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Slander.

Why trace a slander to its source?
Why knit the brows in angry frown?
With calumny the proper course
Is just to "live it down."

Tho' loathiest of the loathly throng
That follow in the serpent's train,
From slander's undiluted wrong
We still some good may gain.

To know our true friends from the hollow—
The former, who will not believe,
From those who greedily will swallow
The evil they receive.

Then meet the slanderer with a smile—
With Byron's "smile for those that hate,"—
Simply ignore his malice vile
And leave him to his fate.

ARTHUR J. STACE.

Rambles in the Rockies.

In a former letter to the SCHOLASTIC I endeavored, as well as haste and the opportunity permitted, to give you a brief account of the Western students' excursion. Though I witnessed their dispersion with regret along the line and finally at Denver, I could not but experience a sort of enthusiastic satisfaction as I gazed at the distant Rockies whose snow-covered peaks had been in view during the last hundred miles of our journey. As we approached the foothills, I could discern, far to the south, the white and azure Spanish Peaks; while nearer and in a northerly direction old Pike's Peak reared his venerable head into cloudland, gleaming with the reflected refulgence from acres of spotless snow fields and glistening rocks. I must confess that I became a victim to the conventional "mountain fever" which affects strangers upon their first visit to this part of the continent and which manifests itself in fervid and, sometimes, poetic bursts of admiration. Nor is it to be won-

dered at, for I venture to say that a journey through these grand old mountains of ours will awaken even the most prosaical and unsentimental cynic into enthusiasm. One cannot receive an adequate idea of the extent of his country until he visits the Rockies. Though he may coast along the seashore from Florida to Maine, voyage through the Great Lakes, journey from source to mouth of the "Father of Waters," or traverse the boundless Western plains, filled with increasing wonder at the far-reaching limits of his country's rule, it remains for the towering and endless range of the Rockies alone to impress him with its immensity and grandeur. Whether I was the more impressible from having just left College I know not, but as the train sped along the gently ascending slopes of the foothills I never once ceased to gaze upon those mighty masses of rock—never tired of the panoramic variance of their appearance at morning, noon, and night, or at each bend in the line of travel.

The stranger is easily recognized by the natives in these parts, who have given to him the significant appellation of "tenderfoot." A "thoroughbred" thus expatiates on him: "You kin tell er tenderfoot quick as lookin,' by the way he stands on the platforms of the kears to watch the scenery, or pokin' of his head out o' the window to see the enjoin toot 'roun' a curve." And there are plenty of curves on these mountain railroads well worth the trouble of "pokin' your head out o' the window," even though by so doing you are called tenderfoot and run the risk of getting a red-hot cinder in your optics.

Volumes have been already written descriptive of the scenery and railroads of Colorado; while guide-books without number have, perhaps, made the reader acquainted with the most interesting features of each, and to one who has not witnessed these scenes, they have given a better knowledge of them than this feeble pen of mine could ever do. Of the many attractions of a tour among the mountains the ascent of Pike's Peak is the source of the greatest satisfaction in after-time, and among all the achievements incident to a mountain jaunt, none is remembered with greater pride and pleas-

ure than this one eventful, but let me confess, laborious trip.

To every tourist, who contemplates a journey to Colorado and her neighboring states, Pike's Peak and the Denver & Rio Grande Railway are words of the greatest significance. In fact, speaking of the latter, the idea of Rocky Mountain scenery is inseparably connected with that of the wonderful railway, which conveys the traveller into the very heart of this famous land on the "crest of the continent." From my earliest boyhood I was familiar with the name of this railway, and the many pictures illustrative of the scenery of which it affords a view filled me with a longing to some day witness this veritable wonderland, where one might frolic in the snow on an August day and trains climb heights unvisited even by the eagle. It would take no small-sized book to contain the impressions received by the traveller when first he views the Royal or the Toltec Gorges, Marshall or the La Veta Pass, the Grand Cañon of the Arkansas, or any other of those marvellous cliffs and precipices, the heights and depths of which opposed an unsuccessful barrier to the genius of modern engineering. Suffice it for the present to relate the experience of an ascent of Pike's Peak.

The stranger who contemplates making the ascent will be pretty sure to have his ardor somewhat checked if he give credence to the endless stories which are told of the dangers incurred in accomplishing this feat. You will hear of terrible precipices and yawning chasms over which the trail leads, and, if your courage is not affected in this respect, you will be informed in a warning way of the deadly (?) mountain air which causes suffocation and terrible hemorrhages, or of the terrific snow storms which beat on the cloud-swept summit, often overwhelming the adventurous mountain-climber in confusion and mortal peril. All these terrible things, and many more, you will hear, both from the natives, who enjoy a joke, and the stranger, who, having been there, wishes to magnify his achievement by investing it with such thrilling features.

It is true that unfortunate travellers have been caught in the sudden tempests, which *do* visit the Peak, and that persons of weak constitution have been seriously affected by the rare atmosphere, which makes breathing extremely difficult for them in this high altitude, but I am inclined to attribute the greater part of these terrors to the workings of an excessively timid or mischievous mind. This was my conviction before starting, and such it remains to the present.

Having met in Denver with an old friend, I am sure, of the readers, Professor Albert Zahm, we boarded the Denver & R.G. Railway one very warm July day and sped southward to Colorado Springs, which was reached after a run of about five and a half hours along the base of the mountains. The traveller bound for Manitou changes cars at this place, where a saucy little engine and three or four tiny cars are always in waiting on a narrow gauge track ready to whisk him off to his destination six miles away. We had scarcely seated our-

selves when our little train started with a rush and dashed towards the mountains at a right angle from the main line. From Colorado Springs to Manitou is a very steep grade, up which we sped with astonishing rapidity and it seemed as if a moment had scarcely elapsed when we reached our journey's end. Running the gauntlet of noisy hack-drivers and hotel "runners," who seriously threatened to despoil us of all we had, we secured a suitable conveyance, which quickly whirled us to the Mansion House. I had hardly alighted when some one grabbed me by the hand, and, looking around, I recognized in the laughing and sunburnt face before me, surmounted by a wide *sombrero*, the features of one of our bright Minims, Willie Bailey, who was already deriving as much fun as possible out of the vacation. Though the afternoon sun had already sunk behind the mountains, it was still early, and after arranging matters with the gentlemanly clerk, who relieved us of further trouble by disposing of our collar-boxes, etc., etc., we decided to sharpen our appetite for supper by taking a tramp of a few miles among the hills in the vicinity. Before eight o'clock we had visited William's Cañon and the Cave of the Winds, a wonderful cavern, whose entrance is far up in the side of a steep cliff and whose sombre and wonderfully interesting chambers run deep into the bosom of the mountain.

Above the entrance, on the very summit, is an irregular rock, called the *Temple of Iris*, from which an excellent view is obtained of the picturesque village and adjacent mountains. The walks about here are black with the names of thousands of visitors, and among the rest, representatives from Harvard, Yale and other colleges. Dangerously high up, with scarcely a name beside it, was the signature of an enthusiastic student from a prominent college in one of the Atlantic States. Under this, in large and defiant letters, was the name of his evidently cherished *Alma Mater*. An idea suddenly struck me, and, regardless of consequences, I clambered up the rock, causing the loose stones to go rattling down its side and over the precipice near by. It was with no little satisfaction that, after scrambling carefully back, I was able to distinguish side by side with the name before mentioned the old, familiar letters

N. D. U.

Darkness had now settled in the valleys and cañon below; so we prepared to depart. On leaving, our little party joined in a '*Rah! Rah! Notre Dame!*' which re-echoed through the cañon and, weirdly enough, seemed to repeat, *Come again, come again*. The village reposed in the sombre shadows of the mountains when we returned, and you may be assured we did ample justice to the hotel *cuisine*. Our first care afterward was to leave our order for horses, as we intended making the ascent of the Peak early the next morning. Nearly every day a party leaves Manitou for the summit, all arrangements for the trip being made by the proprietor of the livery, who secures the names the evening before of all intending to make the ascent.

We had nothing now to do but sit on the hotel piazza and enjoy the delightful evening breezes peculiar to the place, while gazing with wonder on the vaguely-defined mountains which loomed up right before us, huge, weird and almost a part of the night. For the first time, let it be said, did I indulge in any sentimental emotion. Around me was life and activity; merry groups passed me engaged in lively conversation; while from an adjacent dancing pavilion, brilliantly lighted, floated strains of intoxicating waltz music and the confused hum of voices mingled with the rich, rustling noise made by the dancers' garments. But I heeded it not: these people had had their *meditation* period—I was having mine now. There was, in the contemplation of these immense, towering, black masses of rock, a something which produced in me a feeling of awe and chilled me with the sense of their awful solemnity—a feeling which approached to a conception of the sublime when the moon rose from behind the hills, throwing the mighty Peaks of the chain into greater prominence and forming a picture of such beauty and sublimity that it shall never be forgotten.

I must have sat there for a long time, for when I rose from my chair to enter the hotel the revelers were leaving the pavilion beyond and all was silent in the village. Need I say that I flung myself on my couch in anxious anticipation of the events of the next day—or rather, the present day, for it was already long past midnight.

In the mountains one does not have long to wait for sleep to overtake him. The October-like coolness of the night and the murmuring of the restless Fontaine-que-Bouille which comes dashing down from the mountain-sides very soon lulled me to sleep—to dream, until five o'clock, of climbing the mountains of the moon and achieving other impossible adventures. The first thing to be heard upon awakening was the same rushing of water and a subdued, tremulous murmuring in the air as of myriads of insects just awakened to life, all determined upon letting the world know of their presence.

The morning sun already shone brightly in the East, but a refreshing coolness still lingered in the atmosphere. Looking from my window I could see Pike's Peak, the summit of which was brilliantly outlined against the pale azure of the sky. After a short walk to the mineral springs I returned in time for breakfast, which I ate with rapidity, as our horses were already at the door. There were in all about twenty-five animals for as many riders, including three or four patient-looking mules to be ridden by the ladies, as being more sure-footed than their faster and more dignified brethren, the horses. All the ladies had immense, wide-brimmed hats for protection against the burning rays of the sun, which strike with energy on the exposed mountain slopes; while all were provided with large waterproof and overcoats to use in case of rain or excessive cold. Many of the *genus homo*, especially the younger ones in the party, wore the conventional cutaway coat and their high, starched collars—which, I noticed, were tantalizingly limp before

we had proceeded far. Others wore flannel shirts and rough clothes, which, by the way, is the only proper dress in which to climb mountains. Headed by the guide, fantastically dressed in Spanish trousers and *sombrero*, our little procession left the hotel about seven o'clock and struck off for the trail, which begins at the head of the street. We had not gone far when we were accosted by a bandit-like toll gatherer who filched a dollar from each one and then politely permitted us to continue our journey.

Strung out in single file, we wended our way up the mountain-side, following in the rude trail, which, in many places, led under huge, overhanging rocks, or on the verge of steep declivities, frequently deserving the name of precipice. The first part of the trail leads through Engleman's Cañon for some six miles, ascending higher and higher through the gorge until, a little beyond the half-way station, a small plateau is reached, from which the trail runs up the steep and rugged slope of a mountain.

How can I describe the emotions I experienced as we gradually ascended toward cloudland, leaving the village below us, while each step upward secured a broader view of the vast plain land below rolling away indefinitely to the East! Frequently I turned in my saddle to view the scene below and watch our long procession wind in single file romantically along the trail. Ah! there was no fatigue there, no panting travellers, looking haggard and pale; but you shall learn how my enthusiasm cooled a little before reaching the summit, though now that the feat has been accomplished I look at it as one of pleasure and ease.

No one showed the least sign of fatigue, and all displayed nothing but smiles and serenity of countenance; and I really believe it was sincere, for who could think of self where Nature spread such charming scenes before him? However, you would hardly have recognized this party in the sunburnt and cadaverous-looking set that returned to the hotel that evening, hungry and sore, but still enthusiastic. At the end of two hours we arrived at a little open space where a frame building has been erected and called the half-way house. Here lemonade and other genteel refreshments are dispensed by the rustic and lordly proprietor at the modest and unpretentious sum of twenty-five cents a glass.

It was some relief to dismount and, while the party was resting in the cool shade, ramble along the swift mountain torrent, called Ruxton's Creek, which a few steps further up thunders over a series of huge rocks and boulders, making what is known as the Cascade Falls. After a stop of fifteen minutes, the horses were collected and we resumed our journey. A short distance above, and we passed Shelter Falls in a typical mountain glen, through which the torrent rushed with a swift and noisy current. We were nearing *timber line* now and already we could plainly descry higher up on the mountain great patches of snow—a refreshing sight, with the hot sun beaming down upon us during our ascent in the lower altitudes.

At the *timber line* all vegetation ceased, except the hardy rock moss and some tiny blue and pink flowers which flourished on the most barren and frigid parts of the Peak.

The trail from this line lay over trackless fields of jagged stones and boulders over which the horses laboriously picked their way, panting and trembling from the exertion. Often we were obliged to stop in order to give the jaded beasts an opportunity to catch their breath. My Roisnante frequently needed a hint in the form of a punch in the ribs before he would move, and it was with enjoyment that I witnessed a decided tendency on the part of a few of the less gallant mules to get down and roll in some shady pool or patch of grass through which we would pass.

It was not very long, however, before we were in the midst of extensive snow patches, enjoying the mild, sunshiny coolness of a late winter's day, while below us in the valley people were perspiring under the ardent rays of a July sun. For some time snowballs were flying about at random, and many a stiff hat looked the worse for the conflict when the excitement was over. While the fusilade was in progress staid and dignified business men, and even the ladies, engaged in the sport.

On we toiled, apparently but a short distance from the summit, but minutes and hours passed by and still we seemed no nearer to our destination. I secretly wished the journey at an end, and I could see by the uneasy shifting in their saddles, of my fellow-travellers that they too cherished a desire to the same effect. At last the summit was reached and, after dismounting, the party started across a patch of sharp rocks, reeling like drunken men to the Signal Service station, which "Uncle Sam" has placed on this desolate spot for atmospheric observations and the comfort of travellers. All were ravenously hungry and the little lunch which clerkly consideration had caused to be prepared for us was produced from the folds of each one's water-proof and quickly devoured.

Miserable affair! composed of a solitary sandwich, a pickle, and an olive; a pickle and an olive after climbing Pike's Peak! Never was a set of mortals more painfully disappointed. For the last two hours we had been longing to attack the lunch, the thought of which had suggested nice cold chicken, some devilled ham, with lots of nice biscuits and cake and, perhaps, a snug little glass of cordial stowed away in the corner. How I yearned for my mother's sideboard and its contents! However, we swallowed our disappointment with the coffees purchased from the occupants of the station and then prepared to view the scenery.

It is at this point, I suppose, that I should break forth into a grandiose strain to fittingly describe the view obtained from the summit of this lofty Peak; but I shall not do so, for I am unequal to the task, and am too proud or too ignorant to follow in the beaten track of those who have gone before me. If at the time I gave way to a semi-poetic feeling the reader will not accuse me of sentimentality, for were you in my position you would

have allowed the softer feelings of your nature to effervesce in contemplating the unique scene which is here displayed. It seemed as if the whole west could be encompassed within the circle of vision. On the east the plains stretched from the base of the mountains far away until they seemed to meet the sky and all was mist uncertainty.

It is on the south and west though that the eye lingers longest, fascinated by the gorgeous scene there exposed to view. Here, in endless confusion, lie huge masses of rock which resolve themselves into mighty mountain ranges, whose extremities rest thousand of miles away and whose direction is only vaguely defined by the intermediate peaks which trend off into the distance, appearing a part of the white clouds massed in the sky. Truly do

"Hills peep o'er hills and
Alps on Alps arise."

Prominent in the southwest, at a distance of nearly one hundred and fifty miles, but apparently much nearer, could be seen the Sangre de Cristo range, its series of peaks suggesting the embattled pinnacles and embrasures of a ponderous fortification. In a more southerly direction the Spanish Peaks and Mount Sierra Blanca, the monarch peak of Colorado, reared their now-crowned heads into space, brilliant with the reflected light of the noon-day sun. By the aid of a glass, I was able to distinguish the Uncompahgre Mountains, almost four hundred miles away and nearly across the State.

In the north reposed Denver, like a graven dropped at the foot of the hills. I never tired of looking and it was with regret that I witnessed the hour arrive for our departure. With Professor Zahm in the lead, as guide, three of us started out to make the descent alone and ahead of the party. How shall I describe that tortuous journey! I will not attempt it, lest by lingering on my experience I should dampen the enthusiasm of those who contemplate this trip. Rather let me draw a veil over the descent, which seemed without end. Verily had my companions but laurel wreaths on their brows, I would have believed we were rehearsing Dante's *Inferno* and myself a spirit doomed to perpetual wanderings up and down the mountains.

Well, we arrived safely at our journey's end after a long ride, the recollection of which came for many nights afterward to disturb my slumbers like some hideous nightmare. However, that it is now over, I derive infinite satisfaction from my experience, and am sincerely happy, notwithstanding some little inconveniences, intensified at the thought, that I made the ascent of Pike's Peak without falling up a cliff, being blown off the summit, or suffering other woeful experience.

FRANCIS HENRY.

THERE is not a moment of our lives when nature is not producing picture after picture, and working upon such exquisite principles of the most perfect beauty that it is quite certain it is all done for us and intended for one perpetual pleasure.

[From the "Denver News," July 4.]

Notre Dame.

IMPRESSIONS OF A VISITOR.

Notre Dame was founded some forty years ago by the Rev. E. Sorin, then an enthusiastic young missionary from France, the land of romance and heroism and poetry, of De Bouillon, of Lamartine and Lafayette. In a wretched log hut, among the frozen marshes of Indiana and the leafless forests of the wilderness, this dreamer lifted up his eyes from the dark present and saw in the future an edifice that should count among the glories of the New World. He did more than dream. He

wisdom was the oft-repeated expression of his respect for the American people.

Friday evening I arrived and Saturday morning I was taken over the delightful walk around the Lake of St. Joseph, a path shaded by trees and edged by ruddy tints of clover-blooms. We passed the crosses, planted after the European manner, around an open space, viewed the pretty Chapel of *Portiuncula*, and, after admiring the stained glass, lofty arches and pictures of the church, whose musical chimes rang out at intervals, we met Father Zahm, who showed us Science Hall, as yet unfinished, but which will be one of the finest features of Notre Dame.

Entering the University hall I see in the first place one of my ideal queens, the great Isabella.



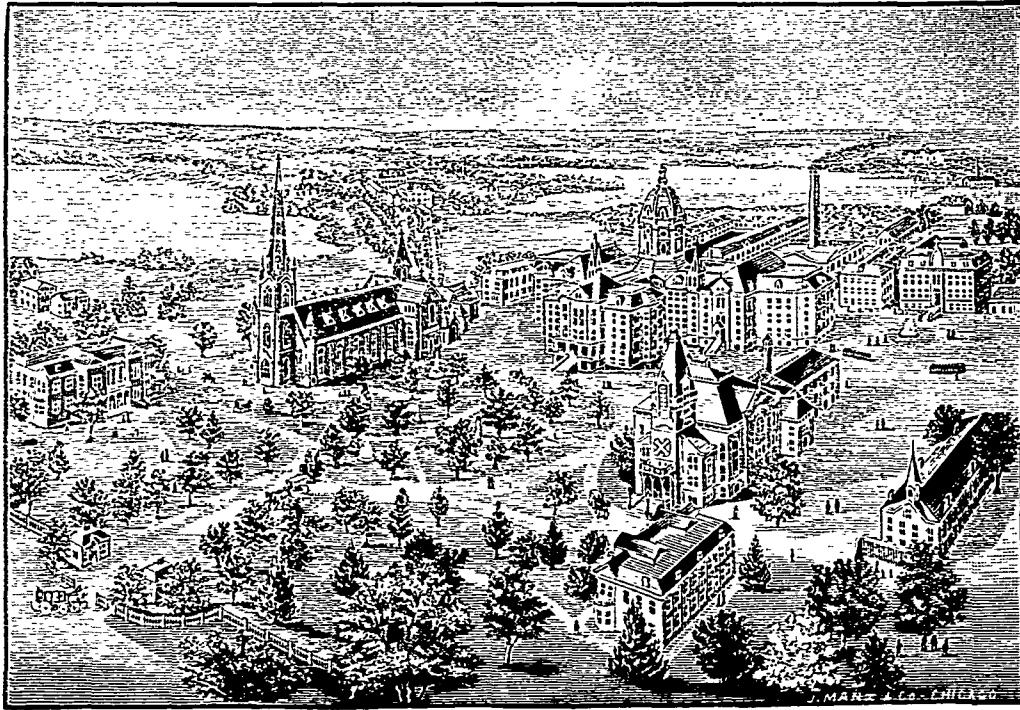
ARRIVAL OF FATHER SORIN AT NOTRE DAME, 1841.

worked with his own hands, after the fashion of the monks of old, and won the hearts of the settlers around him until, separate in creed and nationality, the hardy woodsmen became one with him in sympathy and aims. In one of the College frescoes he is represented, the central figure of a group of Indians, with all the white, untrodden snows reaching around them. In the University parlor there is a marvellous portrait which seems about to step from its frame, and which more resembles the venerable figure we meet to-day; white hair, white beard, kind, dark eyes under heavy white brows, and the ready welcome and hearty handshake of the pioneer, these comprise my brief recollections of "Father General," who, as founder and Superior of the whole Order, is the hero of Notre Dame. What most impressed me with his

The whole series, representing scenes from the life of Columbus, has been often described before I may mention, however, that in a scene where the mutineer kneels penitent before his captain, Gregori selected one of the professors as a victim, and painted a life-like likeness. The gentleman thus dealt with at once demanded an alteration. If you ask Brother Francis, the St. Peter of Notre Dame, he will tell you the story over again. Then there were the lecture-rooms, the reading-rooms, the library and the theatre to be seen. The library is a beautiful apartment, rich in historical relics; the theatre has witnessed the performance of the only Greek play ever presented in the West. Prof. Lyons, the publisher, has been active in adapting for the use of boys only. I told him I did not believe in cutting off the ladies so ruthlessly,

Sunday night there was an entertainment in the parlor, where Mr. Frank Hagenbarth was pathetic over the fate of "Lasca," and Mr. Dexter sneered at sentiment in the "Spanish Duel." Monday morning Father General came to witness the per-

things, but in the quick word or deed that has brought comfort to many a wounded soul. Though Mary's image is over all, though sacred pictures adorn the walls, the fact of Catholicity is never obtruded. Neither, among ladies of unquestioned



BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF NOTRE DAME.

formance of his beloved Minims, who are really the dearest little boys I ever saw, for I'm not usually an admirer of small boys. Sisters teach this department, which is, I think, a great merit.

The printing-office, of course, was interesting to me; the electric lights and machinery and all busy signs and sounds of industry that were evident on every side making me think of the mediæval monasteries which civilized Europe and fed the poor at their gates, and received, in their quiet gardens, prince and pontiff, weary of the world's fierce contests. A word, too, about the wide-spreading charity which has characterized Notre Dame, touching in its generosity, Christian in its silent beneficence,—a charity not only in material

you when you do." That afternoon the departures commenced. There were farewells and addresses exchanged.

St. Mary's was over-crowded, as every one from the University went there Wednesday afternoon. The grounds of the convent are remarkable for their great beauty, it is said. I had not time to see them, however. The courtesies of the University I shall long remember. President Walsh, Father Zahm, and Prof. J. A. Lyons kindly assisted one another in making my visit pleasant and useful to me. Of those belonging to the College whom I met, Colonel William Hoynes, Prof. Edwards and Prof. Stace have been in Colorado, and spoke of it to me. Signor Gregori, the artist, I



PROFESSED HOUSE AND ST. MARY'S LAKE.

did not have the good fortune to meet. I saw a room decorated in fresco by a pupil of his, J. F. Smith, who was for a time employed in Denver, at the Brinker institute.

The special car left for the West on Thursday morning. The weather was damp and cool. As we passed Lake Michigan, its sullen billows rolled heavily away into the gray vapors of the morning. We left the large confusing depot in Chicago, and saw steamers, some unfinished, others puffing smoke from their great chimneys, the few buildings visible being obscured by the murky atmosphere. You can't make people understand the blue of our skies down there. I had gone east by the Burlington and was to return by the Atchison & Santa Fé, which gave me a chance to see a good deal of the country. Kansas City, looming dimly under

talking chemistry to his companions part of an afternoon. I had told a few fortunes, and a Spanish-speaking group in one end of the car talked in that enchanting tongue with great earnestness. The air, the beautiful scenes of harvest and the comfort of the car made the return trip one of unusual enjoyment. At Pueblo the party breakfasted, and at 1.15 Saturday we were at home in Union depot at Denver. In ten days I made the round trip to South Bend and back, saw enough of Notre Dame to be ever an agreeable memory, carried my Western unconventionality into a monastic institution, and received a welcome and consideration such as I met once before, and only once, in a mountain town to which I went a perfect stranger.

Like a link between the East and West, Notre Dame has a greeting for each. Here Mr. Hen-



VIEW FROM NORTH SHORE OF ST. MARY'S LAKE.

mountainous volumes of smoke, relieved us of many of our passengers, while a few came on board at that point. If I had been nervous on my way East, I had now reason to be content; for we had no changes to anticipate, and the smooth motion of the wide gauge cars was restful. We passed corn and wheat fields, lines of trees and rich hedges, flushed at intervals with wild roses. After Topeka we felt the fresh breezes of the west and saw the sunlight again. Then began the stretching undulations of the plains, green with their waving grasses and dotted here and there with grazing cattle and horses. Among Father Zahm's acquaintances was a musical porter, who played and sang plaintive negro melodies for the boys. School-boy nicknames were bandied about—"Skinny," "Toots," "Chipeta," and I don't know how many more; but the boys in our car, perhaps out of regard for the ladies along, were pretty quiet.

In the evening we had an impromptu entertainment of recitations, etc. Master McPhee had been

dricks came before his election, here Blaine was welcomed at nearly the same date. Here the author of "Ben Hur" and the Abbot of La Trappe have stopped on their way to diverse missions, here at certain dates a gold medal is given to some gifted lady as a public recognition of the merit of her sex, and here storm-tossed hearts claim to have found peace which the world cannot give, neither can it take away.

COUSIN MAY.

[Chicago Tribune.]

Father Neyron of Notre Dame.

There is living within 100 miles of Chicago a venerable man who in his day has been a surgeon, soldier, priest, and university professor. He was a surgeon in the army of the First Napoleon, accompanied the Emperor during the campaign against Russia, and was present at the great conqueror's downfall at Waterloo. As a priest, his

history is of special interest to the Catholics and old settlers of Chicago, as he was the second man—Marquette being the first—to celebrate Mass within the limits of that city. This man is the Rev. Louis J. Neyron, Professor of Anatomy and Medicine in the University of Notre Dame, near South Bend, Ind. Father Neyron is in his 96th year, but he shows none of the usual signs of advanced age. His intellect is as clear as it was fifty years ago, he does not use spectacles or a cane, is as erect as a soldier, and, in a word, is in complete control of all his faculties. During the Commencement exercises of the University his appearance on the campus attracted the attention of hundreds of visitors, when some of the students made his identity known. He was walking up the shady avenue leading to the piazza of the main building, attired in his cassock and a black slouch hat, and was accompanied by a pet terrier that is his constant companion in his walks. Everyone who saw him remarked his striking resemblance to the pictures of Victor Hugo. He is above the medium height, has broad shoulders, surmounted by a large, well-shaped head, partially bald at the top and covered at the sides and back with flowing white locks. His beard is almost white. When he noticed that he was attracting attention he turned from the walk and went over to a fountain in the centre of the grounds, closely followed by the dog. The priest sat down on the curving of the fountain, and at a signal from him the dog jumped into the water and began to swim about.

Several well known Chicago people, accompanied by a reporter, went over to talk to him. He said: "Myself and my friend Jack are here taking our morning stroll. Jack is a smart dog and is a terror to rats and snakes. He has a special fancy for catching snakes and shaking their heads off."

"Were you at the battle of Waterloo, Father?" some one in the group abruptly asked.

The old man looked at the questioner a moment, and replied: "Well, now, who has been telling you about me? Yes, sir, I was at the battle of Waterloo, and I was there as a soldier."

"You must be well advanced in years?"

"I am in my 96th year, but I have a brother in France who is several years older than myself and he isn't married yet either."

A reporter sought the venerable priest in his room in the Infirmary of the University.

"Won't you kindly favor me with some of your reminiscences of the First Napoleon, the campaign against Russia, and the battle of Waterloo?" asked the scribe.

"So you are a newspaper man, eh? Well, you must excuse me from talking at any length, for I have many times refused to be interviewed. Of what use can my stories and opinions be to the public? What you would ask of me has all been recorded in history, and the narrations or opinions of a poor old man would be of no value."

"Did you know Marshal Ney personally?"

"Indeed I did, to my sorrow."

"There have been a great many stories afloat to the effect that Marshal Ney was never executed,

but was allowed to escape and that he came to settle in this country."

"Yes, I have heard a story to that effect. It is as amusing as it is ridiculous. I am positive beyond any doubt that he was shot. I had comrades in some of the companies of soldiers from which the detail of men was drawn for the execution. Depend upon it that, had the men to whom he said, 'My comrades, fire!' been disposed to let him escape, the English would have seen to it that they did not."

"Did the soldiers sympathize with Ney in his downfall?"

"If they did they indulged in a bit of false sentimentality. Ney was a traitor, nothing but a traitor, to his sovereign, his country, his own honor, and the confiding soldiers whom he hoodwinked and voluntarily turned over to Napoleon to be slaughtered at the battle of Waterloo. He richly deserved his fate, and I don't believe that the sad remnant of the worn-out army that he betrayed shed many tears over him."

"Were you with Ney's army when he turned it over to Napoleon?"

"I was, and I well remember the day that Ney's act of treachery took place. Ney's and the straggling army of Napoleon met at Oloc Bridge, better known at the time as the Bridge of the Holy Ghost. Napoleon's army was encamped a few miles from the bridge opposite our lines. The morning after our encampment we saw some flags of truce in advance of Napoleon's army, and it was then that the men first began to suspect Ney's plans, but the suspicions were not even whispered. Soon the flags disappeared, and Ney gave orders to prepare for an attack. We were prepared to attack and marched on to the bridge. When we reached the opposite side of the bridge we noticed about a dozen men advancing from Napoleon's army on horseback bearing flags of truce. Our army, which, all told, did not exceed 20,000 men, came to a halt. The men on horseback advanced and the centre one of the group proved to be Napoleon himself. At sight of him Ney and his staff dismounted. Napoleon also dismounted and was warmly embraced by Ney and his officers. Of course a shout in honor of Napoleon went up from our ranks. Well, history has recorded the rest. We were forced to combine with Napoleon's army of boys, between the ages of 18 and 20 years, and go on to Waterloo and defeat."

"Were you taken prisoner at Waterloo?"

"Yes, although I might have escaped had I not stopped in my flight to attend to the wounds of an officer to whom I was much attached, Gen Pupuno. As I was dashing along on my horse, dodging a storm of bullets, I saw the General stretched upon the ground, bleeding from a fatal wound in the shoulder. I dismounted to dress the wound, and while I was doing so a squad of Prussians came upon me and captured me. They stripped me of nearly all my clothing and what money I had and turned me over to the English army, where there was a lack of surgeons, nearly all the English surgeons having deserted their posts. Gen. Lorton was the commander of the division to which I was

assigned, and I was treated by him and his army with the utmost kindness and gentlemanly courtesy. The General even allowed me a stipend, and put none of the usual restrictions of prisoners of war upon me. When I was taken to Paris by the English I found myself a complex prisoner, so to speak. I was a prisoner of Louis XVIII, because I was in Ney's deserting army, and a prisoner of the English, because I was taken while fighting them. However, the French Minister of War knew that I was with Napoleon against my will, and he forthwith assigned me to duty as Surgeon-in-Chief to the First Regiment of artillery. I went to report this assignment to the English General, and he positively refused to surrender me. He said, with a good-natured laugh, 'No, Neyron, you are our prisoner, and we need prisoners of your profession badly just now. Therefore I will change the program. I hereby order you sent to minister to the surgical wants of the army at Calais and Dunkirk.' It is needless to say that the order was carried out. In fact, I never saw the French Minister of War again. The English allowed me double pay from the time of my involuntary assignment until I was discharged as a prisoner."

"How did it happen that you became a priest?"

"Well, to begin with, I was a soldier against my will, but at the conclusion of the war I made up my mind that I would either be an officer in the regular army or a priest. After due consideration, I chose the priesthood and entered the Seminary of Lyons, and after studying theology for three years I was ordained a priest for the Diocese of Bellay in the spring of 1828."

"When did you join the American mission?"

"In the year 1835 Bishop Bruté, of Vincennes, Ind., sent an appeal to the young priests of France asking such of them as had the apostolic spirit to volunteer for the Western missions. I recognized the appeal as a voice calling me from home to do the work of my Master in a foreign land. So did a young friend of mine, Father Shafer. We obtained leave from our Bishop to join the American mission, and forthwith started to Bishop Bruté. I liked Bishop Bruté, because, like myself, he had been a physician and surgeon before becoming a priest. In the early spring of 1836 Father Shafer and myself arrived at Vincennes and were welcomed by the Bishop. Father Shafer was forthwith sent to Chicago and myself to New Albany, Ind. But in one year, during 1836, I had been on missionary duty in nearly every part of Illinois, Indiana, and part of Kentucky. The ravages of the cholera in Kentucky rendered my services necessary there, and many poor victims died in my arms while I was administering the last Sacraments to them. In 1837 Father Shafer died and was buried somewhere in the village of Chicago. Bishop Bruté sent me to succeed him, with the understanding that as soon as Bishop Rosati, of St. Louis, sent a priest to Chicago I was to report back at Vincennes. I was stationed at Chicago not quite five weeks when Father St. Cyr, of St. Louis, arrived there, having been sent to take charge by Bishop Rosati. Thus you see I was the second

pastor of the present great Catholic community of Chicago, not for a long time it is true, but I don't think many people in Chicago know that I was ever priest in charge there, the general impression prevailing that Father St. Cyr was the first priest who had charge of the mission. Soon after my return to Vincennes I went with the Rt. Rev. Bishop Odin, first Bishop of Galveston, to the Texas missions, arriving in New Orleans Christmas Day, in 1837, and in Galveston New Year's Day. After spending one year in Texas I returned, at the request of my Bishop, to my first parish, New Albany, Ind., where I built the Church of the Holy Trinity, and was pastor of Holy Trinity parish for twenty-seven years. I resigned the parish and came here twenty years ago on account of the rheumatism, which I had contracted while travelling through the malarial swamps doing missionary duty. Soon after I came here my rheumatism left me, and I decided to remain here. I teach my medical class every day, and take great pleasure in doing so. I wouldn't know what to do with myself unless I was actively engaged in some duty."

"What is your opinion of Napoleon the First?"

"He was the greatest soldier that ever lived. He had some good qualities, but the bad ones predominated in his character. True, he fought at first for the glory of France, but finally he sacrificed France, his faithful soldiers, and even himself to his own insatiable ambition. I look upon him as the deliberate murderer of thousands upon thousands of brave soldiers whom he marched over the snow-covered valleys and mountains of Russia for no other reason than to increase his own glory. What cause had he for making war upon the Emperor and people of Russia? No, the blood and bones of the Frenchmen whom he left lying on mountains, in valleys and roadways during that terrible winter march called to Heaven for vengeance, and brought down on his head bitter curses of the thousands of widows and orphans he had made in France. He had no consideration for the comfort of his soldiers—in fact, he hadn't for his own. He had no care except for the advancement of his personal glory. No, his soldiers did not love him, during and after the Russian campaign I mean; they detested him."

"Do you think he had much religious feeling?"

"He undoubtedly had. He was a strange being, a veritable mystery in himself. With all his ambitious scheming, he never for a moment forgot his religious training and I don't think he neglected to offer up a prayer of some sort morning and evening. He declared, when a prisoner on St. Helena, that the happiest day of his life was that upon which he made his First Communion."

Father Neyron is the chaplain of the Sisters whose duties bring them about the Infirmary of the University. He rises every morning, winter and summer, at 4 o'clock, and celebrates Mass for the Sisters in the Infirmary chapel at 5 o'clock. After Mass, when the weather is not altogether too bad, he takes a walk of probably two or three miles, and to all appearances is good for years yet in the land of the living.

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

Notre Dame, August 21, 1886.

The attention of the Alumni of the University of Notre Dame and others, is called to the fact that the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC has now entered upon the TWENTIETH year of its existence, and presents itself anew as a candidate for the favor and support of the many old friends that have heretofore lent it a helping hand.

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The Editors of the SCHOLASTIC will always be glad to receive information concerning former students and graduates of the University.

The Sixteenth Annual Convention of the C. T. A. U. of America.

The unexpected demand upon our space in the issue of last week prevented us from giving many important and interesting items in connection with the report of the Convention of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union which met at Notre Dame. Prominent among the omissions was the able report of Rev. President Cleary, which we give entire in this number, and which will be found to embody much that is practical and instructive in regard to the utility and extension of the great movement whose ultimate aim is the amelioration of the individual and the consequent support of society. We publish also in this number several letters received from eminent prelates and others, all of which contain practical suggestions and words of encouragement. The list of the Delegates, which will be found in another column, will give an idea of the extent of the gathering at Notre Dame, as well as the spread given to the practical workings of the Union. We greatly regretted the necessity which compelled us to forego the publication of these matters in the connection in which the reader would naturally expect to find them; but we hope that even in this apparently isolated condition they

will not be found without an instructive interest. The following is the

REPORT OF REV. JAMES M. CLEARY, PRESIDENT.

GENTLEMEN:—As required by our constitution, I herewith briefly present my report of the present condition and requirements of our Union. It is encouraging to know that the condition of our organization, in all its history, was never more healthy or hopeful than it is to-day. At our New Haven Convention we had 638 societies, with a membership of 41,988; our Secretary will report at this Convention 651 societies and a membership of 43,995, a gain of eleven societies and 1,955 members. Our financial condition is also very gratifying. We are no longer in debt. Our painstaking Secretary has received his salary in full and a surplus remains in the treasury. The discouraging experience of the past few years is no longer repeated of our Union being reported in debt at each Convention. Our constitution is generally loyally obeyed. Our members, as a rule, are active, earnest and zealous. Our efficient Secretary's untiring energy has borne fruit, for to him we largely owe these happy results. Since our last Convention, the decrees of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore have been published, and all friends of our work have received with exultant joy the approval so generously given to our cause. The Fathers of the Third Plenary Council have placed our Union on a firm foundation. Rome has sanctioned their approval, and it can no longer be a question for dispute among Catholics whether liquor-selling is a becoming way of making a living.

The emphatic endorsement by the Council of Baltimore has given the C. T. A. U. of America a character before the public that effectually determines its beneficent influence, insures for it respect and reverence, and inspires its friends with buoyant hope of its permanent stability. Every wholesome influence in society combines to strengthen our position, and help us to accomplish our aim. Religion condemns the evils intemperance produces, and warns men against their deplorable consequences. She invokes God's blessing on our Union, sanctions our methods, and appeals to her ministers to tender it a guiding and helping hand. The testimony of medical science is against alcohol as a beverage, teaches that constant use of intoxicants is always an abuse, that children often inherit the disordered appetites of intemperate parents, that those who use intoxicating liquor freely more readily fall victims to disease than the abstainer, and that very many of poor humanity's infirmities are caused and increased by intemperate habits. Right reason clearly understands the folly of drink, and plainly perceives the sophistry indulged in by those who pretend that intoxicating liquor, in any form, or in any quantity whatsoever, is necessary for the healthy individual. The lessons of experience demonstrate the truths that religion, reason and science inculcate, and show indisputably that excessive indulgence in intoxicants brings greater misery on mankind, physically and morally, than any one other evil influence known to our modern civilization. Experience further shows that, on account of the many and manifold abuses that surround the manufacture and sale of spirituous liquors, the man who entirely abstains is the only man who is perfectly safe from their deleterious influences, and that it requires greater courage and strength of will to be a moderate drinker, never indulging to excess, than to be a total abstainer, entirely free from the danger of ever being enslaved in alcohol's bondage.

But something more is needed than simply to bring conviction to men's minds: we must also persuade men's hearts. It is not sufficient that men should know, they must also be led to wise and prudent action. And it seems to me that we should not longer delay practical work in this direction. The eminent success attending Father Cotter's zealous labors during the past year, the enthusiasm everywhere awakened by his presence, solve the question in my mind of what the nature of this practical work should be. I must not be understood as insinuating that praiseworthy and practical work has not been done heretofore. Our Union has been eminently practical in its purposes and actual work at all times. Its practical and successful work has won for it the vigorous life that animates it to-day. We are novices no longer in the work of organization. Our Union is

formed, fixed and permanent. Its branches are widely extended over this vast country. Admirable harmony and a Christian spirit pervade the entire organization. Certainly the time is propitious for earnest and effective work that will influence men's hearts and arouse their consciences to follow out the convictions which religion, right reason and experience have brought home to their minds. We should adopt some method of providing means to keep lecturers constantly in the field, to arouse our people to a sense of the danger that confronts them through the debasing influence of the political demagogue, aided and abetted by his crafty, and often conscienceless, servant, the saloon-keeper. We should not rest satisfied until we have succeeded in guiding the people to the courage of their convictions, and in freeing them from the dishonorable servitude to which the saloon politician would heartlessly consign them. We live in a time of puzzling discussion and bewildering excitement over the rights of the laboring man. Our sympathies are all directed towards the laboring masses, who are too often crushed to misery by two unscrupulous influences: heartless, avaricious capital on one hand, and the tempting, alluring saloon on the other. I am persuaded that, to a large extent, it is in our power to rescue the laboring man from the fascination of the drinking saloon. If he can be saved from the debasement to which the saloon would degrade him, he will not fail to secure his rights, nor to obtain the advantages that modern invention and progress should afford him. The sober man will not be unmindful of his duties and will win his way to public endorsement, for he will not invade the rights of others, but will sturdily, reasonably and manfully demand his own.

The liquor saloon in our large cities is the natural rallying point of the law-breaker of every kind. There, not only the thief, the midnight marauder and the debased debauchee find sympathy and encouragement, but through its influence the wily political trickster dupes and betrays his misguided victims, and the reckless socialist and anarchist are able to lead deceived, but well meaning, laboring men to their certain ruin and the subversion of all order and law. It will be a happy and hopeful day for the laboring man when he turns resolutely aside from the associations of the saloon, and soberly and quietly enjoys in his peaceful home the fruits of honest toil, spurning with disdain the proffered friendship of the vigilant sentinel who stands guard behind the liquor counter, watching to catch the hard-earned dollars that might furnish plenty and comfort at a contented hearth. Those who lend their aid to attaining this end will confer a lasting benefit on their fellow-men, will bring happiness to countless homes among the laboring poor, will earn the gratitude of men and the blessing of God. Let committees, therefore, be chosen at this Convention to solicit contributions in every city of the country for carrying on this work. I am confident they will meet with hearty encouragement.

Our friends of other religious denominations give us an example of commendable zeal and devotion in this kind of work. They have spread their literature broadcast with lavish hand throughout the country. They have speakers and advocates everywhere before the public, arousing the consciences of men, educating public opinion, constantly exposing to the public eye the hideousness of the drink evil, that all men may know its deformity as those know it who carefully investigate its secret workings and watch its blighting influence. We know that we enjoy special advantages as a Catholic organization—strengthened as we are to-day before the American public with the most generous endorsement of the Church—of exerting a far-reaching and peculiar influence for the elevation of the people from the slavery of drink and saloon control. Let us do all that lies in our power to do, and a rich harvest of blessings awaits us.

In dwelling particularly on the mischief the saloon is guilty of, in ensnaring the laboring man by its numerous devices, and thus inflicting cruel outrage on the poor, I do not wish to be understood as censuring Intemperance only among the laboring class and condemning only the drinking habits of the poor. I refer to the misery intoxicating drink inflicts upon the poor and the laboring class with special emphasis, for all my sympathies are with the poor; and I have the most profound pity for the laboring man and the laboring man's family, who never know the com-

forts of life, because intemperate habits consume the fruits of honest labor. Intemperance among the poor and the laboring class renders their lot in life hopeless and degraded, and entails on them misfortune and wretchedness that are unknown where sobriety and industry form sweet companionship with contentment and virtue.

Intemperance among the wealthier or better educated class is less excusable, and is, if possible, more detestable in the sight of Heaven, as it certainly deserves the deeper loathing of men. While their punishment in the life to come may be greater for talents wasted and opportunities abused, they are not so much objects of our sympathy here as are the masses of the people who are cheated out of the comforts and joys of life by the cruel curse of drink.

We must also try to do more effective work in organizing cadet societies, and thus train our Catholic boys in early life to hate and fear the drink curse, so that in their manhood it will fear their hostility, and the saloon-keepers may not be numbered among their constituents. Let the boys of to-day not know the taste of drink and the men of to-morrow will be industrious and sober.

"The work of woman is to govern her home." The work that woman can do in the cause is greater and more potent than many seem to know. She can, and should, make Total Abstinence popular in the home; and how can she make Total Abstinence popular if she herself be not a total abstainer? Let us, then, appeal to our Catholic women to form everywhere ladies' societies of total abstainers, and thus enter woman's protest against the most pitiless foe of woman's happiness and domestic peace.

Our sixteenth Convention meets under happy auspices. This great seat of learning and sanctuary of religion gives us hospitable welcome, such as never before in its long and splendid history has it given to any national organization of charity or benevolence. This grand University, in the front rank of the educational institutions of the country, has given the first practical lesson of total abstinence among our colleges, by forming total abstinence societies among its students, and has made it fashionable here to be a total abstainer and odious to advocate the personal liberty of riotous drinking. All honor, then, to this noble institution! It deserves the respect and homage of all friends of sobriety and orderly conduct.

We meet on hallowed ground. For half a century all the associations of this favored spot have been in the service of virtue and learning. The noble dust of America's greatest philosopher has rendered this spot more hallowed still.

May our meeting be characterized by wisdom and prudence! May Christian harmony dwell with our deliberations, and a true spirit of Catholic charity pervade all our actions!

Among the letters and telegrams of encouragement and regret at not being able to attend we have received the following:

BALTIMORE, June 24, 1886.

TO MR. PHILIP A. NOLAN.

DEAR SIR:—The Cardinal Archbishop of Baltimore bids me thank you for your invitation to be present at the Sixteenth Annual Convention of the C. T. A. U. of America. He regrets that his duties and engagements constrain him to decline this invitation. But he begs you to accept the reiterated profession of his interest in the work of the Union, and he most cordially bestows his blessing upon you and all your associates.

Very faithfully your servant in Xto,
A. A. CURTIS,
Secretary.

PHILADELPHIA, July 30, 1886.

PHILIP A. NOLAN, ESQ., SECRETARY OF C. T. A. U.

MY DEAR SIR:—I regret that it will not be in my power to attend the coming Convention of Temperance Societies. I need not say that I earnestly desire its entire success. On the occasion of the Convention the members of the various societies ought to renew their resolutions to advance the cause by every means in their power. The constitution of the organization should be carefully guarded, because the poison of one false principle may prove more dangerous than repeated acts of intemperance; and though such a

principle might appear to advance the cause for the present, it would prove its certain death in the future.

With true Catholic principles and prudent energetic action, the great cause of Temperance will be blessed by God and approved by all right-minded men. I have the honor to remain

Yours sincerely in Christ,

✠ P. J. RYAN,
Abp. of Philadelphia.

RICHMOND, VA., July 26, 1886.

DEAR FATHER CLEARY:—There are two things in regard to the Catholic Temperance Union which rejoice my heart: the great good work which you are doing, and the manly determined steadiness with which you keep at it. May the blessing of God multiply your zeal, and enrich it with ever-increasing results! The Union by its earnestness, its perseverance and its thoroughly Catholic spirit, has won for itself a high place in the esteem of the people, the clergy, and the hierarchy of the United States. They regard you as the leading representatives of a great moral principle, as the foremost workers in a great moral reform. Such a reputation is a great honor and a weighty responsibility. Prove yourselves worthy of it; strive to be in your work and in your spirit, fully up to the high level expected of you, and your Union will be crowned with honor, as a glory of the Church and a blessing to your generation.

With the prayer and the hope that all this may be fulfilled in you,

I am your ever faithful friend in Xto,

✠ JOHN J. KEANE,
Bp. of Richmond.

HALIFAX, N. S., July 9, 1886.

PHILIP A. NOLAN, ESQ., GEN. SEC'Y.

DEAR SIR:—I regret that I shall not be able to attend the Convention to be held at Notre Dame University, Indiana, on 4th and 5th of August next

I cordially bless your labors in the cause of Temperance, and pray that your deliberations may, under God, tend to the promotion of Total Abstinence.

I remain, dear Sir, Yours in Christ,

✠ C O'BRIEN,
Abp. of Halifax.

TORONTO, June 28, 1886.

The Archbishop of Toronto blesses with his whole heart the "Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America."

✠ JOHN JOSEPH LYNCH,
Abp. of Toronto.

BUFFALO, July 14, 1886.

P. A. NOLAN, ESQ., Gen. Secretary C. T. A. U.

DEAR SIR:—In reply to your kind invitation to the Convention of the C. T. A. Union of America, I beg to say, as I have already done to Rev. Father Walsh, C. S. C., that I will try to be present at Notre Dame on the 4th prox. Should any unforeseen circumstances interfere with my present purposes, your Convention may feel assured of my sincerest sympathy and co-operation in the good work of advancing and extending the holy cause of Temperance. I know of no society that I would rather see established in our churches and among our people, though I must say there is, perhaps, none which is more difficult to establish and maintain. Hoping for the best results from your coming Convention,

I am yours, etc.,

✠ W. RYAN,
Bp. of Buffalo.

BALTIMORE, MD., July 2, 1886.

GENTLEMEN:—Thanks for your invitation to attend the Sixteenth Annual Convention. Counsel I have none to give, except: Go on manfully and courageously in the great and good work, and may the Lord assist you with His most abundant blessing.

Your devoted in Xto,

✠ F. JANNSENS,
Bp. of Natchez.

TO THE SEC'Y OF THE C. T. A. U. OF AMERICA.

SIR:—I regret very much my inability to be present at your Sixteenth Annual Convention. My many official engagements make it an utter impossibility to think even of being

present; but I am heart and soul with you in the good work you are doing, and pray God to bless you and every member of your excellent Union, and make you even more potent than in the past to battle against Intemperance.

I remain, my dear sir, faithfully yours in J. C.,

✠ PETER MCINTYRE.

Bp. of Charlottetown.

P. E. I., Canada.

July 8, 1886.

CATHEDRAL, MOBILE, ALA., July 10, 1886.

MR. PHILIP NOLAN, Sec. C. T. A. U. of America.

DEAR SIR:—The C. T. A. U. of America has my prayers and good wishes for its success. May God bless and guide the deliberations of your Convention!

Sincerely in Christ,

✠ J. O'SULLIVAN,
Bp. of Mobile.

BISHOP'S HOUSE, LOUISVILLE, July 2, 1886.

PHILIP A. NOLAN, ESQ.,

Gen. Secretary C. T. A. Union, Philadelphia.

DEAR SIR:—The Right Reverend Bishop of Louisville directs me to acknowledge receipt of your invitation to attend the Sixteenth Annual Convention of the Union, and to express his regrets that his engagements will not permit him to attend.

I am very respectfully yours,
LOUIS G. DEPPEN,
Secretary.

LOS ANGELES, July 5, 1886.

MR. PHILIP A. NOLAN, GENERAL SECRETARY.

DEAR SIR —The invitation of the "Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America" to his Lordship Bishop Mora was received. I am sorry to say the Bishop will not be able to attend your Convention, having left for Europe a few days ago.

Allow me in his and my name to wish your Union success and prosperity. Having so many zealous priests with you, you cannot fail. The vice of intemperance is corrupting our modern society. May you be "the salt of the earth," and preserve so many thousands by your example and good counsels from temporal and eternal ruin!

I am very respectfully yours,
JOACHIM ADAM, V. G., and Administrator
of the dioceses of Monterey and Los Angeles.

Among the telegrams received were the following:

COLUMBUS, OHIO, Aug. 5, 1886

TO THE PRESIDENT OF THE CONVENTION OF THE C. T. A. U. OF AMERICA, NOTRE DAME, IND.

I hope your Convention will give new strength and courage to all who are striving to promote the gallant cause of Total Abstinence. Regretting my unavoidable absence, I send my heartiest greeting and blessing to you all. May God increase the number, membership, zeal and influence of Catholic Total Abstinence Societies!

JOHN A. WATTERSON,
Bishop of Columbus.

AMSTERDAM, N. Y., Aug. 6, 1886.

TO FATHER CLEARY, PRESIDENT C. T. A. UNION, NOTRE DAME, IND.

Please accept and convey to your Society the greetings and congratulations of the National Women's Christian Temperance Union.

FRANCES E. WILLARD.

Obituary.

We regret to record the death of Mr. E. P. Ryder, which took place at the Hospital of the Alexian Brothers in St. Louis, on the 18th ult., after a tedious illness. Says the *Ave Maria*: "It is consoling to think that such long-continued sufferings, so resignedly endured, must have shortened the term of his detention in that place of longing, the exquisite pains of which even the holiest have

known. He was a man of such good heart, so forgiving, so childlike in many ways, that the most exacting were always ready to condone his shortcomings,—surely the judgment of God was merciful. Mr. Ryder was the only son of the late Rev. Almanza S. Ryder, of Hubbardston, Mass., where he was born on the 30th of January, 1856. He became a Catholic some years after his father's death. Since 1870 he had been employed as a journalist in Boston, New York and St. Louis. His poems, which are much admired, were contributed principally to the *New York Sun* and the *Ave Maria*. He also wrote occasional sketches for the latter under the pseudonyme of Samuel H. Derby." Mr. Ryder will be remembered by many a former reader of the SCHOLASTIC through the occasional contributions with which he favored our little paper. May he rest in peace.

Local Items.

—The *tales* have been re-told.
 —Vacation is nearing the end.
 —No more until school begins.
 —Send for the illustrated number.
 —"Barney" has come to the front as a weather-prophet. Recent predictions have been verified with singular exactness.

—Among the welcome visitors during the week was the Rev. G. Andr , Professor of Dogma at St. Charles' Seminary, Baltimore.

—Very Rev. Father Corby, Miss.-Ap., has been at Notre Dame during the week in attendance at the General Chapter of the Order.

—The NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC of the 14th inst. contains a finely illustrated sketch of Notre Dame, past and present, which is worth preserving.—*South Bend Register*.

—The venerable Father Neyron, well known to so many visitors and friends of Notre Dame, was, a few days ago, seized with sudden illness, which for a time was very serious. We are happy to state that he is now convalescent.

—Notre Dame! Fair Notre Dame. Little Catholics who dwell in our cities, where they believe our faith has its grandest monuments, know what a Catholic Educational Institution really is. Seeing Notre Dame, one realizes what the great monasteries and educational establishments of Europe may be.—*I. C. B. U. Journal*.

—A brick building, two hundred feet in length, is now in process of construction between the gymnasium and College of Music, to be used as an armory, a bicycle and box-room, a drill hall, a Crescent Club Hall and a *Chambre a fumer* for the young men of the Senior department. One section of this building, fifty feet in length and forty five feet in width, will be completed and ready for use by Sept. 1st.

—Among the distinguished visitors who have honored the University during the vacation none have been more welcome than the daughters of the

late Daniel Carroll, of Luddington, Washington, D. C.—the Misses Rebecca and Jennie Carroll—who have been spending a few weeks at St. Mary's. To them the Director of the Historical Department is indebted for a bust of their illustrious relative, Archbishop Carroll, the first American Prelate. This bust was made during the lifetime of the Archbishop, and for years graced the mantel of Daniel Carroll's room.

—The Director of the Historical Department returns thanks to Rt. Rev. Bishop Keane, of Wheeling, Va., for a gold chain and pectoral cross used by his venerable predecessor, Rt. Rev. Bishop Whelan, first incumbent of the diocese; to Rev. J. C. Carrier, of St. Laurent, Montreal, for a collection of 180 copper coins, valued at 80 dollars; to Dr. Henry F. Brownson, of Detroit, for several hundred pamphlets and old numbers of the *Dublin Review*, *Le Correspondant* and *Revue Contemporaine*; to Rt. Rev. Mgr. Katzer, for the precious mitre used by Bishop Melchier, first Prelate of the See of Green Bay; to Col. Elmer Otis, U. S. A., for a sword carried in the Mexican war and the late civil war by his friend, General Sedgwick.

—The Kansas City boys carried off their share of the honors at the Notre Dame University. Masters Ferdinand Long, Don Latshaw, Frank Dexter, Ernest Goss, Charles Finlay, Frank Reilly, Albert and Theodore Williamson, John Leslie, Henry Long, Frank Soden returned from this institution of learning to their homes last week. Mr. Latshaw received a medal for Elocution, and Frank Dexter for the best English essay. Ferdinand Long took first prize in Drawing. Leslie, Goss and Albert Williamson also received medals. Frank Dexter received a medal for the second time for best deportment. Kansas City is never left in anything. It is a high honor to carry off the medals of this famous institution, and it is to be hoped that these young men, who will soon go out to fight the battles of life, will profit by the good example shown them, and that they will become useful members of society.—*Catholic Tribune*.

—On Monday, Aug. 2, the Feast of the *Portiuncula*, the little Chapel of Our Lady of the Angels at Notre Dame was thronged with pilgrims from early morning until sunset, all anxious to gain the extraordinary indulgence which is attached to each visit made to this chapel on that day. Beginning at five o'clock, Masses were said every half-hour until nine o'clock, when Solemn High Mass was sung by Rev. L. J. L'Etourneau. During this Mass an appropriate and affecting sermon was preached by Very Rev. Father General. In the evening, at five o'clock, a sermon was preached by Rev. J. M. Toohey, which was followed by solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. The indulgence with which this Chapel is privileged is that known as the Great Pardon, and may be gained on the fulfilment of the required conditions, as often as the visits are made, between the first Vespers of the 1st, and sunset on the 2d of August. This makes our little Chapel of the *Portiuncula* a precious and much-frequented spot each year.

Saint Mary's Academy.

One Mile West of Notre Dame University.

—The award of the onyx and pearl bracelets fell to Miss Sarah McHale, of Escanab, Mich.

—Mrs. Steele, of Lancaster, Ohio, has, with her daughter, been visiting her relatives at St. Mary's.

—A call from Col. Elmer Otis, U. S. A., early in July, is among the notable events of the vacation.

—The annual spiritual Retreat of the Community was preached by Rev. Father Corby, of Watertown, Wis.

—Miss Sabina Semmes, a former pupil of St. Mary's, has entered the Dominican convent of Nashville, Tenn.

—A very beautiful carpet, woven to order, was presented by Mrs. Nester, of Marquette, Mich., to the ladies' dining-room.

—Miss Ada Shephard, of Arlington, Nebraska, is entertaining her friends, Miss Kate Young, of New York City (Class '73), and Miss Marie Fuller, Marysville, Cal. (Class '87).

—Hon. P. T. Barry, Hon. John Gibbons, Mr. James Considine, Mr. G. Graham, Mrs. Byrnes, of Chicago, and Mrs. Hackett, of Watertown, Wisconsin, were among the visitors.

—Very few of the pupils have failed to write to their teachers at St. Mary's. All seem to be in excellent spirits, and most of them are looking forward to their return in September.

—The highly-esteemed and accomplished patrons of St. Mary's, Mrs. Hertzog and Mrs. Prudhomme, of Louisiana, accompanied their daughters on their return, about the last of July.

—Mr. James Sweeny and his wife (*née* Miss Sarah Cash), a former pupil of St. Mary's, also Mrs. Witskowsky (*née* Miss Andrus), also a former pupil, were at the Academy last month.

—From the Juniors of last year, most interesting letters have been received from the Misses Grace Regan, Sadie Campeau, Lottie Bragdon, Mabel Barry, T. Balch, Alice Schmauss, M. Mason, E. Martin, M. Smith and H. Stumer.

—The Misses Rebecca and Jane Carroll, of Washington, D. C., and Mrs. D. H. Fitzhugh, of Bay City, Mich., are the guests of St. Mary's. These ladies are lineal descendants of the noble Carroll family, so distinguished in the days of the American Revolution.

—An interesting memento of the "Alamo," San Antonio, Texas, was shown at St. Mary's this week: a skeleton poplar leaf, with the representation of the Franciscan convent and church; the last stronghold of the Texan republic; and the scene of the death of "Davy Crockett."

—Mrs. Duffield, of Austin, Texas, and Miss Jennie—a former pupil of St. Mary's—were recent visitors of St. Mary's. The family have been enjoying the delightful climate of Wisconsin during the month of July. The Misses Ada and Mary, who

were with them, have just returned to the Academy.

—The Misses Ada Alteraughe, of Windsor, Ont., Mary Oechtering, of Mishawaka, Ind., and Laura Poole, of Grand Rapids, Mich.—former pupils—have been guests of St. Mary's. Mrs. Alteraughe, the amiable mother of the first-named, paid her first visit to St. Mary's in company with her daughter.

—Among the clergymen visiting St. Mary's were the Rev. P. F. Dunne, Buffalo, N. Y.; Rev. Father Oechtering, Mishawaka, Ind.; Rev. F. Abott, New York City; Rev. A. Demers, C. S. C., New Orleans, La.; Rev. Thomas Ferron, O. M. L., University of Ottawa, Canada, and Rev. Thomas F. Mangan, Freeport, Ill.

—Sincere condolence is extended to the esteemed family of Miss Rose Wile, of Laporte (for a time a pupil of the Academy), in view of their late sad bereavement. Painful as are the circumstances attending her death, the inscrutable decrees of an all-wise Providence we must accept with resignation. May He be the consolation of the afflicted survivors!

—The sad intelligence of the death of Mrs. George T. Clark, New York City (*née* Miss Clemmie Plympton, of Mt. Vernon, O.), was received last month. The warmest sympathy is proffered to the bereaved, especially to Mrs. J. B. Beardsley (*née* Miss Lizzie Plympton, of Mt. Vernon), the sister of the deceased. The dear departed and her sister were graduates of Class '67.

—A valuable *souvenir* of the holy Curé of Ars was presented to the Academy by Miss Rebecca Carroll, of Washington City, who is now on a visit to St. Mary's, namely, a relic of the straw mat upon which the saintly Curé died. It is authentic and accompanied by a real photograph of the "Abbé Vianney." Miss Carroll is passing the summer with her elder sister, Miss Jane Carroll, at St. Mary's.

—The walls of the new church are going up rapidly. The graceful arches of the future windows already are rising above the bright green trees, the waving of their branches, strikingly reminding the beholder of the beautiful legend of the original Chapel of Loreto, in honor of which the new church is to be named. It is said by the pious historian of the Holy House that when it descended to its present position, about forty miles from Rome, that the laurels of the grove where the sacred edifice was deposited seemed to incline, as though in reverence to the Mystery of the Incarnation which took place within the sacred walls.

—Mother Mary of St. Angela, long known as one of the most efficient laborers in the Congregation of the Sisters of Holy Cross, has been appointed as Prefect of Studies in the Academy and has already been installed in her office. Her experience of many years in the institution—as from the first, directly or indirectly, she has been the prime mover of every enterprise connected with the establishment—will be of great advantage. Mother M. Lucretia, the late beloved incumbent of the office, has already assumed the responsible

position of Superior of the new mission of "Our Lady of the Rosary," an academy just opened at Woodland, California. May success attend both devoted laborers in the cause of God and Christian education!

—On the 4th inst., the Academy had the honor of entertaining the Delegates to the Convention of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union. On the following day the Junior Cadets of "St. Michael's Total Abstinence Union," of Philadelphia, executed their admirable drill on the lawn in front of the main buildings. Lunch in the large refectory was prepared for them, and partaken of after the parade. At the close a vote of thanks was given. To leave some tangible *souvenir* of so notable an occasion, the Rev. Father Hannigan, President of the Temperance Union of Philadelphia, took from his breast the gold medal of his office, presenting it, with the oldest axe of the Society, to the Academy Museum. An entire uniform of the Cadets was also given. The custodian of the Museum returns most respectful thanks. The visit is one long to be remembered.

—The most notable event of the year was the visit of the members of the great General Council of the Congregation of Holy Cross, who dined at the Academy on Thursday. The foreign visitors are as follows: Rt. Rev. Bishop Dufal, Procurator-General of the Congregation, Sta. Brigida, Rome; Rev. Father La Cointe, Rev. Father Francais; Brothers Gregoire, Leontian and Leonard, Ste.-Croix, Neuilly, Paris; Rev. Father Lefebvre, Rev. Father Louage and Brother Sosthene, of Canada. Father Francais is the Superior of Ste.-Croix, Paris, and is one of the most eloquent pulpit orators of the day. Under his prudent administration, the college has been able to stem the tide of opposition; and while most of the other institutions taught by religious were suppressed, Ste.-Croix has continued in active and successful operation. Rev. Father Louage is the Provincial of Canada, and Rev. Father Lefebvre is the Superior of Memramcook, New Brunswick.

—The time-honored festival of Corpus Christi, which brings its choice Benedictions of the Blessed Sacrament every morning and evening for eight successive days, threw a holy veil of mystic loveliness over the receding view of Commencement days. On Sunday within the Octave a beautiful procession was formed in the afternoon at five o'clock, starting from the convent chapel, proceeding from the southern doors around the charmingly-adorned grounds—Benediction being given at Mt. Carmel and in front of the Academy—the grand pageant terminating at the eastern doors of the convent, the final Benediction being in the chapel. Previous to leaving the chapel for the procession, an eloquent sermon was delivered by the Rev. President Walsh, of the University. The Blessed Sacrament was borne by Very Rev. Father General, assisted by the Rev. Fathers Walsh and Saulnier. The solemn and impressive chanting of Rev. Fathers L'Etourneau and Duhalde was responded to by the convent choir.

St. Mary's Academy.

St. Mary's Academy, under the direction of the Sisters of Holy Cross, now entering upon its thirty-second year, notwithstanding its renown as an educational establishment for young ladies according to the repeated declaration of strangers, is sure to more than realize the expectations of those who have listened to the praises, but who visit the place for the first time. One hundred and twenty acres, adorned with every advantage that nature and art can confer, are devoted to the purposes of the institution. The buildings of cream-colored brick are supplied with every means to promote the health, comfort and advancement of the pupils. The halls and apartments are spacious and well ventilated; the sleeping-rooms are bright, commodious and airy, heated, like every part of the Academy, with steam; bath-rooms, with hot and cold water, adjoining each. Every precaution against accident by fire is taken, and, to quote from the Catalogue, "in addition to the system of water-works in the interior—water from the river being driven to all parts of the building by iron pipes, with hose attachment on each floor—iron balconies and outside fire escapes have lately been erected on all the Academy buildings. These iron balconies are attached to each of the three stories with iron stairs, affording easy communication between the higher and lower balconies, and thence to the ground. The declaration of Mr. Sanborn, of the New York Insurance Company, before the erection of these balconies, that 'the Academy is the most completely provided against fire of any building on the Insurance list' is now more than ever verified."

The Academy is easy of access, being in close proximity to all the great railway thoroughfares of the Union. The Michigan Central passes by the grounds, the Michigan Southern & Lake Shore and the Vandalia being within a few moments' drive.

The physical well-being of young ladies confided to the care of the Sisters is scrupulously provided for, strict attention being paid to active exercise in the open air, healthful in-door amusement, regular hours and wholesome diet. But for fuller information on these points, as well as for a complete explanation of matters pertaining to the discipline, "Programme of Studies," "Conservatory of Music," and "School of Art and Design," the reader is referred to the Annual Catalogue.

It will be seen that while the great work of education, the drawing out and perfecting of the mental faculties, the strengthening, expanding and ennobling of the soul—while this is pursued with ardor at St. Mary's, the too-common mistake of overdoing study and neglecting the health, thereby defeating the end of education by undermining the physical constitution, is carefully guarded against. Light calisthenic exercises, cheerful recreations, agreeable conversations, conducted in the English, French and German languages, weekly parlor receptions, literary societies, etc., etc., serve to bring out the powers naturally.

List of the Delegates to the Sixteenth Annual
Convention of the C. T. A. U. of America,
Notre Dame, Aug. 4.

OFFICERS.

President, Rev. J. M. Cleary, Kenosha, Wis.; Vice-President, Rev. T. J. Conaty, Worcester, Mass.; Treasurer, Rev. J. D. Bowles, Fremont, O.; Secretary, Philip A. Nolan, Philadelphia.

Provincial Vice-Presidents: Cincinnati—Rev. F. C. Wiechman, Anderson, Ind.; Philadelphia—John A. Collier, Pittston, Pa.; Milwaukee—Rev. J. B. Cotter, Winona, Minn.

Subordinate Union Presidents: Boston—Jeremiah G. Fennessy; Illinois—Rev. John A. Fanning; Indiana—Rev. M. P. Fallize, C. S. C.; New Jersey—Rev. P. Corrigan; Ohio—Rev. J. D. Bowles; Pennsylvania—John A. Collier; Philadelphia—John H. Campbell; Springfield—Rev. P. J. Garrigan; Savannah—M. J. Dooner; Scranton—Daniel M. Campbell; Wisconsin—Rev. J. M. Cleary.

Delegates at Large: Boston—Jeremiah G. Fennessy; Chicago—Hugh J. Maguire, John O'Neil, Jas. J. Dillon; Connecticut—Capt. Thos. H. O'Brien; Illinois—Jas. Ford, Rev. J. A. Fanning; Indiana—Rev. F. C. Wiechman, Rt. Rev. Mgr. A. Bessonies, Rev. J. B. Kelly; Louisville—Rev. Hugh D. Rodman; New Jersey—Rev. P. Corrigan; New York—Rev. E. W. Hopper, C. S. P., R. Wilson; Ohio—Wm. A. Manning, M. Cleary, J. P. Maloney; Pennsylvania—John A. Collier, P. H. Mulvihill; Philadelphia—W. J. Power, Thos. P. Downey, E. J. Ruffner; Providence—T. F. Carroll; Savannah—M. J. Dooner, T. B. Catherwood; Scranton—R. P. Barrett, P. B. Connelly, E. J. Sweeney; Springfield—Rev. T. J. Conaty, Rev. P. J. Garrigan, John J. Leonard; St. Paul—Rev. T. J. Gibbons; Wisconsin—Rev. E. P. Lorigan, H. J. Desmond.

SOCIETY DELEGATES.

Baltimore—Sacred Thirst, Patrick A. McCall.
Boston—St. James's, Y. M.; Cathedral, Malden, St. Mary's, J. G. Fennessy.

Chicago—Y. M. Columbkille, W. A. Wallace; Immaculate Conception, J. P. O'Connor; Roman Cath., Wm. Kelly; C. Y. M., F. P. Meehan; Y. M. C., P. E. Hickey, Sacred Heart, J. McAuliffe; St. Anne's, Englewood, T. C. Kirwin.

Connecticut: New Haven—St. Aloysius, Capt. Thos. H. O'Brien.

Illinois: Ohio—Rev. J. A. Fanning; Ottawa, Father Mathew, Jas. Ford; Chicago—Holy Family, E. Halpin.

Indiana: South Bend—John Johnson, Frederick Farrell, Walter Harrigan, Rev. M. P. Fallize, C. S. C.; Notre Dame University—Juniors, Rev. M. J. Regan; Seniors, Rev. Thos. Walsh; Anderson—Rev. F. C. Wiechman; Indianapolis—St. Patrick's, Rt. Rev. Mgr. A. Bessonies; Peru—St. Patrick's, Rev. H. Meissner; Goshen—Father Mathew, Thos. Kennedy; Montgomery, St. Peter's, Glendale, and St. Patrick's, Rev. Chas. Curran.

New York: N. Y.—Transfiguration, Robert Wilson; St. Paul's Guild, Rev. E. W. Hopper.

New Orleans—St. Theresa, H. R. Giffney.

Louisville: New Haven—St. Catherine, R. A. Dawson.

Ohio: Fremont—St. Ann's Ladies, Morris Brown; St. Ann, Patrick Dore; Cleveland—St. Patrick, Jas. A. Kent; St. Malachi, Thos. J. Costello; Knights—Father Mathew, Wm. A. Manning; Tiffin—St. Mary's Ladies, St. Patrick's Adults, St. Patrick's, Cadets, C. J. M. Sullivan; Marion—St. Patrick, Geo. O'Donnell.

Pennsylvania: Scottdale—St. John's, Rev. M. A. Lambing; Alpsville—St. Patrick's, Rev. H. P. Connery; Pittston—Father Mathew, B. J. Conlan; St. John's Cadets, John F. Collier; Pittsburg—Rev. A. A. Lambing.

Philadelphia—Annunciation, Rev. W. P. Masterson; Assumption, Michael J. Burns; Cathedral, Dennis Koe-hane, C. J. O'Keeffe, J. Wash Louge, Jas. Daley, Dr. M. O'Hara, Jas. Shields; Mother of Sorrows, Rev. John T. Crowley; St. Agatha, Rev. C. J. Gallagher; St. Anne, Rev. David Egan, John O'Callaghan; St. Cecilia, Rev. H. P. McPhillamey; St. Charles Borromeo, T. M. Daley, M. F. Kearney; St. Edward's, Jos. J. Smith, John J. Moroney; St. Elizabeth, Rev. Thos. Quinn; St. Francis Xavier, John A. Roddy, Wm. McGintey; St. Bridget's, P. M. Dollard; St. James's, Rev. P. J. Garvey, D. D.; St. Mary's, Geo. A.

Brennan; St. Michael's, Wm. P. Ruhl, Thos. Green, Joseph McQuaid, M. M. Quinn; St. Paul's, Rev. R. F. Hannigan, James Hagan, John McCormick; St. Stephen's, D. B. Ruffner, Jr.; St. Thomas Aquinas, Alex. Pearce; St. Vincent de Paul, Rev. P. V. Byrne, C. M.; Phoenixville—St. Mary's, Thos. E. Mullin; Westchester—St. Agnes's, Wm. S. Bowen.

Providence—St. Michael's, John F. Bannan; Valley Falls—St. Patrick's, F. E. Fitzsimmons; Pautucket—St. Mary's, Robert Bellew.

Savannah—St. John Baptist, T. B. Catherwood; St. Patrick's, M. J. Dooner.

Scranton—Jas. F. Judge.

Springfield: Fitchburg—St. Bernard, Rev. P. J. Garrigan; Worcester—C. Y. M. L., Rev. T. J. Conaty; St. John's, Rev. J. J. McCoy, Father Mathew, P. J. Glavin; Springfield—John J. Leonard.

Wisconsin: Whitewater—St. Patrick's, Jas. F. Ryan; Kenosha—St. James's, J. H. Corcoran; Oshkosh—St. Peter's, Jas. Kane; Oconto—St. Joseph's, J. A. Don Levy.

DETACHED.

Montgomery: Ala.—St. Peter's, J. P. Simpson; Augusta, Ky.—St. Augustine, Rev. Wm. E. Gorey; Kalamazoo, Mich.—St. Joseph's, John McGoff; St. Anthony's Cadets, Chas. Blaney; Manistee, Mich.—Joseph V. P. Mukautz.

SPIRITUAL DIRECTORS.

Indiana—Very Rev. Mgr. A. Bessonies, Rev. M. P. Fallize, C. S. C., Rev. F. C. Wiechman, Rev. D. J. Hagerty, C. S. C., Rev. Fathers Snell, Kraeger, Kelly and Meissner, Rev. C. Curran, Rev. Thos. E. Walsh, C. S. C., Rev. M. J. Regan, C. S. C.

Ohio—Most Rev. W. H. Elder, D. D.; Rt. Rev. R. Gil-mour, D. D., Rev. J. D. Bowles.

Philadelphia—Revs. P. J. Garvey, W. P. Masterson, R. F. Hannigan, H. W. Philamey, Father Deagan, C. J. Gallagher, Father Crowley, P. V. Byrne, C. M., Thos. Quinn, J. J. Elcock.

Springfield—Revs. T. J. Conaty, P. J. Garrigan, John J. McCoy.

St. Paul—Revs. J. Shanley, J. B. Cotter, T. J. Gibbons.

Illinois—Rev. John A. Fanning.

Wisconsin—Revs. Jas. O'Malley, E. P. Lorigan, J. M. Cleary.

Pennsylvania—Revs. A. A. Lambing, M. A. Lambing, H. P. Connery.

New Jersey—Rev. P. Corrigan.

New York—Rev. E. W. Hopper, C. S. P.

DETACHED: Kalamazoo, Mich.—Rev. T. J. Ryan; Augusta, Ky.—Rev. W. E. Gorey.

SUMMARY.

	Del. at Large.	S. Directors	Societies.	Total.
Baltimore	0	0	1	1
Boston	4	0	19	23
Brooklyn	0	0	0	0
Chicago	3	0	16	19
Connecticut	3	0	25	28
Illinois	4	1	11	16
Indiana	4	18	27	49
Louisiana	0	0	1	1
Louisville	3	0	11	14
New Jersey	4	1	15	20
New York	3	11	28	32
Ohio	4	5	38	47
Pennsylvania	4	3	53	60
Philadelphia	4	29	109	142
Providence	3	0	17	20
Savannah	4	0	6	9
Scranton	4	0	70	74
Springfield	4	5	20	29
St. Paul	3	5	40	48
Wisconsin	4	3	20	27
Executive Council				4
Prov Vice-Presidents				3
St. Peter's, Montgomery, Ala.			1	1
St. Augustine's, Augusta, Ky.	1		1	2
St. Joseph's, Kalamazoo, Mich.,	1		1	2
St. Anthony's, Kalamazoo, Mich.,	1		1	2
Catholic, Manistee, Mich.			1	1
Total	62	74	532	675