Life’s Discontent.

A childish heart was filled with glee,
With thoughts of what the morrow’d be:
’Twould be a day offast and fun,
If on the morrow shone the sun.
A country jaunt, a merry day
To come had sadness chased away;
But when the veil of night was drawn,
And the world awoke to meet the dawn.
The sun was hid behind a cloud
As black as death’s eternal shroud,
And copious tears of heaven’s rain
Brought to that childish heart such pain
That, in excess of misery,
It cried, “’Tis ever thus with me.
I prayed the sun might shine to-day,
But rain has chased my joys away;
Had I but wished that it might rain,
The sun had shone to give me pain.”

E’en so with thee, complaining one,
Think’st thou the power that moves the sun
Hath but thy wishes to regard.
Thine efforts only to reward?
He rules for all, of all is King;
His wisdom all the angels sing;
What thy success would be to thee.
To others might be misery.
Thy heart with joy might e’en be filled
At that which has another killed.
Lament not, then, nor then repine,
’Tis God that bids the sun to shine;
And when the tiny raindrops fall,
’Tis but the answer to His call.
His love and mercy all must share.
Nor lacks His justice anywhere.

William H. Arnold, ’83.

Roderigo Borgin (Alexander VI).

II. THE PONTIFF.

Innocent VIII died July 25, 1492. In his funeral oration, Bishop Leonelli, addressing the Cardinals, said: “Hasten to select a successor to the deceased Pope, for Rome is now infested with a rabble of robbers, murderers, banditti, and riff-raff of all kinds.” Accordingly, the very next day after the funeral, the Cardinals, in compliance with that urgent invitation, and feeling it necessary to choose a man of skill and energy, elected Cardinal Borgia, in preference to Ascanio Sforza, whose character was looked upon as too soft and wavering. When the new-made Pontiff saw that the majority of the votes had fallen in his favor, he exclaimed, with no less resolution than modesty: “Am I indeed Pope, Vicar of Jesus Christ?”—“Yes, most Holy Father,” was the answer, “and we hope that your election will bring glory to God, peace to the Church, and joy to Christianity.” The Pope then replied: “And as for us, we hope, relying on the grace of the Most High, that we will fulfill the intentions of the Holy Ghost, and enforce, with an undaunted intrepidity, His most sacred laws. The burden that has been put on our shoulder is heavy, indeed, but we trust that Almighty God will give us strength sufficient to bear it courageously, as St. Peter did when he received the keys of the kingdom of heaven. As to you, my brethren, we feel certain that you will prove always obedient to the Head of the Church, and, as the true flock of Christ, you will always follow your first Pastor.” The new Pope took the name of Alexander VI, showing thereby that, like Alexander III, his model, he was firmly resolved to rescue the Papacy from petty tyrants and to deliver Italy from foreign domination.

The first charge made against Alexander is that his election was the result of bribery. This, however, was not said immediately, nor even by all the cardinals that left Rome after his enthronization. Nay more, those who dared to maintain the accusation, which Guicciardini himself styles a mere on dit, did so only when they found an opportunity for revenge. We copy here literally the terrible lines taken from Burchardt’s Diarium:

“In the year 1492, early in the morning, Roderigo Borgia, nephew of Calixtus, and Vice-Chancellor, was created Pope under the name of Alexander VI; and he immediately distributed his own goods (incontinent disfebrisit bona sua). To Cardinal Orsini he gave his palace and his castles in Monticelli and Sarani; he appointed Cardinal Ascanio Sforza Vice-Chancellor of the Holy Roman Church; he presented Cardinal Colonna with his abbey at Sublaco, together with all ‘castelli,’ and the perpetual right of patronage both for him and his family; the Cardinal of Parma got the city of Nepi, Cardinal Savelli the Città di Castello, joined to the Chiesa di Santa Maria Maggiore. Others received, they say, several thousands of gold coins: thus, five thousand gold crowns were given to a white monk of Venice, re-
cently made cardinal”; and this, in order to obtain his vote (pro habenda ipsius voce)."

The Diarium then quotes five cardinals that would not accept anything, viz.: the cardinals of Medici, Portugal, Naples, Sienna and della Rovere.

We might ask, in the first place, why the latter permitted so long a time to elapse before objecting to the election? and, secondly, how it is that no protestation was ever heard on the part either of John of Medici, who soon after became Pope Leo X, or of Francis Piccolomini, Cardinal of Sienna, afterward Pope Pius III? It is a fact that twenty cardinals attended the conclave; five of them are said to have been opposed to Borgia, and the votes of the fifteen others, they would tell us, were obtained through bribery! But is it not strange that Burchardt quotes six names only of those pretended “Simoniacs”? To inspire us with some confidence in his word, should he not try to reveal what kind of reward was bestowed upon the austere Oliver Caraffa, upon the noble Gonzalez Mendoza, upon the loyal d’Aubusson, upon Antonio Pallavicini, a prelate of spotless incorruptibility? Unfortunately for the story, it appears that the palace of Borgia was given, not to Orsini, but to Sforza, Borgia’s successor. Again, we would like to know how it is possible to account for the flight of Cardinal Colonna, one of those who are charged with having sold their vote.

There are, then, serious reasons to question the truthfulness of the document. Moreover, who could say that the last words “pro habenda ipsius voce” were not fraudulently added to the primitive text? the more so, because the author himself, far from giving the fact as positive, makes use of the loose formula ou dif, when in other places he is too often inclined to assert quand même. In any event, who was that “white monk of Venice,” recently made cardinal, and whose vote must have cost the new Pope so much? He was Morfego Gheraldo, formerly General of the Camaldolites, patriarch of Venice; and his promotion to the cardinalate had taken place in the year 1466: evidently, a very recent fact indeed!

As to the distribution of offices and money, there is one very natural explanation. Being once created Pope, Cardinal Borgia could not remain either Vice-Chancellor or Bishop of Porto, or Abbot of Subiaco. Wherefore he gave Subiaco to Colonna, and Porto to the Cardinal of San Angelo. It is most probable, also, that the city of Nepi and Citta di Castello had no governor at that time; and, as one of the Sforza family and one of the Orsini were Alexander’s Generals, what more reasonable than that he should reward members of great houses in whom he reposed such confidence, and whom he commissioned for such services? In fine, suppose that the so-called “white monk” received a gift;—might not this monk have been wanting in patrimony, and stand in need of that pontifical munificence to sustain his rank worthily? Or could not Alexander be liberal with what he legitimately possessed (bona suar), without injuring in any way the Pontifical treasury?

In short, as to Borgia’s election, inasmuch as the charge of bribery was brought forth only a long time after the alleged occurrence, and as this accusation was neither made by all the cardinals, nor upheld by any others than notorious enemies, and as no reliable testimony shows Burchard’s reports or Guicciardini’s tales to be grounded on truth, we have a strict right to conclude that there is no evidence of Alexander VI owing his election to simoniacal bribery.

Now, before examining the other charges that have been made against the Pontiff, it would be well, if not necessary, to bear in mind what the political state of Europe and Italy was at that period. History had just arrived at that stormy transition from the Catholic Middle Ages to a pagan Renaissance in literature and in politics, and the Reformation was to be the outcome of that dreadful state. Europe stood like a roaring volcano. The King of France, actuated by ambition, was about to rush upon Italy; while Italy itself had become a prey to most horrible disorders, and for the Popes a source of embarrassment and anxieties. On the throne of Naples we see Ferdinand I, a tyrant cruel and suspicious; Florence, stirred up by the fiery Savonarola, can hardly be said to be protected by the weak-minded Piero II, the unworthy successor of Lorenzo de Medici; Milan had just fallen under the yoke of Ludovico il More, who was to call the French into Italy. As to the Pontifical States, the great lords had usurped almost all the fiefs in the Romagna; Spoleto, Benvento, and the patrimony of the Church were seized upon, and their tyrannical spoliators, in their ruthlessness and lawlessness, were perpetrating atrocities on the miserable people who groaned for deliverance; nay more, the long sojourn of the Popes at Avignon, and the absence of a regular government, had made Rome itself a scene of slaughter and anarchy. Writing of the close of the XVth century, Machiavelli says: “To keep down the Papal influence, the power of the Pontiff was cunningly neutralized by jealousies and hostilities between the principal houses of the nobility. The magnates of Rome were divided into two main factions, the Orsini and the Colonnas; and pains were taken to keep the Court of Rome weakened and disabled.” On the other hand, the Orsini were assisted by Ferdinand for the common purpose of purchasing certain fiefs situated about Rome, such as Viterbo and Civita Vecchia, in order to maintain, as it were, a line of political intercourse between Naples and the Roman factions; and thus did the Pope see himself threatened, in the heart of his dominions, by one of the most powerful of the barons, supported by an artful sovereign. On the other hand, the same Ferdinand, in concert with Florence, was insidiously undermining the territories of the Holy See; and Milan, directly invoking the aid of France, brought down on Italy Charles d’Anjou.

Such was, in short, the lamentable situation of Italy and Rome when Alexander Borgia was elected Pope. The Borgias, moreover, were a new and rising family; a fact perhaps not suf-
ficiently attended to, in accounting for their being the objects of universal envy and enmity. Now, it appears from Guicciardini that in the new Pontiff "there was singular acuteness and sagacity, marvellous excellence in council, wonderful activity and energy, and in all weighty matters incredible concentration of ideas and astuteness." No wonder, then, that Ferdinand of Naples had ample reason to "feel a deep sorrow" on this account, because he was one of the most unscrupulous assailants of the Papacy, and always made it a principal point in his policy to keep the chiefs of the Roman barons under his ambitious control. No wonder that all the feudatories of the Church who fattened on her spoils were struck dumb at that news, and would try to do their utmost to check, and possibly to overcome, their common adversary. No wonder that the Roman people, oppressed by a reckless aristocracy, and calling for an avenger, should have given way to their joy and hopeful prospects, like the sick person reanimated by the sight of the long-desired physician.

Is it fair, then, to represent the contest in which Alexander VI was engaged, as an aggression on his part for the aggrandizement of his dominions, when it is well known that it was simply a struggle for the recovery of the legitimate patrimony of the Church from the hands of despilers? No, indeed: for the question was one of right, and undoubtedly the Pope had the best title to it. And yet this admission is but half the truth. The case of the Pope in this matter rests not merely on property, but on duty. It was not a case of mere territory to be recovered, but of subjects to be freed; for it often happened that one of those lords went down armed into the shop of a poor artisan, and thence brutally carried away tools, furniture, and all the hard-earned savings of toil. Furthermore, when the German Empire became extinct, or existed only in name, should not the political authority of the Popes, within their own States, rest on a firm and more durable foundation, the surest guarantee of which is territorial independence? Strange enough that even pretended great lovers of liberty, honor and equity, have neither charity nor justice to avow that by so doing Alexander VI, as well Julius II, have merited well both of religion and humanity!

But the enemies of Alexander would brand him with the darkest and vilest crimes: hence he has been accused of treason in inviting Charles VIII into Italy, and giving up the alliance made with the king of Naples; then of duplicity in perfidiously declaring against his Frenchally; and, in fine, of inconsistency, for having at last bestowed on the victorious monarch the investiture of Naples, an inalienable fief of the Roman Church. Now, all these are calumnious falsehoods, for neither was Alexander a traitor, nor a hypocrite, nor even a fickle politician. The historian Comines, otherwise so exact and minute, does not say a word on the matter, and in a letter written by Ludovico il More we read the names of all the princes that favored the French expedition, but nowhere is the name of Alexander to be found. Consulting the Protestant Roscoe, we find that Charles, having sent a second embassy to the Pope for the special purpose of obtaining the so ardently coveted investiture, not only did Alexander give a negative answer, but he earnestly exhorted the king of France to moderation, and to present his possible claims in a legal form; nay, more: his Apostolic Brief, in which he most emphatically conjures the French monarch "rather to use his arms against the common enemies of Christianity," and, in conclusion, says that Charles VIII should rather be willing "to accept on the point at issue the impartial sentence of a peaceful judge." And on the same matter Sismondi, another Protestant writer, perfectly agrees with the views of Roscoe.

The following events, which history has recorded, fully justify such a statement of the question. When, indeed, Charles invaded Italy, most of the great lords came to offer their services to the conqueror. It was not the fault of Alexander that the King of France crossed the Alps, but principally that of the Florentines, dazzled and led astray by the bewitching eloquence of Savonarola. We know now—thanks to the learned researches of Rosmini—that the Pope did try to hinder the alliance between Sforza and Charles VIII, by proposing a patriotic land-lease between Rome, Milan and Naples. But it was all in vain. The Colonnas and the Orsini hastened by their defection the occupation of Rome, and by a bare treachery delivered up to the French the patrimony of St. Peter. What ensued is known by all. Once master of Rome, Charles, not less excited by the felineous vassals of the Holy See than by his hypocritical zeal (?) for the Church's welfare, attempted to depose the Pope. Then, for the first time, was brought forth the charge of bribery, without even the least allusion to any immorality whatever. What can be thought of those cardinals who were the coadjuvants of a prince such as Charles was— for a purpose so sanguinary—and, Charles was—so infamous and unscrupulous? At length the King of France became reconciled with the Pontiff, but still he never could obtain from him the investiture for which he longed. Admirable firmness of character and sublime steadfastness in duty, for which history ought to thank and glorify the conscientious Pope so much abused and calumniated!

The French expedition had, as it were, laid bare the bottom of all hearts. Now Alexander knew who were the friends and enemies of the Holy See. It was surely time to degrade those unfaithful Vicars of the Church; and in looking round he saw to his sorrow that he had no choice and could entrust that awful task only to a member of his family. Thus it was that Cesar Borgia was employed to recover Terni, Imola, and other fortified places. It was quite in accordance with the spirit of the times and the usages of the feudal system to grant territories as fiefs to generals who by force of arms undertook to conquer them. It is, indeed, an easy matter to charge Borgia's character with duplicity, treason and cruelty; but it is more in conformity with the truth to believe with
Ranke that the object which Alexander VI had in view was "noble and magnanimous." The generous and necessary movement to recover the sacred goods of the Church, and to insure, through temporal independence, her spiritual liberty of action, commenced by Sixtus, was, therefore, lawfully continued by Alexander, and was to be carried on by Julius, and completed by Leo. As to the ways and means, far is it from our mind to justify all the measures adopted or even the choice of a general like Caesar Borgia, although the latter, after discovering that he had a better vocation to defend the Church by arms than by prayer, became a brave soldier, and acting in a legitimate war, did but follow the laws and customs of his age. Let it suffice to assert that the right was on the Pope's side, and that Caesar, his lieutenant, lived at the same time as Machiavelli. They were both attacked by unscrupulous enemies, and they defended themselves; Alexander was encompassed, and Caesar was his hangman, that is all. As to the so-called murder of Vitellozi, Vetelli, Olivetto Cardinal Capalo and the Duke of Gravina, with which Caesar is charged, Caesar did nothing but discover and anticipate the designs of conspirators and public foes, and, to prevent his own destruction, he had to destroy them, thus acting under the pressure of self-defence and that of an imperious necessity. The chief accusation, however, made against Caesar Borgia, is that of his having slain his own brother, the Duke of Gandia—a charge which, besides its most atrocious character, has not an atom of evidence in its favor, being supported only by surmises, the most malignant that ever were invented by the human mind. The whole story is utterly false. Roscoe says that the imputation was in itself in the highest degree improbable, and the circumstances still more questionable than the crime of which Caesar stands accused. All rest on base suppositions, without even a shadow of suspicion, the mere contrivance of a calumnious hatred.

How strange appears the fate of the Borgias! While inspiring the great lords with dread and terror, they obtain from the people love, veneration, and a kind of enthusiastic worship. Not once did a popular riot disturb the course of Alexander's Pontificate. The same Rome that within a few weeks had witnessed more than two hundred homicides, enjoyed a quiet and secure happiness, owing to the energetic zeal of a Pontiff who was a father to his subjects. The wonderful still, after his death the cities of the Romagna would not obey any one else than Caesar Borgia!

From what has been said it can be plainly seen that the Borgias ever proved themselves for Italy the most ardent of patriots.

But history tells us that Alexander VI oftentimes entertained the princes and sovereigns of Europe to wage a new Crusade against the Turks; that from the very beginning of his Pontificate he most earnestly labored to bring back to the unity of the Church the Bohemian Hussites; that he appointed as cardinals a genius like Ximenes and a model of virtue like d'Amboise; that his Bullarium is remarkably valuable, and the list of his epistles very long and varied, attests alike his ability, energy and industry; that the free selection the kings of Spain and Portugal made of him as emperor in their disputes was founded principally on the respect which both professed for his sacred character and political morals; that he retained even to the last moment the full exercise of his mental faculties, continually promoting letters, sciences and the fine arts, and preluding by his successful reign the brilliant age of Leo X.

There are in our days but a few meagre historians who dare to reproduce the hideously fantastical recital of Guicciardini, representing the Pope as having been poisoned with a fatal draught prepared by Caesar Borgia to get rid of twelve cardinals at once. It would be a loss of time to dwell on the elaborate account of the revengeful pamphleteer, because it is literally a lie.

"Alexander VI had reached the age of seventy-two, when he was attacked by a malignant tertiary fever on the 12th of May; on the 18th he became so ill that his life was despaired of. He then received the Viaticum during Mass, which was celebrated in his chamber; in the evening Extreme Unction was administered to him, and in a few minutes he died." (A. D. 1503.)

These are the very words taken from Burchard's diary; and we content ourselves with these authentic details, as recorded by the Papal master of ceremonies, who, though being an eye-witness, does not even allude to poison.

Voltaire (and surely a less partial authority could not be quoted) most truly says: "Europe is deceived by Guicciardini, as he was by his passion; he hated the Pope, and by his hatred judged the Pope's actions. There is not a vestige of proof to support the accusations against the memory of Alexander VI."

Such testimony must put an end to all debate: the case is decided. And, in conclusion, far from reckoning Alexander Borgia among the pretended "bad Popes," an unbiased critic must confess that not one of the charges against the private character of Alexander VI has been shown to be based on truth; that, as a Pope, he never lost sight of his sacred duties, never compromised in either faith or morals; in fine, that, as a temporal king, he never was an unworthy successor of Gregory VII, or Innocent III, but, if fairly judged, should be looked upon as one of those friends and tutors of humanity, called "shrewd Pontiffs," whose beneficial genius prepared the way for modern liberty and civilization.

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**The Soul.**

- **Immortal Fire!**
- **Furnace of the Human heart.**
- **Lamp of the mind.**
- **Of man the godlier part.**

- **Empyreal in essence.**
- **In power a very King;**
- **Enthroned within the heart.**
- **Monarch of Being.**

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**Stanislas Philalethes.**
Polytheism's foe!
The Athlete's stern aggressor.
The scoffer's dread remorse.
The Infidel's oppressor.
Thou 'rt divine, O Psyche!
In Heaven's womb conceived;
Thou ever-present Conscience
By man from God received.

**The Massacre of St. Bartholomew.**

There are three or four hackneyed slanders which, year after year, not only country schoolmasters, local preachers, and others of that kind who are protected by the plea of "invincible ignorance," but even the men who lead the thought of the Protestant world, are constantly repeating. Nearly all these arise from historical events of the XVIth century and all go to prove the blood-thirsty intolerance of the Catholic Church! Foremost among these stands the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, which took place Aug. 24, 1752. According to Protestant authorities it consisted in the cold-blooded and treacherous slaughter of between seventy and eighty thousand people, simply because they did not conform to the Catholic Faith; that, moreover, the Pope rejoiced at the massacre, singing a Te Deum in honor of the impious deed. As these charges have been worn threadbare by repetition we will merely state the real facts concerning this celebrated event, and each one for himself can see how the charges, though with a seeming resemblance to truth, yet are, to all intents and purposes, entirely false. Although the massacre occurred in the reign of Charles IX, we must take a brief review of French history from "the reign of his grandfather Francis I down to 1572.

It was during the reign of Francis I that the so-called Reformation began. He was anything but a good Catholic, and, for political reasons, allowed many of the reformers to come into France. They were, of course, mainly fanatics, and not content with peaceably practising their religion, they attempted to please God by dishonoring "Popery." Forced to live together, they often travelled around the country in large bands, offering insults to churches, images, etc. Persecutions would be commenced and pushed with rigor, and then, for political reasons, discontinued, so that soon the Huguenots (as French Protestants were called) could neither regard the Government with love nor respect. During the next reign they became really quite dangerous to the Government, since they were not only in open rebellion, but aided by Germany and England. During the latter part of this reign, and during the brief reign of Francis II, they were kept in nominal submission; but the young king Francis suddenly dying, was succeeded by his brother Charles IX, a boy of ten years of age, the real power being in the hands of his mother Catharine de Medici.

In the mean time the Huguenots had acquired terrible strength; they controlled the kingdom of Navarre; they numbered in their ranks the chief persons of the court; they were constantly sure of more or less help from England and Germany; and the civil war was resumed, though in a different and very disgraceful way. The Huguenots formed a plot to assassinate the two Guises, the leaders of Catholic France; but the plot was betrayed, and a general slaughter of the conspirators ensued. With this incident began a terrible civil war which terminated in the Massacre of St. Bartholomew.

We to-day can hardly understand the intense hatred existing between the two parties. It was a barbarous age, a time when human life was valued at a straw, when superstition and fanaticism were rife. The men on either side had been at war for many years, and each side had cast all possible odium upon the other; cities were taken, battles were fought, thousands of men were killed, and, finally, the Queen mother, Catharine de Medici, proposed peace between the contending factions. A hollow truce was made, and to cement it, a marriage arranged between the king's sister and Henry, king of Navarre, a leading Huguenot. The principal Huguenots of France came to Paris to witness the ceremony. A day or so after the marriage, while riding in the streets of Paris, Admiral Coligny, the leader of the Huguenots, was seriously wounded by a shot fired from the window of a house owned by the Catholic Duke of Guise. It is now generally admitted that Catharine was alone responsible for the assassination. Her reasons for the deed were twofold. She hated the Admiral personally, because he was rapidly supplanting her by his growing influence over the king; she hated him politically, as a dangerous rebel whom it behooved the Government of France to slay. The natural result of this attempted murder was a most intense excitement on the part of the Huguenots in Paris, and it is easy to believe that they indulged in some threatening speeches levelled at the Court. Catharine was quick to see that a coup d'état was possible and advisable. By encouraging the terror into which the excitement succeeding the assassination had thrown the king, she could bring about a general massacre, and at one blow remove her rivals in the king's affection, quiet forever thousands of rebels, and ending thus the civil war, establish firmly the throne of France.

The assassination occurred on the 22d; on the evening of the 24th, Catharine, having persuaded the king that his life was in imminent danger, ob-

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* Read before the Archconfraternity, March 11, 1883. Being prepared for an audience whose sympathies were presumably with the author, a simple statement rather than an argumentation was aimed at. We can assure our Protestant readers, however, that there is good authority for all our statements.—T. E. S.
tained the order for the massacre. The scenes of that night are terrible to recall. At ten o'clock the bell tolled the signal from the tower of St. Germain. In a moment the streets were filled with armed men. The wounded Admiral Coligny was among the first victims. The streets were filled with flying Huguenots and pursuing citizens. The gutters ran red with blood, and in the confusion, Catholic prelates fell side by side with the hated heretics. The king, crazed by the scene, stood with his rifle at an open window of the palace. All night long the slaughter raged, and by morning ten thousand souls had been sent to meet their God. The panic of the metropolis soon spread through the provinces, but the whole number of victims was nearer twenty than eighty thousand persons.* The French Ambassador at Rome, fearing the anger of the Pope, informed him that the royal family had narrowly escaped assassination, and that the civil wars of France were now happily ended. For these supposed blessings Pope Gregory gave thanks to God, though even then he exclaimed "Alas! I fear that many innocent people may have suffered with the guilty!"

And now, let us consider why the Catholic Church had to do with the matter? Did the Pope have any foreknowledge of it? Apparently not, since, after the massacre, Catherine and the king left Paris to avoid meeting the Papal Legate. Again, the lately discovered cipher despatches of the Papal Nuncio show that he was never convinced in the court of France; for Catherine had twice resented the Pope's interference in semi-political affairs. Were the bishops and priests of France responsible? Apparently not, for there is no record to show any of them guilty, and strong evidence to prove the innocence of many. The Bishop of Lisieux stopped the persecution when it extended to his diocese. At Lyons, the episcopal palace became a refuge for three hundred Huguenots. But our Protestant friends may still object that "it was done by the order of a Catholic king, by the hands of Catholic citizens, and the victims were all Huguenots." Now, we are far from claiming that religious hatred did not add to the horrors of the slaughter. But what then? It was a semi-barbarous age, and an age when religious persecution ran rife in every land. England, Norway, Sweden and Germany had burnt many a poor Catholic at the stake, and we do not propose to show that the Catholics of the XVIII century were much better than their neighbors. But it must be borne in mind that the condition of the French Huguenots was entirely different, for example, from that of the English Catholics. In England the Catholics were ever loyal subjects to be murdered for many years; and during which the Catholics had suffered numberless outrages from the Huguenots. In that day religion was something like slavery twenty-five years ago; if a man took either side he was apt to become a fanatic; and as men were more barbarous three centuries ago, so their fanaticism was far more terrible. But this in passing.

It was ordered, as we have seen, for political reasons, by a woman who was anything but a good Catholic, and who would just as soon have ordered the slaughter of twenty thousand of her own faith. It had promised any good to her ambitious scheme. Protestant authors will labor through several volumes to show that Catherine de Medici was a cruel, unprincipled, immoral woman, and then astonish the horrified reader by announcing that she, in the midst of her infamous career, ordered eighty thousand loyal subjects to be murdered for the sake of the Catholic Church.

"Consistency, thou art a jewel!"

It may, finally, be said in this connection that the Church recognizes the fact that there are many bad Catholics, and many who hide villainy under the cloak of religion; and she no more feels bound to defend the massacre of St. Bartholomew than does Presbyterianism the massacre of Glencoe; no more needs to protect Catherine de Medici, than the Republican party need cherish the memory of Guitau.

Now, in one word, what do the best authors tell us concerning the point we are discussing? Simply this. Without the knowledge, consent or advice of the Pope, or, as far as can be learned, of any Catholic Prelate, an ambitious woman, for political reasons, ordered the slaughter of twenty thousand Huguenots, who for many years had been in rebellion; and that on false representations the Pope permitted rejoicing at Rome over an event that had never happened. "Thus," says a learned English writer, "the whole matter is removed from the region of wild and fierce invective to the peaceful fields of historical inquiry—a change of position extremely embarrassing to those who have a zeal in upholding the established traditions of this great Protestant country."

T. Ewing SteeJe, '84.

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* The real number can only be guessed at. One author attempted to get a list of those who had fallen in Paris, and succeeded in getting but 731 names.
burtMagnus”; “Celtic Architecture”; “Who were the First Germans?”; “Queen Elizabeth’s First Clerical Victims.” Published by the Catholic Publication Society Co., 9 Barclay St., N. Y. Price 4¢ a year.

—In the *North American Review* for May, Senator John T. Morgan writes of “Mexico,” and of course produces the stereotyped aspersions on the Church as the cause of the misfortunes of our sister Republic. The Rev. William Kirkus presents an article entitled “The Disintegration of Romanism,” which is intended as a reply to Bishop McQuaid’s article on “The Decay of Protestantism” which appeared in the February number of the *Review*. As a “reply” it is a failure. Not one of the Bishop’s arguments is answered; instead there is presented a re-hash of objections that have been answered time and again. In “Emerson and Carlyle,” Edwin P. Whipple discourses upon the strangely diverse mental and moral characteristics of those two great thinkers. Prof. Felix Adler offers “A Secular View of Moral Training”—which might not inaptly be termed “a paper scheme.” Among other articles are “Affinities of Buddhism and Christianity,” by the Rev. Dr. James Freeman Clarke (an infidel article, though written by a “Rev.”); “Woman as an Inventor,” by Matilda Joslyn Gage; “College Endowments,” by Rossester Johnson; and “Extradition,” by A. G. Sedgwick. Published at 30 Lafayette Place, New York, and for sale by booksellers generally.

—St. Nicholas for May has a woody, spring flavor, and opens the second part of the volume with a strong table of contents, important features of which are the opening chapters of “Swept Away,” a new serial story of the Mississippi floods by Edward S. Ellis, some time editor of *Golden Days*, and the first part of “The Story Robin Hood,” by Maurice Thompson, the distinguished toxophilite. “Swept Away” is vividly illustrated by J. Wells Champney, whose pictures of Southern life are familiar to readers of *The Century,* and the drawings for “Robin Hood” are by the clever pencil of R. B. Birch. “The Tinkham Brothers’ Tide-Mill,” J. T. Trowbridge’s fine serial, continues to increase in interest with each succeeding number. Lucy Larcom has a seasonable out-of-door sketch quaintly called “Among the Polly-Dancers”; and there is a profusely illustrated article on curiosities of bird-life, queer nests, and clever expedients. A paper with a very suggestive title is “The Last of the Peterkins.” The interesting family, whose misadventures, so eloquently told by Miss Lucretia P. Hale, have been followed for many years by thousands of readers, have at length gained enough in worldly wisdom to become almost like other people. The children have grown up, and the parents pass out of our sight in a last wild freak. Vandycy is the subject of an “Art and Artists” paper by Mrs. Clement. A finely engraved portrait of him forms the frontispiece, and there are a number of reproductions of his more famous works. The “Work and Play” department consists of a clever and original article, crowded with pictures and diagrams, entitled “Chalk-Talk,” by Frank Beard, who lets us all into the secret of his success as a lecturer and amuser of children, and shows how bright girls and boys may entertain their friends in the same way. Charles Barnard, H. H. Rose Lattimore, Joel Stacy, Malcolm Douglas, Walter Satterlee, J. G. Francis, Jessie McDermott, Dan Beard, W. H. Drake, Culmer Barnes, and many others, help to make a capital issue.

—The *American Catholic Quarterly Review* for April opens with a paper contributed by Prof. St. George Mivart on the subject “A Limit to Evolution.” The writer shows that in what is called evolution of the species, “granting its truth for argument’s sake,” there are necessarily three limits. There can be no evolution of (1) inorganic into organic matter, (2) nor from plant life to animal life, nor (3) from sentient nature into rational nature, such as man. This last point is dwelt upon at length and is made the subject-matter of the article. The writer, with singular philosophic acumen, shows that an impassable gulf lies between the sentient and the rational nature; that all the wondrous powers which man possesses could in no way be the outcome of a process of “unfolding” from any lower order of creation. In conclusion, Prof. Mivart, in accounting for the fact that so many eminent minds are blind to the absurdity of man’s evolution, says: “The inquiry into man’s origin is one not of physical science, but of philosophy, and these fields of mental activity are hardly ever cultivated by the same persons with anything like the same care and attention.” The Rt. Rev. James O’Connor, D.D., very ably presents the falseness and deprivity of Socialism in its twofold aspect of “Communism” and “Co-operation.” The other articles are: “The Chapelle des Martyrs, And the September Massacre,—A Relic of the Revolution”; “The Catholic Church and Popular Education,” by William J. Onahan; “How Church History is Written,” by the Very Rev. James A. Corcoran, D.D.; “The American Hierarchy in its Threefold Source,—Three Representative Bishops,” by John Gilmary Shea, LL.D.; “Jasper in the Apocalypse, the Symbol of the Primacy,” by Rev. Walter D. Strappini, S. J.; “Lawlessness and Law in Ireland,” by Bryan J. Clinche; “Mr. Mozley’s Reminiscences of the Oxford Movement,” by John Charles Earle, B. A. All of these are interesting and learned, and will amply repay perusal. The *Review* is published by Hardy & Mahony, 505 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia. The subscription price is $.5 a year.

“Are you the judge of reprobates?” said Mrs. Brown, as she walked into his office. “I am a judge of probate,” was the reply. “Well, that’s it, I expect,” quoth the old lady. “You see, my father died detested, and he left several little infidels, and I want to be their executioner.”—Ex.
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 SIXTEENTH year of its existence, and presents itself anew as a candidate for the favor and support of the many old friends that heretofore lent it a helping hand.

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—Before another week has passed away, we shall have entered upon a month which to the Catholic student should be one of especial significance—th3 month of May. It is a month which is consecrated in a particular manner to devotion to the Mother of God, and as such commands itself to every Catholic heart. Indeed, no Christian, no true believer in the great mystery of the Incarnation—in the Divinity of Christ—can fail to be mindful of the high office which the Blessed Virgin Mary held in the economy of man’s redemption. And from this naturally flows the thought of the great power and influence which she must possess with her Divine Son. Therefore it is that the Catholic student should not be wanting in devotion to her whom the Church fittingly names “the Seat of Wisdom,” because the Mother of Him who is Wisdom and Truth itself. It should be to him a matter of duty and of love to place all his studies under her protection, and thus disposed, follow the regular exercises which will be conducted every evening during the month.

—On the 15th inst., the Feast of the Patronage of St. Joseph, the Jesuit Colleges and the various houses of the Order throughout the United States celebrated the Golden Jubilee, or 50th anniversary, of the Maryland Province, and, singularly enough, the 250th anniversary of the first landing of the Jesuit Fathers in Maryland.

Anyone who has read the Catholic histories of the United States need not be told that this event recalls many things of vital interest closely connected with the history of the country, and especially with the civil and religious liberty which Catholics, and all others as well, enjoy in the United States. Not only was the first priest in Maryland a Jesuit, but we are credibly informed by English historians that it was a Jesuit Father who drew up Lord Baltimore’s Charter for the Maryland colony, which, as Bancroft says, was the only place in the known world in which civil and religious liberty was enjoyed. The first Bishop in this country—John Carroll, an ardent patriot, and the same who went to Canada on a diplomatic mission for the colonies—was a Maryland Jesuit. Charles Carroll of Carrollton,—Bishop Carroll’s cousin—one of the most ardent patriots of those stirring times; and who staked millions as the result of his signing the Declaration of Independence, received his education from Jesuits in this country and Eu­ rope. And the church in which Gen. Washing­ton and the French officers gave thanks for the victory over Lord Cornwallis, the closing event of the revolutionary war, was old St. Joseph’s Church, in Philadelphia, of which a Jesuit Father was the pastor. Moreover, the first Catholic college in the United States was founded by the Jesuits—Georgetown College, founded in 1790. The first Catholic college on the North American continent was founded by the Jesuits, in Quebec, in 1635, long before Harvard was even thought of. The Order of the Society of Jesus has now about 25 colleges in the United States.

—It is at this time of the year that the average student begins to be impressed with the thought of the swiftly passing days of the Scholastic year and of the short time yet remaining wherein to perfect himself in his studies and repair whatever deficiency may have been occasioned by previous negligence. Before two months have glided by, the June examinations will be over, the “honors” of Commencement time conferred, the work of the year at an end. Naturally the thought of these “honors” presents a great incentive to renewed exertion on the part of the student, not indeed because of their intrinsic value, but, to a great degree, on account of the public testimony which they bear to diligence and merit. These rewards always give increased zest to that satisfaction which one must feel when conscious of having done his duty. Of course, the one thought before the student in college—and it is one of paramount importance—is to prepare himself for after-life; but this struggle for prizes and rewards is not to be despised, for the very reason that we are thereby spurred on to do what perhaps we would fail to do were the motive of self-interest alone presented before us.

As already intimated in these columns, the "hon-
Botanical Report.

APRIL, 1883.

The cloudy days of the past week have been rather severe for the delicate process of vernation, yet, in spite of the bad weather, a number of flowers have ventured forth and withstood the chilling winds.

April 18. Larix Europaea, the imported Tamarrack or Larch, was noticed in bloom on the College avenue. But a short time ago so drear and black, compared to the other confere, it now outshines them all, the crimson of its numerous blossoms forming a beautiful contrast with the tender green leaves. Three species of Populus: the Lombardy poplar, the Balm of Gilead, and cottonwood, have been displaying their catkins from their tree tops for several days.

April 20. The rich perfumed blossoms of Sanguinaria Canadensis have expanded in the warm sunshine, and the curious cryptogam, Equisetum Arvense, has decked the sandy flats with its rapid growth. The pretty, nodding flowers of Thalictrum Anemonoides, and the delicate Anemone Pennsylvanica are also in bloom.

April 21. Capsella Bursa Pastoris was observed in fruit. This humble weed defies the blasts of March, and blooms from early spring till late in the fall.

April 24. The lemon-hued Erythronium Americanum, with its spotted leaves, graces the neighboring copses, and a small sprout of Antennaria plantaginifolia was observed unfolding its buds on a bank of its native sand. To-day appeared Dentaria laciniata, closely resembling Cardamine; as the pods have not yet been formed, the chief means of distinguishing it is the three-leaved whorl under the white petals. Viola cucullata and the yellow violet, not unknown to poetry, were found in the woods north of the College, and the homely blossoms of Taraxacum dens-leonis have begun to appear along the roadsides.

Neal H. Ewing, Secretary.
Exchanges.

—The Bethany Collegian is the title of a well-edited and neatly-printed paper just started by the students of Bethany College, West Virginia.

—Concordiensis, from Union University, is always one of the sincerest of our exchanges. Not that we are unencumbered with the stories of that celebrated novelist, Jesse James Howls, Jr., who has lately devoted the productions of his facile pen to the entertainment of the readers of Concordiensis,—no, we don't care much for Howls's "A Model Instance," or "Jimjams Jim,"—which, however, may easily pass current with other stories of a similar character. The chief attractions in Concordiensis are the plain, blunt, well-written editorials, witty locals, and an Exchange department surpassed by none, equalled by few.

—The Little Crusader, a charming S. S. paper, published in Columbus, Ohio, has been increased in size and is now printed from large, clear types. The contributions and selections show admirable judgment in the editor; the paper is in every respect well adapted to entertain the class of readers for which it is intended. We are told that in 1882 the Crusader had a circulation of 521,850 copies—a very indefinite form in which to put a statement. The Little Crusader is a four-page weekly, and is probably the cheapest paper published in the United States. Four copies are sent to one address for $1 a year. Address, P. E. Murphy, 26 E. Gay St., Columbus, Ohio.

—The Katholische Volkzeitung, of Baltimore, one of the most influential of the German papers in this country, and which had the distinguished honor of being boycotted in Germany by Bismark, a few years ago, has just entered upon its twenty-fourth year. Those who are not acquainted with the Volkzeitung can form some estimate of its ability and worth from the fact that it has a circulation of about 50,000 copies weekly. Apart from its value as a newspaper, the department headed "Unter Uns" (Between Ourselves) is of itself well worth a year's subscription to the Volkzeitung. Subscribers who pay in advance for the new volume receive as a premium a handsomely bound and gilt-edged copy of St. Francis de Sales' Philothea. Price of subscription, $2.50 a year. Address, Kreuzer Bros., Baltimore, Md.

—The Badger and the University Press are at it, hammer and tongs, on the co-education question—the Press for, the Badger against. We do not like to venture an opinion. As co-education is in vogue at Wisconsin University, both the Badger and Press should be able to judge of its effects. We are in favor of higher—nay, the highest—education for women, and of anything else that can elevate the sex, but we have strong doubts of the beneficial effects of co-education. One of the strong points urged in its favor by the leading advocates of co-education is that the conduct of young men at college is unbecoming, wayward, needs a restraining influence, and as the college authorities found themselves unable to govern these wayward young men they should have the company of young women who would exercise a refining influence on the law-breakers. We wonder if it ever occurred to these wonderfully wise educators to think of how the young women themselves would be influenced by such association? It is a well-known fact that Mary Ann Evans (better known as "George Eliot") became an infidel in her efforts to convert some skeptical friends of one of her friends; which friend, because Marian was learned, healthy-minded, and pious beyond the ordinary run of women, would have her visit her skeptical friends and talk them into reason and orthodoxy!

Local Items.

—Spring has come!
—Navigation has opened!
—Snow last Tuesday morning!
—That little big "bull-fiddler" was immense!
—What has become of the old St. Aloysius Society?
—Competitions next week in the Commercial Course.
—The high-water pants were trotted out in fine style last pub. recept.
—Noble was—well, he was just too-too for anything. In fact, he did nobly.
—Extra half "rec." was given to the boys last Tuesday, in honor of Bishop Gilmour.
—Rt. Rev. J. Machebeuf, Bishop of Denver, Col., is expected to arrive this evening.
—There will be a hard struggle for the Sophomore Medal this year. Look out for the triple!
—Our high-class men are greatly interested about that 'ere petition. A change in the moon, you know.
—All good speakers acknowledge the presence of their hearers by a bow, before they begin their piece.
—The Preps, of the Vocal Music department are indebted to Bro. Anselm for a box of delicious bon bons.
—Lost.—A bunch of keys. The finder will please return to Mr. J. Keller, of the Senior department.
—It is said that the bust of Douglas, in the Rotunda, bears a striking resemblance to ye "local." Hem! All right!
—It is altogether too utterly sans souci to be seen on certain public occasions: sans collar, sans necktie, sans neatness.
—We are glad to learn that, owing to the kind offices of considerate friends, all danger of that "cruel duel" is removed.
—The "Bulletin" was never so eagerly looked for, nor so proudly aristocratic, as during the consecration week at Grand Rapids.
—A small picture was lost out of a locket, this week. The finder will please return it to the Students' Office, or Senior prefects.
—The opening championship game of baseball, which was to have been played on Thursday, was postponed on account of rain.

—George De Haven has presented to the Cabinet of Curiosities a beautiful anchor made of mother-of-pearl and tiny sea-shells.

—We advise some of our great speakers to take a few lessons in the art of bowing, before they again attempt to appear before an audience.

—Four copies of the third volume of Dr. Brownson's works have been received by the librarian. Subject, "Philosophy of Religion."

—Mr. Marlette will continue his dancing lessons during the month of May. Most of his pupils show marked progress in the art of walking.

—The Dome will rise to a height of 130 ft. above the roof of the main building, giving to the colossal statue of our Lady an elevation of 220 ft. from the ground.

—The Soloists in the grand chorus of Tuesday evening were: Messrs. F. Johnson, H. Foote, M. Foote, G. Scharaier, A. Schott, A. P. Coll, J. W. Guthrie, and L. Gibeirr.

—To-morrow, the 5th Sunday after Easter, Missa Parvorum will be sung. Vespers, p. 52. Next Thursday, the Feast of the Ascension, Missa Regia will be sung. Vespers, p. 91.

—It may not be inappropriate to quote the following, which is going the rounds of the press: "It is a sign of spring when a Dude dons gloves, couleur du chien fou éclairé de la lune."

—Rev. President Walsh attended the ceremonies at the consecration of Dr. Richter, at Grand Rapids. The newly-consecrated Prelate has promised to attend our Commencement exercises in June.

—The Columbian Lit. Club held a very interesting meeting last Thursday night. The question, "Is it justifiable to Conspire against a Government which is de facto but not de jure," was presented and debated.

—At a recent meeting of the Baseball Association, J. D. Gallagher and J. L. Heffernan were elected captains of second nines to be formed by the. Enough good material remains to form nines to compete with Juniors.

—An Elocutionary Remark:—In reciting a piece, do not cast your eyes heavenward like the two hands of the clock at the hour of twelve; unless, perchance, such obliquity of vision should be demanded by the exigencies of the occasion.

—Prof. Gregori is busily engaged upon his new painting, "The Planting of the Cross by Columbus"; he has also completed sketches for a new painting, the subject of which will be "The Discovery of Land." Both pictures will be finished for Commencement.

—The services of any particular individual can be dispensed with in the singing class, but when, after every preparation has been made, one waits until the last moment before signifying his intention to withdraw, such acting is dishonorable. However, professional growlers must do something besides growling.

—The 25th regular meeting of the St. Cecilia Philomathean Association was held Monday, April 23d. Essays were read by Masters W. Mug, M. Foote, W. Jenmnot, R. Reach, H. Foote, M. Dolan, and J. Fendrich. Recitations were presented by Messrs. A. A. Browne and D. Taylor. The public readers were appointed for the ensuing week as follows: H. Dolan, D. Taylor, G. Shaefser, J. Hagenbarth, J. Fendrich, C. Porter, E. Dillon.

—The Juniors and Minims played a lively game of football on Tuesday. The contest was witnessed by a number of visitors. At first it looked as if victory was on the side of the "Darlings," but the activity of P. Johnson and W. McPhee secured the laurels to the "Princes." The kind prefect, judging that the young gentlemen needed refreshment after such an effort, got them a nice lunch. The Minims are jubilant over the victory. Bully!

—The following has been received from the venerable Director of the "Princes." It speaks for itself. Needless to say that we will bide a wee:

"The names suggested by last week's Scholastic for the Park are all quite elegant and poetic, but the "Princes" have a name in view which only awaits the approval of Rev. President Walsh. Will the Scholastic kindly have patience until his sanction is obtained?"

—Last week, the Columbians held another Moot Court; though not so interesting as the previous one, all persons present were well pleased. The plaintiff in the case, a civil one, was represented by Messrs. Conway, Kolars and Marlette. Mr. J. E. Farrell opposed the trio; his colleague, Mr. Larkin, withdrawing at the last moment, he considering his help not necessary. After hearing evidence in the case, and having the law bearing on the point stated by Judge Hoyns, the jury, a classical one, rendered a verdict in favor of defendant. Mr. Farrell received the congratulations of those assembled for the manner in which he gained the victory over such odds.

—Our friend John is the proprietor of a possum which evidently has been well brought up. He has taught him to carry his morning paper from the post-office, to dance when he plays on the violin, grin when he cracks a good joke—and our friend's supply of jokes is inexhaustive, if once he gets talking of possums, or, as his friends term it, "talking of possums." The other morning, however, as Mr. Possum was coming out of the post-office with his eccentric master's mail, "Dick," ever on the watch for game, espied poor Mr. Possum, and ran after him at full speed. "Jambo," "Nep" and "Sanco" soon joined in the chase. They would have caught the poor possum in a minute more, when they began to fight among themselves. "Nep" and "Sanco" attacking poor "Dick," who ran as fast as his legs could, carry him from the scene of battle, leaving "Sanco" and "Nep," who were bound to fight, to finish the best they could. In the mean time Mr. Possum made good his escape, and, before "Nep" and "Sanco" had finished their fight, was folded in the arms of our friend, who had watched the chase with feverish anxiety.
—The old printing-office building, northeast of the College, has long been transformed into an iron manufactory of considerable pretensions, but of late one would be led to imagine that it was intended as a manufacturing centre for the whole of St. Joseph County. All around it are piles of galvanized iron, wrought into every imaginable shape. Many of these are of an ornate character, and are we are told, intended for the College Dome. Inside the establishment, from garret to basement, all is activity and bustle. In the basement is the pipe-fitting establishment, under the charge of the veteran Bro. Francis Joseph, assisted by Bro. Silverius. Inside and outside are piled gas and steam pipes which have either been run through the machines, or are already prepared and awaiting their destination. The machinists and the machines are busy threading, cutting, perforating, etc. Upstairs, on the ground floor, is a complete sheet-iron and tin-working shop, under the charge of Bro. James. Here we find a busy corps of eight or ten men, with two or three apprentices from the Manual Labor School, variously engaged, piles of ornamental mouldings and trimmings lying around. From the character of the work done here, we should judge the superintendent must be somewhat of an artist in order to mould and fashion after the manner we behold, not to speak of the designing, which is probably after the architect's specifications. The shop seems to be fitted up with the latest and most approved machinery for the various grades of work. In fact these are absolutely necessary, judging from the amount of work called for and turned out. Our visit to the establishment proved an interesting one, and took us not a little by surprise, as we had no idea of the extensive scale on which things are carried on there. Meeting Bro. James, we asked: "What are you preparing to build a city of galvanized iron?" "Well," he answered, quietly, "we could do so."

**Roll of Honor**

**SENIOR DEPARTMENT.**


**JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.**

Messrs. Masters, Arnold, Arnold, Browne, Brewer, Berthelet, Bacon, Braunsdorf, Cavaroc, Courtyard, Cain, Drost, R. Devine, J. Devine, Dwenger, Dunn, Dillon, Dorenbek, Dolan, Eisenhauer, M. Poote, H. Poote, Fehr, Fishel, Foster, Fish, Grothaus, Hergest, Henry, Hepburn, Hess, Halligan, Hannavon, Hollbrook, Hagen, Howard, Handy, Johnson, Kahmann, Kerndt, J. Kelly, Livingston, Leflodge, McCawley, Mug, Metz, McCreer, McDo-
Saint Mary’s Academy.

One Mile West of Notre Dame University.

—The Music Lecture, Saturday evening, was on the various liturgies of the Oriental Churches and the chant of the primitive Christians.

—On Thursday evening, Rev. Father Zahm, C. S. C., very kindly gave the pupils in the higher classes an abridgment of his lecture, “The Catholic Church and Modern Science.”

—Two very fine pianos are received; one, a semi-grand, from the well-known firm of Weber, New York; the other, a large cabinet-grand, from the manufactory of Chas. M. Stieff, Baltimore. These excellent instruments will give good effect to the music on Commencement Day.

—Those who entered the lists for the weekly prize in polite and lady-like deportment among the Juniors are as follows: Manuelita Chaves, Mary Dillon, Martha Hawkins, Elizabeth Dignan, Effie Johnston, Caroline Naylor, Mary Otis, Clara Richmond, Josephine Spengler, and Minnie Schmidt. Upon drawing, the badge fell to Caroline Naylor. She is the eldest daughter of pearls, over the pure hearts of each young aspirant to the enviable prize.

The American Princess: Her Dominions and Subjects.

(continued.)

Those females, whom you see promenading yonder platform, belong to the families of the officers above named. That haughty-looking woman, with the low forehead, the feathers and numberless ornaments, is the eldest daughter of General Pride. That spinster near her, whose false hair, false teeth, and false complexion are scarcely less prominent than her false and affected manner, is Miss Flimsey Fashion, and she is the twin sister of Major General Human Respect. At her side you observe Madame Hatred, the wife of Lieutenant Envy. Those brisk and foolish-looking young girls in the foreground are the Misses Rose Vanity, Floy Self-Conceit, Gipsy Coquetry, Meloria Indola, etc., etc.; all intimately related to the last named officers. I am not surprised to see you disgusted; but, my child, there are scouts from this army who most adroitly disguise themselves, and from those you have more to fear than from those, who are boldly opposed to the Empire of Truth.

“Oh, my father, where are my defenders? I am now more than ever alarmed at the prospect before me, and at the hidden danger of which you speak,” said the frightened child.

“In due time they will present themselves. Trust my word, and let nothing cause you to doubt what I tell you. Prove steadfast in your present dispositions.”

The child raised her eyes to the clear blue sky, and exclaimed: “Merciful Heaven, bestow upon me the power to do this!”

“Divine Redeemer of the fallen human race, grant the prayer of my child!” rejoined the emperor, fervently: and at that moment, as if these ejaculations had aroused all the most bitter fury of the powers of darkness, a loud and prolonged report of artillery burst upon the ear.

“Father, what sound is that?” said the trembling princess, drawing still nearer to her father.

“Alas! my child,” he said, “it is a blast from the advancing forces of our implacable enemies. They are preparing for an assault upon our dominions. Now it is indeed time for you to fear, my child, for nothing would please them so well as to obtain possession of you, and thereby to rob the Empire of Truth of its beloved and lawful heiress. But do not be alarmed. With all their tumult, and pretension to power, they cannot do you the slightest harm, if you are true to yourself. Let me now give you some idea of your defenders.”

At this moment, there emerged from the interior of the palace, and with the appearance of being quite at home amid its splendors, several military officers, also a number of beautiful ladies, who presented themselves before the emperor and his daughter.

“Behold the Commander-in-Chief of the Army of Truth, General Self-Control,” said the emperor. “General Self-Control, this is my daughter the Princess Veracity.”

With a dignified, yet affectionate reverence, the General greeted the princess, and, after the interchange of a few courtly compliments, the group passed on, and the emperor continued:

“That beautiful woman in the violet robes, to whom General Self-Control is now addressing himself, is his mother. Her name is Humility. The two young ladies at her side, dressed in white, are Lady Modesty and Lady Purity, twin sisters of the noble commander. Those officers just advancing are Major General Christian Fortitude and Brigadier General Heavenly Prudence. Beside them stand Lady Industria and Lady Self-Denial. The superbman grandeur of character depicted upon the countenances of this group, I see, has already inspired your confidence.”

“Yes, my father. Those stately officers remind me of the knight errants of old. Are these the defenders whom you have promised me, dear father?” asked the child.

“Yes, my daughter,” replied the emperor; “and each one of them has at his command an army capable, at a moment’s warning, of putting the entire force of Falsehood to flight. They are at your service. Never insult or neglect these friends, and you shall win the desired victory over your foes, and secure your imperial inheritance.”

Scarcely had these words been uttered, when, to her consternation, the little princess found herself left quite alone. The army of Truth, as well as that of Falsehood, had vanished from her vision. No wonder her heart fell at this sudden isolation. For a moment she was overwhelmed with her sense of utter lon-
liness and mysterious fear. She knew not what to do; but after an hour had passed in suspense and torture of mind, she heard a voice close at her side: "Little Princess! Little Princess!" said the voice.

"Who calls me?" replied the child.

"Poor little Princess, what is the matter?" was the response.

The princess wiped the tears away from her eyes, and said, "I am all alone, and have been left to myself in such a strange manner, that I am greatly terrified."

"Well, never mind! I am near you; I will attend to your wants; do not fear," said the voice.

"Who are you? Why do you not come out where I can see you?" asked the child.

"Never mind why I do not. It is enough to know that I am with you, and that I shall stay with you too. I will take good care of you." said the voice.

"But your name: please, tell me your name!" urged the princess.

"My name is Lady False Independence, little one. I am the best friend you ever had. Take my word for it!" responded the invisible.

The child rejoined: "Do you belong to the kingdom of Truth, or to the empire of Falsehood?"

With a sharp, strange, laugh came the reply: "Now, be satisfied, little one. I belong to no one but myself."

"Let me see you, and then I can tell something about you." Out from the curtain which fell over the Venetian window, stepped forth a gay, bright-looking maiden, with an elastic tread and a merry smile, saying: "I am the very person whom you have been seeking all your life. There is never any danger where I am."

The inexperienced child was puzzled. She was ashamed to once more demand the origin of her new companion; and her fright made her so ring with terror for the safety of the stranger, that she was unable to comprehend. The reply was followed by a wild, prolonged shout of laughter, as if numberless lunatics had just escaped their imprisonment. "We have her at last! We have her at last!" cried innumerable voices, and, to her utter horror, the little American princess saw the entire army and all the subjects of Falsehood pouring into the lawn in front of the palace.

(to be continued.)

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11:23 a.m. Mail, over Main Line, arrives at Toledo, 5:35 p.m.; Cleveland, 10:10 p.m.; Buffalo, 3:55 a.m.
9:10 p.m., Atlantic Express, over Air Line. Arrives at Toledo, 2:45 a.m.; Cleveland, 7:05 a.m.; Buffalo, 1:10 p.m.
12:20 p.m., Special New York Express, over Air Line arrives at Toledo, 5:40 a.m.; Cleveland, 10:10 p.m.; Buffalo, 3:55 a.m.
6:21 p.m. Limited Express. Arrives at Toledo, 10:28 p.m.; Cleveland, 1:35 a.m.; Buffalo, 7:05 a.m.

GOING WEST:
3:32 a.m., Toledo Express. Arrives at Laporte, 3:25 a.m.
Chicago, 5:50 a.m.
5:07 a.m. Pacific Express. Arrives at Laporte, 5:55 a.m.
Chicago, 8:00 a.m.
8:05 a.m. Accommodation. Arrives at Laporte, 9:07 a.m.
Chicago, 9:57 a.m.; Chesterton, 11:30 a.m.
1:30 p.m., Special Michigan Express. Arrives at Laporte, 2:30 p.m.; Chesterton, 3:15 p.m.; Chicago, 4:40 p.m.
4:35 p.m. Special Chicago Express. Arrives at Laporte, 5:22; p.m.; Chicago, 7:40 p.m.
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