

PASS CHRISTIAN COLLEGE.

Editor Morning Star and Catholic Messenger:

DEAR SIR—Having attended the examinations at this college, I intended giving you a full detail of the classes, with the names of the young gentlemen who distinguished themselves; but as the list has already been published in the *Times*, I will not trouble you with it here, and will confine myself to such reflections as the occasion suggested.

I expected to see more of the New Orleans people there than I met. They could not spend a more delightful or profitable time than at the Pass, during the examinations. Such an institution well deserves the patronage of the citizens of New Orleans. They would have been amply repaid for their visit in witnessing the most interesting college exercises that ever were presented before a Southern audience.

If agricultural fairs are considered worthy of all patronage and attract large crowds, why should not the exhibition of the mental development of those who are to fill our counting-houses, the bar, and our future halls of Congress, bring a like gathering? Though the large hall was filled with all the elegance of the Pass every evening, still, they were absent who should have given the sanction of their presence to one of the rising institutions of the South.

Among those from the city, I saw Father Smith, of St. Joseph's, and Father Kenney, of St. Theresa's. Both these gentlemen show a commendable spirit to patronize all such celebrations within their reach.

Father George, of the Pass, was also present throughout the exercises, and was not behind his friend, Brother Isaiah, in hospitable welcome to his friends from the city.

I will not particularize, in detail, the interesting programme spread before the audiences for four successive days, as it would encroach too much on your space. But, taking the whole in at a glance, we may say it was a commencement calculated to reflect honor on all connected with it.

The English course, from the junior classes up to philosophy, including the various branches of arithmetic, algebra, trigonometry, book-keeping, etc., was passed through, in the most searching, critical review, to the credit of both pupils and professors. From Caesar to Sallust, in Latin, from Greek grammar to Homer, the answering was as creditable as any university could boast; while the translations from both languages were given often with as much elegance of style and diction as though the students were reading from an English text book. Thus, they proved at once the greatest familiarity with the author in hand and their own taste, as evinced in their elegant translation.

In the commercial department was, perhaps, the most important examination of all. Here Brother Justinian, of St. Joseph's School, gave a fresh evidence of his skill as an examiner, and by his rapid analysis of the whole science of double-entry book-keeping, proved, by the satisfactory answers given to all his artillery of intricate questions, that the young gentlemen examined were well worthy the diplomas which they afterward received.

The diplomas were awarded by Brother Isaiah, who addressed the recipients in terms of congratulation, while at the same time administering, in kindly words, such counsel as would crown their career with honor and success if they followed it as the base of their actions.

There were essays delivered that would honor older heads, for both composition and elegance of delivery. Among many bright candidates, we noted one who, on all occasions, distinguished himself by his distinct and elegant enunciation—Master Seguin, I think, of New Orleans.

Too much importance cannot be given in schools or colleges to this most essential branch of education, namely, English composition in all its branches, from epistolary correspondence to commercial, and essays. In this department the senior students showed they were not neglected. We should here like to give the names of the professors, on the principle: "Honor to whom honor is due," but we are reminded of the editor's "want of space" might be objected; so we reluctantly omit those gentlemen's names, brothers and all.

The language of *La Belle France*, as may be supposed, in a college of the South, was not forgotten. The boys, under a French brother, went through quite an intricate ordeal of questions, but came out triumphant.

Chemistry was also brought forward, with its puzzling formulas of various combinations and manifold results; but under the clear-headed examiner the young gentlemen found their way out of its mazes with admirable facility and credit.

And what shall I say of the many delightful pieces of instrumental performances that gave such a charm to the exercises? Solos, choruses, overtures of the band, masterpieces on the piano, etc.: all linger yet in our memory, and with the harmony comes the names of the accomplished performers in a wreath of undying song.

The selections of pieces or songs were of the highest character; and, while Professor Bayersdore must have listened with pride to the sounds of harmony of his own organ, the feelings of Brother Isaiah, the founder of all, from whose fertile brain sprang all that now renders Pass Christian College the gem of the South, must have been of an enviable nature. I thought, as the Brother stood with violin in hand on the stage, leading his choral band, how happy he must feel as the harmonious voices echoed through the spacious halls, like a song of jubilee, congratulating him for selecting so sweet a home for science and the muses.

The crowning piece of the exercises was the debate the last night. The question was: "Whether France or England did more for civilization?" To do full justice to the young gentlemen engaged on both sides would require more space than I could ask. To prevent all charge of partiality in the decision, Brother Isaiah appointed three gentlemen of the Pass as a committee for

the decision—Messrs. Champlin and Henderson, Lawyers, and Dr. Smith.

To give an idea of each debater, I can only say that each was really a standard of excellence in himself, and deserves to be enrolled on the annals of the college, to stimulate the ambition of future aspirants to similar honors. I cannot refrain from giving the names of the young orators: Master C. G. Lee, President, who proved himself well worthy his honorable position. The three on the side of England: Masters J. C. Virden, W. Brashear, and W. C. Flower. On the French side were: Masters E. S. Richard, F. Perilloux and J. B. Stubbs.

A more ably contested debate I never heard. In whatever way you view it, either in force of argumentation, elegance of composition, or style of delivery, you would call it a masterpiece for such young heads, and you would be forced to exclaim, honor to the Alma Mater that produces such intellectual gladiators. It would look invidious here to mark any particular one for special praise, were it not that the palm for eloquence is acknowledged by all his fellow-students to belong to Master Stubbs. The committee acknowledged they were on the side of England till his speech, as their prejudices all led them that way; but on the conclusion of his harangue, all arguments on the other side fairly disappeared, and were swept away by the beauty, the overwhelming force of his eloquence.

When the decision of the committee was made known by their chairman, such a cheer and applause ensued that will long be remembered within the walls of that college; plainly showing, in trumpet tongues, on which side the majority of the audience inclined. All of those young men will yet make their mark, and Master Stubbs, if he does not invite a shadow on his own path, may promise himself a bright and brilliant career.

The natural inference to be drawn from all this intellectual display of four days, is one of pride, that there is so near us a college, now second to none, either in its beautiful surroundings, its qualifications for imparting knowledge and preparing students for the highest walks in science and literature, thus obviating the necessity of sending away to Northern, or remote institutions, our sons, while we have all our proudest ambition can desire at our own door. There will be, we believe, a very full session next year from all parts. Infer this from many reasons. The friends of the students were unanimous in their praise of the college, and seemed determined to spread its claims abroad. In conclusion, we sincerely hope that the future success of this eminent institution of learning will be commensurate with its merits; and this cannot fail to be the case as soon as the Southern people are made fully acquainted with it. M.

ST. MARY JEFFERSON COLLEGE, ST. JAMES, LA.

ANNUAL EXAMINATION AND EXHIBITION.

Editor Morning Star and Catholic Messenger:

To Catholics, it is, of course, always gratifying to note the progress of Catholic institutions. And even to our "separated brethren," who, when their cherished "public schools" were in their apogee, could not withhold their admiration of Catholic efforts in the cause of education, it must be, now, that a vicious legislation is doing its worst to impair whatever of efficiency those establishments ever possessed—it must be, I say, a matter of no small interest to learn how undeviatingly our schools and colleges pursue the even tenor of their way—leading their youthful charge along the true path of enlightenment; observing the distinctions and differences which nature herself observes, and to which circumstances (whose creatures we are) give rise; but permitting none which these ignore.

And it is precisely, Mr. Editor, because at this critical juncture of social affairs, our Catholic school concerns—unmoved and immovable by social or political fallacies—are of deep public interest, that we choose to make our report to you, rather than to your *secular* (or *more secular*) cotemporaries, whose prejudices, predilections, or interests, constrain them, sometimes, to mutilate our "correspondence."

Assuming then that it is at once the pleasure and the duty of the MORNING STAR to place before its readers, the truth (and the whole truth,) we proceed to inform you of what transpired at St. Mary Jefferson College during the five days (commencing with the 23d, and ending with the 27th) devoted to the Annual Examination and "Exhibition."

According to the custom adopted both in Europe and America in the colleges of the "Marist Fathers," the pupils were examined in groups of four or five—the answers and failures being recorded on the spot—thus, in the apportionment of honors and rewards, leaving nothing to chance.

The English department—the great Anglo-Saxon—since it has acquired a kind of conventional pre-eminence in American affairs, so with the Marist Fathers (ever anxious to be all things to all men, in order to gain all to God) it had the precedence. In the exercises, Elocution, and the other departments of Rhetoric, alternated with Grammatical Parsing and Logical Analysis; and these again with History, Geography, and those special Commercial Branches—Arithmetic and Book-keeping.

In the French department, we witnessed pretty much the same literary routine, with the additional attraction of a peculiar course of French Literature for the more advanced students.

In the Mathematics, between Natural Philosophy and Algebra, we have not yet been able to decide which excited the greatest interest—*that*, with its nice applications to the practical concerns of life; *this*, with its curious facility of evolving "answers" from cabalistic lines and dots, and other symbols!

The departments of Latin, Spanish, and German, receive due attention; while the exercises in the *Divine Doctrine*—common to all the classes—demonstrated the pupils' proficiency in the science of the Saints—that science which underlies alike, individual happiness and social stability. Three days devoted to these exercises must be a

very fair guarantee that the examination was thorough and searching; and no simulation.

The fourth and fifth days were consecrated to oratorical and dramatical exhibitions—relieved by music and song.

[We will publish the address in our next, being too late for this issue.]

The interesting performances were finally wound up by a solemn distribution of premiums, and the crowning of the young, but (doubtless) ambitious heads of the deserving ones; after which the *alumni* electrified the audience by a simultaneous and vociferous demonstration of their cordial appreciation of the event that burst the bonds which, for ten long months, had chained them to their desks.

The auditory dispersed highly gratified; and we, ruminating on the felicity of such recurrences, felt a rising wish akin to that which *he* must have felt, who immortalized John Gilpin's famous ride to Islington.

One of those days, Mr. Editor, we must seize an opportunity of sending you a description of the magnificent College building; of the airy and shady play-grounds; of the Philosophical, Cabinet, and other apartments; of the "Marist Fathers," too, who conduct this College. These gentlemen are not "Brothers," as some have supposed; but Priests—educators of ability and experience, who have founded educational establishments as well as "Missions," in various parts of the world; even at the antipodes.

Till then, "au revoir." PEREGRINATOR.

THE IRISH IN VERMONT.

A correspondent of the Boston Transcript, writing from Northfield, Vermont, thus refers to the Irish residents there:

The Irish, formerly found only as hired laborers, building our railroads and cities, are found in this region in possession of farms. Several, I was told, have become owners of farms in the town, which they manage very well. In one school district, their children composed the majority of the scholars, and the teacher said they were the more bright and better behaved portion of the school. In a small adjoining town, the Irish compose the majority of the population. This brings forward the indomitable, all-pervading race under a new aspect. Are they to own and till our soil as well as build our works of improvement?

Northfield, no doubt, is a pleasant, healthy region, but the Irish can do better by coming South, where the soil is rich, the climate genial, and the people hospitable and generous. This is a propitious time, the land being low in price, terms accommodating, and every facility offered to settlers. There are exceptions, of course, even in Vermont, but the prevalent sentiment is that of a rabid hostility to everything Irish and Catholic. When railroads were being built by Irish bone and muscle, connecting Fairhaven with Castleton, etc., it was the usual custom to refer every evil committed in the neighborhood to these foreigners; and we recollect at a Union prayer-meeting held in Benson, a town nearer Lake Champlain, and not yet invaded by Romanists and railroads, a prayer was made to the Deity to the following purport: "We thank thee, O God, that thou hast cast our lines in pleasant places, and thus far shielded us from the contaminating influences of Papists and the emissaries of the Man of Sin." This same "Union prayer-meeting" was composed of Congregationalists, Baptists, and Methodists, and were at enmity on every point, except in abusing Catholics. Let the Irish come South, then, and occupy our rich alluvial or pine region, and reap the rich reward in store for the persevering and industrious. Let them abandon the cities, so destructive to manly independence and moral well-being, and thus settle affirmatively the question of the Transcript's correspondent: "Are they (the Irish) to own and till the soil as well as build our works of improvement?"

WATER DRINKING.—At this season, when the desire to allay thirst by inordinate drinking is alluring and tempting, frequently leading to serious consequences, the experience of Dr. Madden, while traveling in Egypt, may be of service. He says:

The Bedouin Arabs gave me a counsel, which I found a wise one. The more a traveler drinks during the day, when exposed to the scorching rays of the sun, the more thirsty he gets; and, finally, these copious draughts have a prejudicial effect on health. At night, it is no matter how much any one drinks; indeed, the more he takes the less thirsty he is liable to be the next day. For this reason, the Bedouins, following the example of their camels, lay in a stock of water for the next day.

THE GOLDEN MOTTO.—A good old man, when he heard of a neighbor's misfortunes would say, "He fell to-day; I may fall to-morrow." This is the purely golden motto for every neighborhood; it teaches to the perfection of Christian charity and manly kindness; it places us all along the way of mutual moral dangers; it levels us all above the possibility of immediate wrong; it gives us all a defense in forgiveness and liability; it teaches us all against hasty judgments and shows to all that offense is a common inheritance which cannot be pushed from out of our ready reach. "He fell to-day; I may fall to-morrow." Let this solemn confession be always echoing from the voice of conscience; let it be impressed on the tablets of honor; let it be the first recollection, the constant influence, the guiding spirit of the day, and the prompter of the nightly prayer.

FREDERIC OZANAM.

A valuable contribution to literature, particularly in its Catholic aspects, has recently been made by the publication of a portion of the works of Frederic Ozanam, by his literary executor, M. Ampere. The lamented author belonged to a class of Frenchmen who have distinguished themselves and made their era memorable by coming out boldly on the side of religion and good morals, and thus stemming the tide of a corrupting literature and an insidious infidelity. Aside from his literary labors, M. Ozanam will be famous in all time for his exertions in founding an association—Society of St. Vincent de Paul—now established in the four quarters of the globe. We find the following sketch of his life in the preface of the work just published:

A few words may be said as to the career of the author, Frederic Ozanam, whose name has not yet become widely known in this country. He was born August 23d, 1813, at Milan, where his father, who had fallen into poverty, was residing and studying medicine. His mother, whose maiden name was Marie Nautas, was daughter to a rich Lyonsese merchant, and it was to that city—Lyons—that his parents returned in 1816. The father obtained there a considerable reputation as a doctor, and died from the effects of an accident in 1837. His son pursued his studies at Paris with great success, and was destined for the bar. He took a prominent place in the thoughtful and religious party among the students, and his published letters show how he became identified with the movement set on foot by Lacordaire and others. He was especially distinguished, however, by the foundation of an association of benevolence, called the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, which, from its small beginnings in Paris, spread over France, and has, at the present time, its conferences, composed of laymen, in all the larger towns of Europe. M. Ozanam showed, even during his student life, a leaning toward literary pursuits, and a distaste for the profession of the bar, to which he was destined; but he joined the bar of Lyons, obtained some success as an advocate, and was chosen in 1839 as the first occupant of the professional chair of commercial law, which had just been established in that city. The courses of lectures given by him were well attended, the lectures themselves were eloquent and learned, and M. Ozanam seems to have preferred inculcating the science of jurisprudence to practicing in the courts. But, in the course of the following year, 1840, he obtained an appointment which was still more suitable to his talent—the Professorship of Foreign Literature at Paris—and which gave him a perfect opportunity for the cultivation of his favorite pursuit—the philosophy of history. Shortly after his appointment, M. Ozanam married, and the remaining years of his life were spent in the duties of his calling; in traveling, partly for the sake of health and pleasure, partly to gain information which might be woven into his lectures; and in visits to his many friends, chiefly those who had taken an active part with him in upholding the interests of religion in France. He never entered upon active political life, though he offered himself, upon a requisition of his fellow-townsmen, as representative of Lyons in the National Assembly of 1848. In politics, M. Ozanam was a decided liberal; in religion, a fervent Catholic. His letters show a great dislike of any alliance between the Church and absolutism, and a conviction that religion and an enlightened democracy might flourish together. He wrote in the *Correspondant*, which embodied the newer ideas, and was frequently unadvisedly upon by the *Univers*, which represented the more conservative party in Church and State. His more important works were developed from lectures delivered at the Sorbonne; and his scheme was to embrace the history of civilization from the fall of the Roman Empire to the time of Dante. But failing health, although much was completed, did not allow him entirely to achieve the great object which he had originally conceived when a mere boy; and the touching words in which he expressed his resignation to an early death, when his already brilliant life promised an increase of success, and his cup of domestic happiness was entirely full, may be found among his published writings. M. Ozanam seems to have continued his literary labors as long as rapidly increasing weakness would permit; but, after a stay in Italy, which did not avail to restore his broken health, he reached his native country only to die, September 8th, 1853, in the fortieth year of his age, and the heyday of a bright and useful career. He was lamented by troops of friends, old and young, rich and poor—the latter, indeed, being under special obligations to his memory. His friend, M. Ampere, became his literary executor, and undertook the task of giving his complete works to the public, for which end a subscription was quickly raised among those who had known and respected him at Lyons and elsewhere. From the lectures which he had completed and revised, from reports of others, and his own manuscript notes, an edition of his complete works was formed in nine volumes, comprising *La Civilisation au Cinquieme Siecle*, *Etudes Germaniques*, *Les Poetes Francais*, *Dante*, *La Philosophie Catholique au Troisieme Siecle* et *Melanges*, to which were added two volumes of his letters.

How easy and pleasant it is to assign motives for the conduct of our neighbors when we gather them unconsciously from our own hearts.

Harsh words often rattle the wound which injury gives, but soft words assuage it, forgiving cures it, and forgetting takes away the scar.

Flowers and fruits are always fit presents; flowers, because they are a proud assertion that a ray of beauty outvalues all the utilities of the world.

AGRICULTURAL.

EQUILIBRIUM IN THE GRAPE VINE.—Keep up the balance between the wood and the fruit of your grape vines. This I find the most important point in grape culture. There must be wood or there can be no fruit. If the wood suffers the grape must suffer—both then suffer. The vine is weakened by the excess of fruit, and unable not only to perfect its crop, but its wood also. This is common—nothing more common. Grow a large crop of fruit, and you are sure to grow a small crop of vine, and what you get is imperfect; it cannot perform its functions properly. Nothing seems worse than to see such suffering wood on a good, well-disposed vine. The very source that produces the fruit is crippled, and the fruit, in consequence, must suffer correspondingly. We see this to a large extent; it is common, a general evil. We prune too much; that sums it up. But that alone is not it. We prune too little on the other side at the same time. Thin out the fruit, the small clusters, the crowded parts, and the bunches themselves, and you will arrest the current and throw it back on the wood in part; thin out one-third, one-half, or a quarter—thin so as to get a fair, good crop. Avoid, as you would death, an overbearing crop, a "premium" crop, a crop to be reported for its great yield. Get a medium good crop, and you will have it always. A celebrated crop is celebrated only once. Less pruning, then, and more extent on the trellis, more air and sun, less but better fruit, and fruit always—wood withstanding the cold and disease—not absolutely, but to a good extent. Pinch, but pinch carefully, to get up a balance. So the fluids of the human system must be in balance. Then there is nothing one-sided; then everything goes off harmoniously. So does the vine in Europe proper; so does it here to some extent; so will it always if kept in its balance.—*Journal of Agriculture.*

FARMING IN SOUTH AMERICA.—A correspondent of the New York Herald, writing from the Argentine Republic, gives the following sketch of farm life in that region:

At one of these haciendas, called Vista Flores, we halted for several days. Imagine a tract of about twenty-two thousand acres, fresh and green, in the midst of a desert, with long straight rows of Lombardy poplars and groves of weeping willows, and the reader will have an idea of the estate. There are upon it about eight hundred cows, half as many oxen, five hundred horses, and several thousand sheep. A new milch cow and calf are bought for \$5, an ox for \$10 or \$15, and a horse that would bring \$200 in the States, sells for \$25. Fifteen dollars is the usual price for a good horse. Haciendas like Vista Flores are scattered all through the western portion of the Argentine Republic, to the rivers and fertile districts of the east. Cattle and horse raising is the principal occupation. Very little grain is raised, no more than a sufficiency for the wants of the section. The owner of one of these estates (gold) can be bought for about eighty cents (gold) per acre, sends off across the plains to fertile pampas of the South, buys cattle for \$1 and horses for \$5 apiece, and puts one, two or three thousand animals, according to his means, in his hacienda. These fatten, while the haciendado eats and sleeps and lounges in the shade, and after a few months he drives them over to Chili through the mountain passes and sells his oxen for \$40 and \$50 apiece, and his horses for thirty and upward. If life and property were secure, every haciendado would soon become a millionaire, but revolutions are of monthly occurrence in these remote provinces, and the cattle herder is despoiled alternately by friends and foes. With great risk a person may invest \$10,000 in cattle in the fall, graze them until spring and sell out his stock for \$100,000 in Chili; but the chances are that half his property may be "gobbled" by some revolutionary party, or be belied upon by a government that never pays.

FARM AND FAMILY GARDENS.—The native American race is one of meat-eaters, and our carnivorous propensities are quickly adopted by citizens whom we adopt. There is no reason why they should accept our vices with their naturalization, and there is every reason why we should engraft their virtues upon the native American stock. Germans, French, Italians, and Swedes, are all famous for having good vegetables. If the good wife knows how to use vegetables, she will accomplish a great saving of meats, both fresh and salt, and the meals will be much better relished, and more healthful. If she does not know, there is the more necessity for providing an abundance of all sorts of delicious vegetables to put her up to doing her part well. At all events, then, plant a garden—give it the best manure, well rotted, and plenty of it. Put it on three inches thick, and spade, fork, or plow it in. It will not make a big hole in the manure pile, unless one sets out to raise vegetables enough for all the neighborhood which might pay very well. Those who begin now may with a very little more labor and the use of liquid manure have their tables supplied quite as early as many whose gardens were planted a month earlier. Carry good farm practice into the garden, and use good garden practice upon the farm. The secret of good gardening, is thorough tillage combined with clean culture and high manuring. This cannot be if the soil is wet, and it can hardly be if the soil is very stiff clay, first brought under culture, but almost any other ground may sustain a fine garden if labor and manure be ungrudgingly applied at first. The amount of labor is really no tax, if the garden only gets the odd minutes which might otherwise be lost. The women of the family, from the wife to Bridget or Dinah, will rejoice in an occasional opportunity to gather up their dainty and do a little weeding. Bridget and Katharina will probably show unusual aptness at hoeing cabbages, cauliflowers, and kale. Only take a little pride in starting the garden well, and the result will be favorable; for the excellence of its products, as soon as lettuce, early beans, green peas, and little sweet carrots, make their appearance on the table, will supply a motive to diligent continuance in well-doing.