Ere thou parted from earth thy Divine Spouse to greet;
Thou didst crave then the favor to pledge Him thy vow
To refuse—the great object of life was not gained.
And lavished their heart's fondest love on their child;
We were waiting with thee to parti­cip of thy joy—
Tes fair bride of heaven, thou didst feel that the hour
It was useless that parents stood anxiously by,
When the lamp of existence no longer would bum.
Thou wert touched by the pale-faced destroyer's due
And thy sigh for the hour that thy nuptials would ring.
But the mon­lis rolled away, 'twas but staying the time
And dwelling in peace, in fair Mercy's retreat.
That thy heavenly espousals on earth had begun.
Thou didst shrink from the honors thy graces had won,
'Twas a labor of love; and it lent thee a grace
Thou mightst see the Unknown through the known,
By a diligent search into earth's varied lore;
Long years thou didst labor, preparing thy mind,
When in childhood's young years thou didst sigh for
And thou wearest a crown that no foe can destroy.
In that life to the heavenly Bridegroom so dear.
She has vanished from earth, as a sunbeam that fades
We grieve not: yet sadly we think, "She is gone!"
For she sits by the Bridegroom, with bright glory
From the valley at eve, when the shades gather round;
But ah, who can fathom the wisdom of God!
'She is gone!' Why, truly, why, truly?
She has vanished from earth, as a sunbeam that fades
We grieve not: yet sadly we think, "She is gone!"
For she sits by the Bridegroom, with bright glory
From the valley at eve, when the shades gather round;
The sun had withdrawn the last glimmer of his retiring rays, and the pale-faced moon smiled a sweet silvery smile upon the sorrowing face of Nature thus deserted by her brilliant lord. Gradually the dark frown fell from her fair brow, and she smiled back the greeting of Night's serene queen.

I sat at my open window and gazed musingly upon the scene before me. The thoughts, unled by reflection, of the many light-hearted youths, whose ringing voice and merry laugh had so often, during the past year, floated up from this now silent scene into that same window at which I now sat, crept through my mind like spectres of departed joys. I closed my eyes, and fancy winged her fairy flight far away over hills and prairies; sped along through the streets of populous cities and quiet towns, and villages in quiet solemnities; lingering eyes and glowing cheeks which so short a time ago gave life to the scenes around me.

I saw in thisexercise of fancy the hundred who had won a lasting place in memory: they were still in the family of the young men; they were the olden time as joyous as ever, their countenances as bright, and the eyes of parents, brothers and sisters, relations and friends gazed with admiration upon those youthful countenances now stamped more deeply with the impress of intelligence and thought. I forgot my loneliness, and joined in the gay mirth which fancied conjured up, till a light tap at my door roused me from my reverie and brought back in full force the painful sense of loneliness.

My visitor probably felt as I did, for he proposed a walk in the moonlight. We sauntered forth, and instinctively our steps were directed into the spacious play-ground. As we entered, we paused, by a sudden impulse, and gazed in silence upon that plot of ground so lately the scene of life and amusement, and as the moonbeams fell upon it, we saw that the young grass which had already begun to sprout in those bare spots used as base-ball grounds. So—I thought to myself—will the grass, in time, grow over that fresh mound of earth that shall, sooner or later, mark the spot where rests all that remains of a man being now in the enjoyment of life and vigor.

We moved on in silence, each busy with his own thoughts, till I was aroused from my meditations by striking my foot, occasioned in this thin boot, against a hard substance that lay in my path. I looked down, half angry with the momentary pain, and saw a portion of a broken base-ball bat. My anger was gone, and reflection took its place in my mind. There lay that instrument of amusement and exercise—now useless. It was stronger and tougher than the arm that had wielded it—now it was shattered and left to blacken in the sun and rain, while that arm had improved and grown strong in using it.

Ah! what a picture of life did not that broken bat then call up to my mind! How often do we not see men, of little real ability, but with test, using their intellectual superiority, who, being cunning to apply their powers to their own advancement, as instruments of their apparent greatness. I am, alas, like that broken bat, the spirit of these human instruments' interests finally break under the weight of conscientious power and not less conscious weakness, and that arm cannot be spurred by the foot of every passer-by, while the creatures of their ill-conceived service feast and grow strong on the fruits of their industry. But so it is; and though we may regret, we cannot change it.
Notre Dame Scholastic
The next number of the Notre Dame Scholastic, will appear in August, and will complete the fourth volume.

The New York Riots.

On the 12th of July a disgraceful riot occurred in New York. The Orangemen, protected by the military and police, walked in procession, and were followed by a mob upon which the military fired. By the accounts which have reached us, it is estimated that some fifty were killed outright, or died of their wounds; one hundred and fifty were wounded so badly as to be taken to the hospital. To this are added others less dangerously wounded, who were taken to their homes, or who escaped through fear of being conciliated; and this number is put down at one hundred, making a total of three hundred. As the matter stands in the papers, and in public opinion, this riot was raised by Catholic Orangemen against their Protestant fellow citizens; and already have appeals been made to Protestants to band together to protect themselves against what the Grand Master of the Masons calls the "agitation of an Indian paddling his canoe." As we fairly passed the other train, which soon rushed on the roads of eight or on the other track while we rushed along the other track. Our railroad engineer, with the broadest kind of a grin, stuck his head in the car and yelled out, "We've coopered it; please, not much cream, think you, two cups of coffee, though it was too tea; for our fort is strong coffee: and our weakness plenty of sugar. If it please, not much cream, think you, two cups of coffee and a glass of ice-water, there is mixture for you—suit your cellar." We note here as a paragraph that our supper was rendered pleasant by unexpected visits from three friends who had been on the train; and that we had tea in New York, where we hope we happily arrived. The other two or on a shorter trip, preparatory to a much longer one, which, as it will be life-long, we cannot approve. This may be a happy one, to some guardian angels, their conductors, crowds of friends, their fellow-passengers; a smooth, untried course of love their track, and heaven the terminus of their journey.
ion about the manner of preventing such disturb­ances in the future. We are heart and soul for having the laws obeyed, and public order pre­served.

But this we say in conclusion: Catholics are essentially law-abiding citizens. The better they fulfill their duties as members of the Catholic Church, the more faithfully they follow the advice of their pastors, the less they allow themselves to be guided by the ideals of these very men who are now renting against Catholics because a few have followed their ideas and disobeyed the teachings of the Church, the better citizens they will be.

The “Times” on the New York Priests.

The Chicago Daily Times, which has been as impartial a party paper as can be in reference to the New York riots, intimates that the clergy of New York were to blame for there being any riot at all. The Times does not display either impartiality or sincerity in the insinuation. From all that can be learned, the priests followed the orders of the Archbishop, and strongly urged the Catho­lics to keep away from the Orange procession; what more could they do? They could not apply physical force to keep them away. And if they could have tried to throw a new firm of O’Neil & Weaver every suc­cess on their mission to remove all the ill that the flesh is heir to.

We consider milk must be pretty good at a dollar a gallon.

We are glad to hear that Brother Camillus is to be in the College next year.

Father Lefebvre and Father Lemondier have gone forth to recruit their health.

The workmen are advancing rapidly with their work on the main building of the Academy.

We hear that a new R.R. passenger house is to be built in South Bend, on the Michigan Southern road.

Several young gentlemen from Texas accompanied Father Cooney on his return from that State.

We have three trains a day to South Bend, and three to Niles, on the Niles & South Bend Branch railroad.

Brother Lenke is as busy as a natter; and Brother Wilfrid is pounding round the College at a great rate.

Strawberries as big as—well ever so big—were plentiful at St. Mary’s at a very early season. Also potatoes.

New seats, of the improved style, are to be placed in those class-rooms that were not furnished with them last year.

A building for the classes of Chemistry and Natural Philosophy will soon be erected; probably before September.

The printers of this office return their sincere thanks to Jacob Chairstart for his kind remembrance on a recent occasion.

The Metaphysical Department have vacation glasses on the porico. Bench on left hand side going out the front door.

The Catalogue of the College was printed in ex­cellent style by the AVE MARIA steam power press. The Typos were refreshed when the last form was locked up.

Some water sink in human form cut loose the boat which Father V. had for years preserved on the river, and having taken it down to the old mill got a hole through it.

The Saint Cecilia Philomathean Association return their sincere thanks to Brother Wilfrid for the many acts of kindness received from his hands during the past year.

We hear with delight the dulcet notes of the clarinet issuing from a window on the second floor. It brings back to mind pleasant memories of “Over the Lake and far away.”

Kaiser Williams is a fortunate man, yet he must likely will never get the Iron Crown, while we had a whole box of them showered on us by P. L. Garret, of Chicago; and he has more of them, too.

The employes of the AVE MARIA office extend their warmest thanks to the Rev. Editor for the banquet given them a few days since. Brother Gones’ services on that occasion are gratefully acknowledged.

Rev. Dr. Lancaster Spalding, of Louisville, and Rev. Father Sullivan, of Laporte, enlivened us with their presence a week ago. Their stay was too short. Dr. Spalding was en route for Califor­nia, on a visitation.

One of the newest specimens of art we have seen for a long time is the Tableau of the Officers of the Saint Cecilian Philomathean Association for the scholastic year 1870-71. The masts are surrounded by a plain border, 34 ft. long, which is another border in arabesque style. The colors are blended together with consummate art, and display the artistic ability of Brother Albert.

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We are soon to have direct communication by rail from South Bend to Plymouth. So says the National, and we have faith in it. A rail­road with steel rails will be an improvement on the old corduroy road.

Mrs. M. Garrett, of Chicago, paid us a visit on the 16th. Mike is in excellent health, and we hope he will call often. He is always sure of a hearty reception. He knows, without our saying so, that we can accommodate his parties.

By an unaccountable oversight Br. Benjamin’s name was not marked in the Catalogue. All the members of his Classes know how well he deserves to be mentioned, and will be pleased to hear that he will be one of the Faculty next year.

Rev. Messrs Lilly and O’Connel are paying a visit to Father Frere. We know they will have a delightful time in the sylvan retreat to which they have betaken themselves, for their kind host entertains his guests with perfect disregard of ex­ pense.

On Tuesday we received a visit from our old and respected fellow students, W. P. Weaver, who was with us about four years ago. He then studied medicine and entered its practice in Cincin­nati; he was on his way to Niles, Michigan, along with his partner, Dr. O’Neil, to locate there. We wish them success on their mission to remove all the ill that the flesh is heir to.

The members of the deputation from Notre Dame University, who attended Right Rev. Bishop Loyes’ funeral, have many thanks to return to their kind and generous host, Rev. Father Frere, S.S.C., of St. Vincent’s parish, for the splendid manner in which he entertained his visitors. The hospitality of the Academy of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart will likewise be kept in kind remem­brance by all those who partook of it. The day passed at St. Vincent was especially a day of great enjoyment to the students who were of the party, viz.: to L. Mann, A. McIntyre, E. Lyons, and E. DeGroot. We will soon have other occasion to refer to this agreeable visit.

We regret to find that in the list of officers and members of the Faculty of the last Catalogue of Notre Dame University, for 1870-71, omission is made of the name of the Professor of French, Rev. Father Chemin. We regret this omission, which no doubt was involuntary, for a two-fold reason: First, because the name of this gentleman is so prominently displayed in the French language has no professor at Notre Dame; and sec­ondly, because it deprives Rev. Father Chemin of the honor to which he is justly entitled as a member of the Faculty and Professor of French for the last year. Rev. Father Chemin was, besides, Pro­fessor of Spanish and of Loge, in all of which branches he acquired himself faithfully of the duties intrusted to him. We think that this little apology will alone for the omission made in the Catalogue.

RECEIVED.—The Twenty-Seventh Annual Cata­logue of the Officers and Students of the Univer­sity of Notre Dame, Indiana.

Sixteenth Annual Catalogue of St. Mary’s Academy, St. Joseph Co., Indiana.


We had prepared a synopsis of these Catalogues —the only ones received up to the present time; but we postpone our remarks until next month.

Catalogues to be noticed should be sent to Editor SchoLastic.
The analysis of the text indicates that the author is discussing the concept of the end justifying the means, a principle often associated with Thomas Aquinas. The text includes a critique of the Jesuits, referencing their alleged complicity in the persecution of Christians and the advancement of Catholicism. The author uses the example of the Jesuits to argue against the idea that means can justify ends, emphasizing instead the importance of adhering to Catholic moral principles. The text also includes a detailed examination of the Commencement Exercises at Notre Dame and a discussion of the role of education in society. The author concludes by emphasizing the importance of maintaining a balance between means and ends, and the necessity of adhering to the principles of Catholic morality.
go even as far as she does in admitting the so-called Jesuitical principles, and justify war as a means of avenging an insult, unless it be hidden in some serious degree affect the rights and liberties of the people thus appealing to arms.

No doubt, had we had the pleasure and advantage of seeing the essay throughout, and not been confined to a short, and consequently imperfect analysis of it, we would have discovered many features that would greatly modify the impression made upon our mind by the first sentences of the report, and certainly the concluding portion of the essay, judging still from the brief analysis, must have been of a nature to win for the writer both respect and commendation. We admit candidly that we did not deem so brief a report sufficient for full criticism of the essay itself, and simply took occasion from it to express our views of the sentiment implied in its subject, and of the one objectionable point attributed to it in the report. Hence our remarks have not been directed against the essay itself, which we did not hear, nor against the writer, who is entirely unknown to us, and who by reports what has been said by hundreds, whose greater age and more ample experience will be a certainty to weigh in the eyes of young learners. Our only regret, in respect to the writer, is that her information in regard to the points criticized, was not more correct, nor that she was not a subject of his own, for we know very well how readily and unsuspectingly the young accept the views of those in whom they place confidence, never stopping to ask themselves whether those views are supported by facts or proofs, or whether they are, after all, but mere views or fancies of the author or individual from whom they receive them.

The other essays, thirty-one in number, received high commendation in the report, and from the comments made on the matter of each, we believe the praise bestowed was fully merited. But we live in hope. The days are getting shorter; the weather by

Retrospect and Amends.

In glancing over the last issue of the Scholastic with a view to refresh our memory of the pleasant scenes witnessed at St. Mary's on the 22d of June, we discovered, to our great regret, that a serious omission had been made in the report,—we found no mention of the gold medal for proficiency in vocal and instrumental music awarded to Miss Clara Footer, of Burlington, Iowa.

The report, it will be remembered, as given in the Scholastic, was copied from the Chicago Tribune, whose reporter, overwhelmed by the succession of interesting scenes which occurred on that day, evidently let this important feature escape his notice unintentionally. We are sorry for the omission, and yet we are glad; for this circumstance gives us an opportunity not only of rectifying the mistake, but also of making a place for the very fact our appreciation of the well merited success of that amiable and talented young lady. We know that Miss Footer needs not our volunteer assents to vindicate her right to this testimony of her accomplishments, since those very accomplishments are by far its best vindication, yet we believe in the principle, "Honor to whom honor is due," and our esteem for Miss Clara Footer will not permit us to remain silent while an honor fairly won by her remains unacknowledged.

Drawing Class.

We confess that we have been very remiss in giving a report of the Drawing Class. It was certainly not the lack of excellence in the drawings exhibited at the Commencement that caused this apparent lack of justice and appreciation, but the pressure of affairs at the moment, and the lack of the space and time to be devoted to its culture. We hope we have forecast the future of the Drawing Class; that some of the students remaining here during vacation continue their Music and Drawing lessons free of charge.

The Nat and Ball.

EDITOR SCHOLASTIC: In the absence of those who during the course of the last scholastic year were looked upon as experts in wielding the "willow," it may be thought presumptuous on our part to expect even a passing notice; but believing that the Scholastic is ever ready to extend an encouraging hand to the weak as well as to the strong, we have taken for granted that our preferring employing the space to a call on one of our most promising beginners will be looked upon in a favorable light. With this digression we solicit a few lines from the columns for the purpose of placing before your readers the result of a game of base-ball that took place on the afternoon of the 15th inst., between the students now remaining at the University during vacation, and the printers of the ATE MARIA office, the latter playing with eight men. The importance of the game was duly appreciated, more so by the pale-faced followers of Fain and Guttemberg, as almost any mode of physical exercise in the open air is acceptable to them. At two P.M. the contestants punctually put in an appearance, previous agreement having been made to play upon the grounds of the Executive Base-Ball Club, and for two hours the contest waxed warm between them. Up to the fifth innings the tyros led the score, but lack of endurance and unaccustomed hands yielded to hardihood and hasty palms and at the end of the seventh innings, by mutual consent, the game was brought to a close, the score standing twenty-six to fourteen, in favor of the students.

The participants return their sincere thanks to Brother Paul for the impartial manner in which he rendered his decisions as umpire, exercising, as he did, his duties with credit to himself and satisfaction to all concerned.

MAROCS.

Feast of Saint Alexis.

There are few persons who are more popular at Notre Dame than the worthy Superior, Rev. Father Alexis Granger. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that the feast of his patron Saint, St. Alexis, should be an occasion of rejoicing with the members of the Congregation of the Holy Cross at Notre Dame.

On Monday, July 17th, the members of the Community, with those students who remain at Notre Dame during the vacation, sat down, in the Junior refectory, to an excellent dinner in honor of St. Alexis.

After paying due respects to the viands, which were spread in profusion over the tables, Brother Camillus de Lellis, in behalf of the members of the Community, read a congratulatory address to the Rev. Father, wishing him many returns of the day. Then will the supper table and breakfast

The Defunct Accommodation Train.

Also, the favorite of the road and the object of our special consideration is no more. The Accommodation Train, on which so oft we comfortably jogged over to Chicago at a moderate rate per hour, which was always on hand at 6 o'clock in the morning; is among the things that were, and its place is taken by a 5 A.M. train which swiftly skims along the rail and necessitates unmuttered early rising at the college. And if the train were to be withdrawn, the faculty would be left with a call on J. L. Smith; then shall we ride at ease, eat at ease, and start when we please. Then will all things be serene, and the atmosphere salubrious.

The days are getting shorter; the weather by itself and by will be cooler, and soon shall we welcome back with joy the resuscitated Accommodation Train. Then will the supper table and breakfast table at Laporte flourish anew! Then will we give a call on J. L. Smith; then shall we ride at ease, eat at ease, and start when we please. Then will all things be serene, and the atmosphere salubrious.
SAINT MARY'S ACADEMY.

St. Mary's, July 17, 1871.

A delightful quiet reigns around St. Mary's. Only twenty-five pupils remain to grace and enliven its pleasant halls and groves; these few seem to enjoy their vacation with great zest. Some of the number had graced the past, but the heart and turmoil of St. Louis and Chicago soon drove them back to their dear St. Mary's, where in peaceful seclusion they may enjoy healthful recreation amid the most beautiful surroundings.

The Fourth of July was celebrated with patriotic animation. The picturesque summer-home on the bank of the St. Joseph River was handsomely decorated with national emblems. "Hail Columbia," "Red, White and Blue" and "The Star-spangled Banner" were sung with enthusiastic fervor, while the rippling of the waters served as a graceful accompaniment to lively songs and gay laughter.

Patriotism, like all other noble sentiments, needs the assistance of the unsentimental science of gymnastics to sustain its fervor, therefore the young ladies were liberally supplied with ice-cream, cakes, etc.

Last Thursday all the pupils went up a pic-nic, and the fatigue of a long walk made them enjoy the luxury of a delightful rest. They seemed highly delighted with the novelty of one day's life in the woods.

Many improvements are in rapid progress. In a few months St. Mary's will present quite a changed appearance to those who will return.

The absences are no doubt enjoying the delights of home. Many have written loving and most interesting letters to their teachers and schoolmates at St. Mary's. Such letters are always welcome, for they prove that the writers have affectionate, grateful hearts. The absentees may rest assured for they prove that the writers have affectionate, grateful hearts. The absentees may rest assured.

We hope that their few weeks vacation may be happily spent, and the first week of September find them comfortably located at St. Mary's, full of energy, and each resolutely determined to carry away of the past have endeared them to all with whom they were in constant intercourse.

We are happy to inform our patrons that we have, at length been able to realize a long cherished desire of opening a School of Drawing and Painting.

We hope that their few weeks vacation may be happily spent, and the first week of September find them comfortably located at St. Mary's, full of energy, and each resolutely determined to carry away of the past have endeared them to all with whom they were in constant intercourse.

What is a Carat—The carat is an imaginary weight that expresses the fineness of gold, or the proportion of pure gold in a mass of metal; thus, an ounce of gold is divided into 24 carats, and gold of 22 carats fine is gold of which 22 parts out of 24 are pure, the other two parts being alloyed with copper or other metal; the weight of 4 carats, used by jewelers in weighing precious stones and pearls, is sometimes called diamond weight—the carat consisting of 216 grains, a lighter than 4 grains, also 24-16 carats equals 1 grains.

The term or weight carat derives its name from a bean, the fruit of an Abyssinian tree, called karna. This bean, from the time of its being gathered, varies in size and weight, and season, and hence is a very remote period, used as a weight for gold in Africa. In India also the bean is used as a weight for gems and pearls.

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