France to her will and bidding, Germany, I should say, rather, her iron-willed Chancellor, Bismarck, determined to bring the Papacy to terms. Having crushed with unexampled rapidity the mightiest empire in Europe, there would surely be little difficulty in dealing with a few obstinate bishops in Germany.

You know how Bismarck sought to dragoon the Catholic bishops of Germany to his despotic will; rather to dragoon the Holy Father, the venerated Pius IX, of blessed memory, under whose guidance and direction the bishops were acting. You remember how the Chancellor stormed and swore, and threatened and imprisoned; how he had savage laws passed according to his will to enable him to execute his purpose. Bishops were expelled or imprisoned; religious communities, by a sweeping edict, driven out of Germany; churches and schools closed; religion—it may be said, the Catholic religion—was placed under an interdict. It was an awful state of things for Catholicity in Germany. The Pope, to all human seeming, was powerless, and himself a virtual prisoner in the Vatican. He had

been despoiled, by violence and the basest treachery, of the inalienable possessions of the Church, the estates of the Holy See—or, as sometimes called, the “Patrimony of St. Peter”—and no power on earth moved hand or weapon to his defense? Yes, there was a gallant band of chivalric and intrepid heroes who flew to save, or fall with the venerable Pontiff.

From many lands, spirited volunteers crossed the seas to tender their services in defense of the rights of the Holy See. From loyal, faithful Catholic Ireland went a brave brigade of her gallant sons; from Canada, a splendid company, and from the United States not a few; and from Belgium and Holland and Spain and France.

They made a glorious little army, under the lead of the immortal Lamoriciere, as they faced Garibaldi's bandit horde of Sansculottes, on the plains of Spoleto.

You know the sequel: English treachery and Piedmontese force overwhelmed the little army. But future ages will yet ring with the renown of the Catholic heroes of Castel Fidardo and Spoleto, who sprung to the rescue and offered their lives in defense of the Holy See. And these were Catholic laymen.

While Bismarck was enforcing with relentless vigor his iron purpose, the Catholic laymen of Germany were not idle. The Catholic life of Germany for fifty years had been an active, energetic life. Associations of laymen, scientific, religious and benevolent, were spread on every side. They had their Catholic journals, and they supported them. They had able writers and speakers, and these were supported, too. In some countries that I have heard of, Catholic writers and lecturers are fortunate if they get to drive a street car!

They had in Germany, and have there still, general conventions and assemblies in which cardinals, bishops, priests and people were brought together and subjects of great moment were considered to the general benefit of religion.

Thus it was, that when Bismarck's tyranny culminated in the passage of the infamous “May Laws,” he encountered an energetic resistance from the Catholics of Germany. They did not sit down supinely and accept the situation as the will of God—as did the cowardly and weak-hearted French and Italian Catholics when like measures were enforced in these countries. No, they organized political associations to defend Catholic interests; they elected members to the *Reichstag*—the German parliament—to champion them; and at each successive election they continued to increase their representation until, at last, they had upwards of one hundred members, and were able to control the balance of power; until, finally, they were able to bring Bismarck to Canossa! How that defiant phrase rang through Europe, “we will not go to Canossa!” and how joyfully it was hailed by the enemies of the Church! But the iron Chancellor had to go to Canossa, notwithstanding!

The release of the Church in Germany from thralldom, the restoration of bishops and priests is

due to the firmness of Pius IX, and, still more, to the wisdom and profound sagacity of the present illustrious Pontiff; but without the splendid front and the united action of the German Catholic laity—following, of course, the lead of their bishops and priests—these triumphs would have been impossible. All honor to the German Catholics, and glory especially to their great leaders, Windhorst and Mallinkrodt!

This is another striking testimony to the necessity and importance of organization. It is the lever of Archimedes, the force that moves the world.

While I plead for the influence of Catholic laymen in its just sphere, let it be well understood that I contemplate no influence sought to be exercised in or over the Church. In her divinely-appointed mission, questions of faith and dogma and discipline are exclusively in the province and prerogative of the teaching authority; and that authority is the Holy See, and under it the bishops and priests of the Church.

This is Catholic doctrine and held as of faith, which Catholic laymen, all the world over, accept and believe, as they have in all past ages. It is the certain mark of Catholic loyalty, and you may be sure he is not a faithful child of the Church who fails to show respect for the teachings and admonitions of the teachers appointed by God.

This is not slavish submission, it is true independence. They alone are free whom the truth has made free. When our non-Catholic fellow-citizens come to realize and to see demonstrated the beneficent influence exercised by the Church over her children—and they surely will yet be brought to realize this blessed influence—they cannot escape being drawn to her. But this can only be done, under God's grace, by the example and influence of Catholic laymen. And here, truly, is your, here is all our terrible responsibility.

The moral and even the political future of this great country depends on the character of the people who control its destinies; and the Catholics of the United States, each succeeding decade, are likely to show more and more in growing numbers and power.

As in the past, their loyalty and devotion may always be counted on in unstinted measure in support of the free institutions of the United States. In the dangers which menace the peace and security of our Government, it goes without saying that our Catholic citizens will always be found arrayed on the side of order and conservatism. But there is a more serious and infinitely graver peril which threatens to wreck our future.

I mean, of course, the moral corruption of the people. We see the tide of immorality rising and swelling on every side. We see it in the widely-circulated “cheap and nasty” journals that, like the low theatres, defile the growing youth of the land. We see it in the vile and abominable cartoons that cover the walls and fences along our public highways—a contamination from which no eye, young or old, can escape. We see it in the shocking divorce system, only another form of

legalized polygamy. We see it in the steadily-diminishing standard of public honor, and in the growing greed for gain. Get rich, no matter how; get money, and you are all right. We see it, most pitiful of all, in the seeming contempt for God! In the crowds that swarm to listen to a coarse and flippant-tongued blasphemer, who, with smart jokes and re coined epigrams, mocks and jeers at the God that made him, and the crowds applaud! We see it in a universal unsettling of all convictions, in the upsetting of all faith, until it would seem that nothing is to be accepted but the idol gold!

Catholic laymen must do their utmost to arrest this inundation of moral disorder. They must help to stamp out these vile papers; they must frown upon, and, of course, utterly shun low theatres, and low plays in high theatres. Where the authority of law can be invoked for the suppression of these demoralizing plays, it ought to be invoked; but no law is effective unless backed by the force of a supporting public opinion.

And so with temperance; every effort should be made to strengthen its hold upon the people. The temperance cause deserves, and should command, your heartiest sympathies and your most active support, whether through the medium of the Total Abstinence Society, or of the "American League of the Cross." Work with all your zeal, through your societies and in every way, to make the influence of Catholic laymen felt in every generous work. The cause and the country are worthy of your highest efforts and loftiest devotion.

It would seem as if the Almighty had destined this continent to be the scene and theatre whereon the human race should work out the highest problems and attain to the most perfect freedom and happiness. The march of civilization as of empire is to the West.

Be it yours the duty and the honor to take no laggard's part in helping to realize the high destiny in store for America. It is a glorious ambition, worthy of Catholic freemen!

College Gossip.

—"Thon," the proposed new pronoun (impersonal, singular number), is being taught by some of the teachers in the public schools at Lewiston, Me.—*Ex.*

—Albuquerque, New Mexico, has an Indian school thoroughly organized, with elaborate accessories for teaching the aborigines useful trades as well as educating them.

—The Professors of Tokis University, Japan, have founded an association to promote the substitution of the Latin alphabet for the Chinese characters now used in Japanese.

—It is said that the site of Seton Hall College, South Orange, N. J., on account of its admirable location and its accessibility, will be selected for the proposed new Catholic University.

—At St. Patrick's Academy, Kent Av., Brooklyn, N. Y., there is a school for the study of the Irish language. There is a corps of competent teachers in constant attendance, so that persons of all ages may be taught to read and write the Gaelic language in the course of one year.

—Student in Geometry (in the course of a demonstration)—"If the arc AB be drawn, then will CD equal EF—"

Professor (interrupting)—"Why, please?"

S. in G.—"Why—why—it will come so!"

Professor (blandly persistent)—"But how will it 'come so'?"

S. in G. (loftily contemptuous)—"Well, if you'll give me a piece of string, I'll show you."

Prof. collapses, amid howls from class.—*Ex.*

—First College Man—"Have you heard the awful news about Princeton?"

Second College Man—"Princeton! Great Cæsar! Hasn't burned down, has it?"

"No, not exactly; but it has withdrawn from the rowing association."

"Oh! Well, that's not so bad. Such a step was absolutely necessary in order to give the students a fair chance, you know."

"A fair chance?"

"Yes, it is simply impossible for an educational institution to do full justice to rowing without actually neglecting baseball."—*Philadelphia Call.*

—The observatory of the Jesuit Fathers at Sikawei, near Shanghai, China, where they have a large and flourishing college, is the oldest and most complete in the Far East. Occasional observations were made as early as 1867; but a regular meteorological register was not kept before 1873, in which year the observatory at Sikawei was erected, and when the Rev. Father Dechevrens, who is still in charge, became its director. Naturally, it was then very incomplete, but within the last two years it has been considerably enlarged; for which purpose the Father made a trip to England and France, that he might personally select instruments of the latest and most improved design.

—*Ave Maria.*

—The education of girls in Vienna is somewhat peculiar, and worthy of note, writes a correspondent from that city. Up to fifteen years of age they are kept at their studies. After they leave school they go through a year's or two years' teaching in the pantry and in the kitchen, under some member of the family or even in some cases in another family under trained cooks. They may never be required to cook a dinner, but they are thus rendered independent of cooks and servants, as they learn how to do everything themselves long before they begin housekeeping on their own account. When married, they are most affectionate wives and mothers. An Austrian lady, in fact, is as accomplished and learned as an English governess, as good a housekeeper and cook as a German, as witty in society as a Parisian, as passionate as an Italian, and as handsome as an American—some of the most beautiful women in Europe being in Vienna.

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

Notre Dame. February 21. 1885.

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

THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC Contains:

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

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

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

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

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

OLD STUDENTS SHOULD TAKE IT.

Terms, \$1.50 per Annum. Postpaid.

Address EDITOR NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC,
Notre Dame, Indiana.

Our Staff.

N. H. EWING, '84.	G. HARRY SMITH, '85.
C. C. KOLARS, '85.	T. J. MCKINNERY, '85.
P. GOULDING, '86.	FRANK H. DEXTER, '87.
FRANK J. HAGENBARTH, '87.	

—We give space in our editorial columns this week to a very timely paper from the pen of Very Rev. Father General Sorin, who writes concerning a widespread evil of the present time in the shape of dangerous literature. The words of the venerable Father are full of the thought and wisdom of age and experience, and merit the careful attention of all classes of readers—instructors as well as instructed.

An Evil of the Times.

BAD READING.

I have never sided with pessimists; on the contrary, I always felt inclined to follow the apostolic counsel, and hope even against all odds—*Spes contra spem*. But warnings from Divine Providence must be heeded, for they come as saving messages from on high. *Hodie, si vocem ejus audieritis, nolite obdurare corda vestra*.

I doubt if society has ever known anything like its present state. Such seems to be the conviction of every serious Christian mind, from the very head of the Church in Rome, to the humblest mis-

sionary, who has eyes to see and ears to hear. At no time, since the beginning of Christianity, has the "peace of men of good will" been more profoundly disturbed. The great calamities we hear of, from fires, earthquakes, floods, and pestilence, are indeed dreadful reminders of Divine Justice, visiting the iniquities of the impious, who in their heart say that "there is no God,—*non est Deus*." But, frequent and awful as they are, they do not compare with an evil which seems now, more than ever, to deluge the world; and, what is worse yet, the waters of this terrible flood are daily and hourly rising higher and higher, with such force as to create dismay in every sensible soul. Atheism is spreading in all directions, carried wide and high by two powerful wings—the school and the press—in such a manner as was never seen before. This new enemy has come upon us gradually: hence the apathetic insensibility of the multitude, who feel no particular alarm *to-day*, because *yesterday* it was well nigh the same. But a stranger who lands on our shores and scans our atmosphere attentively, as the clear and far-seeing Rev. Father Clarke, S. J., from London, did, a few months ago, cannot help noticing the unmistakable signs of a storm threatening the complete destruction of our grand Republic and its admirable institutions.

The first element of life and vitality is a pure atmosphere. Nothing can make up for the loss of it. When, a few months ago, the cholera was raging in Marseilles, not only the people fled from the city, but the very birds were the first to feel the danger, and disappear from the vitiated streets: instinctively they sought other regions where they could breathe pure air and escape death. What a lesson for man! Again, a loving father, a tender mother, who yesterday felt so happy with their darling children, at a dinner unusually enjoyed by all, are simply horror-stricken when, on leaving the table, a servant, pale and haggard, comes in and tells them that a dish of which all had eaten with delight was poisoned! Not one in the house had suspected it; the cooks themselves had just discovered the fact, when too late, and were themselves in the pangs of death! . . . This horror has been seen and reported all over the land. Fortunately, such accidents are rare.

But similar catastrophes, even more appalling, because of their reaching a higher and wider sphere, daily and hourly happen in our midst. Need I say when and where? Excellent, affectionate, and honorable parents, as we have seen, will, after enjoying a repast in the company of their loved ones, leave the table, brimful of happiness; the mother herself opens the door of the parlor, and all are happily gathered together. What is then presented before them for their intellectual entertainment? On the reading-table, one large daily, perhaps, two; an illustrated magazine; a new romance, of lively interest; a large quarto of new fresh caricatures; a new, captivating, blue-covered "Young Hero!" "Men and Women of Our Time!" etc., etc. Then, advertising representations of theatrical scenes, etc., etc.—and in the centre of the table, a Bible—the only article un-

cared for and untouched. The rest are seized upon and *devoured*. . . . How many will retire *healthy, uncontaminated* in mind, in heart, in soul? A look, a paragraph, a page, contained enough of virus, or deadly poison, to kill any young, innocent, unsuspecting and stainless soul. The poison, so copiously spread on this second table, has ascended to that noble, impressionable young brain; has moved that pure, sensitive and warm heart; a new seed of a most dangerous nature has been planted in that heaven-born soul; the fruit it will bring is—death itself. The child may have entered the room as pure as an angel; when he leaves it, Satan is his master. . . . The change may not appear at once; but the seed, I say, is sown—it will grow. The soul which, like a crystal, reflected so clearly the image of God, has now lost its brightness with its baptismal innocence and purity. A sad wreck has brought to grief the guardian angels of the place. An immortal soul has just been destroyed! And that from an eager and attentive look—from a line, or a page, that has created a new sensation; a desire to know more; a knowledge of *good and evil*, such as was created in the soul of Eve.

Oh! what a change suddenly took place in the hearts of our first parents in an instant! How many a new Eve will deplore the same results! repeating,—but also too late and in vain—that “the serpent hath deceived me!” They loved their children even more than themselves. They lived almost only to see them happy. But, strange to say, they seemed to ignore the fact that *they had a soul!* Satan did not forget it, and suggested, as a means of increasing their enjoyment, some interesting pictures, and magazines, and illustrated monthlies and romances. . . . A little timid hesitation was met at first in the mother’s mind, as in Eden of old; but the simple thought of making her darling boy happier very soon did away with all apprehensions of any penalty; and the beloved son was at once, if not directly advised, at least permitted to enjoy something hitherto unknown. Here is what happens every day, not in a solitary family, but in a hundred, a thousand family-circles of our land, killing souls without the least alarm or sensation. Who will approach the father or mother to inform them of the direful work that is being done under their own eyes? They would smile at what they think an exaggerated, nonsensical scrupulousness!

No danger is feared from associations at school or sights in the street; the child is moving, running, playing—all is right; but what of the soul? Nobody knows or seems to care. Wait! See that child returning home, slowly, with a look of distraction and preoccupation, dreaming of something he has seen or heard or read. What a change! Only a short time before, even strangers visiting the house, and seeing him so happy with his loving mother, leaving her but to rush into the arms of his dear father, admired, and really looked upon that mother as the angel guardian of a heavenly little circle—the happiest woman on earth. And so it was.

The soul then was pure, stainless: it was Eden before sin had entered it. But, as we have said, the morning will find the children all bright, and ready to go to school, where, alas! in eight out of ten cases, they will soon learn how to disregard and stifle all remorse of conscience, and to sharpen a new appetite for sensual enjoyments. How long will it take with such surroundings to bring this contagious seed to full bloom and maturity? . . . Such has been the planting, such the luxurious growth, and the rich harvest of infidelity, in the tender souls of thousands of promising youths, now apparently dead to any sense of religion,—premature wrecks, giving a death-blow to the fond expectations of loving but unwise parents, now doomed to reap the fruit of the noxious seed they have sown in the tender and rich hearts that otherwise would have repaid them a hundredfold with an abundant harvest of joys and consolations and honors in their declining years. What a loss! Where is the compensation?

How different from the views of such parents were the views and sentiments of the saintly mother of St. Louis, king of France: “I would sooner see you, my son, dead and buried than defiled by one mortal sin!”

The very same remark was heard, but a few years ago, from the Holy Man of Tours. He had only one child, an accomplished young daughter. One afternoon, riding with her beloved father, they passed before a theatre; she expressed a desire to be taken to that famous resort. Mr. Dupont noticed the request, and felt aggrieved. After supper, while on his knees before the Holy Face, he begged of our Blessed Lord to call to Himself that dear child of his, ere she had lost her baptismal innocence. A few months after she was taken ill, and died in the arms of her most affectionate father. No sooner had she breathed her last than the heroic Christian arose and recited the *Te Deum*. “Now,” said he to the Bishop-elect of Le Mans, then present, “my child sees God forever!” The father has since rejoined her, never to be separated from her again!

How long will Christian mothers concentrate all their attention and care upon the bodies, the material features of their dear children, and forget that they have a soul to guard from eternal ruin—a soul to which nothing can compare in importance, for time and for eternity! Oh, mothers! far from finding fault with your desire to make your dear young ones happy, I praise you for it; I myself delight in remembering the solicitude of which I was the object, long years ago. I admire your inexhaustible love for your precious offspring. But until a mother knows how to discriminate between the temporal and the eternal interests of her child she will not do him justice. She will lovingly fatigue herself to multiply his momentary enjoyments, but will scarcely think of securing him an endless happiness.

You weary yourself in feeding and adorning his body, while you let his immortal soul starve: nay, you seem unconcerned as to what deadly poison

he may inhale or become inoculated with under your own eyes! Should you hear of anyone threatening your child with harm, or attempting his life, you would tremble; while by your side he is imbibing, unchecked, death to his soul, no alarm is felt. A touch of fever, a fall, a trifling accident startles a mother's heart. This is all of the body, and will greatly impress a mother's heart. But she knows also that in that son she loves so tenderly there is a soul, the very life of that body—a soul which must some day depart, and leave that body a piece of clay. All will soon know where the body lies; but that priceless soul—will it go to heaven or to Hell? As a rule, this all-important question is reserved to mothers for a solution. They do not decide, but make the case. They are, above all others, responsible for the fate of the child they have brought forth. An immortal soul has been entrusted to their care. Can they feel justified in doing less for the glorious destiny of that soul than for its frail envelope of a day? Through that envelope, life or death may reach it at any moment—through the eyes, through the ears, through its every sense.

To-day the danger that surrounds the young soul on every side comes from poisonous books. Here is the enemy. Children will read. To parents belongs the inalienable right to select what should be granted or denied admittance within the family-circle with the same vigilance, at least, as they exercise in procuring wholesome food or removing dangerous poisons. Not a sample of vicious novels or romances, etc., should ever be found on the table or within the walls of their homes. There are enough of excellent Catholic works, of interesting Catholic papers and edifying magazines to satisfy all the wants, and abundantly supply every honest desire of the heart. Let the entire household be made to feel interested in exclusively Catholic literature. If a variety cannot be procured, at least one interesting, edifying and enlightened weekly should be regularly secured, as the angel guardian of each family. If such a messenger does good to those you love best, propagate it, as a saving antidote against the deadly wounds desolating your neighborhood, and thus you will prove real benefactors to your friends and acquaintances. E. S.

Exchanges.

—An editorial in *The Haverfordian* begins in this wise: "From the tone of some few of our exchanges we should judge that their highest ideal is to be able to growl in good style, for most of their editorials are complaints. We are not sure that this is the most effective way to get improvements; as a general thing, an incessant string of complaints about existing circumstances makes everybody disgusted." That is just what we think, *Haverfordian*. Of disagreeable people, the Perpetual Growler is one of the most disagreeable. There is nothing manly in him, or womanly either; he is a sort of mongrel being whose habitual diet

would seem to be gall and wormwood. We occasionally meet the P. P., and when we do happen to meet him we either give him a wide berth or something for which to remember us.

—Anent growling, the Exchange-editor of the *College Courier* is an Occasional Growler; when he does take the fit, he "has it bad." Catholicism is his great *bête noir*; he cannot even refer to anything Catholic without working himself into a rage. We have tried our best to squeeze a little philosophy into his narrow mind, to pat his sore head gently, to make him look at things reasonably, and to ease him a little of his ingrained prejudices, but it seems all efforts have proved unavailing. He is even now in a towering passion, caused by the badinage of the *Niagara Index* man—who has been poking some of his cynical fun at him—and retorts by calling his smiling tormentor a "penned-up old hypochondriac," an "inebriate Exchange-editor," etc., etc. It is of no manner of use to reason with this Occasional Growler; his sore spots are too many; he is always in his own and everybody else's way, and is sure to be hit on one of the sore spots by some of the passed balls of the editorial baseball crowd around him. Before his tilt with the *Index*, one of the *Courier* man's sore spots was struck with the handsome cover of the *Wooster Collegian*: he growled at it, and the *Collegian* strikes another sore spot by intimating that the *Courier's* chief fault is not in the cover, but inside—not a cutaneous affection but an organic ailment. The *Courier's* Exchange-editor evidently needs rest, and a tonic; a rubbing down with St. Jacob's Oil for a week or two would probably benefit him, but this remedy must be presented under another name, if presented at all; the "St." on the wrapper might have a bad effect, and necessitate his removal to a lunatic asylum.

—After getting into a bad temper with the *Courier*, the Exchange-editor of the *Wooster Collegian* happens next on the SCHOLASTIC, and, of course, we come in for a little of his splenetic humor. He says:

"The NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC shows some advancement in one respect. Many college papers are papers of one idea. SCHOLASTIC scores one better. It has two. the first, Catholicism; the second, Exchange Department, or Self. For they always have that department full, whether there is anything else or not. Suppose you view the external world once and tell us what you see. It would be something so fresh and new in your paper."

Which is equivalent to saying that we haven't paid proper attention to the *Wooster Collegian* lately. We beg to be excused; we have a large pile of exchanges to go through, of which only a few can be noticed, and meritorious papers will often pass months without a notice. Now, that the *Collegian* forces itself upon our attention, we will say that it is a pretty good paper, but by no means a colossus in college journalism. After the broad hint given above, we of course made a study of the paper to see what good traits we could copy but—well, we haven't decided to change. We find the *Collegian* badly mixed, in religion, in science, in politics, and in everything else. First comes relig-

ion, in what the *Collegian* writer entitles "A Mission of Doubt," in which we are told that "Doubt, in his soul-destroying form, is a hideous monster that baffles description." Perhaps so; we don't question the truth of the assertion. As we have not had a personal acquaintance with the monster we must take the description on credit. We are elsewhere told that

"The Reformation is a child of doubt, born in the corruption and lust of the Church, nourished in the flames of burning martyrs, and declared a legitimate son of freedom by the red hand of war. It was the work of the Puritans to proclaim to the world those grand ideas which have been the political salvation of the world. To them we owe the blessings of freedom, both of body and mind. Their views were narrow, but they laid the foundation of our government, and, above all, they broke the chains which fettered conscience."

Badly mixed, is it not? If the Reformation was a child of Doubt we fail to see how "the red hand of War" could declare it "a legitimate son of Freedom," unless Freedom be acknowledged the wedded wife of the monster, which would be absurd. We are next told that "Science, too, owes her god-like strides of progress" largely to the same monster, Doubt; that without him "we could never have had a Copernicus or Kepler, or a Newton." The writer is evidently dreaming, under the influence of the monster's opiate. We know that the humble and saintly Roman Catholic priest Copernicus, was harassed by the disciples of Doubt, and appealed to Rome for protection and got it; and that Kepler, like Tycho Brahé, was hunted by Protestant Doubt from city to city, from country to country, until he finally found refuge under the ægis of Pope Gregory XIII in a Roman Catholic University. We can hardly be forced into the belief that to the Puritans we owe the blessings of freedom either of body or mind; or that they broke the chains which fettered conscience, or that they laid the foundation of our Government. Constrained by circumstances, the Puritans lent a helping hand in the foundation of the Government; they did their share of the work, and did it nobly, but if they had their way we should never have had freedom of conscience. That we owe chiefly to the Catholics of Maryland and Pennsylvania. With regard to the Bible, the *Wooster* writers seem to be also worried by the delusions of Doubt. They try to pull themselves through the apparent difficulties in Genesis as if those difficulties were real, by saying that Geology forced the Church to accept the former's interpretation of the "six days." We know that long before Geology became a science the Catholic divine and philosopher, St. Augustine, Bishop of Hippo, interpreted the six days as six indefinite periods of time, which interpretation is reasonable, as there was no sun to measure night and day as we know them. So also in politics, the condition of the *Wooster* man is deplorable. A while ago, shouting with the Republicans, he is now on the fence between the Independents and Democrats, and hardly knows which side to jump. In all things he seems to be under the influence of the monster Doubt, so we think we shall keep on as we have been doing and not heed his bluster.

Books and Periodicals.

—The February number of Brainard's *Musical World* is interesting, both in literary and musical contents. There are two good songs in the number, and as many excellent piano pieces. We commend the *World* to all lovers of music.

—We have received from Messrs. Benziger Bros., Cincinnati, a copy of their beautiful and interesting Almanac for the year 1885. The contents comprise a choice selection of prose and verse, embracing tales, anecdotes, short poems, biographies, descriptive sketches, astronomical calculations, etc. The numerous illustrations are very good—especially the lively-colored chromo which faces the title-page.

—We are indebted to the publisher, Mr. J. J. Jocquel, 168 Calhoun St., Fort Wayne, Ind., for a copy of "A Biographical Sketch of the Rt. Rev. Julian Benoit, Domestic Prelate to His Holiness Leo XIII, and Vicar-General of the Diocese of Fort Wayne: By a Clergyman of the Episcopal Household." The sketch of the life of this pioneer priest is published in pamphlet form, and is accompanied with an excellent portrait of the illustrious deceased. It is an edifying record of a devoted life, and recounts many an interesting incident connected with the progress of the Church in Northern Indiana. With it is published also the funeral discourse, pronounced by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Dwenger; altogether making a pamphlet of some 50 pages. Price, postage free, paper cover, 30 cents; cloth bound, 60 cents.

—*The Popular Science Monthly*, which in former times had been a favorite visitor to the SCHOLASTIC sanctum, has made its re-appearance, and, of course, is heartily welcomed as an old acquaintance. The number for February, which has just reached us, contains a variety of ably-written articles, interesting and instructive, and well worth reading. The *Review* is really what it pretends to be—i. e., a *Popular Science Monthly*, written for all classes of readers. The present number gives a portrait of Sir David Brewster, accompanied by a biographical sketch. We read with great interest the article on "Sight and Hearing of Railway Employes," by Prof. W. Thompson. We cannot say the same of the article on "Evolution and the Destiny of Man." We doubt very much whether the writer is himself convinced of what he affirms against Prof. Fiske. However, we agree perfectly with him when he states: "Theology is a matter of revelation, and science a matter of observation; it is well to keep the two as separate as possible"; but we would say that this is the best thing for those who do not know how to harmonize the two.

The Popular Science Monthly is edited by E. L. and W. J. Youmans, and published by D. Appleton & Co. Price, \$5.00 a year.

—We have just received from the publishers, Cambridge, Mass., a neatly-bound series of numbers of *Science* from August 29th to October 3d, of 1884, which contain the "Reports of the

Meetings of the Scientific Associations recently held in Montreal and Philadelphia." Those who had not the pleasure and privilege of assisting at the meetings may, from the perusal of these "reports," obtain a fair idea of all that was said and done in the various sessions of the two associations. They are invaluable to every scientific man in the country. Compendious, without sacrificing completeness, the abstracts of the various addresses sum up the principal statements of their authors in a manner at the same time pleasing and clear without fatiguing. The proceedings of the various sections are graphically told, and their perusal will, at the same time, prove pleasing and instructive, not only to the man of science, but also to the general reader. The editors of *Science* merit the thanks of all scientific men in the country in thus furnishing them an abstract of the work done during the past few years by the members of the two great scientific bodies in Great Britain and America. We know of no other scientific publication of the extent and importance of *Science* that we would recommend more strongly to our readers. One year's subscription will convince them of this fact.

—The *American Catholic Quarterly Review* has now entered upon its tenth year, still maintaining the high standard of excellence for which it is noted and which places it in the front rank among the publications of its class in the literary world. The number for January presents a collection of interesting and instructive articles from able thinkers and writers on timely and appropriate topics. Dr. John Gilmary Shea, in a paper on "The Pastoral Letter of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore," comments at length upon this document of the Fathers of the Church in the United States. The treatment of his subject gives Dr. Shea an opportunity to present valuable and interesting information in connection with the progress of the Church in our country. "What is a Liberal Education?" is the subject of a very timely paper by the Rev. Thomas Hughes, S. J. The writer ably defends the cause of the classics; *i. e.*, the Greek and Roman languages and literature, against such opponents as President Eliot, of Harvard, and scientists in general, and maintains their importance and necessity in a "liberal education." The article is divided into three parts, in the first of which the writer maintains the position—"that the needs existing in a boy's mind call for general education, not for special training." In the second part the two propositions are well established: "that only a literature is the adequate instrument for general or liberal education, and that the classic literatures, notably the Greek, are the choicest amongst all." In the third part the objections of opponents are summed up and answered. Brother Barbas contributes an erudite article, entitled "St. Thomas's Latest Critic." The "critic" is a certain Mr. Davidson, author of a translation of *The Philosophical System of Rosmini*, who takes occasion of his work to berate "scholasticism as a system of absurdities and contradictions." Brother Barbas ably defends the

"philosophy of the schools," and, in an interesting and clear manner, sets forth the main features of the scholastic system, treating such questions as, "the existence of secondary causes necessarily requires a positing of a first cause"; "matter and form"; "the process in sensible and intellectual perception," etc. The other articles in the *Review* are also learned and interesting, making altogether a number of unusual literary and scientific value.

Local Items.

- Carni vale.*
- The snow still lingers.
- The Thespians to-night.
- The days are lengthening.
- The weather still continues very cold.
- "Falsely Accused" is billed for to-night.
- The "Judge" will be in his element to-night.
- The "blizzard" has begun to "let up" a little.
- The new tip-staff of the Thespians is *perfectly* immense.
- Dan wants to have a smoking car attached to the Law-room.
- Our poets lamentation: "Spring, Spring, when wilt thou be here?"
- The longest season of the year is at hand: let your mind and soul broaden.
- A new piano has been added to the other treasures of the Sorin Society-room.
- The "Missa Brevis," sung on last Sunday, was an agreeable as well as devotional change.
- There are eight vacancies to be filled in the Boat Club next week. Who will be the lucky ones?
- Aspirants for treasurer of the Boat Club are becoming numerous. "Dicky" thinks he is the coming man.
- Valentines arrived early last Saturday; we saw one fellow reading his "in the morning by the bright light."
- "Chawley" wants to know if he can retire to the Infirmary during Lent. No, because that would be in-do(r)lent.
- It is now stated, on official authority, that the Philodemics will positively hold a meeting on Wednesday evening next.
- We hear that there is a treat in store for all lovers of good Church music. We hope that it will be a "joy not long deferred."
- Our friend John would like to have the Law Class explain why an injunction cannot be laid on old Probabilities and his blizzards.
- Those Gymnasium *soirées* partake too much of the nature of cannon-ball explosions to suite the taste of the average docile-minded person.
- Our friend "John" expects to bring out soon his new serio-comic drama, entitled "A Panic in the Gymnasium." It will be rendered in three acts and a tableau.

—The Philopatrians return thanks to Rev. President Walsh, Rev. M. Regan, Prof. Edwards and Bro. Simon, for favors received in connection with their recent excursion.

—Rev. President Walsh examined the arithmetic classes in the Minim department on Tuesday, and was very much pleased with the progress made by the "Princes."

—Prof. Ackerman has begun frescoing the Juniors' refectory, and will afterwards adorn the walls with a series of paintings similar in design to those which now ornament the Seniors' room.

—The acolytes deserve special mention for the manner in which they performed their duties during the ceremonies of the Forty Hours' Devotion. They showed good training and a commendable spirit of devotion.

—There was a little "surprise party" the other day, when an army of devotees of the "vile weed," with various styles and forms of fumigating articles, invaded the sacred precincts of the room of an innocent non-smoker.

—The following problem is commended to the tender mercies of our rising mathematicians:

"From Philadelphia to San Francisco the distance is 3,200 miles. Trains leave each city at 9 a. m. and 9 p. m. daily, and cross the continent at the rate of 400 miles per day. How many trains will one of them meet in its journey?"

—One very handsome valentine was received to our office last week, viz., the "Columbia Valentine," issued by the Pope Manufacturing Co., of Boston, Mass. It is a beautiful specimen of skilled work in chromo-lithography, the design being in twelve colors and mounted on a panel.

—The *Herold des Glaubens* (St. Louis) says of the *Scholastic Annual*:

"This *Annual*, published for ten years past at Notre Dame, Ind., is every year growing into greater favor. The present issue, with its choice contents, is no exception. It may be had at all bookstores, and in St. Louis at B. Herder's, 17 South Broadway."

—The Military Company is now permanently organized, under the name of the "Otis Light Guards." For the present, drilling will be from half-past seven to half-past eight, on Tuesday evening, and from 5 to 6 on Thursday and Sunday evenings. The first drill occurred last Thursday, and everything went off smoothly.

—Acting upon the truthful saying, "A thing of beauty is a joy forever," the "Laws" are having made unto themselves an elegant new apartment which, when completed, promises to be the seat of legal learning and forensic eloquence, where the aspiring candidate for gubernatorial honors may learn how

"The applause of listening senates to command."

—Very Rev. Father General has given the "Princes" a beautiful skin of a California lion. They have placed it in their Society-room, in front of Prof. Gregori's grand mural painting representing Very Rev. Father General Founding Notre Dame, where it is quite in keeping with the grotesque costumes of the Indians who surround the figure of the venerated Founder. The "Princes"

present most affectionate thanks to their loved Father for the much-prized gift.

—The 5th regular meeting of the Junior T. A. U. was held Wednesday evening, Feb. 18th. Masters W. Congdon, H. Barks, G. Cooper and R. Frain, were admitted to membership. Master G. Myers read an essay on "Father Matthew," the great apostle of temperance. The election of officers for the second session resulted as follows: Director, Rev. T. E. Walsh; President, Frank J. Hagenbarth; 1st Vice-President, W. Wabraushek, 2d Vice-President, S. O'Brien; Recording Secretary, J. Monschein; Corresponding Secretary, C. Harris; Treasurer, M. Mulkern; Standard-Bearer, G. Myers; Censors, H. Sedberry and W. Congdon.

—The beautiful devotion of the Forty Hours Adoration of the Blessed Sacrament began on last Sunday with the celebration of Solemn High Mass, and terminated on Tuesday evening, with the solemn procession and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. The exercises of the three days were attended with edifying devotion by the Catholic students, all of whom received Holy Communion in a body. During the Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament, the altar was covered with myriads of flowers and lights, which, together with the impressive ceremonies, inspired devotion and reverence. Acknowledgments for contributions of flowers are made to Profs. Lyons, Edwards, Hoynes, Zahm and Otis.

—At a meeting of the Sorin Literary and Dramatic Association, held Feb. 18th, the election of officers for the 2d session resulted as follows: Hon. Directors, Rt. Rev. Bishop Dwenger, and Very Rev. Edward Sorin; Director, Rev. T. E. Walsh; General Critic, Rev. J. A. O'Connell; President, Prof. J. F. Edwards; Promoter, B. William; 1st Vice-President, E. Kelly; 2d Vice-President, C. O. Inderrieden; Recording Secretary, J. T. Kelly; Corresponding Secretary, W. P. McPhee; Treasurer, I. Grunsfeld; 1st Censor, J. A. McVeigh; 2d Censor, I. Bunker; Marshall, J. Ernest; 1st Critic, G. Landenwich; 2d Critic, F. Weston; 1st Monitor, B. O'Kane; 2d Monitor, F. Salman. The meeting closed with speeches from J. Ernest, F. Salman, A. McVeigh, B. O'Kane.

—Taking a stroll in the upper regions of the main building one day last week we were surprised to find there one of the finest class-rooms in the college. The place and the room were new to us, as we seldom get so near heaven as the fifth story of the College. We entered, and looked around. The walls were hung with finished drawings of various kinds—artistic, and mechanical drawings,—and on the handsome desks and ledges were some thirty or forty others in various stages of advancement. The room was bare of other ornament than a few busts and casts, but it presented a very fine and business-like appearance. On inquiry we learned that this is Bro. Anselm's class-room, and that some fifty or more students attend his drawing classes. The room—at such an elevation—and the work were certainly a surprise to us, and we concluded to make a note of them.

—The *Scholastic Annual* astrologer should be carefully guarded by Prof. J. A. Lyons, to see that he does not commit suicide. He predicted such mild weather for February that vegetation would sprout, and said: "Storms will be frightful through the whole month of March, although the temperature will be higher than the average, but with piercingly cold snaps, which will nip the vegetation that has sprouted in February."—*South Bend Tribune*.

There is not the slightest danger of our respected astrologer committing suicide. His predictions referred to the heat of the earth itself, not to that of the circumambient atmosphere. Our genial gravedigger informs us that there is much less frost than usual in the ground at this time of year: only ten inches, in fact, instead of four or five feet as frequently happens. As to the sprouting of vegetation, the winter wheat will start to grow under the snow before the conclusion of the present month.

—Signor Gregori has completed an original portrait of the immortal Shakspeare, which is considered the most finished of his many beautiful productions. Taking into account the careful and minute study which the artist brought to his work, it may be considered as truthful a representation of the great dramatist as can possibly be made. Besides consulting and measuring a death mask of Shakspeare and studying the most authentic portraits, Sig. Gregori diligently weighed and compared the personal descriptions given by the best biographers, and the result, it may be said, is the best portrait of the "Bard of Avon" now existing. The portrait represents a man of about the age of 45, with hazel eyes, auburn locks and beard, high, noble brow, aquiline nose,—a man of great talent and noble views, though the expressive features reveal the marks of care and activity. The facial expression denotes a moment of inspiration, when the great poet, filled with the ideas of various characters, is about to transfer them to the paper; such a moment, perhaps, as when about to write the words of Othello:

"She loved me for the dangers I had pass'd,
And I loved her, that she did pity them."

The painting has been inspected by a number of art critics, who pronounce it "perfect." It now hangs in the second corridor of the College, but will shortly be transferred to the assembly-room of the St. Cecilia Association.

—The forty-first annual celebration of Washington's Birthday, by the Thespian Association of the University, will be held this (Saturday) evening. The following is the

PROGRAMME:

Grand Opening March—National Airs..... N. D. U. B.
Quartette and Chorus—with Orchestral Accompaniment,
..... Orpheonic Association
Oration of the Day..... S. B. Dickerson
Overture..... University Orchestra
Prologue..... D. C. Saviers

"FALSELY ACCUSED."

(A Domestic Drama in three Acts. Remodelled for the Thespian Association.)

Dramatis Personæ.

Jasper Roseblade..... E. A. Otis
Jonathan Roseblade (Father of Jasper and Claude)
..... T. E. Callaghan

Claude Roseblade..... F. Dexter
Humphrey Higson (Steward to Earl of Milford), J. Conway
Jonas Hundle (formerly a Poacher)..... W. E. Ramsay
Rev. James Hylton (Vicar of Milford)..... H. Steis
Lord Viscount Elmore..... H. Porter
Lieutenant Geo. Florville..... A. A. Browne
Lord Chief Justice..... J. Klieber
Grafston (Counsel for Prisoner)..... P. J. Goulding
Serg't Stanley (Counsel for Prosecution)..... A. Ancheta
Blinkey Brown } Eccentric Sports. } T. McKinnery
Squinty Smith } Chas. F. Porter
Sir Henry Harrington (Magistrate)..... C. C. Kolars
Clerk of the Court..... F. J. Combe
Sheriff..... M. Dolan
Usher of the Court..... S. Murdock
Foreman of the Jury..... J. Conlon
Grange } Gamekeepers to the Earl. } C. Paschel
Thorpe } H. Paschel
Russell } Officers. } D. Byrnes
Richmond } J. White
Barristers, Jurymen, etc.

TABLEAU.

Epilogue..... E. A. Otis
Closing Remarks.....
March for retiring..... N. D. U. B.

During the play there will be appropriate music by the band and orchestra.

Roll of Honor.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Messrs. Ancheta, Arce, Ashton, Browne, Felix Baca, Becerra, Burns, Breen, Byrnes, F. Burke, Callaghan, Conlon, Crilly, Walter Collins, Chapin, Crawford, F. Combe, C. Combe, Cusack, De Groot, Dwan, Dexter, Dolan, Dickerson, Estrado, Finley, Freyermuth, Goulding, A. Gordon, A. A. Gordon, Horn, Hamlyn, Halligan, Howard, Hotaling, Hausberg, Hasson, Johnston, Jess, Kolars, Kavanagh, Keys, Livingston, McCabe, McMillian, McKinnery, McGuire, Meyer, McErlain, McCartney, McMurray, Marion, Jno. Murphy, O'Connell, H. Paschel, C. Paschel, Perley, Padilla, P. Prudhomme, J. Prudhomme, C. Porter, Piefer, Phillips, Rothert, Ramsay, Rahilly, Ruppe, T. Ryan, Roth, G. Smith, A. Smith, Sheridan, Steis, Sanchez, Snapp, Jno. Troy, Troxell, Trepanier, J. S. Troy, W. Williams, Wagoner, A. Williams, White, Warner.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Masters D. Ackerman, H. Ackerman, Arts, Borgschulze, E. Benner, Baur, Berthelet, Brown, Burns, Burrett, Congdon, Cummings, Clarke, Colina, D. Cartier, Cavaroc, Cleary, Cleveland, Calvin, Chute, Dillon, Dempsey, Dorenberg, Donnellan, Daly, Darragh, Devine, Ewing, Finckh, Fisher, Flood, Frain, Grunsfeld, L. Grever, E. Grever, J. Garrity, F. Garrity, Hibbeler, Holman, Houlihan, Hagenbarth, Johnson, Kelly, Kegel, Kenny, Luther, F. Long, Loya, Lewis, Martinez, McCourt, R. Morrison, Myers, Monschein,* Macke, Moody, Nester, Nussbaum, Oxnard, O'Brien, O'Kane, Portillo, Prudhomme, Regan, Real, Rose, Rattigan, Rebori, Ruffing, Reilly, Reynolds, Rogers, Robinson, Ryan, Stubbs, Soden, F. Smith, Stange, Shaw, Sedberry, Tewksbury, Talbot, Thurston, Wabraushek, Wagoner, Williamson.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Masters Boos, Bull, Crotty Cobbs, Chute, F. Dunford, G. Dunford, J. Doss, L. Doss, Ernest, T. Falvey, F. Falvey, E. Falvey, Garber, Grunsfeld, Henry, Hopkins, C. Inderrieden, R. Inderrieden, S. Jones, E. Kelly, Kellner, J. Kinty, A. Kinty, Landenwich, McVeigh, Morgan, McGill, Moncada, McGuire, McCourt, McNulty, Mooney, Nussbaum, Nester, J. Peck, Piel, Piero, Paul, Quill, Ramsay, Sweet, Scherrer, Weston, Williamson.

* Omitted last four weeks by mistake.

For the Dome.

Two Friends, each..... \$20.00

Saint Mary's Academy.

One Mile West of Notre Dame University.

—The Roman mosaic cross was won by Hannah Stumer.

—By an oversight, the name of Miss Marie Bruhn was omitted in the Roll of Honor—*Par excellence*—in the SCHOLASTIC report of January 24th.

—The annual spiritual retreat was opened on Sunday, at eleven o'clock, by Rev. Father Cooney, Miss. Ap., and was attended in a most edifying manner. For the non-Catholic pupils, as usual, there was no interruption of class; but a commendable spirit of recollection was everywhere remarked.

—In the First Senior Composition Class of Saturday a test of application was made, and for rapid work the following are noteworthy: the Misses Munger, Williams, Heckard, Barlow, Keenan, and Carney. A fresh spirit of emulation has been aroused in the class. For superior talent, Miss Mary Ducey is deserving of mention. The Misses S. St. Clair, L. St. Clair, and M. Helpling have written well.

—The devotion of the "Forty Hours," opened on Sunday, was a touching accessory to the retreat. The public exposition of the Blessed Sacrament—in memory of the forty hours during which the body of our Divine Lord remained in the sepulchre—was instituted in 1534, and, the world over, it has ever since been observed with the best results. Piety, fervor, and faith are kindled afresh, and Heaven alone can compute the advantage to Christendom for the past three hundred years imparted by the prayers, penances and holy resolutions entered upon during the *Quarant Ore*. The altar for the Exposition was exquisitely adorned; the rich perfume of rare exotics—the principal part of them gifts of the Sodality of the Children of Mary—mingling with the sweet breath of the censer; their graceful beauty glowing in the soft light of numberless tapers and lamps. Fitting delegates were they from the floral world to the presence chamber of the King of kings; but the innocent, immortal souls gathered there in silent adoration were the attraction which drew Him to grant this precious audience.

Manners, the Mirror of the Soul.

BY SARAH DUNNE.

Not the mind and heart alone, but the soul, with all its powers, is faithfully photographed upon the manners. The outward behavior presents the clear picture of the interior dispositions. There is no tell-tale so truthful, no praise so conclusive, no accuser so merciless. Flattery is out of the question; disparagement cannot exist; behavior speaks for itself. But as the athlete prepares himself for the contest, as the artist and the musical performer

spend hours daily in practice before they make any pretensions to be perfect in their respective branches, so the student acquires habitual propriety of behavior by diligent attention to, and constant observance of, the various rules which are acknowledged in the best circles of society. This is the first and most unquestionable advantage of a liberal education. By it we become familiarized with the usages of the polite world, *and the beneficent principles which lie at their foundation are imperceptibly incorporated.*

How thankful should we be for such an opportunity, and how ungrateful does that pupil prove herself who seeks to underrate or overrule the wholesome restraints which are an essential part of culture! True, she harms her associates, but by far the greater loss falls to herself.

"We do not gather grapes from thorns, nor figs from thistles," nor need we look for encouragement in any noble enterprise—for generosity, when a demand is made, or even for common kindness—from one who scruples not to purposely offend others by uncouth language and crude behavior. We know the source of these manifestations—a selfish, narrow, illiberal soul.

The heiress, with her broad estates and wealth of priceless jewels, who, withal, has been deprived of the means whereby to acquire excellent manners is in reality poorer than the poorest, who, notwithstanding her lack of worldly goods, is still mistress of the treasures under consideration. The enviable fortune of the latter is intrinsic. It cannot be wrested from her.

A beautiful rose may blossom in an obscure garden, and a coarse dahlia may find its way into the sumptuous marble vase on the lawn of the powerful aristocrat. The position does not change the nature of the flowers. We may compare the two. We may admire the regularity of the petals—the symmetry of outline, the vivid or the delicate coloring which may be remarkable in both; but, when the test of superiority is applied, the rose must be preferred. As with position, so with beauty or talent. Neither presupposes the existence of that nameless charm which invests even ordinary features, and common mental powers with an indescribable fascination, a boundless influence for good. A fortune in itself, this charm far outweighs the cold benefits to be derived from mere external beauty when unaccompanied by the inner grace imparted by delicate, respectful manners.

Human dahlias, with their precise exterior and regular proportions, are by no means uncommon in society. So frequently are they met that the incredulous are sometimes tempted to doubt the actual existence of the human roses: that is to say, sincere, whole-souled beings, who are rich in the gifts of Christian grace, and whose lives are embalmed in the heavenly odors of Christian charity. Happily for us, from time to time they appear, thereby to prove the clear distinction, and to make us love the virtues of which their gentle manners are the sure index. They exist to show the contrast between the vulgar, repellant grossness of the one, and the attractive refinement of the other.

But, some one may ask, "Why institute such an invidious comparison?" We will reply, because the human rose (the amiable character) is a priceless factor in the circle where she moves, and because the human dahlia—that is to say, the coldly conventional, the hollow character, or the open contemner of graceful manners—is a dead weight, an impediment to social advancement,—a virtual enemy to the real progress of Christian civilization.

From these considerations we can plainly gather the natural inference. We can see why, in our convent schools, such assiduity is manifested in the acquirement of a perfect deportment; we can see why so great stress is laid upon the infraction of rule—why vigilant attention is paid to graceful, gentle, charitable companionship;—why familiarity and covert, so-called friendships are discouraged. The object of the earnest teacher is to bring out and perfect the better qualities in the learner—to plant on rich and well-prepared soil the germs of purity and truth, that the pupil may reap the harvest in a life of happy usefulness.

Everywhere, manners are accepted as the expression of the interior traits of character. The modest, unassuming reserve of the thoughtful and really meritorious is never more admirable than when contrasted with the haughty, self-assertive manner of one who feels called upon to support the dignity of which, perhaps, there is a doubt—a fear that it may not be acknowledged. The winning smile and gracious, tranquil speech of quiet cheerfulness is never more beautiful than when we have just before been annoyed by the inconsiderate tumult of those to whom thought is a stranger. We may not blame the last, nor praise the first, but we must draw the distinction.

Parental affection, filial tenderness, fraternal devotedness, yes, even patriotism itself, in its broadest and best sense, is nourished with essential food by that mutual esteem which finds its strongest embodiment in respectful, cordial manners, made beautiful by self-possession and the grace conferred by constant habit. Reverse all this, and what a sad picture of distrust and bitterness of heart do we not find disclosed! Misunderstandings, unjust conclusions, and all the train of social disasters which follow where they lead.

All honor, then, to him who exalts in the esteem of the educator attention to that which is of such vital importance! all honor to those students,—be their grade high or low; be their talents great or small; be their position obscure or prominent,—who never cease to give the example of cordial, gentle, graceful deportment, who always appear robed in the vesture of kindly, thoughtful manners,—the "wedding garment," the spotless mantle, which, ever alike in the eyes of angels above and of mortals on earth, is understood to be the true insignia of a pure and noble soul!

Roll of Honor.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Par Excellence—Misses M. Adderly, I. Alcott, M. Bruhn, Barlow, Blaine, M. Blair, Brady, Bub, E. Call, Carney, C. Cox, Carmien, Dunne, A. Donnelly, E. Donnelly, Dwan,

M. Dillon, Fuller, Faxon, C. Fehr, C. Ginz, B. Gove, C. Griffith, A. Gordon, A. Gordon, Gavan, A. Heckard, B. Heckard, E. Horn, Helpling, Hale, Hutchinson, B. Kearney, N. Kearns, N. Keenan, Lange, T. McSorley, A. McSorley, J. McHale, M. Munger, A. Murphy, M. Newman, O'Connell, M. O'Halloran, Ramsey, Rose, Shea, Schmidt, L. Sheekey, M. Scully, C. Scully, Sharrette, A. Schuler, A. Shephard, L. St. Clair, Schilling Stull, E. Taylor, L. Walsh, E. Walsh, Walker, White, Thornton. *2d Tablet*—Misses M. Ducey, B. English, B. Morrison, S. St. Clair, M. Morse.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

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

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

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

CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC.

GRADUATING CLASS—Miss B. Gove.

1ST CLASS—Misses V. Barlow, A. Shephard.

2D DIV.—Misses M. Bruhn, M. Hale, N. Keenan.

2D CLASS—Miss C. Ginz.

3D CLASS—Misses E. Carnev, E. Sheekey, M. Adderly, E. Horn, C. Morrison, M. O'Halloran, K. Schilling, L. Van Horn.

2D DIV.—Misses M. Ducey, M. Dillon, M. Scully, M. Fuller, B. Kearney, M. Munger.

4TH CLASS—Misses C. Fehr, A. Murphy, A. Malbœuf, H. Ramsey, B. Snowhook, G. Wolvin.

2D DIV.—Misses E. Call, D. Fitzpatrick, C. Griffith, T. McSorley, A. McSorley, L. St. Clair, E. Wallace.

5TH CLASS—Misses M. Barry, E. Brady, M. Cox, E. Donnelly, A. Donnelly, S. Dunne, A. English, M. Fisk, Alice Gordon, L. Hutchinson, B. Lauer, G. Regan, B. Sharette, E. Taylor, E. Walsh, L. Williams.

2D DIV.—Misses G. Faxon, Addie Gordon, M. Keyes, C. Rose, G. Stadler, M. Schmidt, C. Servis, E. Schultz, F. Thornton.

6TH CLASS—Misses L. Blaine, N. Brown, C. Cox, M. Ducey, B. English, M. Kearsse, M. Murphy, Ella Sheekey, M. Shea, F. Spencer, M. Smith, S. St. Clair, H. Stumer.

2D DIV.—Misses I. Alcott, M. Barr, S. Bub, E. Kearns, M. Morse, J. McHale, M. Newman, E. O'Connell, Ella Walsh.

7TH CLASS—Misses M. Blair, F. Carmien, S. Campeau, B. Heckard, M. Helpling, F. Hertzog, C. Lang, E. Norris, A. Schmauss, G. Searls, A. White.

8TH CLASS—Misses C. Prudhomme.

9TH CLASS—Misses E. Blaine, E. Chapin, M. Lindsey, B. Murray.

10TH CLASS—Misses E. Burtis, J. Hammond, D. Lee.

HARP.

2D CLASS, 2D DIV.—Miss M. Dillon.

3D CLASS, 2D DIV.—Miss D. Fitzpatrick.

5TH CLASS—Miss A. Shephard.

GUITAR.

4TH CLASS—Miss A. English.

6TH CLASS—Miss A. Schuler.

ORGAN.

Miss K. Schilling.

VIOLIN.

Miss E. Carney.

VOCAL DEPARTMENT.

1ST CLASS—Misses M. Bruhn, M. Hale.

2D CLASS—Miss S. St. Clair.

2D DIV.—Misses H. Ramsey, B. Lauer, A. English.

3D CLASS—Misses M. Ducey, L. Sheekey, E. Walsh, I. Alcott, S. Walsh, L. St. Clair.

4TH CLASS—Misses Addie Gordon, Alice Gordon, G. Stadler, C. Rose.

5TH CLASS—Misses C. Fehr, C. Lang, B. Heckard.