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The Angelus.

HEARD IN THE MISSION DOLORES, 1868.

Bells of the Past, whose long forgotten music
Still fills the wide expanse.
Tinging the sober twilight of the Present
With color of romance.

I hear you call, and see the sun descending
On rock, and wave, and sand,
As down the coast the Mission voices blending
Girdle the heathen land.

Within the circle of your incantation
No blight or mildew falls;
Nor fierce unrest, nor lust, nor low ambition,
Passes those airy walls.

Borne on the swell of your long waves receding,
I touch the farther Past—
I see the dying glow of Spanish glory,
The sunset dream and last.

Before me rise the dome-shaped Mission towers,
The white Presidio,
The swart commander in his leathern jerkin,
The priest in stole of snow.

Once more I see Portala's cross up-lifting,
Above the setting sun;
And past the headland, Northward, slowly drifting
The freighted galleon.

O solemn bells! whose consecrated Masses
Recall the faith of old—
O tinkling bells! that lulled with twilight music
The spiritual fold!

Your voices break and falter in the darkness—
Break, falter and are still;
And veiled and mystic, like the Host descending,
The sun sinks from the hill!

—Bret Harte.

Lovely Woman.

We publish, "by request," the speech of Judge O'Connor in reply to a toast at a Banquet in San Francisco. It is taken from the *Monitor*:

Mr. President, and the gentlemen left of the Saint Patrick Society—that is to say, all the gentlemen that remain and have not left—I thank you very sincerely for the privilege conferred on me to represent, or misrepresent, woman on this occasion. I thank you also for the attentive vigilance you have exercised in standing by me until two o'clock in the morning to see the duty performed. I will frankly own to you, however, that, sensible as I am of the advantage I enjoy over all the speakers that have preceded me, in having the field now entirely to myself, I am not at all disposed to take advantage of it, when

"The guests are fled and the garlands dead,"

And echo comes back to me as I speak, as distinctly as that of Paddy Blake's, and says, "Enough said—now go to bed"—I do assure you I have not the heart to go on. [Cries of "Yes, yes, go on."] Well, if you insist upon it, I shall do so; but I can assure you, that when now—although I have seen no veiled figure, no skeleton of the feast, I can see nothing but a skeleton of a feast, a break-up and

debris of scattered fragments and deserted seats, it requires an electricity not current now, a courage more than Irish, and more champagne than is left in the bottles, to inspire me.

Mr. President, as the champion of women's rights on this occasion, I protest against the practice of making woman the last toast given at a banquet. Instead of being the last named on such occasions, woman should be the first. And then, as the ancients hung garlands of flowers above their heads on similar occasions, the name of woman thus invoked would, under the rose, give to all subsequent transactions a lustre and a charm they would not otherwise receive. Englishmen pay this respect to their sovereign Queen, and why should we not pay this respect to woman, the sovereign Queen of our United State, if married, or of our United States, whether married or not. [Loud applause.] At no time more earnestly than at the present has woman made her demands for a fellowship and equal participation with man in all the liberal arts and sciences, in all the mercantile, trading and political departments of life. She claims this fellowship as man's equal in every respect, knowing no inferiority. She formerly possessed this fellowship; once excelled in all intellectual and physical exercises—until man, jealous of her ascendancy, usurped and wrested it from her. Now this state of things won't do, you know; for woman, instead of being left with little else to do in the world than to nurse the children, claims from man an equal division of all the spoils of office and of power. Adam and Eve, she contends, were driven from Paradise, not from Eve's weakness, but through Adam's gluttony. The small bite that Eve took of the forbidden fruit was as nothing compared with the swallow that Adam made of it. [Loud laughter.] And this fruit, the apple, like Macbeth's "Amen," stuck in Adam's throat; and the swelling it caused was transmitted to his descendants, and is visible in the protuberance in the throat of every son of Adam to this day. That Eve had little or nothing to do with the swallowing of the fruit, is evidenced by the fact that from this protuberance, commonly known as Adam's apple, every daughter of Eve is exempt. [Laughter.] Driven from Paradise, and with their descendants obliged to maintain themselves in the world, was it not by hunting and fishing and cultivating the soil they lived? Were they who thus hunted and fished and cultivated known as hunt-hims, fish-hims or cultivate-hims? By no means; they were known as hunt-hers, fish-hers and cultivate-hers; thus showing it was woman and not man that excelled in those pursuits. When the Egyptians and Chaldeans, to whom Mr. Henry Toomey has so ably alluded, first taught mankind a knowledge of the stars, were they, let me ask him, called star-gaze-hims or astronom-hims? Not at all, but were known as star-gaze-hers and astronom-hers. [Cheers.] The letter H in spelling, as a mere aspiration, in course of time being avoided.

In music, painting and sculptuary, law and medicine, the same judgment applied, and the proficient was known as the compose-her, paint-her, sculpt-her, plead-her, and doct-her. Shakspeare, conscious of woman's address as a plead-her and

counsel-her, drew the character of Portia, that he might display this address; and Shylock, with all his astute cunning, was triumphantly defeated by a woman. Galen, to whom the world is so much indebted for the knowledge of medicine, was a woman, and is familiarly known to the profession as "Old Gal." Esculapius, it is true, was a male, but then it is evident, according to Darwin, he was some old ape, with a remarkably thick skull; hence his name, Es-Skull-ape-i-us. [Renewed laughter.]

As an instance of the intellectual display of woman in the past, we should not forget the Muses—that famous *Sorosis* of antiquity—the whole Nine were femi-nine, and only one married—Polly-Himnia; and there is no doubt that Polly married Hy-men, who presides over marriage. Hence the saying of many women, when they get married at the present day, "How is that for Hy?"

Need I allude to the Philosop-her as the exponent of ancient Philosophy; and need I to call to mind the fact that if Socrates was great, his wife Xantippe was greater; for she snubbed him and boxed his ears with impunity? And if Diogenese took to a tub, was it not because his wife, Mrs. Diogenese, required of him to do the washing for the family?

So much for woman's ascendancy in the past. And now let me ask, while so much has been done in extending the privilege of American citizenship, and the elective franchise has been conferred on every form and figure of man, is woman not to become a vote-her? Is she, who has always found a devoting love everywhere on the surface of the globe, to be condemned to wander without a loving vote from poll to poll? Is she who has so long relied on the stuffing of the canvas, not to be permitted to canvass the stuffing—the stuffing of the ballot-boxes? Is she who so cleverly pirouettes on her toes in the *ballet* to be cut off from the *ballet* in *to-to*? [Loud and prolonged laughter.]

We are assured that women must succeed, when we consider what remarkable women there have been and there are in the world; what infinite good they have done; aye, and what infinite mischief, too, from Helen of Troy, down to the widow Cliquot, with her brilliant eyes and her sparkling champagne:

Uniting with grace such beauty of face,
No feature nor charm can be slighted;
She an instance imparts of the breaking of hearts
With the breaking of bottles united.

Woman is the arbitress of the destiny of the world and that of every individual man in it. All that man is, and all that he owns, is due to the love and genius of woman; to the mother, the sister, the wife; and let us live as long as we may, we have ever distinctly before us the undying remembrances of "the day, the hour, the sunshine and the shade," and of all things pertaining to that "greenest spot on memory's waste," ever sacred to the affections and to "Love's young dream."

The Judge was warmly applauded as he resumed his seat.

The tool with which editors hew out their fortunes—the "ads."

Ad Romanos.

MR. EDITOR: Both in purpose and in execution I think this ode, *ad Romanos*, is the finest among all the admirable productions of the immortal Horace. It was written in the Year of the City 722, when two ambitious political leaders, Octavius and Antony, were collecting and arming their respective adherents, ostensibly to save the tottering republic, but in reality to give the finishing blow to republican liberty. The design of the great poet, in this short ode, is to deter both parties from their fratricidal purposes, by showing them that civil war destroys instead of maintaining freedom, and that they are more unreasoning than the brutes of the forest,—for these, though guided only by instinct, do not feast on the blood of their kind. I venture a translation of this beautiful little ode for the SCHOLASTIC:

Unhappy Rome! the sword, once used to smite the
foe,
By sons degenerate seeks thy life;
With Latin blood thy soil is soaked, thy streams o'er-
flow!
Thy freedom sinks in civil strife!
For what? To teach proud Dido's haughty walls
Our victor legions' conqu'ring sway?
Or see some captured Briton in our banquet halls,
Or march, in chains, the Sacred Way?
No! Crassus, thou wast rash, but we have lost our
mind;
Rome's franchise falls by Rome's right hand!
Instinctive bears and lions spare their kind,
But men with blood their reason brand!
Romans! is madness, crime, or lust of power the cause?
Can freemen change so fast to slaves?
Speak, silent guilt! restore to Rome her world-wide
laws:
Our fathers ask it from their graves!
Perhaps avenging fates have, in our day, decreed
: To load us with our earn'd disgrace,
And now repay our founder's fratricidal deed
By making ALL a murd'rous race! J.

Brief Sayings.

NUMBER TWO.

Bajazet, after his capture, observing his conqueror laugh at him, said: "Tamerlane, do not laugh at my misfortunes; it is not you, but God, who has subdued me. He is able to reverse our situations, and undo to-morrow what He has done to-day." "I was not laughing at you," said Tamerlane, "but it really amuses me to think what a low opinion they must have in heaven of kings, since a squint-eyed man like you, and a limping, bow-legged one like me, are permitted to wear crowns."

Philosophy in the mind of an atheist, is like a diamond in the nose of a pig. The latter exhibits as much reason as the former, in the use which it makes of its possession. Knowledge, when properly applied, carries us to truth; but when wrongly directed, it bears us, with equal force, to destruction.

After the battle of Actium, Mark Antony challenged Augustus to fight a duel, and the latter replied: "If Antony is weary of life, there are other ways of getting rid of it; but Augustus will not be his executioner."

Politics, like tar, defile all who come within their smearing influence.

As smoke ascends from the burning embers, so the soul rises heavenward when the body returns to the earth.

Athens, the capital of Attica, was a celebrated city of Greece. Its distinction arose from a singular medley of qualities possessed by its inhabitants, to wit, a refined taste in some respects, a lively disposition, levity, ingratitude, talent and vices of every kind and proportion.

Æschines, who, without the credit, was as great an orator as Demosthenes, once publicly accused the latter of aspiring to a crown in Greece. The emphatic, but not very classical reply was: "Æschines, it is not true; no, by the gods that never die, it is not true! even if you should burst yourself lying!"—*Vide* the oration *Peri Stephanou*.

The chair of Moses must have had an enormous seating capacity, since the Pharisees were able to sit in it. Two modern chairs and a circus-tent couldn't accommodate one per cent of the race, in these days. An ordinary church-pew is able to hold from one to three of them.

Stump preaching and opera screeching are now the chief elements in the moral and musical features of "progressive" Christianity. Both are a nuisance, and ought to be cleaned out. They need cleaning.

The prevailing fashion among sensational preachers, is to go around, after a hebdomadal splurge, and ask the pretty young ladies of the parish: "How did you like my sermon to-day?" If such men could but see themselves as others see them!

The analysis of a hair must be a truly interesting operation to a chemist. Vauquelin discovered that a black hair contains the following constituents: 1, a large quantity of animal matter; 2, a small portion of white, thick oil; 3, a greater portion of a greenish-colored oil; 4, iron; 5, a few particles of oxide of manganese; 6, phosphate of lime; 7, a small quantity of carbonate of lime; 8, a large quantity of *silex*; and 9, a considerable amount of sulphur.

An Apostolic Brief is a letter addressed by the Sovereign Pontiff to individuals, or to communities, for the purpose of granting dispensations or indulgences; or it may be to show some mark of esteem.

Who is the "the spirit of the age"? Isn't it strange that while Everybody professes to be acquainted with that omnipresent being, yet Nobody was the only man who ever saw him! I would give one of my two shirts for a look at such a genius.

I have heard enough about the "wickedest man," the "meanest man," and so on, who ever lived; but the laziest one I know of is the student who won't close his eyes at night, for fear he might have the trouble of opening them in the morning.

Irishmen are famous for their generous readiness to give information to strangers; but occasionally they employ more words than clearness and necessity require. A short time ago a traveller inquired of a good-natured Hibernian the distance and the way to the house of a farmer residing about five miles from where the dialogue took place. The answer was: "It's a good mile an' a bit, but it's not far unless yer in a hurry. The first house ye come to is a tavern, but don't mind that, because it's two miles in from the road an' ye won't see it. Before ye come there ye'll meet two other shanties; ye'll lave them on yer back, take the first tree ye meet on yer left hand, an' the next stone fence on yer right one, an' then don't stop till ye come to the place ye want to go to."

The glass that a woman loves is the one in which she sees herself. The glass a man loves is the one in which he sees his spirit.

A cat with a paw is not the same thing as a paw with a cat. This proposition is proved by trial.

A philosopher once set a mouse-trap to catch an elephant; by-and-by the expected prey came along, and passed over the trap without even noticing it. "I can't account for the failure on any scientific ground," said the philosopher, and thereupon he sat down to ponder over the mystery. "What is the cause of your mental agony?" said a peasant who was passing along. "Truly," said the Philosopher, "I am in a scientific dilemma, for by that trap I hoped to catch yonder elephant, but he would not be caught by it, and now I am trying to solve the greatest scientific problem of the age,

namely, whether the failure is due to the hypothesis that the trap was too small, or the elephant too large." "Good sir," replied the peasant, "I doubt me not but all you say is very learned and wise, if I could only understand you; but since we can't change the laws of nature, it were easier for us to obey them, and as you can't make the elephant smaller, you had better make the trap larger." J.

Confusion.

Born before the beginning of earthly time, Chaos was my name; by the will of the Mighty One the earth having been created, I became known as Confusion. When the darts of terror strike the heart unexpectedly and suddenly—consternation agitating the mind with strange perturbations, smiting the senses, till powerlessness and insensibility prostrate every human faculty,—then it is that I am in deepest delight, while thus busily engaged in disturbing human happiness.

Disorder and popular tumult are fit vehicles in which to execute my designs.

When the gates of heaven were opened, old father Noe being safe in the ark, I stalked the plains; the hills and valleys, crossed the rivers and climbed the mountains; nowhere was I absent; as wide as the earth is, I travelled over it, and by my transcendent, magnet-like influence I confused all nations. When the tower of Babel—the work of the pride of men, the safeguard against a future flood, was rising towards the skies, the human mind glorying in the anticipated success, the God of the universe authorized me to change the tongues of the builders, thus disconcerting their plans, widely separating them by the want of a common language to convey to one another their ideas. As, on a golden throne overlooking the battle field, Xerxes, "by whose thousand ships the sea was dark," dreaming of the conquest of Greece, the annihilation of the handful of heroes that came against his legions, numberless as the sands of the desert, I again by the decree of the "Unknown God" scattered in wild confusion the countless host threatening to overwhelm Greece and to deprive her of the supremacy of the seas and the sacred glory of antiquity. Long anterior to this event, when the ugodly Sennacherib cherished in his profane bosom the desire of revenging himself upon Judah, "then the angel of the Lord went forth and smote in the camp of the Assyrian a hundred and fore score and five thousand men," giving to me to spread a panic among the surviving. Herodotus will tell you, in his way of narration, that the mice having eaten the arms of the enemy during the night, the latter awoke to find themselves under my sway and to be cut down by thousands. But my career was not yet ended. For when the Julian star, the first of the constellation of Cæsars, was shining with its greatest brilliancy, patriotism inspiring Brutus and Cassius, with others, they extinguished the flaming star, then indeed did I thrill the bosom of Rome's people. At Philippi, famous for the victory of the triumvir over Brutus and Cassius, and rendered still more interesting to Christianity as being the first place where St. Paul preached the Gospel and addressed an epistle to the Philippians, there too I was present, striking the men, patriots of liberty, "terror dumb." Afterwards, Christianity having begun to spread over the earth, the multitude of Pagans and barbarians fiercely opposing, but persecution with all its tortures did not retard the progress of Christ's preaching; soon wars were carried on with every variety of success, again I was ordered to perform my task—all were defeated, confounded by the marvellous deliveries, the glorious victories and endless triumphs of Christianity.

My life is yet young; still shall I exist, and as ever, exert my influence on the human kind, until that

final consummation of human affairs, the bursting asunder of worlds, the coming of the Judge of the destinies of men, then, yea, then exultant in my glory shall I go to my grave.

The Four Pictures.

Last summer I had the pleasure of visiting a gentleman at whose house I saw four pictures, which I shall endeavor to describe to you.

The first one represented a broad savanna at the right, which was dotted here and there with the beautiful and rare flowers of the South, and luxuriant grass of such a lovely green that one who once sees it will never forget. Towards the center rose the lemon, orange, and banana, together with the magnolia, the queen of the South, while in the distance and to the left we could see the snow-capped mountains, the only grim thing in the picture, and which seemed to enhance the beauty of the foreground; through this beautiful scene a dreamy little brook, which appeared hardly large enough to carry the small boat which rested upon its surface, slipped gurgling over smooth pebbles, caressing the pure hills which rested their heads on its bosom. The boat was gaily painted, and seemed to be conscious of the burden it carried, which was a little child lying in the bow, and its guardian angel in the stern guiding the boat down the stream of life. On they floated, the stream becoming broader and deeper, and the child meanwhile content to let himself be guided by his good angel, never thinking that he could do better.

The second picture was much like the first, only the brook had become a river and the child a young man.

But how changed the next one! The spirit of evil had taken possession of the man. No longer does the angel have control of the boat,—the river has become a rushing torrent,—the black waves lash the sides of the frail bark. The sunlight is shut out by a dark pall spread between it and the earth. The wind fiends have come from their caves in the distant north, and blow their chilling blasts upon the doomed man; the wild waves dash over him; he is nearing those dreadful falls; terror strikes him; the rudder drops from his nerveless hands; another moment and he will be gone; he drops on his knees and closes his eyes, an "Our Father" comes from his trembling lips, and he is saved—for his guardian angel takes him out of danger. This scene melts from our sight, and the fourth, and last, comes to our view—a scene in which the light comes wading through the amber vapors, and soft and silver white outspreads the broad river, without a tiny ripple upon its smooth surface or a mark to tell of its ever-moving current. A grey-haired man sits in the bow with clasped hands and streaming eyes as he looks upwards to that mansion not made by hands, and floating in the shimmering light are angel forms, and through the space come these blessed words. "This my son was dead and is come to life again, was lost and is found."

J. A. F.

"Drammur."

The editor of the *Galaxy*, in one of his "Nebulae" articles, notices the English misuse of the letter H. He says:

"In this connection we may remark that there is an English letter worse used than H, much as its sound threatens to disappear from the language on both sides of the Atlantic. As a medial and a final, R is almost silent—"

We catch him right there. Mistake, sir! You've never been South, sir; or else you don't consider that we speak English. We are taking good care of your final R.

Take a little bit of somebody's (we don't mean

somebody's) speech: "The bloody drama of war affords sufficient data upon which—" This is the way he will say it: "The bloody drammur of war affords sufficient dattur upon which—"

The fault down here is that we take such extra good care of R as to use it where it does not belong; and there is hardly a Southern born public speaker either in the pulpit, at the bar, or on the stump, who does not use a final R to make a *livison* between a word ending with A and one commencing with any vowel. We note particularly two or three of the most learned and accomplished divines of our city, who, when the word following begins with a vowel, never fail to call manna *mannur*, Hezekiah *Heskiur*, Rebecca *Rebeccur*, Alabama *Alabamur*, and so throughout.

It is nevertheless our pleasure to add that for a total absence of those affections of accent that have played such havoc with the final R's in the North and in England, the Southern people stand foremost and alone. The Western man's R is next best and for fullness and richness certainly ought to satisfy the *Galaxy*, for it sounds more than anything else like tumbling rocks into a cavern. But perhaps we have gone far enough.—*New Orleans Picayune*.

ST. JARLATH'S COLLEGE, TUAM.
FEAST OF ST. PATRICK, APOSTLE OF THE
IRISH NATION, 1871.

To the Editor of the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC:

DEAR SIR.—I take it as a sign of success of the cause in which I am engaged that on this great feast of our national patron, it becomes my duty to acknowledge—which I do with many thanks—the sum of eight pounds collected by a few Tuam men in New York for the new buildings which are now being completed at St. Jarlath's College.

St. Patrick presents to the Irishmen a twofold character—zeal for the conversion and salvation of men, and an ardent love for learning. He was not satisfied with erecting churches in every village and cantred in Ireland, and establishing a hierarchy, with a numerous clergy, to perpetuate the faith which he had preached, but he moreover founded schools and seats of learning in each province, nay, in every place through the provinces in which there were people to be taught. And, after his happy death, those seats of human and spiritual science—at Aimagh and Ardagh, at Bangor and Clones, at Clonard and Clonmacnois, at Cork and Cloyne, at Limerick and Limerick, at Mayo and Monaghan, at Galway and Glendalough, and in the islands and islets by the sea and lakes, from Ballynatober to Beare and from Inniskillen in the Erne, to Innis Scattery in the Shannon—were so many hives from which myriad missionary bees issued forth through Europe in the days of Pepin and Charlemagne, conveying in honeyed accents the glad tidings of the Gospel of Christ to the children of the Frank and the Teuton, the Goth and Sclav, the Vandal and Visigoth, or the still unconverted Pagans of the old Roman Empire.

The end for which St. Jarlath's College was first established was to train youths for the sacred ministry. Priests to be efficient in their calling must be men of piety and of learning. In an establishment like this college, a knowledge of the modern and the ancient languages, along with a thorough knowledge of science and philosophy must necessarily be taught. It becomes the duty of the superiors to see that learning and science, on a scale commensurate with the requirements of the times in which we live, be cultivated and acquired by the students. To render this necessary training as efficient as possible the enlargement of the college became a duty. That enlargement has been effected within the past twelve months at the expense, when all will have been completed, say of two thousand pounds. One-half that sum has not yet been realized. Through the Irish-American jour-

nals in New York, Boston, Baltimore, Chicago, San Francisco, and Quebec, and in other towns throughout the States and throughout the Dominion, I ask every Tuam man, or Ballinrobe or Galway or Castlebar man, to do for St. Jarlath's, and for the cause which it represents, what Mr. Patrick Cradock, of 96 Cherry street, New York, has just done. The annexed is his letter:

"NEW YORK, March 3, 1871.

"Very Rev. Sir.—I perceive by the Irish papers that you are endeavoring to enlarge 'Old St. Jarlath's College,' and thereby to enlarge and extend its usefulness.

"To help you, I have called on a few Tuam folk in this city who have contributed the following sums: Mr. Patrick Cradock, ten dollars and eighty cents; Mr. Francis Burke, ten dollars; Mr. John Terenane, five dollars; Mrs. Sarah Terenane, five dollars; Mr. John Roache, five dollars; Mr. Hugh Freil, five dollars; Miss Kate Parsonty, one dollar; Mr. Michael Farree, one dollar; Mr. Michael Murphy, one dollar; Mr. Michael Cradock, one dollar. Total, fifty-four dollars and eighty cents, or eight pounds.

"The scarcity of money in this wintry season prevents many from sending their contributions, who otherwise would be glad to have the opportunity of doing so. Wishing you success, I am, Very Rev. Sir, your obedient servant,

P. CRADOCK."

I trust the example of Mr. Cradock will be followed by other Irishmen from this province who are full of zeal for the cause of Catholic education for the growing youth of the island of saints and learned men. I am, your faithful servant,

ULICK J. BOURKE, President.

THE NECESSITY FOR CORRECTLY AND PLAINLY DATING LETTERS.—Says a writer in *London Notes and Queries*: "Some people have a bad habit, when writing letters, of never adding the year to the day of the month; so that, after awhile, it is impossible to tell the exact day, which at times may be very important. Another practice, almost as bad, is the slovenly way of omitting the first two figures of a date and putting '69 or '70 for 1869 and 1870. Even this is very objectionable. I am old enough to recollect many letters and papers, at the end of the last century, thus carelessly dated, and I remember wondering then if they belonged to 1698, for instance, or to 1793. So now one might be puzzled on meeting one of these half dates, whether its abbreviation (?) stood for 17 or 18. I also strongly object to another bad habit, that of writing figures to represent months, as 4 | 15 for April 15. The evil of such a practice is, that there is no uniform method observed. Thus one person will put 4 | 5, meaning April 5; and another by the very same figures will mean May 4, as some put the month first, and others the day first. It would be far better—and really so little trouble as not to be worth calculating—if every one would, on every occasion, write dates fully and unmistakably."

A WAG was requested by an old lady to read the newspaper for her. He took it up and read as follows: "Last night, yesterday morning, about one o'clock in the afternoon, before breakfast, a hungry boy about forty years old bought a big custard for a levy, and threw it through a brick wall nine feet thick, and jumped over it, broke his right ankle off above his left knee and fell into a dry mill-pond and was drowned. About forty years after that, on the same day, an old cat had nine turkey gobblers; a high wind blew Yankee Doodle on a frying pan, and killed a sow and two dead pigs at Boston, where a deaf and dumb man was talking to his Aunt Peter." Whereupon the old lady, taking a long breath, exclaimed, "Du tell"

"Have you 'Blasted Hopes?'" asked a lady of a green librarian, one side of whose face was much swollen. "No, ma'am," he replied, "but I've a blasted toothache."

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A Letter from the South.

MISSISSIPPI RIVER,
ON BOARD THE SUSIE SILVER,
APRIL 3, 1871.

These are our second greetings, *in globo*. Our first we sent from Vicksburg, on our way south, and these we'll read you from the same place, *perhaps*, on our return north. By short letters we sent you at different intervals, you have some idea of our journeyings and sojournings; yet it is a pleasure for us to write you all, at greater length, some of the happy impressions and beautiful tableaux of nature that we have felt and seen since we bid you all "good-bye" on the feast of St. Gertrude, March 9th.

If the penmanship of these writings is of the zig-zag, wavy style, something like the signature of the venerable Stephen Hopkins to the Declaration of Independence, you must attribute it to the unruly movements of the Susie Silver, who to-day goes ploughing up the Mississippi more like a warrior steed, breathing fire and smoke from his nostrils, than a graceful young lady gliding smoothly along, as one would suppose Susie Silver ought to do. So much for our bad writing, and Susie Silver's unruly motion. Now of our travels: we'll not burden you to read a regular itinerary, but a few pen and ink views; and if it gives you half as much pleasure to read them as it gives us to recall them, we shall not regret the extra postage we pay on them, nor the extra time you spend in recreation reading them. As we promised you detached sketches, we'll commence with one that interests us.

On the morning of the 22d of March we left New Orleans *via* the Galveston Steamers and New Orleans Railway. At Brashear's landing, a distance of about a hundred miles, we embarked, with a large number of passengers, on the fine steamer Josephine, and in a few hours were out in the bosom of the Gulf of Mexico. But before reaching it, we passed down the cape which leads to it from Brashear, for another hundred miles. The shores were embellished with snow-white villas embowered in flowering shrubs and forest trees in foliage. These shores of beautiful residences gave place to the uncultivated wildness of nature, and from the deck we gazed over a vast savanna of unfading green, which imperceptibly changed into the widening waters of the gulf, where waves, bounded by the horizon, replaced the rich beauty of southern vegetation, and we launched out on its waters amid the glories of a spring evening, as mild and as balmy as our early June nights; and such a night at sea will ever rest as one of nature's *chef-d'œuvres* in memory's gallery of fine arts. Myriads of bright stars were reflected and duplicated in the deep waters. In the South, Sirius flashed with a brilliancy that he never deigns to bestow upon the denizens of the North. Orion marched down the west, sword-armed and belted; and Aldabaran shed his mystic rays, as in the far-off, olden time, when astrologers read in their gleaming the future destiny of kings and the fate of empires; above hung the Pleiades, like a cluster of golden grapes, scintillating with celestial splendor. Never before did we ever see

stars shine so brightly. Arcturus in the north, seemed to rival Sirius in the South, and around the solitary north polar star, in these latitudes low down in the horizon, walked the Great Bear with majestic strides continuing his sentinal round of six thousand years. Truly there is nothing in this world more sublime "than a starry night at sea." Heaven above, heaven around, and heaven mirrored in the waters beneath. Every thought with such fresh surroundings, dwells on heaven and God and the *great eternity* of which the skies and the ocean are such vivid emblems.

The next morning found us in Galveston, warmly welcomed by Brother Boniface and his devoted co-laborers in St. Mary's college, which was opened by them last September. This institution is in a most flourishing condition. It is pleasantly situated, and well filled with bright, intelligent students. We were honored with a call from the Right R. v. Bishop Dubuis and his Vicar General, during the afternoon, and the next day we visited him at his episcopal residence, where Monseigneur—when he is at home from his vast missionary labors over a diocese five times the size of the state of New York—lives *en famille* with a noble band of French priests and Seminarians. We saw seven of them as they entered and passed out of the room where the Bishop, his Vicar-General, Father General and Father Villandre were conversing on the business that brought our Superior General to Texas. In our hearts we do reverence to the faith and piety of the country that sent such zealous missionaries to propagate the Gospel in foreign lands; for these eleven priests and seminarians are all from the bright shores of France; and so long as her archives, from the discovery of America to our times, can show on every one of its pages the names of brave cohorts of priests and levites, who devoted their lives to the cause of religion in our New World, there is no fear for the fate of that nation, now so vanquished by a foreign foe, so fearfully, terribly scourged by a faction of false, degenerate sons; it is but the besom of Providence sweeping off the filth that has collected upon her fair fields; the Hand of Omnipotence that will probe to its core and finally destroy the hideous ulcer of pride and infidelity that had commenced to eat away her Catholic heart. But she has yet in her midst, as well as in foreign lands, holy souls whose prayers around the throne of God will be her salvation! All these reflections, and more, too, passed through our mind as we sat in the Bishop's modest episcopal residence, and while listening to them and even joining in the conversation, our thoughts kept up a running accompaniment, whose notes, if printed, and played on the harp or piano by C—, would rehearse the saintly deeds of LeBœuf, Heanepin, Marquette, and their brave companions from fair France, who formed the vanguard of faith ever in advance of material civilization—who, while the Spaniard's first deed was to build a fort, and the Englishman's to build a trading house, first built the log church or bamboo chapel wherein to worship God and open the gates of heaven by baptism to the red men of our forests. Those cohorts of the faith have never diminished—fresh athletes have ever passed forward to take the place of the veterans who died on the field; the place of honor of the greater part has ever been the advanced posts of civilization; and here in Texas we find to-day Bishop Dubuis living over the lives of those early French pioneers, who planted the Cross upon the shores of our great chain of northern lakes, and dedicated the mighty waters of the Mississippi to God under the name of the Immaculate Conception. He had just returned from an episcopal visitation of twelve hundred miles, accomplished on horseback, among the Camanches, in the extreme southwestern part of Texas.

Bishop Dubuis is anxious to have our Superior General establish the Order of Holy Cross throughout Texas, and in connection with the great atten-

tion that has recently been directed to different parts of the South by many parties for the purpose of establishing a sanitarium for those invalids who seek the South for the restoration of health, his Lordship donated six hundred acres of land in the close vicinity of the city of San Antonio. Even before the late war, he had thought of such an institution and expended ten thousand dollars in the erection of a building for this purpose. The reverses of the war obliged him to stop before finishing it. His Lordship gave us much interesting and valuable information with regard to San Antonio. Throughout the South the superior salubrity of its climate is acknowledged, and every season Galveston and New Orleans send from five hundred to a thousand invalids to seek its healing air.

From all that we have seen in different parts of the South, and from all the persons well versed on the subject whom Father General has consulted, there seems to be no doubt that San Antonio de Bexar, or its vicinity, has superior advantages in every respect over every other site for such an institution. It has the same latitude as the most salubrious parts of Florida, without the humidity of their winter months. The dry bracing air of San Antonio gives it an immense sanitary advantage; here the year round, we are informed, fresh killed meat dries untainted by corruption, in the open air and under the warmest sun. The great lines of railway now making through every part of Texas,—many of which radiate from San Antonio, and all of which connect with it, will make it in a very short time of easy access from every part of the Union.

San Antonio has a population of some eighteen thousand,—so we were informed,—a mixture of Mexicans, Spaniards, Germans and Americans. The traditional monuments of its olden times would in themselves be sources of interest to persons making here a sojourn for health. Battlemented Spanish walls, some—so says Monseigneur—nine feet in thickness, attest a date coeval with the first years of St. Augustine, Florida. Their ruins mark an antiquity recalling the fact that San Antonio is the first and oldest of a new class of conquered cities, into whose decaying streets an energetic race has infused a new life,—and here, too, the ruins of the Alamo recall the memory of the heavy price and desperate fighting with which the gallant Davy Crockett and his brave handful of followers helped to purchase the freedom of Texas. These remnants of an olden time are enlivened by the modern improvements of gas-lit streets and ice manufactories—five newspapers, three of them dailies, giving the sojourners in San Antonio all the probable and improbable, true and false telegraphic items of the world, pretty nearly at the same hour that he would get them in New York or Chicago.

We are told that through all these regions spring commences about the first of February; but the year round there is a continued supply of fresh vegetables in the gardens, as the winter resembles the pleasant parts of the month of October in our Northern States; and although the summers are long, they are far less oppressive than in our high latitudes; the sun shines with great force, yet the air is always cool, owing to a constant gentle breeze; and a sultry night is said by the inhabitants to be unknown in Texas. In Houston and Galveston, green peas, new potatoes, and cabbage, were all growing in the garden, ready to be eaten. The grounds around the private residences were redolent with the perfume of the orange trees and roses of many hues in full bloom. Here the oleander grows to such a size that it is used as a shade, and the sidewalks of whole squares are embowered in its foliage; in a few weeks it will be in full bloom, and so continue until December. San Antonio has the same latitude as these two cities, and to all the advantages they possess it joins the priceless one of unsurpassed salubrity and healthiness.

Now, in a country where a beneficent Provi-

dence has lavished the choicest blessings of soil, climate and productions, imagine what surroundings of elysian beauty could, with a little labor, adorn a house established there for those in search of health. Orchards of plums, peaches, pomegranates, figs, and oranges, surrounded by evergreen hedges of the Cherokee roses and oleander, parterres of violets and ever-blooming roses *ad libitum*. Gardens filled the year round with every vegetable; strawberries and raspberries ripening in March and April; fields of grazing herds, yielding the richest cream and sweetest butter; groves and avenues of pines, live oak and magnolia, from whose branches hang in festoons the native vine and grey Spanish roses, the first offering its generous juice as a rich beverage to the invalid, and from the latter furnishing the comfortable moss mattresses in general use throughout the North.

His lordship has given a splendid square for an academy, in Austin, immediately opposite the capitol building.

To the Fathers of the Holy Cross he has donated the fine old Mission of San José, near San Antonio, with the spacious grounds attached to it; four thousand five hundred acres, in the vicinity of Brownville, and a suitable building, lately erected, in that city, which will be opened as a college next September.

We were certainly not prepared to find the immense resources of this gigantic infant State of the South developed to the extent they are, and from the great emigration so steadily and rapidly flowing into it, these resources will be developed far more than a hundred-fold during the next ten years.

We'll have much to tell you on our return, so we'll limit the number of these pages; but we must not forget, for the benefit of our bright Minims at St. Mary's and Notre Dame, to speak of the *long railroad bridge*—almost three miles in length—that connects the island on which Galveston is built with the main-land of Texas; we crossed it in the cars, going to Houston. All the distance from Galveston to Houston the railroad passes through rich savannas, dotted over with magnificent groves of live oak and magnolia. One can distinguish among the largest trees those still in the fresh vigor of their prime, from those that have passed their grand climacteric, by the long, grey, Spanish moss hanging in dense festoons from the latter. Southern poets have written very pretty things about this moss; but with all the aids of imagination we could bring to bear upon the subject, we could not make it beautiful. Very Rev. Father General pronounced it downright ugly (ditto, ditto, all our company)—to be tolerated only for the pleasant mattresses it makes. It is, after all, nothing but a huge parasite, partly concealing, if not destroying, the noble tree's grand foliage, and as a parasite it kills the only poetical figure it suggests—i. e., adorning the great patriarchs of the forest with silver locks; for even this figure of speech would not be exact, since patriarchs always wear their own silver locks, and never borrow *grey wigs*. We are particular in describing this *one shade* to the landscape, for fear that as we enumerated all its points of beauty you might think the sketch altogether too *à la Claude Lorraine* in its colorings, and accuse us of using a certain style peculiar to travellers' tales.

Now, if you please, after this little digression, we'll go back to our landscape, where, under the shade of the noble forest trees we have just enumerated, and covering the entire surface of the broad prairies, grows the luxuriant evergreen *mesquit grass*. This grass is peculiar to Texas, and forms, the year round, the rich, nutritious food for the myriad herds of cattle that graze upon it. Everywhere it seems of the same luxuriance, and of the same soft, velvety texture. No growth of underbrush meets the eye, but a deep-bright greensward, as smooth

and even as a well-kept lawn around an English baronial residence, and all this wide expanse made still brighter by flowers of every hue and shade. Hundreds of the wide-horned Texan cattle are seen in droves, lazily cropping the luxuriant hedges, standing idly in the cooling stream, or reposing comfortably under the delightful shade.

Now, fill up this picture with flocks of wild game, such as prairie-chickens, scudding across the green, the mocking bird and oriole flitting from tree to tree, and surround all with a delicious, balmy atmosphere, which must be breathed before it could ever be imagined by any one from the North (or even from many parts of the South), and you have a picture of blended beauty, salubrity and grandeur of which words fail to give any adequate idea. And such is a March day in Texas!

You may think that the word grandeur is out of place in this tableau, but we beg your pardon, we have carefully chosen our descriptive nouns, and grandeur expresses the truth just as forcibly as does salubrity. And what could be more salubrious, more suggestive of health than the genial climate and all its surroundings which we have described? In like manner grandeur is an equally appropriate expression for scenes in Texas.

Once we thought mighty mountains essential to the grand inland views, but even the fervent Rhetoric class at St. Mary's will remind us that vastness is one of the most essential points of grandeur. So then we will maintain that there is wondrous grandeur in this vast ocean-like level stretching to the utmost limits of the horizon, and greatly enhanced by its deep shades of groves of gigantic magnolias and live oaks, that do not obstruct, but bring out in bold relief the miles upon miles, leagues upon leagues, as ships in full sail upon the ocean do but add to the beauty of the world of waters.

In these badly written pages we do not pretend to give anything like a detailed account of our Southern trip—but merely to present you with detached sketches, and the blank space we'll fill up (D. V.) in some of our hours of recreation when we return, but as there must be some sort of method or system in the order in which we present those views, and as we commenced by our sea or gulf view, and then an early spring day in Texas, we must, in chronological style, give you scenes from New Orleans and the Mississippi on our homeward route.

Robert Southwell.

It is a pleasant thing to find a poet animated with the fire of divine love as well as with the fire of poesy. With both of these Southwell was filled to an eminent degree, and he has left us proofs of it. That he possessed the fire of poesy is evident from those beautiful lyrics which are read with such delight by all lovers of the old Elizabethan poets. That his heart burned with divine love is proved by his glorious death.

Robert Southwell was born at Horsham, St. Faith's, in the County of Norfolk, about the year 1562. He was the third son of Richard Southwell, the ancestor of the present Viscount Southwell. It is related that when he was yet an infant, a gipsy or vagrant stole him from the cradle, substituting for him her own child. The theft, however, was soon discovered, and the vagrant was arrested a short distance from his father's house. In after years, when speaking of this circumstance, Southwell said, "What if I had remained with the vagrant? How abject! how destitute of the knowledge or reverence of God! In what debasement of vice, in what great peril of crimes, in what indubitable risk of a miserable death and eternal punishment I should have been!" It is pleasing to know that when, in his manhood, he entered upon his missionary career, one of his first acts was to

convert to the church the woman who had detected the theft.

When fifteen years old, Southwell was sent to Paris to be educated. His religious training was superintended by Father Thomas Darbyshire, who was one of the first persons of English parentage that joined the Society of Jesus. It was, no doubt, from this holy priest that he derived that ardent desire to enter the distinguished company, founded by St. Ignatius. Bishop Chaloner, in his "Memoirs of Missionary Priests," says that "Southwell was for some time a *disciple* of the English College at Douay;" but Turnbull in his memoir, prefixed to an edition of our poet's works, says that "he could not, however, have long studied there, since he went to Rome, and was received into the Society on the Vigil of St. Luke, (October 17) 1578, ere he had completed his seventeenth year."

Fearing lest his great zeal and the influence of the climate of Italy, to which he was unaccustomed, might affect his health, he was sent to Tournay, in Belgium, to make his novitiate. When this was completed he was sent to Rome, where he entered upon his course of philosophy and theology. He acquitted himself there in such a brilliant manner that when his course of studies were finished, he was made Prefect of the English College in that city.

In the year 1584 Southwell was ordained priest. On the 20th of February of the following year he addressed a letter to the General of the company, in which he expressed a desire to devote his life to the cure of souls in England. In this letter he seems, says Turnbull, rather to have anticipated his future martyrdom than merely to have referred to it as a simple possibility. On the 8th of May, 1586, our poet, in company with Father Henry Garnet (who afterwards obtained the crown of martyrdom), left Rome by command of the General of the Company, and arrived in England on the 7th of July of the same year.

These two zealous missionaries arrived in England at a time when the Catholic community of the island was filled with terror. Many priests had been banished. All priests friendly to the unfortunate Queen of Scots were in danger of their lives, and it was high treason for any priest to perform the ordinary duties of religion. We can, then, well imagine the danger which these men incurred by landing. They escaped for some time the officers of the law, and were welcomed by Lord Vaux, of Harrowden. It chanced that shortly after this the confessor of the Countess Arundel died, and Father Southwell was appointed domestic chaplain and confessor to her ladyship. It was while in her family that he composed for the use of the Earl of Arundel (who was confined in the Tower) the "Consolation for Catholics." One of the first things which occupied his attention, however, on his arrival in England, was to cause his father to return to his religious duties. His father was a person of considerable wealth, and married a lady who, as Father More in his history says, had formerly been the instructor of Queen Elizabeth in the Latin language. Both of these circumstances made him a time-server, and though he never doubted any of the articles of his old Catholic faith, yet they caused him to absent himself from his religious duties. The poet-missionary strove to bring his parent to a practice of his religion, and in this he happily succeeded.

For six years Southwell resided with Lady Arundel, ministering to the wants of the Catholic neighbors, and following the objects of his mission with great success. It was during these years that he wrote his poems—"St. Peter's Complaint," "Mary Magdalen's Tears," "Mæonia," and others. His career as a missionary was brought to a close in the year 1592. In that year he was most basely betrayed into the hands of his enemies. The circumstances of his betrayal are thus related by Turnbull:

"There was resident at Uxenden, near Harrow on the Hill, in Middlesex, a Catholic family of the name of Bellamy, whom Southwell was in the habit of visiting and providing with religious instruction when he exchanged his ordinary close confinement for a purer atmosphere. One of the daughters, Ann, had in her early youth exhibited marks of the most vivid and unmistakable piety; but having been committed to the Gatehouse of Westminster, her faith gradually departed, and along with it her virtue. For having formed an intrigue with the keeper of the prison, she subsequently married him, and by this step forfeited all claim which she had by law or favor upon her father. In order, therefore, to obtain some fortune, she resolved to take advantage of the Act of 27 Elizabeth, which made the harboring of a priest treason, with confiscation of the offender's goods. Accordingly she sent a messenger to Southwell, urging him to meet her on a certain day at her father's home, whither he, either in ignorance of what had happened, or under the impression that she sought his spiritual assistance, went at the appointed time. In the meantime, she apprised her husband of this, as also of the place of concealment in her father's house, and of the mode of access, and he conveyed the information to Topcliffe, an implacable persecutor and denouncer of the Catholics, who, with a band of his satellites, surrounded the premises, broke open the house, arrested his reverence, and carried him off in open day, exposed to the gaze of the populace. He was taken, in the first instance, to Topcliffe's house, where, during a few weeks, he was put to the torture ten times with such dreadful severity that Southwell, complaining of it to his judges, declared in the name of God that death would have been more preferable."

The manner in which he was tormented may be seen in full in Tanner's "*Societas Jesu Martyr*." But all the tortures that could be inflicted on man could not make him yield; he maintained a strict silence and his very persecutors affirmed that "he resembled a post rather than a man." Indeed as to his fortitude we have the testimony of no less a person than Cecil himself, who says, "Let antiquity boast of its Roman heroes and the patience of captives in torments; our ownage is not inferior to it, nor do the minds of the English cede to the Romans. There is at present confined one Southwell, a Jesuit, who, thirteen times most cruelly tortured, cannot be induced to confess anything not even the color of the horse whereon on a certain day he rode, lest from such indication his adversaries might conjecture in what house, or in company of what Catholics, he that day was."

Afterwards he was transferred to the gatehouse which was under the charge of the husband of the person who had delivered him up to the enemies of his faith. There he was kept in close confinement for two months and was then taken to the Tower, where he was thrown into a most filthy dungeon—so filthy that when he was taken out at the end of a month he was covered with vermin. This caused his father to petition Elizabeth that "if his son had committed anything for which by the laws he had deserved it, he might suffer death; if not, as he was a gentleman, he hoped her majesty would be pleased to order that he should be treated as such, and not be confined in that filthy hole." After this petition was sent to the Queen, the missionary was treated in a better manner, was given better quarters and books, and clothing were allowed to be given him by his father. The only books for which he asked were the Bible and the works of St. Bernard. With all who were occasionally admitted to see him during his confinement in the Tower, he conversed only on religious matters.

For three years our poet-priest was confined in the Tower. Towards the end of this time, he wrote to the Lord Treasurer, Cecil, begging that he might be brought to trial. It is said that Cecil, in

answer, said that "if he were in so much haste to be hanged he should have his desire." On the 18th of February, 1595, he was removed from the Tower to Newgate, where he was placed in an underground dungeon, called *Limbo* from its darkness, where he remained for three days, after which he was taken for trial to Westminster. On the 21st he was placed at the bar, before the Chief Justice, answer to the charge of treason. Father Southwell pleaded not guilty, but stated distinctly that he was a Catholic priest, and that he had returned to his own country simply to administer the sacraments to his fellow-Catholics and to perform the usual duties of a Catholic priest. The Chief Justice and Sir Edward Coke, having addressed the jury in their usual manner, a verdict of guilty was returned. A report of this trial may be found in the "Memoirs," etc., of Bishop Chaloner, and in the history of Father More.

When, on the morning of the 22nd, the Jailor announced to him that he was to die that very morning, the poet-priest embraced him warmly, saying "You could not bring me more joyful tidings. I regret that I have nothing left of greater value, but accept this night-cap as an evidence of my gratitude." Nothing could ever induce the Jailor to part with this night-cap which he esteemed as a most precious relic.

He was placed on a hurdle, and drawn to Tyburn. Arriving there he wiped from his face, with a neckerchief, the mud which the jolting had cast upon it. Recognizing a member of the company, he threw the neckerchief to him. It was afterwards sent to the celebrated Aquaviva, General of the Order. Then making the Sign of the Cross, he addressed the multitude, commencing with the words of the Apostle: "Whether we live, we live unto the Lord; or whether we die, we die unto the Lord. Therefore, whether we live, or whether we die, we are the Lord's." The crowd testified their admiration of the man of God, by their silence and decorum during the delivery of his short speech, which he concluded in these words:

"For I die because I am a Catholic priest, elected into the Society of Jesus in my youth; nor has any other thing, during the last three years in which I have been imprisoned, been charged against me. This death, therefore, although it may seem base and ignominious, can to no rightly-thinking person appear doubtful; but that it is beyond measure an eternal weight of glory to be wrought in us, who look not to the things which are visible, but to those which are unseen."

His speech was calmly delivered, and moved the audience to pity, notwithstanding some interruptions from certain persons in the crowd. These Southwell rebuked with mildness and firmness. The horses then started, and the car moved from under his feet. In a short while after, the poet exchanged the harp for the palm.

Thus died Robert Southwell, a Catholic priest of the Society of Jesus, leaving to us an example of a noble poet and of a holy man.

In the times of the author, the poems of Southwell were read and appreciated. They passed through many editions, which is the one proof of popularity. Dr. Hall, the Anglican bishop of Norwich, undertook to ridicule the sacred poetry of his time, and wrote two years after our poet's martyrdom:

"Paranassus is transformed to Sion-Hill
And jewry-palms her steep ascents doon fill.
Now good St. Peter weeps pure Helicon,
And both the Marys make a music-moan."

But Marston came to the rescue of our saintly poet, and struck back with the following:

"Come dance, ye stumbling satyrs, by his side.
If he list once the Sion muse deride.
Ye Granta's white nymphs come, and with you bring,
Some syllabub, whilst he doth sweetly sing
'Gainst Peter's tears, and Mary's moving moan,

And like a fierce enraged bear, doth foam
At sacred sonnets."

The longest of Southwell's works, "St. Peter's Complaint," is a solemn poem in which St. Peter bewails his denial of Christ—in which the remorse and shame, the sorrow and repentance of Peter are depicted in a graphic and really poetical manner, and has justly been a favorite with all lovers of religious poetry. It has all that freshness, nature and healthfulness which belong to the writers of the reign of Elizabeth, and is, at the same time, free from that indelicacy of expression which mars the beauty of most of the writers of his age. Southwell's mind being wholly of a religious caste, and he being moreover a priest, his poems are all connected with religious subjects but more particularly does he seem to revel in those verses in which sorrow for sin is expressed.

We would like to give many specimens of Southwell but as there is not much space to spare we content ourselves with the following:

THE BURNING BABE.

"As I in hoary winter's night stood shivering in the snow,
Surprised I was with sudden heat which made my heart to glow;
And lifting up a fearful eye to view what fire was near,
A pretty babe all burning bright did in the air appear,
Who scorched with exceeding heat such floods of tears did shed
As though His floods should quench His flames with what His tears were fed;
Alas! quoth He, but newly born in fiery heats of fry,
Yet none approach to warm their hearts or feel my fire but I!
My faultless breast the furnace is, the fuel wounding thorns;
Love is the fire and sighs the smoke, the ashes shame and scorns,
The fuel Justice layeth on, and mercy blows the coals,
The metal in this furnace wrought are men's defiled souls,
For which, as now on fire I am, to work them to their good,
So will I melt into a bath, to wash them in my blood;
With this He vanished out of sight and swiftly shrunk away,
And straight I called unto my mind that it was Christmas day." V.

Tables of Honor.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

April 7—J. A. Roberts, P. O'Connell, J. McGahan, M. Rupert, Voicoulebrouke, R. Curran, N. Mitchell, J. Tournau, O. Wing, T. Duodon.

April 14—J. McCarthy, W. J. Clark, M. Keeley, J. Zahm, A. Howe, W. S. Atkins, J. B. Carroll, E. Nugent, J. Murphy, J. Wilson.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

April 7—J. Graham, F. Obert, T. Smith, H. Quan, W. Fletcher, H. Ackhoff, S. Ashton, P. Scott, J. Rumely, W. Willstach, H. Templeton.

April 14—D. McGinnis, J. McGuire, T. Foley, G. Lyons, J. Shanks, D. Hogan, J. Buchler, M. Mahony, P. Reilly, W. Ball, F. McOskar.

M. A. J. B., Sec.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

C. Tarble, P. Gall, T. Nelson, F. Dowe, J. O'Meara, A. McIntosh.

The following are deserving of honorable mention in the Minim Department:

ORTHOGRAPHY AND READING.

First Class—G. Gross, W. Byrne, A. McIntosh, C. Tarble, E. DeGroot, W. Morris.

Second Class—P. Gall, L. Montedonico, E. Raymond, T. Nelson, H. O'Brien, J. Porter, W. Haney, R. Dougherty, A. Morton, J. Cordano, F. Huck, F. Dowe.

Third Class—F. Whitney, F. Hoover, T. Gibson, C. Elison.

Fourth Class—J. O'Meara.

St. Cecilia Philomathean Association.

The twenty-ninth regular meeting took place Saturday, April 1st. At this meeting, the debate: *Resolved*, "That a Republican form of Government is better than a Monarchical," was discussed. The affirmative was maintained by M. Mahony, C. Berdel, D. Hogan, R. Staley and J. McHugh. The negative was defended by D. Egan, P. Scott and P. Reilly.

M. Mahony deserves great credit for his knowledge of history, and for the manner in which he marshalled his arguments. P. Scott stood up bravely for the negative, and Scott Ashton appearing as a volunteer for the affirmative was very persuasive. This debate was the best we have had this year. The President reviewed the debate and decided in favor of the affirmative.

The 39th regular meeting took place April 11th. At this meeting Master H. Taylor presented himself for membership and was unanimously elected. Then Mr. J. Nash rose and gave us from memory a succinct history of Gaul in the days of Julius Cæsar; after which, Scott Ashton read an excellent criticism on the last debate. D. Brown did very well in his history of Ireland. C. Berdel appeared well in declamation. L. Hayes' essay on Education was good, and he read it in a clear voice. R. Staley then closed the exercises with a very laughable selection entitled, "The Physician's Address," every sentence of which was received with roars of laughter.

J. McHUGH, Cor. Sec.

Base-Ball.

The Minims' Base-Ball Club played a very exciting game of base-ball with the Second Nine of the Alpine Club (Junior), on Wednesday, April 19th, on the Minims' grounds. The Alpines declined playing the ninth innings. At the close of the game the score stood—Minims, 27; Alpines, 12. As this is the fourth time that the Minims have beaten the smaller Junior Clubs, they are getting tired of playing with them, and will hereafter play only with the Juanita or the Star of the West Clubs.

LOUIS MONTEDONICO,
Secretary of the Minims B. B. C.

Thanks.

On the 19th inst. the Excelsior base-ball club gave an excellent lunch, lemonade, *et cetera bona*, and invited the first nines of the Juanita and Star of the East, who take this opportunity of returning their sincere thanks to Brother Aloysius, and to the members of the Excelsior club. SR.

THE coal troubles reminded us of an old story: Scene, Boston; time, morning.
"Is it cold, Billy?"
"Werry cold, father."
"Is the gutters froze, Billy?"
"Werry hard, father."
"Dear, dear! Put up the coal two-pence a pail, Billy. God help the poor!"

THE following words actually formed the peroration of the counsel's plea for his client in an assault and battery case in Athens, Alabama: "Let the humble ass crop the thistle of the valley! Let the sagacious goat browse upon the mountain's brow, but I say, gentlemen of the jury, John Gundle is not guilty!"

JERROLD said to an ardent young gentleman, who burned with a desire to see himself in print: "Be advised by me, young man; don't take down the shutters before there is something in the window."

National Population.**OFFICIAL FIGURES.**

The Census Bureau publishes the following table showing the population of several States and Territories as ascertained by the late census:

States.	Total.	Native.	Foreign.
Alabama.....	996,993	937,030	9,963
Arkansas.....	433,157	478,135	5,022
California.....	590,223	350,373	209,830
Connecticut.....	537,454	423,815	113,639
Delaware.....	125,015	115,879	9,136
Florida.....	187,752	182,797	4,955
Georgia.....	1,195,338	1,184,193	11,145
Indiana.....	1,673,943	1,533,878	140,065
Iowa.....	1,191,727	987,630	204,047
Kansas.....	364,393	315,939	48,404
Kentucky.....	1,321,011	1,257,613	63,398
Louisiana.....	726,915	665,024	61,821
Maine.....	626,431	577,556	48,875
Maryland.....	780,305	697,569	82,736
Massachusetts.....	1,457,351	1,104,032	353,319
Michigan.....	1,184,296	916,311	267,985
Minnesota.....	436,053	277,340	158,713
Missouri.....	1,497,938	1,719,973	221,990
Nevada.....	42,491	23,630	18,801
New Hampshire.....	313,300	233,694	29,606
New Jersey.....	966,096	717,152	183,944
North Carolina.....	1,071,135	1,068,112	3,023
Rhode Island.....	217,356	161,973	55,384
Tennessee.....	1,257,495	1,238,263	19,232
Vermont.....	330,552	283,559	46,993
Virginia.....	1,224,961	1,211,353	13,575
West Virginia.....	442,033	424,966	17,067
Wisconsin.....	1,055,165	690,320	364,845
Territories.			
Arizona.....	9,653	3,849	5,809
Colorado.....	39,864	33,267	6,597
Dakota.....	14,184	9,369	4,812
District of Columbia.....	131,706	113,167	18,539
Idaho.....	14,998	7,100	7,898
Montana.....	20,504	12,620	7,794
New Mexico.....	91,864	86,254	5,610
Utah.....	86,786	56,083	30,703
Wyoming.....	9,118	5,617	3,501

THE man who "couldn't find his match," went to bed in the dark.

"WELL, there is something in that!" as the man said when he tried to put his boot on with a kitten in it.

THE *Medical Gazette* suggests an inquiry whether the common practice of chewing tobacco in lead foil may not account for some of the numerous cases of lead poisoning not traced to any recognized source.

A PROMINENT dry-goods merchant of Boston worked half an hour on the following proposition, and failed to give the answer: "If fourteen men build a stone wall in nine days, how long will it take five men to build a like wall in six days?"

WHEN Pilcher was haranguing about his father having been a poor man—his father was a cooper, etc., Marshall said "that the gentleman's father was a poor man, perhaps he had been a cooper, but if he was he had put a mighty poor head to one of his whisky barrels."

SOME music teacher once wrote that the "art of playing the violin requires the nicest perception and the most sense of any art in the known world." Upon which an editor comments: "The art of publishing a newspaper, and making it pay, and at the same time making it please everybody, beats fiddling higher than a kite."

A CINCINNATI man bets with a biped from somewhere else, that he can stand an egg "right on the floor, and you can't break it with a half bushel measure." The bet is taken, and the fiend in human shape puts the egg precisely in the corner, and if you wish to know how it is yourself, you would do well to try the experiment.

THE *Waverly Republican* says: "We have a man in our city who was born in 1800, and has a son who was born in the Territory of Michigan, and another one in the Territory of Wisconsin, and still another one in the Territory of Iowa, and also a daughter born in the State of Iowa—all in the same house! Col. J. W. Woods is the man."

QUERY—Can a man eating dates be said to consume time?

AN early spring—jumping out of bed at five o'clock in the morning.

THE representatives of Satan on earth are tailors. They sew more tears than any other class of human beings. How does that fit?

"WHAT do you do for a living?" asked a farmer, near Poughkeepsie, of a sturdy vagabond who came begging at his house. "Well, nothing much, except travelling around," said the fellow. "You look as though you are good at that," responded the farmer. "Well, yes, I am pretty good at travelling." "Then said the farmer, opening the door, 'let's see you travel.'"

A RICH but ignorant lady of Boston, who was ambitious that her conversation should be up to the transcendental style, in speaking of a friend, said: "He is a *parigram* of politeness!" "Excuse me," said a wag sitting next to her; "but do you not mean a *parallelogram*?" "Of course I meant parallelogram," replied the ambitious lady; "how could I have made such a mistake?"

PANSIES IN MASSES.—A correspondent of the *Gardener's Chronicle* says that no one who has not seen the effect of pansies in large masses, can have an idea of their beauty. He planted a border, 400 yards long and 24 feet wide, with pansies and ceratiums, with a single row of pyramidal zonal geraniums in pots at intervals of ten feet, and it was the admiration of all who saw it.

THE Connecticut lawyer who wished to cross the river on the ice, was told that it would be entirely safe to make the attempt if he crawled over on his hands and knees. Anxious to go he humbled himself accordingly, and had laboriously got half way across when he was overtaken by a man driving along leisurely in a buggy. The rapidity with which he assumed an upright position was startling to the driver.

AN unfortunate Italian missionary has had his sermon reported as follows:

"The speaker was a deduction, and gave a learned description of Satan and his skill in sawing trees."

THE unhappy preacher wrote a piteous remonstrance to the editor of the paper which had published this *résumé*, to say that he "was a Dutchman, and not a deduction, and that he had described Satan not as sawing trees, but sowing tares."

TWO ladies in New York were talking about the sparrows and their usefulness in ridding the city of the canker-worms, which used to be such a nuisance. One said that the noisy chirping of the sparrows early in the morning, when she wanted to sleep, was as great an evil as the worms. The other disagreed. Just then a gentleman came in, and was appealed to:

"Mr. A—, which do you think the worst—sparrows or worms?"

He immediately answered: "I don't know; I never had sparrows."

IN a Western village a charming, well-preserved widow had been courted and won by a physician. She had children; among them a crippled boy, who had been petted, and, if not spoiled, certainly allowed great freedom in debate.

THE wedding-day was approaching, and it was time the children should know they were to have a new father. Calling the crippled boy, the mother said:

"George, I am going to do something before long that I would like to talk about with you. I am intending to marry Dr. Jones in a few days, and—"

"Bully for you, ma! Does Dr. Jones know it?" Ma caught her breath, but failed to articulate a response.

SAINT MARY'S ACADEMY.

St. Mary's, April 18, 1861.

On Easter Sunday, after the usual services at St. Mary's, a majority of the pupils accepted the invitation given them by Very Reverend Father Provincial, to assist at the High Mass in the Church of Notre Dame du Lac. The day was bright, which rendered the walk to the church delightfully exhilarating. The grand ceremonies and solemn music were very impressive. The eloquent sermon, by Rev. Dr. Quinn, was listened to with deep interest.

Easter Monday was a recreation day. On Tuesday classes were resumed.

On the 14th inst. our beloved Mother Superior arrived from Cairo, where she had been detained a few days on account of indisposition. She was most affectionately welcomed by all, and delighted the hearts of the young people by exhibiting to their admiring gaze the many beautiful presents she had brought them.

Last Sunday evening Very Rev. Father General gave the pupils their tickets for excellence in Deportment and Classes. The pupils listened with attention to an interesting and graphic description of Very Rev. Father General's late visit South—scenes on the Gulf of Mexico, the Mississippi River, in Houston, Galveston, San Antonio, and New Orleans. Some of the tableaux were decidedly entertaining, many edifying, and all deeply interesting. The young ladies listened with the closest attention. Now and again rapturous exclamations of delight evinced their admiration of the scenes described, and hearty bursts of laughter showed that they fully appreciated the humorous descriptions of the amusing events that, in the midst of more serious duties, an affectionate heart had noted for their pleasure.

The railroad from South Bend to Niles is so nearly completed that the locomotive is seen puffing through St. Mary's grounds, to the great delight of the juveniles. This intrusion on our former solitude affords many advantages and some disadvantages. The boundaries of our east-side recreation grounds will be somewhat touched, but we have ample space on the west side of the Academy for our pupils to recreate without being exposed to danger or publicity.

The foundations for the north wing of the Academy and the new Convent are being laid. The grounds present a scene of busy activity, and we hope soon to see the old building replaced by a noble structure that will be the ornament and pride of the West and a credit to those who, by their zeal, liberality and devotedness, have aided in its construction.

We neglected to mention in the proper paragraph that Very Rev. Father General has ordered four Mexican ponies for the use of our youthful equestrians at St. Mary's.

No points were given on Easter Sunday, therefore none of the young ladies will be mentioned more than once in the weekly report.

Yours, etc., STYLUS.

ARRIVALS.

Miss Mary Quill, Chicago, Illinois.
" Margaret Quill, " "

TABLE OF HONOR—SR. DEPT.

April 16—Misses M. Lassen, E. Finley, R. Nelson, M. Roberts, E. Sullivan, M. McIntyre, K. Boyd, C. Angle, E. Boyland, A. Emmons, L. Sutherland, M. Getty, T. Finley.

TABLES OF HONOR—JR. DEPT.

April 5—Misses M. Kearney, J. Kearney, A. Clark, N. Gross, L. Neil, M. Sylvester, A. Burney, L. Harrison, F. Prince, L. Wood, K. Lloyd, G. DeHaven.

April 12—M. Kreutzer, M. Quan, A. Robson, C.

Stanfer, A. Garrity, M. Cummings, M. Hoover, S. Honeyman, F. Rush, A. Garrity, J. Hunt.

HONORABLE MENTION—SR. DEPT.

[The figures "1" and "2" indicate that the young lady whose name precedes the figure, has received either one or two tickets for exemplary deportment during the previous two weeks.]

Graduating Class—Misses H. Niel 2, A. Sturgis 2, A. Radin 2, N. Moriarty 2, M. Kirwan 2, A. Locke 2, K. Young 2, N. Millard 2, A. Rhinehart 2, B. O'Neill 2, C. Foote 2.

First Senior Class—Misses M. Tuberty 2, M. Shirland 2, M. Dillon 2, M. Kellogg 2, L. Marshall 2, J. Hogue 2, J. Forbes 2, A. Borup 2, H. Tinsley 2, A. Cornish 2, M. Shanks 2, K. McMahon 2, G. McDougall 1.

Second Senior Class—Misses K. Zell 2, M. Lassen 1, L. Hoyt 1, M. Cochrane 2, M. Lange 2, S. O'Brien 2, K. Haymond 2, K. Brown 2, E. Finley 2, E. Ray 1, A. Reynolds 2, A. Todd 2, A. Montgomery 2, A. Mast 2.

Third Senior Class—Misses R. Fox 1, E. Shea 2, L. Duffield 2, D. Green 2, L. Ogden 2, M. Ward 1, S. Hoover 2, E. Dickerhoff 1, T. Finley 2, E. Hendricks 2, M. Getty 1, J. Millis 2, R. Spiers 2, J. and R. Leoni 2, A. Woods 1, J. Langendeffler 1, M. Ford 2, C. Woods 1, M. Carney 2, L. Neil 2, N. Gross 2, A. Clark 2, L. Jones 1.

First Preparatory Class—Misses M. Letourneau 2, L. McFarlane 2, I. Wilder 2, R. Nelson 2, E. Wood 1, J. Falvey 2, C. Angle 2, K. McFaggart 2, R. Devoto 2, J. McGuire 2, F. McGuire 2, A. Lloyd 2, M. Prince 2, I. Bounell 2, J. Kearney 2, M. Kreutzer 2, M. Quan 5, E. Blum 2, A. Robson 2, B. Frank 1.

Second Preparatory Class—Misses E. Greenleaf 1, M. McIntyre 2, E. Boyland 2, A. Emmonds 2, L. Weire 1, M. Weire 2, S. Sutherland 2, H. McMahon 2, M. Lacy 2, C. Ray 2, N. Duggan 2, C. Creveling 2, E. Sullivan 2, J. Shannahan 1, G. Kellogg 2, C. Stanfer 2, A. Garrity 2, M. Hoover 2, M. Cummings 2, S. Honeyman 2, L. Tinsley 1, F. Rush 1.

Third Preparatory Class—Misses E. Birney 1, A. Frnzer 2, M. Roberts 1, A. Conahan 2, E. Drake 2, J. Duffield 2, A. Sweeney 2, H. Scipp 1, M. Faxon 1.

Junior Preparatory Class—G. Darling 2, A. Borne 2, E. Horgan 2, L. Wood 2, M. Reynolds 2, L. McKinnon 1.

First Junior Class—F. Prince 2, L. Harrison 2, A. Garrity 2, L. McGuire 2, H. H. Ely 2, A. Burney 2, M. Sylvester 1, M. Gall 1.

Second Junior Class—J. Lehmann 2, K. Lloyd 2, M. Gall 2, W. Ely 2, G. DeHaven 1, M. M. Long 1.

FRENCH.

First Class—Misses M. Shirland, H. Niel, L. Marshall, J. Forbes, Locke, B. O'Neill, N. Moriarty, G. Hurst, K. Young, R. Spiers, H. Tinsley, M. Kirwan, M. Quan.

Second Class—Misses A. Borup, M. Cochrane, L. Hoyt, N. Gross, A. Clark.

Third Class—Misses M. Letouneau, M. Shanks, M. Kellogg.

Fourth Class—Misses M. Lassen, M. Wicker, K. Haymond, B. Frank.

GERMAN.

Second Class—Misses K. Brown, J. Hogue, J. Langendeffler.

INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC.

First Class—C. Foote, K. Young, M. Shirland.

Second Division—K. McMahon, A. Borup.

Second Class—K. Spiers, M. Kellogg, G. McDougall.

Second Division—C. Bay, A. Todd, A. Locke.

Third Class—M. Prince, M. Lassen, L. Duffield.

Second Division—K. Brown, E. Emmonds, M. Lange.

Fourth Class—T. Wilder, E. Wood, G. Forbes, K. Zell.

Second Division—A. Frayer, M. Cochrane, L. McFarland.

Fifth Class—K. Champion, M. Wicker, McGuire.
Sixth Class—L. Wier, A. Robson, M. Hoover.
Second Division—S. Honeyman, E. Hendrick.
Seventh Class—J. Duffield, N. Duffield, T. Finley.

Eight Class—J. Lehmann, F. Rush, M. Hildreth.
Ninth Class—A. DeHaven, L. Harrison, Mary Quill.

Tenth Class—F. Kendall, Margeret Quill.
Harp—M. Shirland, A. Radin, K. McMahon.
Guitar—A. Montgomery, M. Wier.
Harmony—A. Carmody.

Theoretical Class—A. Reynolds, M. Kirwan, J. Hogue, A. Shea, C. Angle, A. Rhinehart, L. Marshall, A. Todd, A. Cornish, H. Niel, S. O'Brien, A. Sturgis, M. Kreutzer, E. Finley, R. Nelson, K. Haymond, L. McKinnon, L. Woode, N. Sullivan, T. Finley, F. Rush, A. Frazer, K. McFaggart.

Exercises—G. McDougall, I. Wilder, J. Kearney, J. Millis, E. Sullivan, A. Conahan.

DRAWING.

First Class—K. Young, E. Kirwan, N. Millard, A. Robson, E. Ray, E. Wood, M. Shanks, J. Hynds, A. Woods.

Second Division—D. Green, L. Hoyt, R. Spier, L. Duffield, A. Radin.

Second Class—M. Lange, J. Langendeffler, R. Devoto, J. Millis, H. Tinsley, N. Duffield, A. Reynolds, A. Shea, A. Emmonds, N. Duggan, H. Scipp, M. Quann, S. Honeyman, K. Champion.

Third Class—E. Burney, E. Blum, S. Hoover, J. Duffield, E. Greenleaf, L. Harrison, F. Butters.

OIL PAINTING.

First Class—K. Young, N. Millard, E. Ray, A. Robson, M. Shanks, J. Hynds.

Second Class—E. Wood, A. Woods, A. Shea, A. Radin, B. O'Neill, M. Lange, M. Quan, R. Devoto, R. Spier.

L. S. & M. S. RAILWAY.

Winter Arrangement.

TRAINS now leave South Bend as follows:

GOING EAST.			
Leave South Bend	9 35 a. m.	Arrive at Buffalo	4 10 a. m.
" "	12 17 p. m.	" "	4 10 a. m.
" "	9 15 p. m.	" "	2 40 p. m.
" "	12 37 a. m.	" "	5 50 p. m.
Way Freight,	3 40 p. m.	" "	6 50 p. m.

GOING WEST.			
Leave South Bend	5 10 p. m.	Arrive at Chicago	8 20 p. m.
" "	3 08 a. m.	" "	6 50 a. m.
" "	5 07 a. m.	" "	5 20 a. m.
" "	6 30 p. m.	" "	10 10 p. m.
Way Freight,	9 35 a. m.	" "	9 50 p. m.

Making connection with all trains West and North.
For full details, see the Company's posters and time tables at the depot and other public places.

Trains are run by Cleveland time, which is 15 minutes faster than South Bend time.
CHARLES F. HATCH, General Superintendent, Cleveland.
C. P. LELAND, General Passenger Agent, Toledo.
H. WATSON, Agent, South Bend.

CROSSING.

GOING NORTH—Express passenger, 4:20 a. m., and 7:20 p. m.
Freight, 4:05 p. m.
GOING SOUTH—Express passenger, 11:13 a. m., and 6:20 p. m.
Freight, 4:50 a. m.

OLD, RELIABLE & POPULAR ROUTE.

CHICAGO, ALTON & ST. LOUIS LINE.

Trains leave West Side Union Depot, Chicago, near Madison Street Bridge, as follows:

Day Express, (except Sundays,)..... 9:15 a. m.
Connects at Dwight with trains on Western Division.
Joliet Accommodation, (except Sundays,).... 4:00 p. m.
Night Express,..... 5:30 p. m.
Daily, but lays over at Bloomington Saturday Nights, until 1:55 A. M. Monday Morning.
Lightning Ex., (expt Saturdays and Sundays,) 9:00 p. m.

General Ticket Office,

55 Dearborn St., Chicago, where Passage and Sleeping-Car Tickets can be purchased and all desired information as to Routes, Connections, etc., will be cheerfully furnished.
J. C. McMULLIN, Gen'l Sup't.
A. NEWMAN, Gen'l Ticket Agent.