God English.

A Lecture Read Before the Students of the University, Thursday Evening, January 13, 1872.

[Concluded.]

Good thoughts, like good fruit, are the result of culture as well as of nature. Sprouting at first luxuriant from our natural germs, they need the sanctifying and refining hand of art to display their full perfection; and whatever Horace Greeley may say of “college graduates and other horned cattle,” it is undeniable that no nation ever arrived at the full perfection of its life is exempt by the quick suicide of its schools and its teachers. To produce noble thought we must feed the mind by study, by observation and by conversation. Nature, morals, science, art, history and poetry, are the never-failing sources of our intellectual food. But as food without digestion would not strengthen the body, so knowledge without reflection would not develop the mind. Therefore, when we have perhaps noticed some little justice in Mr. Greeley’s dislike of college graduates. They do not generally think enough. They are too often satisfied with what is very expressively styled “cramming” and seem to imagine that possessing knowledge and being educated mean the same thing. It is mentioned as one of the praises of Milton that his immense knowledge did not overpower his genius; that is, that great as was the quantity of knowledge that his mind had fed upon, yet it had digested it all, made it, as it were, part of his mental being. So must we do with what we have learned,—think of it, examine it, turn it over, enter into it, and thus make it our own. No longer a crude and undigested mass, it will become assimilated into our spiritual nature; and instead of knowledge filled with wisdom, instead of being only learned we shall be also wise. No danger then but we shall know what we wish to say, and shall honestly say that which is our own and not something else.

One word more on this point. When you have become familiar with the vast storehouse of your own thoughts, do not domineer it on you to express them all. Select the best, rejecting without a pang of remorse whatever is not approved by your judgment. I once knew a young man who was never tired of boasting of what a long composition he could write over upon almost any subject; but I am not aware that a single sentence of his has ever been judged worthy of printer’s ink. And D’Urfey, in speaking of Cowley, who was once esteemed a great poet, tells us that “he was sunk in his reputation, because he could never forgive any conceit which came in his way; but swept, like a drag net, great and small.” And I may add, that low as Cowley was sunk in Dryden’s time, he is now almost altogether forgotten, and chiefly because he indulged in this vicious luxury of bulky writing down whatever thoughts came into his head, like an old-fashioned threshing machine, which threw out wheat and chaff together. In any expression of our thoughts, in writing, in conversation, or in public speaking, it is quality, not quantity, to which we should give our chief attention.

And now, having considered how we may know what we wish to say, let us next consider how we shall say it, that is, how we shall learn to choose the words that will best express our ideas. This is to be accomplished by two means, by study and by practice. By pursuing well-written books, magazines and newspapers, and by listening to the conversation of accomplished and educated persons, we become insensibly imbued with the living spirit of the language; and by the practice of speaking and writing ourselves, we learn by sure degrees to use correctly the knowledge we have thus acquired.

Well, therefore, or, according to the common expression, the standard authors, must be the foundation on which we build our knowledge of the language, and hence the moral and critical review of English literature becomes necessary. At first thought it might seem that the object and result of this review should be to teach us to write as the old authors wrote. But this does not necessarily follow, though some morbid and distasteful word-creations, as Richard Grant White and his followers, would seem to. Here were the result this would be a sad one, for those who use a living tongue must expect to see it change; change being the sign of its life and growth. We do not wish to go back to the time of the school, but onward in the path of manhood. But the word “review” does not mean a going back, but a looking back; and in this review of English literature we look back that we may the better know how to go ahead, even as the surveyor or looks along the line of his back-stretches, that he may the better know the line over which his future course lies. We look over the old authors, not necessarily to write as they wrote, however suitable they were to their own day and generation, but rather to learn how we shall best write and speak in harmony with the masters and models of our own time.

The examples of the great authors themselves would touch us in this lesson. They studied the authors that preceded them, and sometimes even copied after them, but did not imitate them, or write as they had written. Voltaire patterned after Locke, but does not at all resemble him; Dante took Virgil as his guide, but is totally unlike him; Milton was captivated with the beauties of Tasso, but is himself a poet of quite a different stamp. They were delighted with the beautiful models which they found before them, but they were not so simple as to strive for the same effects, imitate those old masters with any servile imitation. So the genius of our language does not require us to go back, but rather forward; yet, as an author composing a long work sometimes re-reads what he has already written, to be more sure of the way he should go, by looking over the course he has come, to know the proper landmarks of the speech of our own day, it is well for us to turn the eye often backwards over the past, that our onward way may be guided by the mighty penas looming there, that shall show us where the marks the majestic march of the language, as it comes down to us through the centuries.

In reading those old authors you will gradually learn to correct in yourself the errors peculiar to the language of the present time. You will, for instance, find yourself involuntarily using the word “beige” to the word “commence,” especially before an infinitive, where your good writer never uses this word, vague, indefinite, half-English word, “beige.” In time there will be sufficient mentalistic strength in your speech to enable you to use an adjective, and not an adverb, after those verbs that denote the state and not the action of the thing; you will not do so as a certain well-known author did lately, in an excellent and widely-circulated magazine, make your heroine say “I felt bad,” or a friend were to call on you, enquiring for your health, you would not say, “I feel some better,” but rather reply, “I feel somewhat better,” or much better, or a little better, for your favorite author would undoubtedly have shown you that “some” is an adjective, not an adverb.

And finally you will learn, to your great relief, that the English language, in the hands of its masters, is strong enough for all the various shades of human thought and emotion, much less subject to barren rules of form, than the grammarians had taught you to believe. Not that the grammarians are wrong, so far as they go, but we must seek more modem aids—books written in our own time, books written by authors of other time, books of our own masters, and so forth. And the guidance of your antique counsellors will instruct you that the sentences, “If I were there, I was indeed good company,” means “I was indeed there, and passed the time quite innocently and very pleasantly.” And if, perchance, you should some day be unwell, and take up a favorite author to pass the time, and a friend were to call on you, enquiring for your health, you would not say, “I feel some better,” but rather reply, “I feel somewhat better.”

The use of “is” with verbs of motion. Ton may be unwell, and take up a favorite author to pass the time, and a friend were to call on you, enquiring for your health, you would not say, “I feel some better,” but rather reply, “I feel somewhat better.”

And the use of the word “commence,” especially before an infinitive, where your favorite author would have used the word “beige,” to the word “commence,” instead of the same word with “back,” whenever you desire to refer to the present tense without the action of which it is the result; for your standard authors will show you, in numberless passages, the propriety of this elegant and forcible use of “is” with verbs of motion. You may even grow so bold as to use the subjective mood occasionally, saying “If I were there, I would help you.”

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there are some also that appeal to the Highest. If some of our new-papers are so unclear that we blush as we pick our war through their columns to find the news that is crucial, and usually presented, and guided by the usual moral principles. It is an exceedingly intolerable care, and if there are able champions, they are not. "One thought is that 'It is not on the side of the right, so that no mind may starve for want of wholesome nutriment. It is even claimed by good men, Shakespearean, Greenaway, as well as some of the pages of the great writers of the present day, is superior to that of any former period; for our best authors seem to have had a gift of the vigour of the old, the strength of the new, the maturity, simplicity, ease and depth of Shakespeare and Bacon with the delicacy and elegance of them while they have not lost the irregularities of the former and overcome the weaknesses of the latter. However this be, it is certain that our best style is superior to that of the boasted Augustan Age of Queen Anne. Indeed this would be the better way to learn the language, were the speech of those around us always correct; and I can conceive of no happier style, no more elegant use of "English undefined," than that of one who has been brought up from infancy in the healthy companionship of noble minds, and listening to his mother tongue always spoken in its purity. Such a one would have a command of grammar, no review of English literature, in order to converse with the ready one would need no study of grammar, no review of analogies, from the literal to the figurative, from the written, and that book is Webster's dictionary.

Eric or Little by Little.

A Tale of Roslyn School.

By Frederic W. Farrar.

PART SECOND.

CHAPTER VIII.

ROWING THE WIND.

To-night the gale did not subside;

Cora vacavunt, tardi sed ingentia, studia mentis.

Nec occult.

—Lec. III, 417.

Next evening, when preparation began, FdbcTemplate

Pleasure and Graham got everything ready for the exercise in their class room, Whitley, relying on the chance of names not being called over which was only done in case any one's absence was observed, had absented himself altogether from the headmaster's room, and helped badly to spread the table for the banquet. "I must not take too much that night for fear of being caught. But it was Whitley's birth-day, and Eric's boyish mirth, suppressed by his recent troubles, was blazing out. "I suppose in their feasting the caution had been utterly neglected, and the two boys were far from being sober when the sound of the prayer-bell ringing through the great hall startled them into momentary consciousness.

"Good heavens! should Graham, springing up: "there's the prayer-bell; I'd no notion it was to be run down."

Eric, relying on his natural gravity. But Eric sat near the head of the table, and none of the others had to look out, and not take too much that night for fear of being caught. But it was Whitley's birth-day, and Eric's boyish mirth, suppressed by his recent troubles, was blazing out.

Eric and Wildney more than once that they must look out, and not take too much that night for fear of being caught. But it was Whitley's birth-day, and Eric's boyish mirth, suppressed by his recent troubles, was blazing out. "I suppose in their feasting the caution had been utterly neglected, and the two boys were far from being sober when the sound of the prayer-bell ringing through the great hall startled them into momentary consciousness."

Eric did not walk straight or act naturally.
The two boys found their way back instinctively, and, in the midst of the fierce and thunderstruck by their sentence, and the painful accessories of its publicity, Eric leaned over the desk with his head resting on a book, too turned to think that he would not see him again until the next day. "You may return to your seats."

"O, my father! my father!" sobbed Wildney at length, "what will he say? I know; he is so stern always with me when he thinks I bring disgrace on him." Eric was of his own far-off parents, and of the pang which his disgrace would cause their loving hearts; but he could say nothing, and only stroked Wildney's dark hair again and again, and sobbed with a sob that was all future, and weary of his life. A loud knocking at the door disturbed them. It was Carter in the school servants. "You must pack up to go this evening, young gentlemen."

"O! no! no! no!" exclaimed Wildney: "I cannot be sent away like this. It would break my father's heart. Eric, do come and entreat Dr. Rowlands to forgive us only this once."

"Yes," said Eric, starting up with sudden energy; "he shall forgive us—you and me alike. I will not leave him till he does. Cheer up, Charlie, cheer up, and come along." Filled with an irresistible impulse, he pushed open the door wide, and sprang out of it, and was there at a time, with Wildney following him. They went straight for the Doctor's study, and without waiting for the answer to their knock at the door, Eric walked up to Dr. Rowlands, who thinking in his arm-chair by the fire, and burst out passionately, "O sir, forgive us, forgive us this once."

The Doctor was completely taken by surprise, so sudden was the intrusion, and so intense was the boy's manner. He remained silent a moment from astonishment, and then said with asperity, "Your offence is one of the most dangerous possible. There could be so much perilous example for the school than the one you have been setting, Williams. Leave the room," he added with an authoritative gesture; "my mind is made up." But Eric was too excited to be overawed by the command, he broke out again. "O sir, try me once, only try me. I promise you most faithfully that I will never again commit the same."

Dr. Rowlands, seeing that in Eric's present mood he must and would be heard, unless he were ejected by actual force, began to pace silently up and down the room in perplexed and anxious thought; at last
Once more humbly expressing their gratitude, the boys retired.

They did not know that other influences had been also exerted in their favor, which, although ineffectual at the time, had tended to alter the Doctor's intention. Immediately after school Mr. Howard had been summoned to the Doctor's study, where the last of the skating was much enjoyed Monday afternoon and Wednesday. Boating will soon be on hand again.

The Cadets met at seven o'clock, in the Minim Study Hall, on Monday evening, February 26th. Declamations were made by Mesrs. Gall, S. McMillon, Hock, Nelson, Morton, J. Porter and Stonehill. After singing by the vocal class of the Minim Department, the meeting adjourned.

T. Nelson, Cor. Sec.
controlled. All literature exercises an influence in that direction, and especially those two species denominated periodical and fictitious. Periodical literature derives a special attractiveness from the fact that it is not in one way or another, the expression of the spirit of the age, and every individual who feels his social importance finds it a necessity to keep himself acquainted with the spirit of the times. Hence the extreme importance of a circulation of our periodical literature. Fiction, on the other hand, being, like poetry, a highly wrought picture of life, clothed in the language of sensibility, naturally exercises pleasing emotions and thus draws the mind on whithersoever the writer would lead it.

As, however, facts are but the expression of principles or passions, and as principles are always involved in those passions, there may be a superficial explicitness or implicity, in the statement of real or supposed facts, it follows that the mind of the reader, being placed in a state of pleasurable entrainment by the contemplation of the principles or passions, and-as principles are always embodied, gilded into a corresponding habit of thought, and finally reproduced those very principles in his own daily actions.

From facts, which are based upon the very nature of man, and placed beyond doubt by the universal experience of the past, three important considerations naturally arise. First, the terrible responsibility which rests upon those who contribute to any department of literature, especially to those which we have named; second, the duty of governments to guard the people against the danger in which he lives. Hence the extreme importance of a circulation of literature, which is calculated to influence for evil the public morality; and thirdly, the duty of individual readers to select carefully such reading matter as will elevate rather than corrupt the moral sentiments. When we remember that all men, in virtue of their social condition, are bound to aid one another in the attainment of their virtue, destiny—which is one of the blessed facts of our destiny;—we will recognize at once the true position of the author or writer. On the one hand, he is bound like other men to contribute to the promotion of virtue in his community, and on the other to avoid whatever is calculated to weaken the moral sensibilities of his readers or influence them towards evil. If he has read history we cannot understand his wealth, or the promotion of his own glory, manner, and on the other to avoid whatever is calculated to influence for evil the public morality; and thirdly, the duty of individual readers to select carefully such reading matter as will elevate rather than corrupt the moral sentiments.

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Second Year.—R. Curran, G. Dart, S. Dunn, W. Dunn, F. Feullingwell.
First Year.—T. Murphy, C. Proctor, J. Gillespie, J. Hooke.

COMMERCIAL COURSE.

Heading (1st Class.)—E. DeGroot, H. Fam.
Fourth Class.—C. Walsh, J. O'Meara, D. Salazar.


First Year (First Division)—T. Renshaw, W. Beadle, J. Zimmer, Tillwell, E. B. Gambee, Dr. Flail. H. Walker.

NOTRE DAME SCOLASTIC.

The Exhibition.

Although we cannot pretend to be one of the "other pens" so facetiously alluded to in the last issue of the Scholastic as being "more capable of entering into all the niceties of the exhibition," yet, influenced by surrounding circumstances—circumstances arrayed in a pleasing though severe exterior—and "over which we have no control,"—we have rashly, but inevitably, allowed ourselves to fall into the perilous snare of undertaking to furnish a report of the said exhibition—we mean, of course, the evening celebration of Washington's Birthday.

In the first place we shall premise the fact of our having been present, more or less, at all the exhibitions given by the Thespian and other societies at Notre Dame since 1860 inclusive. This will elicit the praise of our contemporaries who think the exhibition of the 21st inst. was about the best we ever saw here.

We do not mean to say that the exhibition in question was more elaborate than at the time any previous. Far from it. When we were young and gushing, these things made a great deal more impression on us than they do now. Even at the present moment our affections have taken up arms against our judgment and have indignantly asked it if it isn't ashamed to say that these new fellows can outdo the old in the matter of the well-remembered boys of old times. But our judgment, supported by memory, conscience, and the four cardinal virtues, remains firm amid the turbulence of the inferior powers of our soul, and related to the subject of this recent exhibition in question, the question of the best—or rather—that we have ever witnessed on the "boards" at Notre Dame.

First, there was the programme—we beg leave to publish it—

Music

Damon and Pythias: A Play in Five Acts, by John Banham.

DAMAII. DAMON SHAKESPEARE:—

Damon—Marcus J. Morlant
Pythias—George W. Dav
Lucius—Thomas P. O'Mahony
Hesperus—John T. Horne.

Damaou.—Daniel Maloney
Pythias.—Philip Corrane
Lucius.—Thomas Wilson
Hesperus.—T. J. O'Mahony

Child of Damon.—Charlette Beck
Capitan of the Guards.—Harry WUck
Senators, Soldiers, Servants, etc.

SCENE—Syracuse.

Now, to the characters and mise en scene. DAMON was superb. Never have we seen Mr. Morlant do better, and that is saying much. He seems to identify himself with the honest and devoted patriot, the severe moralist and philosopher, the fond husband and father, and above all, the faithful friend. Eminently tragic, if not strictly a tragedy, the varied incidents of the drama afforded a broad field for the display of those powerful emotions which the gentleman's mobile features and high-strung temperament render him so eminently capable of expressing, while his good sound voice and fine elements are admirably fitted to grace the bounds of what would be perfectly natural under the extraordinary circumstances of the case. He managed his toga,—that most unmanageable of stage dresses, the contemplation of which usually grappled with, and at the end of the verse, a turning (vermi) and at the end of the verse, a turning (vermi) so eminently capable of expressing, while his good sound voice and fine elements are admirably fitted to grace the bounds of what would be perfectly natural under the extraordinary circumstances of the case. He managed his toga,—that most unmanageable of stage dresses, the contemplation of which usually grappled with, and at the end of the verse, a turning (vermi) and at the end of the verse, a turning (vermi)
mes was well done by our "first old man," Mr. Roukoe, in spite of the rather scanty attire allowed him. Mr. Cochrane was solidly in Procles, and Mr. Watson digested in Philistines. We must not forget our little pet, Charlie Beech, whose part was as the child of Damon was rendered with a fidelity which drew tears from many eyes. And Lucullus,—the great but ill judging freshman, that is, the horse destined to carry Damon back to honor and to death,—was not the good soul well represented by Mr. Zimmer? We think that, in order to make it all cook happily, he should have made his entry on the stage at a more fitting conclusion, to show the audience that he wasn’t throttled, or thrown over a precipice, or anything; for as it is, his last exit is made under circumstances somewhat calculated to arouse anxiety in the sympathetic mind,—although a youth of Mr. Zimmerman’s build might come down from over a precipice were safety than some others of a more bony and angular physique—it depends though, a most natural and fatherly solicitude for the welfare of his tall son. As for Mr. Maloney, if he had varied his style. But truth to tell, that “street in scenery, most of which is adaptable to dramas of the existing la in the College, and reckoned its members among the Senior and Juniors. Other religious societies have sprung up since, viz., the Holy Childhood, the Empire State, the many Gregory’s Society, and the many other literary associations, which, although not essentially opposed to the Archconfraternity, have absorbed, however, to a certain extent, the attention of the Students, and made the regular meetings of the Archconfraternity rather difficult.

We would have seen with pleasure the Archconfraternity represented as a body on certain occasions, with proper badges; but we hardly know how to effect it; for, as some of the members belong either to the Band or to the Choir, they cannot stand as a body in any religious services. They are only represented as such at the Mass and Benediction every Saturday, and in their regular meetings.

We would be happy to place the Archconfraternity in a better light, if some practicable means were suggested to us.

The Director.

Mr. Eroron: Do not the reporters for the different societies take up too much of your space in their reports of the different meetings of their respective societies? I am sure that very few of your readers care about the "superb" manner in which John Smith managed his piece, or the "gallant" stand of Tom Brown in defence of his party. Their opinions: the "acute," " witty," "able," "magnificent," "beautiful," "excellent," "fine," "spicy," "sonorous," "dull," "lowery," "brilliant," "charming" and "glorious" replies of Tom, Dick and Harry. Cannot the reporters prune their accounts somewhat? One "square" is certainly enough in which to report a meeting of a base-ball club, perhaps too much. Two or three "squares" is enough for a literary society.

A simple and sensible manner. Then came J. Hogan, the band leader, and gave us the "Power of Words." F. Eagan followed, amusing us with "Husking," which was well done, and rendered with an amount of knowledge displayed we can safely say was more advanced age, and is also illustrated with many useful cuts; while the Complete, as its name implies, is intended to impart a thorough knowledge of the subject of which it treats, and in our opinion it is eminently calculated to do so. Taking the Band into the consideration of the "program," we may add, in conclusion, that the shouts of "Rec!" from some of our reckless new-comers, were as ill-judged as they were unnecessary.

We have seen, with some regret, a little storm raised against this Archconfraternity, and we are too much concerned in it to remain entirely silent on the subject. But, as the storm has been raised principally on our account, we are willing, like another Jonas, to go back to the sea, in the expectation of a speedy calm. We have sought several times to entrust the interests of the Archconfraternity in better hands than ours. We feel that, with proper care, might develop this pious society. We think the best, at least one of the best yet offered to the public.

Mr. Eroron: We, the members of the N. D. U. C. Band, desire to return our sincere thanks, through the columns of your paper, to Mr. Jacob Chirhart and lady, and also to Mr. Milton V. Balls and lady, our well-known and esteemed neighbors, for the kind invitation extended to us to a little feast on the 23rd and 29th of the present month, respectively. You can well imagine our surprise when we discovered the repasts to consist of dainties fit for Grand-Duke Alexis or the Japanese Emperor, and that we should come to our noble duties in music and feasting, we enjoyed ourselves hugely, and everything went off exactly as the marriage bells. Messrs. Chirhart and Balls have placed us under many obligations to them for their kind attention to us, and we can assure them that they will be long and gratefully remembered by the members of the Band of ’72.
SAINT MARY'S ACADEMY.

ST. MARY'S ACADEMY, 
February 27, 1872.

Last Sunday evening, after the distribution of 
the weekly tickets of excellence by Very 
Rev. General, the young ladies of the Fresh 
Senior Class introduced the first number of their 
oficial organ, "The Gospel." This paper pur-
poses to compete with the "Graduate Trumpet" in 
spirits and humor. These class competitions 
awaken the latent energy and talent of the 
young ladies, and also prove a sort of safety-valve 
through which they may give vent to the drooler-

dues which it might be injurious to suppress. 

It was announced in one of the Chicago daily 
papers that the pupils of St. Mary's Academy, at 
Niles, had a number of Mexican ponies provided for 
their amusement. Another paper states that the 
Mexican ponies are at Notre Dame College. 
The young ladies of St. Mary's Academy beg leave to 
say those Mexican ponies were never intended for 
Notre Dame; they are now at St. Mary's 
Academy, and St. Mary's Academy is not at 
Niles. Respectfully, 

S. L. Pease, 
Catherine Casey, 
Chicago, Illinois.

ST. MARY'S ACADEMY.

TABLE OF HONOR—SR. DEP'T.

February 23—Miss A. Loyd, M. Leton, R. 
Reynolds, L. Edwards, L. Leonard, J. Walker, 
W. Wacker, C. Hirst, E. Paxon, M. Donahue, 
M. McLain, R. Sutherland. 

HONORABLY MENTIONED.

Graduating Class—Misses M. Kirwan, M. Shir-
land, M. Tabor, M. Dillon, L. Marshall, A. 
Clarke, A. Borup, J. Forbes, G. Harst, H. Tinsley, 
K. McMahon.

First Senior—Misses K. Zell, A. Mast, M. 
Cochran, M. Lane, A. Shea, A. Todd, K. Raymond, 
M. Lassen, K. Brown, B. Crowley.

Second Senior—Misses L. Duffield, I. Reynolds, 
V. Hall, A. Pratt, J. Millis, R. Spier, L. Logan, H. 
Tompkins, E. Wilcox.

Third Senior—Misses R. Devoto, A. Robson, E. 
Dickerhoff.

First Preparatory—Misses A. Emonds, H. 
McMahan, A. Hambleton, F. Moore, A. McLaughlin, 
R. McIlroy, M. Goodey, B. Kelly, N. Duggan, 
M. Greenleaf, L. Layfield, L. James.

Second Preparatory—Misses M. Mooney, H. 
McLaughlin, A. Conahan, L. Estall, B. Wade, A. 
Bunn, R. Johnson.

Third Preparatory—Misses K. Miller, L. Pfeiffer, 
E. Drake, B. Schmidt, L. Buehler, J. Valdez, 
R. Menzanares, N. Vigil, K. Greenleaf, M. 
McNelis.

First French—Misses L. Marshall, J. Forbes, A. 
Borup, G. Harst, H. Tinsley, M. Kirwan, R. Spier, 
M. Quinn, N. Gross, A. Clarke, J. 

Second French—Misses M. Cochran, M. Leton, 
L. West, M. Kearney, C. Kearney, K. 
Haymond, W. Wacker, K. McMahon.

First German—Misses A. Clarke, L. Pfeiffer, B. 
Schmidt.

Second German—Misses M. Paxton, V. Ball, A. 
Rose.

Latin—Misses C. Davis, F. Munn.

Plain Sewing—Misses A. Emonds, N. Duggan, 
A. St. Clair, M. Mooney, H. McLaughlin, F. 
Moore, K. Pinney, E. Miller.

DRAWING.

First Class—Misses A. Robson, D. Green, A. 
Shea, M. Lange, R. Devoto.

First Class (Second Division)—Misses B. 
Willcox, M. Kelly, B. Honeynam.

Second Class—Misses E. Wade, B. Wade, M. 
Armsby, E. Greenleaf, H. McMahon.

ST. MARY'S ACADEMY.

NO. 1. ST. MARY'S ACADEMY.

February 27, 1872.

Last Sunday evening, after the distribution of 
the weekly tickets of excellence by Very Rev. 
General, the young ladies of the Fresh 
Senior Class introduced the first number of their 
oficial organ, "The Gospel." This paper pur-
poses to compete with the "Graduate Trumpet" in 
spirits and humor. These class competitions 
awaken the latent energy and talent of the 
young ladies, and also prove a sort of safety-valve 
through which they may give vent to the drooler-

dues which it might be injurious to suppress. 

It was announced in one of the Chicago daily 
papers that the pupils of St. Mary's Academy, at 
Niles, had a number of Mexican ponies provided for 
their amusement. Another paper states that the 
Mexican ponies are at Notre Dame College. 
The young ladies of St. Mary's Academy beg leave to 
say those Mexican ponies were never intended for 
Notre Dame; they are now at St. Mary's 
Academy, and St. Mary's Academy is not at 
Niles. Respectfully, 

S. L. Pease, 
Catherine Casey, 
Chicago, Illinois.

ST. MARY'S ACADEMY.

TABLE OF HONOR—SR. DEP'T.

February 23—Miss A. Loyd, M. Leton, R. 
Reynolds, L. Edwards, L. Leonard, J. Walker, 
W. Wacker, C. Hirst, E. Paxon, M. Donahue, 
M. McLain, R. Sutherland. 

HONORABLY MENTIONED.

Graduating Class—Misses M. Kirwan, M. Shir-
land, M. Toberly, M. Dillon, L. Marshall, A. 
Clarke, A. Borup, J. Forbes, G. Harst, H. Tinsley, 
K. McMahon.

First Senior—Misses K. Zell, A. Mast, M. 
Cochran, M. Lane, A. Shea, A. Todd, K. Raymond, 
M. Lassen, K. Brown, B. Crowley.

Second Senior—Misses L. Duffield, I. Reynolds, 
V. Hall, A. Pratt, J. Millis, R. Spier, L. Logan, H. 
Tompkins, E. Wilcox.

Third Senior—Misses R. Devoto, A. Robson, E. 
Dickerhoff.

First Preparatory—Misses A. Emonds, H. 
McMahan, A. Hambleton, F. Moore, A. McLaughlin, 
R. McIlroy, M. Goodey, B. Kelly, N. Duggan, 
M. Greenleaf, L. Layfield, L. James.

Second Preparatory—Misses M. Mooney, H. 
McLaughlin, A. Conahan, L. Estall, B. Wade, A. 
Bunn, R. Johnson.

Third Preparatory—Misses K. Miller, L. Pfeiffer, 
E. Drake, B. Schmidt, L. Buehler, J. Valdez, 
R. Menzanares, N. Vigil, K. Greenleaf, M. 
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