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1868-69

EXTRA

Scholastic Year.

1868

"LABOR OMNIA VINCIT."

UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME, IND., AUGUST, 1868.

GREETING.

The last regular number of THE SCHOLASTIC YEAR contained a welcome from the students to their parents and friends, and a farewell to their Alma Mater. We feel assured that the welcome was but the beginning of the pleasant reunion of friends and families; and we trust that to very many the farewell was but "for weeks," and not "forever."

To those returners, those well-beloved old friends, those students tried and true of last year, and to the new faces we hope to see, we send forth this present greeting. Your vacation joys, so long looked forward to, are not any more delightful to you, among the old friends and amid the loved places, than we desire them to be. "The dear delights of home be yours in joyous measure." It is our pleasure in regard to you to feel that your home joys are rendered only more exquisite by your memories of Notre Dame, and your anticipations of the coming year. The links of affection which bind a generous youth to his Alma Mater are never broken, never worn away. They are as links of pure gold, ever brightening as his surroundings seem to grow duller in the realities of everyday life. A philosopher says that all young persons are poets; and truly around none of our associations so much as those of school and college life is flung the witching mantle of poesy. To those who have grown old in busy life their college days are fairy days, dreamy and lovely to them now as were the Arabian tales to their youthful imaginations.

"The joys of boyhood cling through life;
And while the heart in weary strife
Seems sick of living, tired and worn,
And man laments he e'er was born,
Lo! flashing bright, as though inspired—
By youth's fair visions quickly fired—

The joyous spirit smiles again,
And dashes far its cup of pain.

Thus, thus, dear friends, when years roll by
And faded hopes compel the sigh,
The pleasant scenes of boyhood's years
Will make you smile amid your tears.
And then, when memory plucks her flowers
And seeks her brightest summer hours,
Think ye she'll find a dearer place,
On her tablet fondly trace
Old paths more loved than wind around
The dear familiar college ground?
Ah, no! while years shall onward roll
Fast here must cling the willing soul,
Still feast upon her youthful joys,
Still dwell with those 'old college boys.'"

If such are the feelings of the old man whose college days are long past, what must be those of former students who anticipate their speedy return to "the dear familiar college ground"? Earth affords to man few joys more exquisite than theirs. Old scenes, old companions, old teachers, old delights of mind and heart are soon to be theirs. To them it is not necessary that we should unfold the good things in store for their swelling souls and eager intellects; they feel what we would in vain try to describe. Again we send them our warmest greeting, hoping to see more old faces than ever at the opening of the year which is to close next June with the Silver Anniversary of Notre Dame.

But it is not the old students who need this greeting from us; even though our pen should trace no characters, and our voice should utter no sounds, still would they know from "sweet experience" that a greeting ever goes forth from our heart to every old friend of our common alma mater. It is especially to those who are preparing to leave home, perhaps for the first time, and begin a new life among strangers, that we would send forth words of encouragement, to assure

them that here they will find a new home, and new friends who will try to make up for the absence of the dear ones they are about to leave for a few months to prepare themselves to take their places in active life. So far as new friends can supply the place of old ones, it shall be done, and while the needs of the natural affections are thus not forgotten, they will find that the higher wants of the mind and the soul will receive the attention they deserve from those who have devoted their lives to the good of their fellow beings, especially to the moral and intellectual education of the young. Here you will find yourselves in a well organized family rather than in a college; and, when your college days are over, you will look back upon them as, after home life, the dearest time to you, filled with the most pleasing of your recollections. With these anticipations we give you our greeting as you come to add your names to the innumerable list of students who look upon Notre Dame as their alma mater.

LETTER FROM OUR HOLY FATHER PIUS IX.

The letter from the Holy Father to the students of Notre Dame will be read with pleasure by all our friends. It will be seen that while addressing his words of loving kindness to them, he speaks to all the devoted friends of the Holy See in this country. May the words of the Vicar of Christ animate the breasts of all the Catholics of America and redouble their zeal in the efforts to assist the Holy Father. This is no time to keep the purse closed. The enemies of the Holy See, consequently our enemies, the enemies of the Catholic religion, the enemies of Christianity, are making more vigorous efforts than ever to dispossess the Holy Father of the few remaining acres of land they have not yet stolen from him. Let all good Christians therefore do their utmost to help him with pecuniary aid. God has blessed many Catholics in this country in their temporal affairs. Let them give liberally for the defense of the Holy Father and of religion. If God rewards us for the least alms given in charity, how great will be the reward given to those who aid the Head of the Church that His Divine Son established on earth.

May the land dedicated to Mary Immaculate be preëminent, before the meeting of the General Council, among the nations who have rendered

assistance to the Vicar of Christ. The Most Reverend Prelates of America have all highly recommended the sending of money to aid the Pope. May all the Catholics of America have the good conscience of the generous giver.

[COPY.]

DILECTIS FILIIS

ALUMNIS PATRUM A S. CRUCE NUNCUPATORUM IN COLLEGIO DOMINÆ NOSTRÆ DE LACU, DIOECESIS VAYNÆ CASTRENSIS, FORT WAYNE, INDIANA (STATI UNITI).

Dilecti Filii salutem et Apostolicam Benedictionem.

Incensi illi devotionis sensus, quos epistola vestra adiectumque ei munus præferabant, utrumque Nobis acceptissimum fecerunt et iucundissimum. Nam si læti videmus, ita in hanc Petri Cathedram vos esse affectos, qui olim Ecclesiæ ac rei publicæ operam navare debebitis; simul etiam perspicimus, quanta sedulitate ac studio imbuamini religione ac pietate, una cum litteris et disciplinis, a præceptoribus vestris, quantaque spes affulgeat, ut e solida huiusmodi institutione viri habeantur præsentī necessitati pares. Libentissime profecto a vobis accipimus, regionem hanc totam, Immaculatæ Virginis patrocinio commendatam, eodem obsequio et affectu vestro Nobis obstringi; at cum catholica religio et hæc sancta sedes acerrimo undique bello premantur, vos, in publicam lucem demum prodituros, etiam atque etiam hortamur, ne imprudenti idcirco confidentia torpeatis, sed eo studiosius confirmare et fovere conemini in vobis sanam, quam imbibistis, doctrinam, quo gravioribus periculis obnoxii eritis, et quo maiore virtute indigebitis ad obsistendum nequitiae et impietati. Alacriter itaque incumbite in litterarum ac scientiæ studia; at etiam alacrius in pietatem, ne vana inflemimini scientia, vosque dociles præbete præceptoribus, qui totos se devovent utilitati vestræ. Inprimis autem labores, curas, omnia vestra, vos ipsos committite et commendate divinæ illi Matri, cuius tutela merito gloriâmini, et quæ nunquam rogantibus se defuit. Nos copiosa cælestis gratiæ auxilia unicuique vestrum adprecamur, supernique favoris auspiciem ac paternæ Nostræ benevolentiae pignus, vobis, toti huic Collegio, universæque patriæ vestræ Benedictionem Apostolicam peramanter impertimus.

Datum Romæ apud S. Petrum die 16. Maii 1868. Pontificatus Nostri Anno XXII.

❖ PIUS P. P. IX.

[TRANSLATION.]

To our Beloved Sons,

PUPILS OF THE FATHERS KNOWN AS THE FATHERS OF HOLY CROSS, IN THE COLLEGE OF NOTRE DAME DU LAC, DIOCESE OF FORT WAYNE, INDIANA (UNITED STATES).

Beloved Sons, health and Apostolic Benediction:

Those lively sentiments of devotedness and love, which your letter and the gift which accompanied it manifest, have rendered both these most acceptable and pleasing to us. For if we see with joy that you, who will hereafter be called upon to manage the affairs of Church and state, are so disposed towards this See of Peter, at the same time we know with how much earnestness and zeal your teachers instruct you in religion and piety together with letters and sciences, and how great a hope is afforded that from a solid education of this kind men will be obtained equal to the present necessity. Most gladly, then, do we learn from you that this whole region, committed to the protection of the Immaculate Virgin, is bound to us by a devotedness and affection like yours; but since the Catholic Religion and this Holy See are pressed on all sides by most cruel war, we again and again exhort you, who are soon to come into public notice, not to grow careless by an imprudent confidence, but in proportion as you are exposed to greater dangers, and stand in need of greater strength to oppose wickedness and impiety, so will you more strenuously endeavor to confirm and cherish in yourselves, that sound doctrine which you have imbibed. Apply yourselves therefore, zealously, to the study of letters and sciences, but even more zealously to piety, lest you be puffed up by a vain science, and show yourselves docile to your teachers who devote themselves entirely to your interests. But in the first place commit and commend yourselves and your labors, your cares, all that belongs to you, to that divine Mother in whose patronage you justly glory, and who never has failed those who pray to her. We beseech for each one of you the most abundant aid of heavenly grace, and as a mark of divine favor and a pledge of our paternal good will, we most lovingly impart to you, to the whole College, and to your whole country, the Apostolic Benediction,

Given at Rome, at St. Peter's, this 16th day of May, 1868, in the 22d year of our Pontificate.

[Signed] ❖ PIUS P. P. IX.

INVEIGLED BY RIVER PIRATES.

INTRODUCTORY.

Many of my readers will be surprised to hear of River Pirates on the peaceful waters of the St. Joseph, and many, too, will be equally astonished that the River Pirates inveigled ME, the writer of this veracious narrative. I must confess that I myself had not the remotest idea of the ferocious character of these gentlemen of the oar and pole, who, seemingly devoted to Botanical, Geological and Entomological pursuits, conceal their deep-hidden designs against the peace of their fellow-men, under such innocent and interesting appearances. To this ignorance on my part the readers must attribute the astounding fact of my having been inveigled—regularly taken in and done for—by cruel men in the guise of Botanico-Geologico-Entomological students! for usually speaking, and under the ordinary circumstances of life in this vale of St. Joseph, I am wide awake,—very wide awake, indeed; and rarely do I give others an opportunity of metaphorically covering my visual organs with the fleece of the innocent lamb.

But great though the readers' surprise may be, the following columns of truth will demonstrate to their satisfaction—if they can take satisfaction in such a terrible state of affairs—that the River Pirates be, and the sequel will show that these fresh water freebooters did positively inveigle me—strange though it be. Such is life;—truth is stronger than fiction. 'Tis, in fact, too strange not to be true. And so forth.

CHAPTER I.—THE 6TH OF AUGUST.

The sun rose from the east on the morning of the 6th of August, 1868, that day being about midway between the two extremes of vacation.*

* As I have been in the company of those who observe nature closely, and who have a sharp eye for the construction of a sentence as well as for the formation of metals, the growth of plants, etc., I must remark, that in my introductory sentence I claim no particular praise for the 6th day of August on account of the sun rising from the east in the morning on that day. Careful meteorological observations have convinced the scientific of these parts that the sun, as a regular thing, generally rises in the east, and in the morning, too. The attentive and sagacious reader will at once surmise that I intend to make no invidious exclusion of other days, as if I were insinuating that the sun doesn't rise on other days in the morning from the east; they will see that I intend to show that, though the 6th of August was fraught with eventful occurrences, no signs of evil portent foreshadowed them, as was the case in the Ides of March, some years ago, when Sign.

By 7 o'clock a gentle breeze sped the fleecy clouds athwart the azure firmament, and rippled the surface of the lakes that just before were smooth and placid, and lay basking in the sun, taking photographs of every bush and tree along the banks, in the deep, cool-looking waters below. The gentle Seniors, the brave Juniors, and the never-say-die Minims, had managed by a lavish use of soap and water, to get their eyes open for the day, and with comb and brush had placed each particular hair in the place it should occupy for the better ornament and protection of the receptacle of the teeming brains they are justly supposed to have. They did full justice to the matutinal repast, and then sought the classic shades of the ball-alley to disport themselves in athletic games.

Every thing seemed to promise a pleasant day. The thermometer was reasonable, the barometer at fair, and steady at that. Nothing warned me of the sad, the doleful, the melancholy results brought about ere that brightly shining sun had reached its western home, and cast his last lingering rays upon the valley of St. Joseph.

CHAPTER II.—RIVER PIRATE No. 1.

"Will you go a-boating with us to-day?" It was the River Pirate No. 1 who thus accosted me! Perchance you picture to yourselves, gentle readers, a monstrously mustached, black-bearded ruffian six feet some inches in his boots, with five or six dozen revolvers stuck picturesquely around his girdle or peeping out of his pockets and boot-legs, a heavy cutlas dangling by his side, a needle-gun and minnie rifle slung over his shoulders, and propelling a small-sized columbiad in a wheelbarrow before him; perhaps, too, you imagine that he uttered the above question in thunder tones that reverberated through the college halls like the explosion of a k'heg of powder. But you would be mistaken to imagine so. Far otherwise! He was as agreeable a young man as any of my fair readers would wish to set their caps at—or, rather, hats at. In stature neither a Goliath nor a Tom Thumb. A pleasant face, intellectual forehead, cerulean blue in his eye, and a perpetual smile that had its residence on both corners of a mouth, which, though not arched exactly like Cupid's bow, could dis-

or Julius Caesar would'nt be dissuaded by his wife from going to the capitol, for which rebellion against domestic government he was put to death.

play a mine of wealth in pearl and ivory, and some gold and other metals that a rich and charitable dentist had placed within. Ferocious? no! Daniel in the lions' den looked not more gentle than this River Pirate. Ferocious looking? I think not. Would that at that moment some fairy godmother had shown me what qualities were hidden under these deceptive appearances. It was in dulcet notes—soft as a flute, or the purring of the Maltese cat, that he addressed these words to me:

"Will you go-a-boating with us?"

Alas, I had no dream the night before, warning me of danger.* I felt no presentiment of evil, and I innocently answered his question by asking another:

"Who are going?"

From his answer, given categorically and mellifluously, I gathered that he was to be accompanied by River Pirate No. 2. He further went on to depict in glowing colors the pleasure of reclining in the boat and floating down the stream, viewing with enraptured gaze the beauty of the scene. He moreover lured me on by describing the stores of provisions that had been provided for the repasts we were to take in some secluded nook, overshadowed by the stately oak and broad-spreading maple, and carpeted by nature's green lawn. Could I resist? could *you*, my sympathetic, and, I hope, by this time, sympathizing reader? I had made no plans for the day; I listened to the charmer, and—I went to take a ride in *the* boat.

CHAPTER III.—RIVER PIRATE No. 2.

The better to keep me in the fancied security into which he saw he had lulled me with his siren tongue, he selected from among my books and papers, some of the most interesting magazines and newspapers. You perceive, oh my readers! how artfully he drew me on. He even was so obliging as to wait until I got a fresh supply of the Virginia weed, to burn in the boat in order to protect ourselves against midges and mosquitoes. With his pockets full of papers he conducted me, with cheerful converse, along the road leading to the river. Arriving in the wood in the rear of St. Aloysius' Novitiate, we encountered River Pirate No. 2 astride of a strong, suspicious-looking box.

* The reason may be that pigs'-feet and lobsters are not given for supper during vacation.

Picture to yourselves the situation; the dark, somber forest, the gentle rustling of the leaves, far from the habitation of man, and me unsuspecting evil in the power of the two River Pirates! Would that they had at once thrown off the mask and revealed themselves in their true character. But no; No. 2 received me courteously, like a gentleman, as I had always known him to be. After amical salutations and imparting our mutual stock of knowledge that we had gained by separate observations concerning the weather, and having found that we were all three unanimously of the opinion that it was a fine day, a breezy one, and not too warm, but just the thing, and in fact that we and nature were all serene, we wended our way across the fields, No. 2 carrying the box which, though it was secured by a padlock, he would not consign to my hands. Had I been in the least forewarned of the awful catastrophe of the day, the fact would have seemed to me to be suspicious. He said it contained our provisions, but—but I must not anticipate.

We passed by the beautiful rural cottage on the Niles road, before which two little puppies were gambolling; the great object of each seemed to be to get hold of his own tail. Some said they did that from sheer frolicsome of their nature, and to give a lesson to man, *videlicet*: that dogs, even when amusing themselves, can make both ends meet, while man generally can't. Others said it was fleas. I will not enter into a discussion upon this subject, as far more important matters are waiting to be unfolded by my graphic pen. I will only state, for the confusion of those who praise every thing canine, that when one of our party made a most amicable whistle to draw the attention of the two puppies and to entice them to draw near to him with wagging tail, the two purps no sooner were convinced that he was whistling at and for them than they fled with precipitate swiftness, squeezed themselves through a remarkably small crack in the fence, and then barked. After that, talk of the gratitude of dogs!

CHAPTER IV.—FLOATING DOWN THE RIVER.

To many of our readers the scenery of the St. Joseph river is familiar. The main features of the landscape are a high bluff bank on one side, well covered with trees and brush, and a broad expanse of prairie or meadow land on the other. The chief peculiarity of the river is that it never

goes in a straight line, but winds about in such a manner that in less than a mile it heads successively to every point of the compass. It is said, and I can vouch for the truth of the assertion—that some of the turns are so sudden that when the steamboats turn around them, two passengers, one at the bow, the other at the stern, can shake hands.

We found the boat snugly hid away near a large willow tree under the drooping branches of smaller and younger trees that bathed both roots and branches in the flowing stream. No. 2 unlocked the boat, took the oars, and smilingly indicated a seat in the stern of the boat on which I might repose. No. 1 took a seat in the bow, pushed off the boat from shore, and with no other motive power than the current of the river, and an occasional tip of an oar, now on this side, now on that, to prevent the boat from getting into tangled brushwood and overhanging branches, or from capsizing itself on big rocks, we glided down the stream. At the bending point of a beautiful broad curve in the river we beheld before us the bold bluff that rises almost perpendicularly from the river and supports the plateau above, on which is situated the Academy of St. Mary's. The sun was now some three hours high, the air cool and invigorating, the breeze refreshing,—the scenery set off by sun and shade to best advantage. The dark cedar trees and burly oaks standing upright on the steep banks seemed to say that they would sustain any amount of pressure before they would let the bluff "slide."

Of all the bluffs on the river the one upon which St. Mary's is built is the finest. Art has done nothing yet to this part which can be seen only from the river. Art has taken higher grounds and has busied herself atop there, putting up buildings, laying out recreation grounds, conducting on scientific principles one of the most productive gardens in the North-west,—a garden that gives green peas and potatoes and strawberries, the earliest, and keeps on until the very latest giving all the known vegetables of the season and region.

We drifted indolently down the river, our ears catching the distant sound of musical voices that came from on high. And here came further indications of the cruel character of the River Pirates, for as the boat rocked from side to side No. 1 said, "Why is this boat like those ladies we hear singing?" I, of course, could see no analogy, but No. 2 atrociously answered: "Because its a wobbler." The intelligent reader of THE

SCHOLASTIC may see the deep hidden villainy of this question and answer sooner than I did.

For full two hours I was thus led on down the stream, both No. 1 and No. 2 beguiling the way with pleasant remarks, as they pointed out the remarkable places. Here, as we come around a bend and catch a glimpse of the statue on the dome of the college, shining in the morning sun, No. 1 indicates with his oar the spot where, years ago, ere St. Mary's had moved up the river from Bertrand, the students of the college resorted for picnic purposes. Then St. Angela's Island, with the rustic bridge connecting it with the mainland. Another bend in the river hid the island from our view and we coasted along the "old fishing place," where some years ago we were amused at the fine singing of a stalwart fisherman who roared out stanzas to "My Evelina" as he pulled away at the sein and captured fishes.

We carefully avoid the "Dutch Gap" made last spring by the river making for itself a new channel from the fishing ground straight across the promontory to "Martha's Vineyard." Passing the fishing grounds, we crept along the shore of another high bluff, as high as that on which St. Mary's stands, but unlike it, not decked off with the green foliage of trees.

Rounding another "Bend" we came in sight of "Martha's Vineyard," soon made that Island, and took particular note of the big grape vines, with the intention of exploring the Island in the grape season. With many incidents ever varied, but differing from each other by shades too subtle to be put on paper, we continued to drop down the river until we arrived below the Mill; a little above which is the "old camping ground" of the students of Notre Dame,—the place to which they used to resort on Wednesdays, early in the morning, and stay until twilight cast its gloom o'er the scene generally.

No. 1 pulled the boat to shore near a spring situate below the Mill, where we could obtain a plentiful supply of spring water, and here we resolved to stay and take our dinner. The mysterious box was opened and the treasures it contained displayed to view, and they were by no means to be sneezed at—nor did we sneeze at them, none of us having as yet caught a cold, but all fell to vigorously and discussed the trip so far, the cold chicken and tongue, and other subjects of interest.

Under the shade of the o'erhanging boughs we chatted and ate; and after the eating was over

No. 1 read and discussed a very good article from a periodical of good repute.

All this while the sagacious reader may be saying to himself "Where is the inveiglement? I wouldn't dislike being taken in myself that way. A pleasant trip down a beautiful river with nothing to do but enjoy the scenery and converse with two very agreeable persons who give me a good pic-nickal dinner. Not so bad, decidedly." Alas, gentle reader, did you never read of the ogres that fatten up little boys to eat 'em when plump? Do you not know how they almost kill with kindness the poor goose, feed him well and concede to him the warmest spot in the chimney corner,—and all that is done that the poor goose may contribute his share a *paté de foies grasses*!

Such was the kindness expressed by all those pleasant attentions of word and fact, as you shall see. I was the little boy fattened for the ogre. I was the goo— but 'tis needless to further particularize.

CHAPTER V.—POLING UP STREAM.

Now No. 1 his tale hath told, and closed his book with placid smile, and I the sequel will unfold and tell how neatly he beguiled a soft and careless youth to pull a boat up stream, that youth is *me*. 'Twill break your heart, 'twill rend your soul, 'twill make your hair stand on end like bristles of a frightful porkupine. No. 2 with a graceful wave of the dexter hand, indicated to me that it was his will I should seat myself in the stern-seat of the boat; he took the middle seat, seized the oars with an iron grip. No. 1 playfully snatched up the pole and, from his place in the bow, pushed off the boat and there we were! With joke and laugh, and song—which, by the way, attracted the attention of the honest miller who, with hands in pocket and pipe in mouth, stood aloft in the topmost story of his mill and calmly, not to say approvingly, looked down upon us—we started up the river; the current by the mill not being very strong, the vigorous rowing of No. 2 brought us along fairly and swiftly. Then came the rapids;—with a bland smile No. 2 insinuated that he could propel the boat better from the seat on which I was sitting, doing nothing for the public weal, and proposed an exchange. I innocently acceded to the proposal, and was thus inveigled out of my pleasant seat. No. 2 had taken one oar, and using it as a pole assisted No. 1 to pole the boat up the rapid shallows, or the shallow rapids—whichever be the potamical

expression. The other oar had been maliciously left in the row-lock aside of the seat on which I sat after the change of base alluded to above. No. 1 and No. 2 with malice aforethought pretended that with all their herculean endeavors they were not gaining ground—or water—and that if the aid of my powerful muscles were not immediately put into requisition we would fail to do as all Americans ought to do, and do do, to-wit: go ahead, and that we would retrograde, and perhaps not get home in time for supper. Thus was I inveigled into taking hold of the oar! Scarcely had I touched the clear crystal water with the wooden propeller, than the boat went up stream like magic. Of course I attributed this acceleration of velocity to the power of my biceps or some other muscle, the power of which I had never known, and I congratulated myself on the fact that I was a very peaceable man, for otherwise I might unwillingly have done somebody an injury. Thus was I inveigled to use all my strength pulling away with both arms at one oar, bracing my boots in the dirty water in the bottom of the boat, spoiling a nice linen coat by letting the tail drop down into the same water, and absolutely rendering unfit for further use a splendid glossy paper collar—forty cents per dozen—by the perspiration that at the first pull began to start in torrents from every pore. No. 2 bent upon me approving glances and ceased to pole. No. 1 being to the fore of the boat, but to the rear of me, may have also given approving looks at me, but I dare affirm he was giving wicked winks and sardonic smiles to No. 2 over my head. He, No. 1, broke forth in ecstatic praises, and clapped his hands, to do which of course he stopped poling. And thus was I inveigled to pull all alone, against the rapid stream. And I did pull! with back bent, head down, feet braced, muscles too, coat-tail dragging in water, I pulled. I occasionally cast a glance at the water running by the side of the boat and exulted at the rapidity with which I was rushing that boat up stream. Judging from the exertions I was making and the apparent rapid advance of the boat through the water, I calculated that I was making some five hundred miles an hour, and after two minutes of splendid efforts I was about to give warning to No. 1 to look out for the South Bend bridge, which is situated about eight miles above the point at which I seized the oars. I feared that the astonishing velocity of the boat might take us up the dam without our being aware of the fact, and do some damage to

the bridge of Mishawaka, which, the bridge, being a work of art, I did not wish to injure. But before giving warning I cast a glance at the shore, and there I beheld the, at first sight, inexplicable phenomenon of an old stump slowly going up the bank ahead of me. Without ceasing my vigorous efforts I gazed upon the venerable stump and found it getting further ahead of me every instant. And then light dawned. I was going down stream with the current instead of making head against it, and those two River Pirates were a laughing at me!

Need I tell you, gentle, sympathizing reader, of the revulsion? Need I say I dropped the oar—that I felt shocked at the cruelty of those freebooters? that outwardly I calmly accepted the situation, but inwardly was boiling over? that my blistered hands, strained and weary arms, my cramped feet, my wet boots, my draggled coat-tail and limp shirt-collar could not console me, and for a time I would not be comforted? that I realized the terrible fact that I had been thoroughly inveigled? Nay, I forbear to harrow up your feelings, and fain would I mitigate the indignation and wrath you must feel against these River Pirates. To this end I shall bring forward the extenuating circumstances of the rest of the trip. Though they *would* allude heartlessly to blistered hands, and talk "muscle," they brought me safely home, and a good night's rest made me ready to be a second time taken in by the River Pirates, to whom success, and plenty of hard rowing!

FESTIVAL OF THE ASSUMPTION.

The Annual Retreat of the Rev. Fathers and Brothers of Holy Cross, which was preached by Rt. Rev. Bishop Elder, of Natchez, closed on the morning of this beautiful festival. The first Mass, at which all received Holy Communion, was said by our late beloved Provincial, now the Superior-General of the entire Order.

At 10 o'clock the Rt. Rev. Bishop officiated at the grand Pontifical High Mass, Very Rev. Father General assistant priest, Rev. Fathers Patrick and Superior honorary deacons, Father Gillespie deacon, Father Carrier subdeacon, together with twenty-four acolytes.

The singing of the Mass by the deep bass and long tone voices of the Brotherhood, was very impressive; the eloquent sermon of the Rt. Rev. Bishop, on the glorious Assumption of Mary,

Mother of God and our Mother, touched every heart in the crowded church.

After solemn Vespers, at 3 P. M., the usual procession that during the past twenty-five years has regularly been observed at Notre Dame, took place. But before the procession left the church our Very Rev. Father General addressed the assembled faithful; his voice always most eloquent and impressive on his favorite theme of devotion to the Blessed Virgin, seemed to possess new power and deeper unction, as he spoke of the peerless prerogatives of "our tainted nature's solitary boast,"—the Immaculate one whose body never saw corruption.

At the close of the instructions the procession, chanting the Litany of Loretto, passed from the church with banners floating in the soft air, and the statue of the Queen of Heaven borne aloft by eight Children of Mary, robed in snowy white. The procession (at least a half a mile in length) wound through the green vineyards, passed the chapel of Our Lady of the Angels, under the umbrageous foliage that shelters the grounds of the Fathers' Novitiate, until it reached the beautiful tomb of the Virgin, so dear and familiar to every student of Notre Dame. Here the procession paused to sing the *Magnificat*. At the statue of the Immaculate Conception in front of the Fathers' Novitiate, the *Salve Regina* was intoned, and at its close the mutual voices of the entire crowd arose in the full deep notes of the Gregorian *Te Deum*, and with them pealed forth the glad notes of the bells of Notre Dame's chime, and the mellow booming voice of the great bell of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart, filling the whole atmosphere with richest melody, and causing the invocation of the *Sanctus, Sanctus, Sanctus Dominus Deus Sabaoth* to resound over the bright waters of the St. Joseph river, through the deep green woods, to the towns of Laporte, Elkhart and Goshen, twenty and thirty miles away.

As the procession returned to the church the sanctuary seemed in one blaze of light, awaiting the closing ceremony of the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. Then followed the impressive rite of the installation of Father Granger to the office of Provincial of Holy Cross in the United States, Very Rev. Father General officiating. The Fathers General and Provincial then distributed to the Rev. Fathers, Brothers, and the entire congregation, beads blessed and indulgenced by our Holy Father the Pope. The last ceremony, so personally interesting to all, closed

this the most solemn and touching Festival of the Assumption at Notre Dame at which it has ever been our good fortune to participate.

CHRONICLE.

THE friends of Notre Dame and St. Mary's will learn with pleasure that notwithstanding the election of Very Rev. Father Sorin to the General Superiorship of the Order of Holy Cross, he will remain a great part of his time in America, and that Notre Dame is his headquarters.

Rev. Father Patrick returned from his prolonged stay in Europe, and we have reason to believe that he still prefers his Father Land to sunny France.

Rev. Father Lemonnier sailed from Brest on the 15th of August, accompanied by the two students of Notre Dame who have been, for the last month or so, his *compagnons de voyage* both on sea and land, and who, we have learned from reliable authority, have enjoyed themselves immensely. We say no more on this subject, as we presume our readers would prefer to hear an account of their travels from themselves rather than get it second-handed.

Rev. Fathers Corby and Lemonnier retain their old position in the college, to the general satisfaction of all, and will have adjoined to them for the responsible office of Prefect of Discipline, the Rev. Father Spillard, who with Mr. P. Lauth will be ordained on Friday, the 28th inst. The old students must perceive at once that they will be received with hearty welcome by old friends, and that the old familiar faces will be a guarantee that all will go well and pleasantly the coming year.

The classes will begin punctually on Tuesday, the 1st of September, and it is needless to add what has already been so much insisted upon, that attendance on the first days will be of great advantage to the students.

The classes at St. Mary's will open on Monday, the 6th of September.

The students already arriving and the number of applications received during vacation, give us well-grounded hopes of having the college halls and the college play grounds full of hard-working and lively students, and that they when joined by "the old boys" and friends of Notre Dame will have next June a splendid Silver Anniversary Festival.