

# THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

DISCE QUASI SEMPER VICTURUS

VIVE QUASI CRAS MORITURUS

VOL. XIX.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, JANUARY 23, 1886.

No. 19.

## Indiana.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

What's in a name?" the poet cried:  
Sometimes less than is implied;  
Sometimes all—and more beside.

Tell me, Indiana, why  
Thy name, so like a lullaby  
Droned in wigwam to pappoose,  
Seemeth unto me a truce?  
Is it that the soothing word—  
Musical as song of bird—  
Seeks to mask in melody  
What we should not know or see?  
Face of nature, solemn, proud,  
Wrapped in blanket of the cloud.  
Fallow-field and tangled mead—  
Arrow-heads their barren seed.  
Swamp in ambush; stealthy creek  
Stealing through the meadow sleek.  
Crafty snake that wimples by;  
Lake that sleeps with open eye;  
Sandy soil the foot sinks in  
Noiselessly as moccasin.

Ushered by a frown or smile  
Stalk the seasons Indian file;  
Forest-flowers of love and spring;  
Young brave, happily summering,  
Turns and beckons all too soon  
Pale-face of the harvest-moon;  
Secretly, 'twixt dark and dawn,  
Indian-like, is summer gone;  
Blood upon the trail is met  
In the sullen, red sunset.

Shivering trees their mantles lose;  
Curling leaves, like weird canoes,  
Driving here and driving there  
Sail the currents of the air.  
Fade the embers of life's fire;  
Fails the fountain of desire;  
Enter fever, famine, drought;  
Melancholy prowls about.  
Drip the night-dews, chilly, damp,

In the now deserted camp;  
Wampum of the withered cone  
Hangs in pine-tree lodge, alone.

Through the branches, savage, fleet,  
Tear the tomahawks o' the sleet;  
And the frantic bows now toss  
Many a scalp-lock of torn moss.  
Come, rebellious brotherhood—  
War-paint of th' autumnal wood,  
War-whoop of the wintry wind,  
War-dance of the snows that blind,  
Swell the bitter, wild, intense  
Pow-wow of the elements!

These, thy phases, treacherous clime—  
Save in Indian-summer time  
When warm hazy days abound;  
And the poet seeks in rhyme  
Peace-pipe and happy hunting ground.

## Religion and Science.

BY REV. A. M. KIRSCH, C. S. C.

"The Church neither ignores nor despises the benefits to human life which result from the arts and sciences, but confesses that, as they come from God, the Lord of all science, so, if they be rightly used, they lead to God by the help of His grace." (*Vatican Council, "Dogmatic Constitution on Catholic Faith and Reason." Chap. IV.*)

Faith and reason, spirit and matter, God and nature are opposite poles of philosophy. Without them the human mind cannot think clearly; without them, religion and virtue, science and philosophy cannot even exist. The belief in spirit, as well as the belief in matter, rests on their own basis of phenomena, and to philosophy and reason it belongs to reconcile the one with the other. The history of religion is the record of meekness and humility; for these are the distinctive qualities of Him by whom and in whom it is founded; whilst, on the contrary, the history of perverted science is a history of boldness and defiance. In fact, it would seem that the motto of the scientist of the present day is only a new version of the old hellish *non serviam*—"I will not serve!"—of Lucifer,

uttered by him—the first reasonable being—against the Fountain-head of all Truth. Alas! it is but too true that the children of reason are constantly at war with the children of God. Science, in almost every branch of human knowledge in this age of extreme liberalism, conspires against God's holy truths, and seeks to overthrow, if possible, the highest testimony of the inspired writers.

But who are they who dare use reason—a gift of God—for this most shameful and ungodly purpose? Who are they who dare stand up in defiance against their God and Creator and proclaim Him, openly or implicitly, a liar, by rejecting His revelation as false and untrue? Notwithstanding the enormity of the crime, there are men who make the most daring and outrageous assertions concerning these very points at issue,—men who devote all their energies, talents and genius to the detestable and inhuman work of setting aside God's holy word, and try to establish in its place their own absurd and foolish theories. Is it not supremely rash for man to pretend to contest the veracity of God's statements, when even those truths which he seeks to impugn lie infinitely beyond man's comprehension? How vain, nay, how impossible is such a task! That there have been, that there are still men, rational creatures, devoting their best energies and consecrating their noblest talents to such a detestable work, is a deep disgrace to human nature, a satanic, a nameless crime. Has it come to this with human reason? Is the mind of man so radically perverse? Is his mind so deeply rooted in malice, and is his audacity so towering high that he dare nourish in his heart, and even express with his lips, the impious and rebellious—*non serviam*—"I will not serve!"—of Lucifer? No, no! such men are not rational beings; they are not perverse, nor are they wicked; Holy Scripture calls them simply fools: *The fool has said in his heart "there is no God";* and the Royal Prophet continues: *They are corrupt and have become abominable in their ways. . . Their throat is an open sepulchre; with their tongue they act deceitfully; the poison of asps is under their lips; their mouth is full of cursing and bitterness; they fear not God.* (Ps., xiii.)

The champion of truth has often to deal with the strangest enemies. Some there are who secretly hurl their infamous darts into the abode of truth. *For, lo!* says the same Royal Prophet, *the wicked have bent their bow; they have prepared their arrows in the quiver to shoot in the dark the upright of heart.* (Ps. x, v. 2.) Others, clothed in the deceitful garment of pretended honesty, of pretended love for religion, truth, humanity, cause lamentable confusion among the lovers of virtue and truth; still others—and these are by far less dangerous—take their stand as avowed enemies of the Church of God by dealing fierce but courteous blows against what appears in their eyes as the most vulnerable in the structure of the well-fortified citadel of truth. Here the question naturally presents itself whether these men who wage war against truth and religion, are obscure—men of little intellectual acquirements, scientists without

science, leaders without capacity, men without genius? Not so: no man who is not endowed with a superior intellect, or who does not possess an irresistible force of character, and a wonderful power of fascination over the minds of the masses can accomplish great acts of religion or irreligion.

Society is so constituted that it cannot exist without leaders; and, as a necessary consequence, these chosen ones must be possessed of superior talents to enable them to be the leaders of mankind. These talents may be used rightly, or they may be abused; if used aright, they contribute to the achievement of immortal deeds in the cause of Religion and Truth; but, on the contrary, if they be abused, or perverted, they will lead to the accomplishment of the works of the devil—error, superstition and moral degradation. When we look over the pages of history we meet with the names of leaders of both kinds, and by their recorded deeds we may know on which side to place them. St. Paul with his burning zeal, St. Jerome with his immortal writings, St. Augustine with his deep learning, St. Bernard with his stirring eloquence, St. Thomas Aquinas with his wonderful genius, St. Gregory VII, Hildebrand with his irresistible force of character, St. Francis De Sales with his meekness, and St. Francis de Paul with his charity, all succeeded most admirably in the holy and noble works they undertook. On the other hand, Demetrius, the silversmith of Ephesus, and Elymas, the magician of Paphos, by their satanic activity and malice against Paul; Arius by his deep cunning, allied to great but shallow eloquence, Luther by his eminent but perverted learning, Calvin by his fanatical hate and inflexible will, have also achieved great works, but sad and inglorious, because ungodly,—works that have sometimes caused whole nations to separate from Truth and embrace error. These are the children of reason that have made great people to weep and groan under their sway.

Until a comparatively recent date, religion and faith and their doctrines had always been attacked on their own grounds, either in a philosophical, scriptural, or theological manner; but now this is done in the name of Science. The enemy imagines that by choosing new weapons he will be able to overpower the pillar and groundwork of truth. Renan, the baptized Jew, tries to rob our Lord of His divinity by means of philology; Semler and Eichhorn explain the miracles of Christ by physics; Lalande proves from astronomy that matter must be eternal; Darwin, with his train of followers, would force upon us the belief that man is no more than a favored monkey; Dr. Maudsley asserts confidently that there is no soul in man, because he never found it or touched it with his scalpel when dissecting human brains, and free-will he annihilates by physiology; Lyell, the great geologist, demonstrates (of course, in his own way) that Moses was a bad historian and a worse geologist; and Prof. Huxley would like to make men believe that there may be a world in which two and two would not make four, and that life is a property of some kind of matter which he calls protoplasm. Tyndall seeks to destroy the existence of a Creator

by proclaiming that "matter possesses the potency and promise of every form and quality of life." (Belfast Address, 1875.)

Prof. Fiske, of Harvard University, in his philosophy claims no other attribute for God, or cosmic *Zeus*, as he styles Him, than that "He is the Unknowable." Of course, Prof. Fiske belongs to the agnostic school of philosophy, and therefore must defend its doctrines, no matter how absurd they may be. Probably, he was never told that negative terms express nothing but the absence of something. But does not God at least know Himself completely? And if men have the power to communicate their knowledge to others, why should we deny this power to God from whom we ourselves have received it?

Prof. Fiske has a fine philosophic mind, and I regret deeply that he cannot find another name for God, and that he is forced to express his complete ignorance of Him by calling Him the "Great Unknowable." Prof. Fiske, however, is one of those open, out spoken men whom I have mentioned as being only moderately dangerous; in all his writings he is bold and sharp-witted; but, in happy contrast with some of his fellows, he is always polite and courteous to his opponents. He is neither an atheist nor a materialist, for he tells us himself that materialism is ruled out and relegated to the things of the past; that it is nothing but a scientific fossil to record its existence in the history of science. Can we say as much of Tyndall and Huxley? Alas! no. They begin with the denial of free-will, and pass on to materializing the soul of man, making of him nothing but a conscious automaton. According to these gentlemen, thought is produced by the combinations and whirlings—*i. e.*, motions—of the molecules that compose the brain; what produces and determines these combinations and whirlings they do not tell us. Probably, they do not know themselves, or else they are not very communicative. With them, religion is nothing but sentiment and feeling, and these nothing more than a physical change in the molecules of the brain. Tyndall, in his "Fragments of Science," says that "Faraday's religion was the result of the eddying of his blood and the whirlings of the molecules of his brain." In one word, religion with them is nothing but a natural force that tyrannizes over man and, to use the very words of Tyndall, "is mischievous, if permitted to intrude on the region of knowledge, over which it holds no command."

These men imagine that with the destruction of religion in man it will be easy to banish God out of this world, since He is the only motive and end for the existence of religion. Banish religion from the people, and the consequences must be terrible. If God cannot reveal His will and manifest His divine law, then religion is without object, and the bases of right and justice, of virtue and vice, become only so many words to express the necessary changes of the molecules of the brain, something for which man cannot be held responsible. This would be truly a lamentable state of affairs into which the teachings of modern scientists would lead us; and yet the condition of different

nations where these theories receive credence proves, beyond doubt, that they are fast gaining ground, are coming to be regarded as true by a large number.

The world, indeed, is blind, and allows itself to be guided by the blind; and Holy Writ says: *If the blind lead the blind, both will fall into the ditch.* Newspapers, especially in our days, are the great oracles, and let one get hold of some strange and startling story, and mention a few high-sounding names in connection with it, and the story becomes true, a fact, something, as it were, requiring no further proof. Some may still remember the amusing story of Sir John Herschel in regard to the inhabitants of the moon, whom it was reported he had seen through his immense telescope. It was in the year 1835 that this rich and monstrous joke was fabricated by Monsieur Nicollet, who allied to a profound knowledge of astronomy (as his labors in the Washington observatory show) great native wit and humor. One day, as he sat at table with a few United States officers of high rank, talking of science—of its true and false theories, of the great amount of credulity existing in the world, he wagered with one of the officers present that he could deceive, yes, "humbug" the whole world, at least for a few weeks or months. The wager—a basket of champagne—was accepted.

Scarcely a month had elapsed when an article appeared in the *New York Sun* with the following flaming head lines: "The Great Astronomical Discoveries of Sir John Herschel, LL. D., and F. R. S., etc., etc., at the Cape of Good Hope." It was shown in that paper how the younger Herschel had constructed a mammoth telescope, how he erected it, etc., etc. But let us hear the very words of the *Sun*:

"To render our enthusiasm intelligible, we will state at once that, by means of a telescope of vast dimensions and an entirely new principle, the younger Herschel, at his observatory in the Southern Hemisphere, has already made the most extraordinary discoveries in every planet of our solar system; has discovered planets in other solar systems; has obtained a distinct view of objects in the moon, fully equal to that which the unaided eye commands of terrestrial objects at the distance of a hundred yards; has affirmatively settled the question whether this satellite be inhabited, and by what order of beings; has firmly established a new theory of cometary phenomena, and has solved or corrected nearly every leading problem of mathematical astronomy."

The article was no sooner published than it was copied by all the papers in the land; it soon crossed the sea, and went all around the globe. We need not comment on the sensation it created everywhere; suffice it to state that Monsieur Nicollet won the champagne, and the *New York Sun* became notorious, and the world, and even the men of science, were most cruelly deceived, yes, *humbugged*.

Not many years ago, another clever trick was played on all the scientists of America, not even excepting good old Prof. Agassiz. The cardiff giant story is still fresh in the memory of many of us. This cardiff giant was to overthrow all chronologies, and to utterly demolish Moses and the Bible; the rationalists and the rest of the whole infidel crew were in high glee: their fond-

est hopes were to be finally realized. This giant was to depose truth from its lofty, aye, inaccessible, position where it is forever established. Following is the communication sent by Louis Agassiz to one of the papers:

"There has been found imbedded deep in the ground near Syracuse a petrified human body of huge dimensions. The stone is said to belong to the cretaceous formation; and, if so, all our admitted chronologies shall have to be revised. We must, however, wait until competent authorities decide on the nature of that remarkable petrification.

"[Signed] LOUIS AGASSIZ."

This was in November. A few weeks later, the *New York Weekly Sun* contained a full account of the grand imposition; it showed how the Cardiff giant was carved in 1867 (two years previous) in the State of Iowa, near Des Moines, secretly transported to Chicago, then to Buffalo, thence to a farm in Ondago County, N. Y., where it was buried, and soon afterwards dug out before a great crowd of wondering fools, or knaves—or both—brought to the spot for the purpose of spreading abroad the wonderful discovery. It is unnecessary for me to comment on the wonderful effect this exposure produced. I would like to set before you some more scientific frauds imposed upon the world, but time will not permit.

(CONCLUSION NEXT WEEK.)

### Berthulf's Guests.

#### A TALE OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

Towards the latter part of the VIIIth century there lived in a secluded part of the Hartz mountains, a freeman, named Berthulf, with his wife and two children,—a boy and a girl. It was a lonely place in the thickest part of the forest, and no other human habitation was to be found for miles around.

One evening Berthulf returned home from the wood, where he had spent the whole day hunting. When he entered the hut, he found his wife and children already gathered around the blazing fire on the hearth, for it was bitterly cold, and the north-wind piped mournfully through the tall trees.

"Alas!" sighed the father, laying aside his bow, "I fear the Franks have gained a great victory, for dense clouds of smoke and flames of fire are rising from the plain; how many a noble castle will be laid low!"

Thereupon the boy seized a club and, striking the ground with it, cried out: "Why do not you too go to battle, father, and take me with you?"

But the mother said: "Do you not know, child, that the Franks are Christians and serve Jesus Christ, even as we do? Would you bear arms against your fellow-Christians?"

"But the Saxons are our fellow-countrymen," said the boy.

"Heaven is of greater importance than earth," said the mother.

Then Berthulf raised his voice and said: "My dear wife and children, I feel more than ever at this moment that you have a claim on my heart; yes, I have felt it since the last few moons have

appeared in the heavens, since the spear of war has been passed around. But that I have not yet taken part in the fight is the will of God."

Ere he had finished speaking, a noise was heard outside as of the tramp of horses.

"Good God!" exclaimed the mother, in a tone of fear, "can it be that the victorious Franks are coming?"

"God forbid!" said the father, with a faint smile, as, seizing a firebrand, he opened the door of the hut and peered into the darkness without.

Presently he could distinguish two figures on horseback coming in the direction where he stood. Both were completely encased in armor, save that the smaller of the two was without a helmet, in place of which a blood-stained cloth was wrapped about his head. As they neared Berthulf's hut, the latter kindly asked them in; and he without the helmet, with many thanks, entered the cabin, followed by his taller companion.

Having taken care of the horses, Berthulf followed his guests into the hut. They had seated themselves near the fire, and seemed lost in thought. They spoke only so much as was necessary, and did not appear to be in the least concerned about their host. On the other hand, these simple people of the forest, little accustomed to see strange faces, regarded their visitors with wondering eyes. That both were Saxons, was evident from their appearance and the arms which they bore, and especially from their accent.

The smaller of the two, who wore no helmet, seemed to be the more important man. He had large blue eyes, and his rich, sandy hair fell in ringlets over his temples and noble brow. A heavy moustache almost concealed his upper lip, and as, now and then, a pleasant smile played about his mouth, he displayed two rows of pearly teeth. The other wore a sullen look; his features were sunburnt, and his hair and beard nearly black; his eye was piercing.

Meanwhile, the housewife had gone out to fetch a jug of beer. Returning soon after, she made the Sign of the Cross over the vessel (as she had always been accustomed to do), and offered it to the taller knight. But he, with a doubting look, shook his head in token of refusal. Then the woman, again blessing the beer, offered it to the other guest. But he likewise refused the proffered beverage and, turning to his companion, said:

"Methinks we have fallen in with Christians, with people who have become unfaithful to the religion of their fathers; for that woman made a Sign which I have often seen dying Franks make."

"I agree with you," said the other, "and I think that the gods have thrown this opportunity on our hands, to wreak vengeance for our defeat!"

At these words the woman became pale and trembled like a leaf. "My dear men," she stammered, "I entreat you do us no harm! The Sign which you saw me make signifies the hammer of Asathor."

But Berthulf, indignant at this false speech of his spouse, said, boldly: "God forbid that a lie be spoken under my roof! The Sign which my wife

just made does not signify the hammer of Asathor, but it is the Sign of the Cross; and that," pointing to a crucifix on the wall, "is Jesus Christ, nailed to the Cross,—for know that my whole family are Christians!"

Thereupon there was deep silence for a few moments. Then he with the blood-stained head-cloth arose and said: "Know, my unfaithful countryman, that you stand before two terrible judges; I am Duke Wittèkind, and my companion is Duke Alf."

At this the poor mother uttered a piercing shriek, and, taking her infant daughter in her arms, raised her on high. It seemed as if she would carry her off; but, falling to the ground with her burden, she swooned away.

Berthulf did not shrink; but, turning to the knights, with an unflinching eye, said: "I have long been anxious to see you, because you are two heroes and deserve well to fight for my Lord Jesus Christ! It is true, you now come to me as unwelcome visitors, since you will probably take my life; but, I entreat you, spare my wife and children and this hut!"

"That will depend on circumstances!" rejoined Alf, rising angrily from his seat and unsheathing his sword.

Wittekind grasped his burnished battle-axe, which was leaning against the wall behind him, and likewise arose.

Both were burning with wrath, and their eyes seemed to flash fire.

Meanwhile, the boy had handed his father a club, and, seizing another for his own use, stationed himself beside him: "Will we not defend ourselves, father?" he asked.

"Certainly!" replied Berthulf, grasping his weapon firmly, "we will die fighting like true Saxons."

"Die?" said the boy, with a smile, "that is a question; the enemies are but two."

The two great dukes looked at each other in mute astonishment, and dropped their arms. "Peace!" said Wittekind; "I ask nothing save to know how so true-blooded a Saxon can believe in Christ?"

"That I will gladly tell you," answered Berthulf. And they all seated themselves quietly around the fire. The mother and daughter thanked God for His kind protection. Then Berthulf began his story:

"I was still an uncivilized child of the forest, about nineteen years old, when one day I went hunting. I had been out quite a while, when I met a Christian priest. He wore a long, white robe, and had come to our country to convert the people to the true Faith."

"You should have killed him on the spot!" interposed Alf, in disgust.

"No," replied Berthulf, "I did not kill him; but this much I must acknowledge that I foolishly attributed my ill success to this holy man, for I had not captured anything the whole morning. 'Vile sorcerer!' said I, drawing my bow, 'I have not killed anything yet, so I will kill *you*, and destroy your impious charms!' And, suiting the action to the word, I let fly the arrow. The monk

trembled with pain, and held his hand over the wounded spot, from which the blood flowed freely; but at the same time he looked at me so lovingly, and said: 'My son, down in the valley I saw a splendid deer; if you capture it, you will be repaid for all your ill success.' I thought he wished to ensnare me by means of his charms; but, in order to show him that a Saxon knows not fear, I followed the direction in which he pointed and, truly, I found the deer as he had told me; I took good aim, and struck the animal in the breast. Returning with my booty, I found the priest lying on the grass, the blood still flowing from his wound. 'See,' said he, with a loving smile, 'now you have made a good capture!' Weeping bitterly, I fell on my knees before him and covered his hands with kisses. He spoke many kind words to me, and then I carried him to my little cabin. There I healed the wound on his arm, and he began healing the wounds of my soul. In a short time I was convinced of the foolishness of the heathen religion, and became a Christian. Some years later I married a woman who still believed in the pagan gods; but I helped her on the right road—the road of the Holy Cross—and she, too, soon became a Christian. Our children we have likewise brought up in the love and fear of the Lord."

Wittekind was thoughtful. "There must be something good and useful in this," he said, at length.

"Do you mean in the story?" asked Alf, "I think it is true; a man like that cannot tell a lie."

"No," said Wittekind, "I mean in the teaching of this Christ; for the story is undoubtedly true; but we have no time now to think over such things, for we have a far way to go. My good host, lead us through the forest; but choose a path which no Frank knows!"

"Gladly will I do that!" said Berthulf, and hurriedly made the necessary preparations for the journey.

Alf looked at him in astonishment, saying: "But we are pagans, and were just about to be your judges; how is it that you have so soon forgotten our evil intention?"

"Alas!" replied Berthulf, "I know that you were on the point of taking my life; but our holy religion teaches us to do good to those that wish us evil, and to pardon our enemies; and then, you are my lawful superiors to whom I owe the deepest respect and prompt obedience; besides, God will enlighten your minds in due time and, with His grace, you will soon be Christians even as I am."

When he had finished speaking, the sturdy woodsman seized a club which, indeed, was his inseparable companion in all his excursions into the forest, and, opening the door of the hut, led the way for his companions. The horses were soon got in readiness, and the knights mounted. It was a cold night. The sickle-shaped moon threw a pale light on the gaunt trees. Not a sound was to be heard, save the heavy tramp of horse's hoofs as the party proceeded briskly through the wood. Berthulf had, indeed, chosen an unknown path. But it was a good one, besides, and easy for the horses to travel. Neither of the knights spoke a



word, but confidently followed their guide, who, it seemed, knew every inch of the country.

When morning dawned, the end of the forest had been reached. The Saxon chieftains dismounted and, warmly pressing Berthulf's hand, thanked him for his hospitality. "We will meet again!" said Wittekind, and, bidding the good man an affectionate farewell, took his leave, followed by Alf.

And they did meet again, Wittekind, Alf, and their good host, but under different circumstances, as the sequel will show.

Berthulf hastened to his wife and children with a light heart, praying that these two good men might soon be enlightened and in the end become Christians.

It was Holy Saturday evening. The Frankish army, under King Charles, lay encamped on the banks of a river a short distance from the town called Wolmerstedde. Long lines of tents were erected in regular order on both sides of the stream which were connected by a bridge of boats.

It was fast growing dark. The soldiers had already partaken of their evening meal, and were seated in groups in various parts of the camp. But gradually, as night came on, one man after the other dropped away, to seek his respective tent and rest his weary limbs after the day's march. In a short time all was quiet. Not a sound disturbed the calm repose, save the steady stride of the sentinel, as he walked his beat. The moon shone brightly, and the velvety sky was studded with countless stars. Even the river seemed to partake of the solemn stillness in which nature was wrapt, for not a ripple disturbed its surface. But suddenly the silence was broken.

"Friend or foe?" was asked, in loud, clear tones. It was the sentinel, whose beat extended along the river bank, who had spoken. He stood still and looked out on the calm water where, by the light of the moon, could be plainly seen a little boat in which two forms were seated. The sentinel awaited an answer to his question; but as it seemed he had not been heard, he cried out again, in a much louder voice: "Friend or foe?"

This time an answer came. "Friend!" was sent back, in an equally loud tone.

The sentinel seemed satisfied for the time being, and quietly awaited the approach of the craft, which came steadily in the direction where he stood. In a short time it reached the shore. The two men drew in their oars and disembarked.

"May I speak with the king?" asked the smaller of the two, with a foreign accent.

The sentinel seemed astonished at this question, for the men were dressed as beggars, having ragged clothing and dirty faces, and he wondered what such people had to say to the king. However, as he knew that King Charles wished every one to have free access to his presence, he said: "You cannot speak with the king now, for he is sleeping; but you can speak with him to-morrow when he leaves the cathedral."

The beggars murmured a few words which

could not be understood, and then went their way.

Early the next morning the king, with a large retinue, went in procession to the cathedral to attend the celebration of Solemn High Mass. Now, it was King Charles's custom that whenever he went to church he would distribute alms among the beggars who gathered in crowds along his way. But principally in the vestibule of the church did these poor people congregate. The two beggars whom we met with last evening, knowing this, followed closely upon the king and his retinue, and when the latter entered the cathedral, they, too, entered, but remained in the rear.

The grand ceremonies of Easter Day were performed with the greatest solemnity possible. The rich vestments of the priests, the thousands of tapers burning on the altars, in short, all that art could produce, had been brought together to solemnize this glorious festival. The king himself, with all his followers, received Holy Communion.

When all was over, and the singers had ended their chant, and the sweet incense-fumes began to escape through the large windows, Charles arose and walked down the principal aisle. When he reached the vestibule, he found, as usual, a great crowd of beggars awaiting him. He opened his purse and began to distribute the coins among them. Now, when he came to our two friends of last evening, the smaller of the two extended his hand for an alms. The king looked at the hand; he must have recognized, it for he involuntarily drew back.

"Wittekind!" he exclaimed. It was, in fact, Duke Wittekind, for he had a crooked finger, and by this means had been betrayed. "Why have you come here, dressed as a beggar?" the king continued, after a few minutes' pause.

"You have spoken the truth," replied the one addressed, "for I am Duke Wittekind, and my companion is Duke Alf; seeing that our freedom was in danger, I came here with the intention of killing you; but when I stood in the rear of the church, I saw a Christian priest, dressed in a beautiful garment, who put a little Infant into your mouth. Oh! It was so lovely, and smiled so sweetly, that I forgot with what intention I had come here."

When King Charles heard these words, he was greatly astonished, and said: "You have seen more than I and all the priests." Then he had Wittekind and his wife Wensefa and all the Saxons instructed in the Christian religion. Shortly afterwards they all received baptism, and on this occasion King Charles placed a crown on the head of Wittekind and made him king of the whole Saxon land. Duke Alf also received a high position, only second in power to that of King Wittekind himself.

Meanwhile, our old friend Berthulf in the forest had not received the least intelligence of all these events. But one fine morning, two noble knights, mounted on fiery steeds and followed by a large number of attendants, came to his little hut. Berthulf was at the time engaged in felling a tree, and when he saw the long train of riders coming tow-

ards him he paused in his work. He at once recognized Wittekind and Alf, who forthwith dismounted and pressed both the old man's hands. Tears came to his eyes when he heard that his noble guests were now his fellow-Christians. He made them come with him to his little hut and partake of what refreshments he could offer them. When this was over, Wittekind arose, and said to Berthulf:

"My good host, you did me a great service many years ago in sheltering me in your cabin and showing me a path through the forest, where I and my companion Alf would certainly have been lost without you. As a reward for your loyalty, I now make you a Count in my kingdom. Men, henceforth recognize in our host 'Count Berthulf!'"

Ere long, a noble castle arose in place of the little hut, which soon became famous throughout the land as the residence of the good and brave Count Berthulf. Its happy lord lived to a good old age, as did also his wife; and many a brave knight in after years claimed for the founder of his race Count Berthulf.

CALAMUS.

#### Art, Music and Literature.

—The biography of Longfellow, by his brother Samuel, is expected to appear in February.

—Mr. W. H. Mallock's forthcoming novel is to have the suggestive title of "The Old Order Changes."

—Chicago is to have a new public library, founded by a gift of about \$3,000,000 from the estate of the late Mr. Walter L. Newberry.

—In England, last year, 4,307 new books were published. Of these the largest portion—636 volumes—were religious. There were also brought out 1,333 new editions.

—The eminent composer, M. Gounod, at the request of the Archbishop of Rheims, intends to compose an Oratorio in honor of Joan of Arc, the libretto to consist of passages from the Scriptures applicable to the heroine.

—There are 20 Catholic papers in the Republic of Mexico: Five in the city of Mexico, two in Gaudalajara, two in Merida, and one in each of the following places: Puebla, Chalchicomula, Morelia, Durango, Monterey, San Luis, Potosi, Culiacan, Oaxaca, Orizaba, Irapuato and San Christobal las Casas.

—Gen. Grant's paper on the "Wilderness Campaign" will be printed in the February number of the *Century*. It will be accompanied by a facsimile of the letter which Lincoln wrote to the General just before the opening of the campaign, and which closed with the words: "And now, with a brave army and a great cause, may God sustain you!"

—General John Newton, Chief of Engineers, United States Army, originator of the plan, and director of the work, has prepared a complete account of the operations for the removal of the obstruc-

tions at Hell Gate, from their beginning to the explosion of Flood Rock, in October last, which will appear with full and new illustrations as the leading article in the February number of *The Popular Science Monthly*.

—The use of Roman type appears to become more general in Germany for printing books having an international character. In the second half of 1884 there were published in Germany and Austria 163 linguistic works in Gothic characters, against 390 in Roman type. Of books devoted to medical science, natural history and physical science, 149 were printed in Gothic characters and 720 in Roman type.—*Paper World*.

—A work destined to make a sensation in the literary world of Paris will be published by Vanier in February next. It is a complete translation of the poems of Edgar Allan Poe, in French prose, executed with marvellous art and ability, as appears from the few specimens which have been shown to several literary men. The translator is a poet of considerable merit—Etienne Mallarme,—and the work will be splendidly illustrated by several drawings executed by Edouard Manet, the illustrious chief of the impressionist school.

—The celebrated Dominican preacher, Father Didon, is at present engaged in the preparation of a work likely to make a great sensation, namely, a "Refutation" of M. Renan's so-called "Life of Jesus." The learned Dominican, in the preparation of this work, made a special and lengthened visit to Palestine. The work will not appear for some months to come, and it is not unlikely that Père Didon may have to visit Palestine once again, in order to refute the recent theories put forward on the family and brethren of Jesus Christ.

—At a book sale recently in one of the auction rooms of Washington there was knocked down to the State Department, after some spirited bidding, a calf-bound copy of "The Virginia Almanack for the Year of Our Lord 1773, Fitting Virginia, Maryland, North Carolina, etc.," published at Williamsburg in 1772. What gives the book its chief value are the sheets of writing-paper interleaved in it covered with memoranda and accounts of personal expenses during 1773 in the handwriting of Thomas Jefferson. Eight leaves are occupied on both sides by his law accounts as they stood at the beginning of the year, at the end of which is a summary of his receipts from his practice for the six years from 1767 to 1772. Then follow sixteen leaves covered on both sides with legal notes and memoranda day by day during the year. Beginning at the other end of the book, thirteen leaves are covered with the general household accounts, one page containing Mrs. Jefferson's receipts and payments for the whole year. The four remaining leaves contain memoranda concerning Mr. Jefferson's library of 1,256 volumes (afterward the nucleus of the present library of Congress), the division of lands, hints for contracts with overseers, etc. The book is browned by its hundred years of age, but it is in good condition. The price paid for it was \$22.

# NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

Notre Dame, January 23, 1886.

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 NINETEENTH 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.

FRANK H. DEXTER, P. J. GOULDING,  
F. J. HAGENBARTH, T. J. CLEARY.

## The Euglossians.

Last Saturday evening the Euglossian Society of the University presented an entertainment in Washington Hall, to mark the close of the holiday season. Not that the *close* stood in need of any such marking, inasmuch as it had been officially and very emphatically *marked* much earlier than the aforementioned date, but our excellent elocutionary and dramatic entertainers were obliged to defer their exhibition, owing to their inability to "hire a hall," or rather to secure the necessary "rec" to warm up the hall soon enough after the opening of school. Be this as it may, the entertainment of Saturday evening was a pleasing one in every respect, and reflected great credit upon all who took part.

The exercises were inaugurated by the rendition of an excellent overture by the University Quartette—Violin, Viola, Violoncello and Piano. As all the performers are accomplished musicians it goes without saying that the performance was a delight to all present. Mr. F. Hagenbarth then appeared upon the stage and presented a selection from Shakspeare, the dream of Clarence in "Richard III." The speaker displayed a good conception of the spirit of the selection and spoke with appropriate vocal intonation and expressive gesture. He was followed by Mr. F. Dexter in a declamation entitled "In the Amphitheatre," in which he displayed to advantage his excellent

command of voice and facial expression combined with appropriate and graceful action. Masters S. Nussbaum, E. Riley, C. Ruffing and G. Cooper rendered, with pleasing effect, a Grand Processional March arranged for two pianos. Mr. W. Jess then delivered a recitation entitled "Cauch the Piper," which was received with great applause. Mr. Jess has an earnestness of delivery, and a good voice which promise well for future success in oratory, but he has to guard against the monotonous intonation shown on Saturday evening. A too common defect in poetical recitations is the appearance of measuring the feet in each line. C. E. Finlay next appeared in a humorous recitation. A piano duet was then played by Prof. Paul and R. Oxnard, and, as may be supposed, in perfect style. The recitation, "The Switchman's Dream," by Mr. F. Latshaw, was one of the elocutionary gems of the evening. The speaker entered with spirit into his selection and his effort was received with great applause. Master R. Levin personated "Mr. Socrates Snooks" to such good advantage as to receive an *encore* from his many youthful admirers. Mr. P. Goulding "brought down the house," by his portrayal of "A Rustic Scene," in which many comical incidents connected with a "candy pull" were described in such a way as to call forth roars of laughter. Master R. Oxnard, our little musical prodigy, then afforded a pleasing interlude by the rendition of one of his classic piano selections.

The entertainment concluded with the well-known farce entitled "Cherry Bounce." The characters were taken as indicated in the programme printed in our local columns. Each one entered with spirit into the part allotted him, and the whole piece was made highly entertaining to the audience, and reflected credit upon the actors. On the whole, the entertainment was very successful, and we hope to have the pleasure of attending many such "evenings" of the Euglossians before the year is ended.

X.

## Homeward Bound for the Holidays.

A day of bustle and confusion is that which precedes the departure of a student home for the holidays. In this excitement there is a charm which renders even the work and flurry consequent upon the packing and preparation for the journey an agreeable pleasure. At this time trunks and satchels are brought out from their dusty corners to receive the contents of disgorged desks and sundry boxes, and are labelled for their various destinations.

On an early morning, shortly before Xmas, and while still "the rosy dawn lingered in the East," a party of students homeward bound started from the College for the depot in a capacious sleigh—beginning a journey of some six hundred miles southwest. Jingling sleigh-bells and happy voices made rare music. Your correspondent, who was buried deep down among the robes for protection against the sharp wind which cut like a knife, looked out occasionally to admire the winter morn-



ing scenery and join in an impromptu dirge. Arriving at the depot, we had hardly alighted when the train came rumbling in, and a grand rush was made for the coaches. An extra car had been put on, and this was almost filled by students going to Chicago and beyond. Conspicuous among them were members of the "H. L. G.," whose bright uniforms attracted no little attention and, I am inclined to add, admiration, on the part of the more youthful and susceptible portion of the passengers. A pleasant ride of three or four hours, and we rolled into the Chicago depot amid the clanging of bells, the shrill whistles of locomotives, and the more deafening cries of thrifty hackmen and cab drivers.

One of the features connected with a trip through the city of Chicago is the transfer from one depot to another of through passengers. At any other time than on a cold December day this passage across the city would be very agreeable, as one can snatch a few glimpses of its busy, teeming life. But as it was, the cold wind blew against the rattling windows of our omnibus, which rumbled and jolted along the stony streets, while we on the inside sat huddled up, looking like those grotesque figures that Italians sell to amuse children, and vainly trying to keep warm by beating a vigorous tattoo with our feet upon the floor of the 'bus.

One of our fellow-passengers, a little man enveloped in a confusion of coats and wraps from which protruded a glowing nose and pair of ruddy cheeks, remarked, in an English accent: "A confounded nuisance, by Jove!"—a foreign comment on American methods of travelling.

On the pavements everyone walked quickly along, head down and hands in coat-pockets, as though shivering with cold. Everything seemed to be under its influence; it was repeated in the creaking and thumping of passing vehicles; it was written in frosty letters on the windows, and even the hands on a tower clock trembled as they pointed out the changing hours. I could not help but think, though, as we passed the Board of Trade, through which a stream of busy men were pouring, how the great heart of commerce beats through all the year, sending impulses of life through the arteries of trade with the constancy of the ticking instruments that mark the phases of its markets.

It was not long before we were dropped at the depot where, upon entering, a little man with a very loud voice announced, in drawling syllables, painfully prolonged, that our train stood "on the first track—all aboard!" At the gates of the iron fence, which excessive consideration for passengers, or ostentatious officialism, has placed to shut off the train from free access, a crowd of excited people were drawn up, nervously endeavoring to squeeze through. Being among the first to pass the gate and board the train, we secured good seats; and, making ourselves as comfortable as possible, settled ourselves for a 24 hours' ride. As we stole out of the depot, the snow began to descend in a light shower which raised anticipations of sleigh-rides at home, and promised the pleasure of

riding that night in a cosy car while spinning along through a raging snowstorm.

There were countless streets and miles of dingy houses to pass before we left the city behind us and got out into the open country. As we journeyed on the snow fell thicker and faster, and after watching the feathery tempest without for some time, I turned to take a survey of our fellow-passengers. Our car, like most of the others in the train, was filled with people. I was not surprised at this when I considered that the holidays were but a few days off, and thought that perhaps the most of them were journeying, like ourselves, to spend Christmas among relatives and friends.

There were one or two little families, accompanied by prattling youngsters, sedate and solitary business men reading the newspapers or conversing about the markets, young women modestly perusing novels, and among others, a crowd of jolly students who had got on the train at a certain University town, and were homeward bound. My companions were scattered about, variously engaged. In the seat before me one was absorbed in a SCHOLASTIC; another was conversing with one of the students in blue, and the information they exchanged in regard to their respective colleges would have done credit to professional drummers; while still another, a youth whose upper lip Dame Nature has graced with a moustache, cast occasional glances into a mirror at the end of the car, where something seemed to attract his attention. The faces of our fellow-travellers wore a bright, expectant expression which spoke, as plainly as words, of happiness in anticipation—the key of it all being in the suggestions that the words *home* and *Christmas* created.

As we sped on through the afternoon I took pleasure in looking out upon the open country, or catching glimpses of close-built towns, as we were whirled alternately through each. Because I was going home for Christmas it appeared to me that everyone else was in some way thinking of the same day, and it was neither sentiment or hallucination that caused me to discern in the people of town and country a heartier and happier spirit. When dusk came on, I wandered up to the forward part of the train. In one of the common cars sat a man who had such a peculiar air about him that I at once became interested in knowing something of him. He could be called neither young nor old, yet there was that about him which gave him the dignity due to one advanced in years, with the manner and bearing of one accustomed to labor and mental activity such as only the young can stand.

During the whole day he must have sat there in the very same place, silently wrapped in his thoughts, for he seemed not to have moved from the position I saw him occupy earlier in the day. It could not be called moroseness or melancholy which hung about him, for there was a kindly, open look in his thin face, and several times I noticed him start and brighten up as the brakeman called out some town. There was a history connected with this man, thought I, which I would like to know; and, partly to satisfy my curiosity on this

point, I engaged in conversation with him. Yes, he had a history—a sad one it was, too. All I could learn was that there had been a sin of disobedience, a flight from home, lonely years spent in labor and repentance, and a fight against pride; and now was the return; but the last act of his drama—forgiveness—was yet to come. He was doubtful as to the forgiveness, but in the middle of the night, when he left the train at a quiet little town, the story was finished; the play was ended, and the last act accomplished. That night there was exultation in the humble cottage and the celestial halls over “one sinner doing penance.” With my head full of thoughts I lay down to sleep and to dream of home. It was a pleasant sleep, and they were pleasant dreams, for the latter were realized—I awoke at home.

W. F. M.

### Books and Periodicals.

UPON A CAST. By Charlotte Dunning. New York: Harper & Bros. Franklin Square. 1885.

A story of life in an old-fashioned Manhattanese village on the Hudson, where other people's business is a more interesting theme than the newest achievements in science or art. The female characters are well drawn, especially the poor old lady, desirous, on general principles, of seeing her son married and settled, yet thinking no young lady in particular good enough for him. And, in fact, the young lady of his choice, although meant to be admirable, is uncomfortably snappish and quarrelsome. All turns out happily. He finds room in his heart for the old lady as well as the young one, after various heart-rending complications. A favorable specimen of the modern novel. The fair authoress should be made aware, however, that the term “Romanist” is considered insulting by a large number of her probable readers. Issued in the publishers' well-known elegant style.

“BOOTS AND SADDLES;” OR, LIFE IN DAKOTA WITH GENERAL CUSTER. By Elizabeth B. Custer. New York: Harper & Bros. Franklin Square. 1885.

Our boys are all curious concerning the details of what is known as “Western” life—a life which is rapidly losing its distinctive character. All books treating on the subject, however overstrainedly and falsely, are eagerly sought for and read with avidity—they form, in fact, the most popular species of literature for boys. But we believe that most of their readers would be glad to be assured of the truth of what they read, and here is their opportunity. The amiable and talented widow of the heroic Custer in this little book, which fitly takes its name from a well-known bugle-call, details her experience in the wildest of Western savagery. The work is full of interest, and its air of perfect truthfulness adds a charm not usually found in books professing to treat of such adventures. At the same time, it is replete with womanly delicacy and feeling—the anxiety of the housekeeper to make the strawberries “go round”

is a case in point. Her devotion to the memory of her husband is finely evidenced throughout the work. Produced in the neat form to be expected from the excellent publishers.

—The January number of *Brainard's Musical World* is as bright as ever, and contains lots of good music and plenty of interesting reading matter. The music in the number is as follows: “The Ship That Never Returned,” song and chorus, by Henry C. Work; “The Wreck of a Man on the Side Walk,” song and chorus, by H. T. Martin; “The Blue Bells of Scotland” (by request), by Brinley Richards; “Click-Click Waltz,” by Mollenhaupt; “Fatinitza March,” by Suppé, and “Sunshine and Shadow,” ballad, by Milton Wellings. There are also several interesting illustrations.

—*Vick's Floral Guide* for 1886, the pioneer seed annual of America, comes to us this year a real gem, not a dry list of hard botanical names, but over thirty pages of reading matter, among which are articles on Roses, House Plants, Cheap Greenhouse, Onion Culture, Mushrooms, Manures, Young Gardeners, and very interesting reading, followed by about 150 pages containing illustrations, descriptions and prices of seemingly everything the heart could desire in the line of Seeds, Plants Bulbs, Potatoes, etc. It is a mystery how this firm can afford to publish, and really give away, this beautiful work of nearly 200 pages of finest paper, with hundreds of illustrations and two fine colored plates, all enclosed in an elegant cover. Any one desiring goods in this line cannot do better than send 10 cents for the *Floral Guide* to James Vick, Seedsman, Rochester, N. Y. Deduct the 10 cents from first order sent for seeds.

—*Science*—an illustrated weekly journal, published by The Science Company, 143 Broadway, New York—is one of the most useful and interesting periodicals of the present day for the scientific reader. Its value as a reliable medium of information in regard to the progress and developments newly made in the fertile fields of science, is considerably enhanced by the frequency of its publication, whereby scientific news is presented correctly and as soon as the reader can reasonably expect. The periodical does not stand committed to any pet theory or hypothesis in science, but, with a due appreciation of the intelligence of its readers, it seeks to set forth facts as they are, without dogmatically asserting their ultimate explanation. *Science* occupies a high and leading, and, withal, unique position among scientific magazines, and the editors are deserving the encouragement of an intelligent public in the work which they are so successfully pursuing.

### AMERICAN CRIMINAL REPORTS.

The publication of this series of Reports was undertaken a few years since by Callaghan & Co., the noted law-book publishers of Chicago. The 4th volume, which we have just received, is edited by a former student of Notre Dame—the Hon. John Gibbons, A. M., of '68. The book is of the standard legal size, and contains 666 pages. Its typog-

raphy, binding and general appearance are in every way worthy of the enterprising publishing house from which it comes. It presents many evidences, too, that the able editor has done his work in a most creditable manner. The arrangement, selection of cases, copious notes, syllabuses, index, table of cases, etc., bear witness, not less to his care and zeal in the work, than to his sound judgment and comprehensive knowledge of the law. At college, years ago, Mr. Gibbons was a most diligent student, and ever since he has been true to the studious habits he then formed. These habits, backed by natural abilities of a high order, have placed him among the first lawyers of the Chicago bar. Indeed, as a Constitutional lawyer he is generally admitted to have no superior of his age in the West. It seems not a little surprising that, notwithstanding his acknowledged industry and close attention to work, he could find time, not only to fulfil his duties in connection with an active law practice, but also to edit so accurately, intelligently and acceptably this large and handsome volume of Reports. The cases published in it have evidently been collated and arranged with great care. They cover the most important questions passed upon during the last two or three years by the courts of last resort throughout the Union. And hardly less useful to the profession are the notes appended to many of the cases. These notes serve to show wherein the cases in question modify former rulings or are themselves qualified by rulings in other jurisdictions. The contents of the volume are indicated with such care and particularity by direct references and cross-references in the index that comparatively no time is lost in finding and turning to cases tending to explain or support a given point or question. Leading and well-considered cases, and cases that present new issues, or issues not so trite as to be of doubtful utility, have been selected by the editor; and, indeed, nothing has been left undone to make this a book of superior merit and practical utility. We understand that Mr. Gibbons is to edit the volumes of the series hereafter to be published, and consequently we feel that we run no risk in bespeaking for them a large and growing patronage and a gratifying measure of success.

---

Personal.

—"Big" Murphy (Com'l), '67, is in business with his father in Washington, D. C.

—Ballard Smith, '65, formerly Managing Editor of the *N. Y. Sun* and *N. Y. Herald*, is now City Editor of the *N. Y. World*.

—M. T. Burns, '66, with one of the topographical corps of the United States Geological Survey, is at present in winter quarters at Washington, D. C.

—John Joyce (Com'l), '76, is in charge of the Carriage business established by his father in Washington, D. C., including one of the largest carriage factories in the United States and a repository on Pennsylvania Avenue.

—Rev. J. J. Curran, '68, is the efficient Director of the Sacred Heart Industrial School and Protector at Arlington Heights, N. J., and also of the Sacred Heart Union, which has a large membership throughout the United States.

—Eugene F. Arnold, '74, has removed his law-rooms to a much more convenient and desirable location on Louisiana Avenue, Washington, directly opposite the City Hall, where a very extensive law practice occupies much of his time.

—Rev. John Fitzharris, '68, is Assistant Pastor of St. Joseph's, New York,—one of the largest parishes in the city, counting about 12,000 souls. These, with the care of a hospital, keep the clergy of the parish busily employed. Father Fitzharris is always glad to see any of his school-day friends, and have a social chat about college and old times.

—Among the visitors during the past week were: Rev. Wm. Hickey, London, Ont.; M. J. Dewald, Mrs. James Mooney, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. B. A. Boland, New York; Walter Bartlette, Marshall, Ill.; Mrs. J. O. West, Spencer, Iowa; Miss Mary A. Ewing, Miss Marie Steele, Lancaster, Ohio; Mrs. Clementine Rupe, and two daughters, Kansas; Mrs. Clancy, Paw Paw, Mich.; Mr. and Mrs. Edward Moon, Warsaw, Ind.; David Blocker, Gettysburg, Pa.; John Theobald, Terre Haute, Ind.

—Among the welcome visitors of the past week was Dr. Edward Johnson, of Watertown, Wis. Dr. Johnson had been in attendance at the meeting of the Executive Committee of the Irish National League in Chicago, and paid a short visit to his friends at Notre Dame, all of whom were glad to meet him and see him in the full enjoyment of health and strength. Dr. Johnson is one of the leading spirits in the grand Irish movement in the United States, and his numerous friends wish him health and length of days to continue the noble work in which he is engaged.

—Very Rev. W. Corby, C. S. C., formerly President of Notre Dame, now the esteemed Rector of St. Bernard's Church, Watertown, Wis., was remembered by the Faculty of the University on the occasion of his "Silver Jubilee" by the offering of a magnificent Roman Missal. This *souvenir* of affection and esteem from many, who at one time had been associated with and directed by him in the work of education, was presented in their name by Rev. President Walsh who represented the University at the rejoicings on Christmas Day. Through some oversight no mention was made before of this pleasing incident, but it deserves to be recorded, and, "better late than never."

In connection with this subject we may be permitted to state that another striking evidence of the success which attends Father Corby's management, as well as the affectionate esteem in which he is held by his parishioners, was recently given in the results of the festival held under his direction for the benefit of the Church fund in Watertown. The people of St. Bernard's are proverbial for their generosity and devotedness to the cause of religion, and in years gone by they have not failed to make a splendid showing when a call

was made for unusual effort. Their late festival, however, completely surpassed all those of former years—the clear profits exceeding \$2,000—and may, we think, be viewed in the light of a grand testimonial to their beloved Pastor.

—The sad news has reached us of the death of Mr. John Cochrane, who departed this life, in the 69th year of his age, at his residence in Chicago, on Tuesday the 12th inst. The deceased was one of the early settlers of Chicago, and for many years took an active and prominent part in the conduct of public affairs in the Metropolis of the West. Four of his sons were educated at Notre Dame—William, of '68, Philip, of '71, Thomas, of '75, and George, of '78. His daughter, now the wife of County Clerk Ryan, of Chicago, is a graduate of St. Mary's Academy. Mr. Cochrane was an earnest, practical and devoted Catholic, and the term of a good life found him in peace and union with his God. The funeral took place on the 14th inst., from St. Patrick's Church, where a solemn Requiem Mass was sung for the soul of the departed, and an eloquent sermon was preached by Vicar-General Conway, who spoke in the highest terms of the excellent character and career of the deceased. The many friends of the family at Notre Dame extend their heartfelt condolence in this great affliction that has befallen them, but bid them have the consoling assurance that the soul of their worthy father receives that blessing apportioned to those who die in the Lord. May he rest in peace!

#### Examining Committees.

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

CLASSICAL BOARD—Rev. N. J. Stoffel, presiding; Rev. S. Fitte, Rev. V. Hély; Prof. Edwards, Prof. Stoddard, Prof. Hoynes, Prof. John G. Ewing, Secretary.

SCIENTIFIC BOARD—Rev. J. A. Zahm, presiding; Rev. A. M. Kirsch; Prof. Stace, Prof. A. F. Zahm, Secretary; Prof. W. H. Johnston.

COMMERCIAL BOARD—Rev. J. M. Toohy, presiding; Bro. Marcellinus, Secretary; Bro. Philip; Prof. Lyons, Prof. McCue.

SENIOR PREPARATORY BOARD—Rev. M. Robinson, presiding; Rev. W. Scheier; Bro. Emmanuel, Bro. Stanislaus; Mr. F. X. Claffey, Mr. N. H. Ewing, Secretary.

JUNIOR PREPARATORY BOARD—Rev. M. J. Regan, presiding; Bro. Leander, Secretary; Bro. Alexander, Bro. Paul, Bro. Maurus, Bro. Marcellus.

#### Local Items.

—Examinations.

—Ge-o-gog-ery!

—Splendid sleighing!

—The hall opens next Monday.

—He picked them with his own hands.

—Who will get the ring next Wednesday?

—Time is flying, and the "22d" will soon be here.

—What are the Thespians doing about their play?

—The ice cut from St. Joseph's Lake is eight inches thick.

—Albert is writing a book on "M—— City as a Winter Resort."

—From present indications, the Bazaar will be a grand success.

—Ye festive solicitor for the Junior Bazaar knoweth his "biz."

—Lost.—A cameo ring. Finder will please return to Bro. Emmanuel or J. Dohaney.

—Of some critics it may be said "their only sting is praise, and their praise is venom."

—Two Minims were surprised the other day to see 268 letters printed on the 1-10,000th part of a square inch.

—Among the novel and interesting features in Science Hall is the mechanical workshop. It will well repay a visit.

—A large frosted sponge cake will be presented to some one who holds an entrance ticket to the Bazaar. Who will it be?

—The Sorin Cadets, under the direction of Captain Combe, have their regular daily drills and will shortly give a public exhibition.

—Steele's Punch & Judy combination will give entertainments at the Bazaar during the coming week. See that your buttons are well sewed on.

—Where are the "Scientifics"? We expected ere this to have a report of their reorganization, but, "large bodies move slowly," we suppose.

—A fine musical instrument, presented by Mr. Austin, will be awarded to the best-looking young man who attends the Bazaar. Put in your claims early.

—The *élite* of the Senior department will hold a grand reunion in their reading-rooms next Wednesday evening. It promises to be a *recherche* affair.

—Another cold wave broke upon us yesterday afternoon, sending the mercury down with a big jump. Our irrepressible weather prophets are jubilant.

—Among the many valuable articles sent to the Bazaar committee is a fine melodeon presented by Mr. Austin, father of Master Austin, of the Junior department.

—Benner's patent fishing pond will be one of the attractions at the Bazaar. Don't forget to take a fish. Bait your hook with a ten-cent piece, and keep all you catch.

—The Minims return thanks to Mrs. J. B. Inderrieden, of Chicago, and Mrs. S. Doss, of Kansas City, for generous donations towards the furnishing of their reading-rooms.

—The Crescent Club Orchestra will be on hand every night of the Bazaar to delight the lovers of music with selections from the modern operas. *Nanon* and the *Mikado* Monday night.

—C. Mooney, of Chicago, presented the Minims, as a New Years gift, with a fine canary bird for their reading-room. The Minims return thanks to their worthy companion for the same.

—The Euglossians held a reunion on Sunday evening in the Senior reading-rooms. Music, refreshments, and various other kinds of enjoyments, contributed to make a very pleasant evening.

—Guess at the exact number of beans in the jar. Two guesses for a nickle. The one who comes nearest to the exact number will receive a fine large turkey. Odds are in favor of the Dubuque table.

—Dr. Edward Johnson, of Watertown, Wis., left an agreeable and generous *souvenir* of his visit in the shape of a \$200 donation for one of the beautiful memorial windows in the extension to the church.

—The genial Director of the Tailoring Establishment announces the arrival of a large invoice of splendid suitings for the spring trade. Give him an early call and take your choice. Look out for his card in our advertising columns next week.

—The 9th regular meeting of the St. Stanislaus Philopatrian Society was held Monday, January 18. An interesting debate took place between the following members: Masters McPhee, Meehan, McVeigh, Rose, Houstain, Bodley, McIntosh, and Frain.

—The Minims return hearty thanks to Rev. President Walsh for the beautiful Florida oranges he sent them on Thursday. The delicious treat goes further than any glowing description towards convincing the young gentlemen of the charms of the *flowery* land.

—A few days ago a prominent member of the Faculty volunteered his services to the ice cutters on the lake, and succeeded in dropping a drill into the depths. Thereupon he received a gentle intimation that his services were no longer required in that particular locality. No more at present.

—Mr. Willson and his men have now completed the "wiring" of the Main Building and St. Edward's Hall. He will finish with Science Hall in a few days and then begin in the Academy of Music. After this, sockets and lamp will be placed in all the buildings. The large dynamo is expected daily.

—The 11th regular meeting of the Sorin Literary and Dramatic Association was held on Monday, Jan. 18. An animated debate took place between Masters Cobbs, McIntosh, Chute, Ramsey, Piero, Sullivan, Munroe, Nester, F. Peck, Landenwich, Sweet, Bailey, Dunford, Nussbaum, Murphy and Ciarcoshci.

—The *Scholastic Annual* for 1886 has appeared. This is the 11th year of an almanac published in English by the Catholic University at Notre Dame, Ind., and as regards its contents and make-up, it is amongst the best of this year's almanacs. It is to be had at all Catholic bookstores for 25 cents.—*Herold des Glaubens.*

—By order of Captain Combe, and in accordance with the company by-laws, dress parade will hereafter be held every Sunday afternoon. Col.

Hoynes has expressed his pleasure at the interest which the members have shown at drill. He has also approved of the zeal which the Captain and his officers have shown.

—Very Rev. Father General takes the deepest interest in the Princes' Elocution Class. He examined the class on Tuesday, and finding that all were not up to his standard of excellence, he kindly offered to give special lessons to the most proficient. The Princes return their beloved Patron the deepest thanks for his condescension and kindness.

—Mr. J. Baum—lately arrived from Lancaster, Pa.—is doing good and effective work in preparing the materials in the laboratories of Science Hall. The gentleman brings to his work the knowledge and skill acquired by the experience of a number of years spent in several of the great laboratories of Europe, so that his services will prove a valuable acquisition.

—The Euglossians, *semper parati*, proved their fidelity to their motto by their late exhibition. Let us have more of these exercises. Such an evening

"... makes the wheels of nature gliblier play;  
Dull care suppresses; smooths life's thorny way;  
Propels the dancing current through each vein;  
Braces the nerves: corroborates the brain;  
Shakes every muscle, and throws off the spleen."

—We have received the *Scholastic Annual*, the eleventh year of its issue, got up in the style for which the press of Notre Dame is distinguished, and replete with entertaining and instructive reading, aside from its calendar pages. It is well worth the price—25 cents. Its readers will part with regret from the "Astrologer," whose predictions have heretofore afforded them much amusement.—*Ypsilanti Sentinel.*

—The Columbian Literary and Dramatic Club held its 9th regular meeting on the 19th inst. W. Jewett was unanimously elected to membership. Mr. W. Jess was chosen Orator for St. Patrick's Day, and M. O. Burns as the Society representative on the same occasion. The Society numbers thirty-six members, and, judging by the talent and ability displayed at their debates we have every reason to expect that their exhibition on St. Patrick's Day will be one of the finest ever given at Notre Dame.

—A beautiful phenomenon was witnessed in the western sky yesterday afternoon, about four o'clock, during the prevalence of the blizzard. The sun shone brilliantly for a few minutes, while on either side might be seen too meteor-like columns in all the colors of the rainbow. *Halos* around the sun "produced by mist and particles of frozen water between the sun and the eye," were also observed and formed a beautiful illustration in the phenomena attending the production of colors.

—At the 11th regular meeting of the St. Cecilia Philomathean Association, held Wednesday evening, the 20th inst., papers were read by C. E. Ruffug and E. S. Ewing. Personations were given by Messrs. Cooper, W. Houlihan, R. C. Newton, F. Fair, P. H. Levin, E. Darragh, S. N. Holman and C. Spencer. Public readers for this



week were appointed as follows: W. Wabraushek, E. Darragh, G. Myers, M. Mulkern, J. Goebel, E. Dillon, R. Oxnard, C. West, T. Cleary, and C. Spencer.

—The *College Message* (Cape Girardeau, Mo.) has a complimentary notice of the *Scholastic Annual*. It, like many others, expresses regrets at the "farewell" address of our Astrologer. We hope that these public utterances will lend additional weight to many private entreaties and move the Sage of Notre Dame to reconsider his decision. The *Message* says:

"The *Scholastic Annual* for 1886 came to hand the first part of this month. We instinctively turned to the Astrologer's department, and were much disappointed in finding that worthy's farewell address. The Astrologer tells us that his prophecies were begun in the spirit of pleasantry. We do not know why he does not continue to write in that same spirit, for we are certain his prophecies yielded not a little pleasure to his readers in former years. The contents of the *Annual* for this year are unusually interesting and instructive. Send 25 cents to J. A. Lyons, University of Notre Dame, Notre Dame, Ind., and he will send you a copy."

—The following interesting letter, concerning the recent publication of the Hellenic Association, has been received from Cincinnati:

GENTLEMEN HELLENISTS, *Notre Dame, Ind.*:

SIRS:—I am in receipt of the book you sent me, and, taking a cursory glance over it, I find its appearance most opportune, and that it is precisely the book for the times. Written in a language that all should understand, its style is easy, and, at the same time, graceful and flowing. I don't think I used more than a dozen profane words in the five minutes I was looking at it; from this one can learn its power for good. In one word, it should be in the hands of every family. There is a deep religious vein running through all the "anecdotes"; but it is in the riddles that you find meat for three full meals of spiritual thought. Where all other means have failed, your volume will be an efficient cure for sleeplessness and kindred complaints. I am not at home in poetry, but I think I can venture to say that your little efforts will not do so very much harm.

Thanking, you anyhow, for your kindness, and trusting you are regaining good health, I remain,

Yours, etc.,

T. M. S

—A very pleasing entertainment, styled "An Impromptu, Post-holiday, Hibernian Entertainment," was given by the Euglossians last Saturday evening. The following is the

PROGRAMME:

Music..... Quartette  
Selection from Shak-speare..... F. J. Hagenbarth  
In the Amphitheatre..... F. Dexter  
Silver Trumpets—Grand Processional March—*F. Viviani*  
S. Nussbaum, E. Riley, G. Ruffing, G. Cooper  
Patriotism (selected)..... A. Ancheta  
Cauch the Piper..... W. Jess  
Harp without Strings..... C. E. Finlay  
Duet—Overture (*Suppé*)..... Prof. Paul and R. Oxnard  
The Black Horse and Rider..... C. Harris  
Recitation..... F. Latshaw  
Personation..... A young man in his teens  
A Rustic Scene..... P. J. Goulding  
Music—The Mill—*Josffy*..... R. Oxnard  
Quartette (Violin, Viola, Violoncello, Piano).

"CHERRY BOUNCE."

Mr. Oldrents..... Chas. J. Stubbs  
Gregory Homespun, His Servant..... F. Dexter  
Mrs. Homespun..... C. E. Finlay  
Gammon, A. Farmer..... M. T. White  
Spinage, Another Farmer..... A. A. Gordon  
"Jep," A Doctor's Boy..... J. D. Crawford

Roll of Honor.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Messrs. Ashton, Ashford, Aubrey, Akin, Burke, Bowles, Bryar, M. Burns, D. Byrnes, Baca, F. Browne, Breen, A. Browne, Becker, Conlon, C. Crowe, J. Crowe, Coady, Congdon, Craig, Walter Collins, Cartier, Carbajal, Fred Combe, Cassidy, Dohany, De Haven, Dexter, Dolan, Fogarty, Forbes, Ford, A. A. Gordon, Goble, Goulding, Gallardo, Glenn, Hamlyn, Horn, Hagerty, Houck, J. Hampton, Harris, Harrison, Howard, Hasson, Hull, Harless, Holden, Judie, Jackson, Jewett, Jess, Jeffs, Kondelka, Kreutzer, H. Kenny, J. Kenny, Keegan, Karst, Kegel, Kleiber, Ley, Latshaw, H. Luhn, W. Luhn, Martinez, Murphv, McNulty, Mathers, Murdock, McGuire, Miller, Moon, McDonald, Neill, O'Rourke, Ott, P. Prudhomme, J. Prudhomme, C. Paschel, H. Paschel, Padilla, Perley, T. Ryan, O. Ryan, Remish, E. Riley, Rothert, Rochford, Reagan, Rodriguez, Rahilly, Shaide, Stubbs, Saviers, Sheridan, Stickney, Strasser, Vandercar, W. Williams, White, Wag-ner, Zeitler.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Masters Adlesperger, Adams, Austin, Akin, Arts, Berry, Benson, Bodley, Blakeslee, Boos, Bowles, E. Benner, F. Benner, Bunker, Borgschulze, Curtis, Cleveland, Colina, Courtney, Cain, Cleary, Cooper, Chute, Cavaroc, Coles, Chaves, Dougherty, Doss, Duffield, Dillon, Darragh, Dickinson, Dungan, Ewing, Epple, Frain, Finchk, Flood, Fehr, Fisher, Fitzgerald, Fitzharris, Fontanel, Grothaus, Goebel, Galarneau, Gordon, Hoffman, Houlihan, Hayes, T. Hake, A. Hake, Holman, Harris, Hiner, Inderrieden, Jewett, P. Jacobs, N. Jacobs, Jeffs, Kern, F. Konzen, W. Konzen, Levin, Luther, Long, McKendry, McCourt, McConn, Meehan, Mueller, Mulkern, McPhee, McIntosh, Myers, Nealis, L. Newton, R. Newton, Noud, Nester, Nations, O'Connor, Oxnard, O'Kane, Portillo, Prudhomme, Preston, Porter, Regan, Ratighan, Redlich, A. Ruffing, C. Ruffing, Robinson, Rose, Ramirez, L. Smith, F. Smith, H. Smith, N. Smith, Short, Senn, Spencer, Steele, Scherrer, Servis, Sandoval, Tidrick, L. Thompson, Talbot, Tarrant, Valasco, Warner, Welch, Walsh, Wabraushek, Wagoner, Williamson, Woodman, West.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Masters Ackerman, Bailey, Bull, Barger, Ciarcoschi, E. Connors, J. Connors, Chute, Cobbs, Crotty, Campeau, Dunford, L. Doss, E. Doss, T. Falvey, F. Falvey, E. Falvey, Farmer, Fontanel, F. Garber, E. Garber, Graham, Grant, Griffin, Healy, Haney, Jones, J. Kintz, A. Kintz, O. Kintz, Kellner, Keefe, Klaner, Jones, Jewett, Landenwich, Mainzer, Moncada, McIntosh, Morgan, McGill, McCourt, McNulty, Martin, Murphy, Mason, C. Mooney, H. Mooney, Munroe, Nester, Nussbaum, C. Nealis, B. Nealis, O'Neill, Paul, Piero, J. Peck, F. Peck, Quinlin, Ramsey, Riordan, Stone, Sullivan, D. Sweet, G. Sweet, W. Smart, A. Smart, E. Scherrer, C. Scherrer, Tillenburg, Taft, Williamson.

WHAT the compositor asks (but at present cannot obtain) is, not that the  $n$  and  $u$  be made alike, but that each have its distinctive shape; not that the  $t$  be made similar to  $l$ , but that it be crossed, or else formed after the fashion much in vogue, namely, a stroke more or less sloping, with a loop in the centre on the side farthest from the letter following it; and lastly, that the  $i$  be dotted, an omission which seems to meet with great favor among authors, though it is very tantalizing to the compositor, since in bad manuscript the undotted  $i$  may be taken to represent either,  $c$ ,  $e$ , or  $r$ , or even be supposed to form part of what in reality is the letter  $m$ . But if the  $i$ 's were dotted and the  $t$ 's crossed, few complaints would emanate from printing offices, or, indeed, ever be heard, so great an aid is the due placing of these letter belongings in the task of deciphering.—*Scientific American*.

## Saint Mary's Academy.

*One Mile West of Notre Dame University.*

—The examination in music, presided over by the Prefect of Studies, began on Monday, the 18th inst.

—Mrs. Steele, of Lancaster, Ohio; Mrs. Smart and Mrs. Philipps, of Midville, are welcome guests of the Academy.

—Pleasant letters have been received from Miss Clara Richmond, of Elliot, Ill., and Miss Mary Hale, of Bunker Hill, Ill., pupils of last year.

—Miss Stafford, on her return from Chicago, brought with her her friend, Miss Miller, who has entered as a pupil in the Senior department.

—The Misses Regan, Hertzog, McEwen, Prudhomme, Griffith, Smart, Steele, Cox, Clifford, and Keyes, of the Juniors, have proved themselves proficient in Elocution.

—Those who drew for the Roman mosaic cross were the Misses E. Balch, Coll, Griffith, Hertzog, Keyes, Prudhomme, Regan, Sheekey, and Smith. Miss Hertzog was the winner.

—Miss Katie Brown brings from Dubuque news of her home, her parents, and also of near relatives—Mrs. Lee, Mrs. Connelly, and Miss Agnes Brown, former highly esteemed pupils of the Academy.

—The Princesses are deeply grateful to the beloved Prefect of Studies for her kind permission to allow them to play on the cement walk south of the ladies' dining-room. The entire court of Princesses wish to publicly attest their appreciation of the pastime they so much enjoy.

—On Saturday the examination in theoretical music was resumed. The Directress endeavored to impress upon the pupils the necessity of making themselves perfectly familiar with the principles of music. The standard of class depends upon this knowledge, as well as upon proficiency in execution. At the examination this must be borne in mind.

—Miss Clendenen, anxious to promote discipline, has presented a very beautiful little bell for the use of the Prefect of Studies. It is moulded in the very inviting form of a little silver banquet table furnished with goblets and decanter. She also presented for the Museum, the autograph of one who claims to be the original of a prominent character in "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

—St. Michael's dormitory and all the occupants thereof glory in the possession of the handsomest gong in the building, and also in that of the prettiest match-safe, thanks to the thoughtful provision of Mary McEwen in her late holiday visit home. There is little reason to doubt the success of the examination in the case of those little ladies who are roused to the duties of the day by the silvery tones but imperative accent of that very interesting gong.

—The representation in the Novitiate of the

Magi as led by the miraculous star on Epiphany, and which, in accordance with the usual custom, remains through the month of January, is very interesting, and has been frequently visited by the pupils of the Academy. At this period of the year, also, the handsome panel colored lithographs, taken from the originals of Master Stephano Lochner, at Cologne, and now in St. Luke's Studio, are visited with a peculiar interest. The famous paintings by this Master of the fourteenth century—of the "Adoration of the Magi," "St. Ursula and her Companions, Martyrs," and "St. Maurice and the Thundering Legion," are in the chapel of the great cathedral where the relics of the three kings—Gasper, Melchior, and Baltazar—repose. St. Maurice is the patron of the city of Cologne; St. Ursula and her companions were martyred on the spot where the city now stands.

—Study for the approaching examination now absorbs the entire attention of pupils, from the smallest Minim to the tallest Graduate, and the ardor to pass well, everywhere manifested, is a proof that idlers are few. In truth, indolence is so unattractive that it is a marvel to see anyone enamored of its pretensions; but as we must admit the truth, idlers, even among young people, do exist; but, of all miserable people, they are the most unhappy. Granted that one is stupid enough to embrace this misery so far as she is personally concerned, in a social point of view she cannot be so easily excused. To be usefully occupied is the right of all who are of sane mind and sound body. The proper occupation of the young is study. Ill health, as a rule, is the only good reason why young people should not apply themselves to the improvement of their mental faculties; even the want of means to defray the expenses of an academic education is not an excuse, for, by observation and husbanding leisure moments, even the poorest can improve the mind, if the will to do so be not wanting. It is painful to meet those before whom the path to every advantage is made clear, yet who do not avail themselves of the privilege, and who will not take the trouble to study. Obtuseness is the penalty of indolence, as is clearly illustrated in the beautiful parable of the wise and foolish virgins. The cry of many a one who has frittered away the moments of life, addressed to those who have lived, studied and labored conscientiously, will be: "Give us of your oil!" but, nevertheless, failure will be sure to seal their wasted existence.

### A Few Hints on English Composition.

Though plagiarism is justly accounted worse than highway robbery, and though it is, perhaps, more common, yet to copy, word for word, the works of standard authors, with nothing but the honest intention of becoming familiar with respectable literary construction, is a far better practice than to write folios of matter in which every element of good style is ignored—in which mixed metaphor and mixed ideas predominate to such an

extent that good sense is left out of the question.

Persons have been known who were able to recite the rules of grammar and rhetoric without a falter, and yet they were totally at a loss when called upon to apply those rules. Nor is the number small, as any teacher of English composition can attest. Principles, undoubtedly, must rest at the basis of practice, but practice must accompany the study of principles, or time is thrown away.

Again, there are some rigid sticklers for originality, who, though they would spare no pains to remove an ugly excrescence from the hand or the face, will not allow a reconstruction of a false sentence written by themselves, because the perfect syntactical arrangement is regarded as an encroachment upon their rights as author.

True, it is a matter of surprise sometimes to see what a brilliant idea can be fished out of an incongruous mass of words by a judicious dash of the pen across a line here, through a word there; a change of punctuation in one place, and of a part of speech in another; by substituting a proper term for one which did not convey the right idea; by arranging the clauses of a paragraph so that strength is evolved from an inexplicable sentence. The author's theme and purpose may remain intact. The terse expression of the idea does not change her right to the production any more than the arrangement of her desk by another person would deprive her of her claim upon the desk.

If a pupil be competent to criticise and correct her own compositions, by all means she should be permitted to do so; but at the present day careful literary work is so rare among school-girls that it would be far from prudent to trust their judgment in a matter so important. The old-time method, of devoting hours daily to literary composition, is certainly to be commended, and its abolition has proved a detriment in many ways.

Memory and understanding are two distinct powers of the soul. Pupils frequently recite lessons word for word as given in the text-book who, when the definitions of words most important to the sense are required, are found unable to present them clearly. Though giving them fluently enough in class, they would be at a loss to employ the same words in any other connection than that given in the book. This is a plain proof that the understanding did not co-operate with the memory.

To compose well, one must understand well; therefore, to require a carefully-written production suggested by any branch a pupil may pursue is doing her a great favor. Let her be sure not to write the words of her text-book, but to demonstrate the work her study has accomplished in her own mind. The taste for trashy reading would be by this means effectually destroyed. When a young girl studies thoroughly, when her mind is deeply intent upon the science, art, or language a knowledge of which she is endeavoring to acquire, she can find little to interest her in shallow, sensational writings.

However, if what an eminent clergyman of England once said of modern society be true—that "the men smoke and read the newspapers, while

the women read their prayer-books and silly novels"—there must be fault somewhere. Intellectual culture must be grossly undervalued by those who have the training of the young. Has society so far lost sight of the immortal destiny of the human soul as to recognize this loose morality, which seems existing everywhere, without seeking for a remedy? It seems hardly possible.

In composition (thorough intellectual work) the immortal principle of our being is brought into active exercise, as it can be in no other way. Ideas that have been incorporated, and that have become a part of the mind, are recalled, their merits are tested; their bearing upon truth is discovered, and a certain mental power is acquired which no other exercise can impart. Careful work in composition can hardly be overrated.

### Roll of Honor.

FOR POLITENESS, NEATNESS, ORDER, AMIABILITY, CORRECT DEPARTMENT, AND OBSERVANCE OF RULES.

#### SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

*Par Excellence*—Misses Allnoch, Allwein, V. Barlow, Bruhn, Butler, Brady, Blair, Bub, Blacklock, Blacklock, Baschamang, Carney, Clendenen, Coll, Cox, Dillon, Duffield, Desenberg, Egan, Fuller, Farnsworth, Fenton, Griffith, Alice Gordon, Addie Gordon, Green, A. Heckard, E. Horn, Hummer, B. Heckard, Henry, Haines, N. Keenan, Kearns, Kennedy, Lyons, C. Leahigh, Laskey, Lawrence, Munger, Morrison, McHale, M. F. Murphy, L. Meehan, N. Meehan, M. McNamara, Monahan, Otero, Riedinger, Rose, M. Scully, C. Scully, S. St. Clair, L. St. Clair, Sullivan, Shields, Shephard, Williams, Wolvin, J. Wynn, F. Wynn, Walsh. *ad Tablet*—Misses Fehr, Kearsy, Stadler.

#### JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

*Par Excellence*—Misses E. Balch, L. Bragdon, M. Barry, M. Coll, M. Duffield, L. Griffith, F. Hertzog, A. Keyes, E. Martin, C. Prudhomme, M. Paul, E. Sheekey, Simpson. *ad Tablet*—Misses T. Balch, S. Campeau, Mason, Regan, C. Service, M. Smith, L. Van Horn.

#### MINIM DEPARTMENT.

*Par Excellence*—Misses E. Blaine, E. Burtis, L. Caddagan, M. Goetz, F. Johnson, M. Lindsey, M. Phillipps, E. Qualey, H. Rhodes, F. Spencer, J. Wallace.

### Class Honors.

GRADUATING CLASS—Misses V. Barlow, A. Heckard, M. Munger, C. Carney.

1ST SENIOR CLASS—Misses Horn, M. F. Murphy, G. Wolvin, C. Scully, M. Dillon, M. Hummer, L. St. Clair, C. Griffith, A. Butler, L. Clendenen, L. Williams, Fuller, J. McHale, A. Shephard, Kearsy, E. Sheekey.

2D SR. CLASS—Misses E. Kearns, B. Heckard, C. Fehr, F. Sullivan, J. Lawrence, Alice Gordon, Addie Gordon, M. Scully, H. Guise, L. Trask, G. Regan, B. Snowhook.

3D SR. CLASS—Misses A. Henry, A. Riedinger, E. Coll, E. Carroll, A. Egan, L. Meehan, H. Rose, G. Stadler, C. Farnsworth, M. Lyons, Considine, E. Balch, M. Smith, F. Hertzog, M. Cox, M. Barry.

1ST PREPARATORY CLASS—Misses B. Desenberg, C. Leahigh, N. Meehan, N. Green, F. Robb, C. Shields, S. Campeau, M. Duffield, M. McEwen, A. Odell.

2D PRÉP. CLASS—Misses B. Haines, A. Monahan, M. McNamara, F. Wynn, M. Allwein, M. Otero, E. Claggett, F. Spencer, M. Goetz.

JUNIOR PRÉP.—Misses F. Johnson, E. Blaine, E. Qualey.  
1ST JR.—Misses L. Caddagan, M. Phillipps, J. Wallace.