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Southwell, Crashaw and Habington.

BY PROF. MAURICE F. EGAN, A. M.

(CONCLUSION.)

His description of Castara is the most exquisite passage in his greatest poem:

"Like the violet which alone  
Prosper in some happy shade,  
My Castara lives unknown,  
To no looser eye betrayed.  
For she's to herself untrue  
Who delights i'th' public view.

"Such is her beauty, as no arts  
Have enriched with borrowed grace;  
Her high birth no pride imparts,  
For she blushes in her place.  
Folly boasts a glorious blood:  
She is noblest being good.

"Cautious, she knew never yet  
What a wanton courtship meant;  
Nor speaks loud to boast her wit,  
In her silence eloquent.  
Of herself survey she takes,  
But 'tween men no difference makes.

"She obeys with speedy will  
Her grave parent's wise commands;  
And so innocent that ill  
She nor acts nor understands.  
Women's feet run still astray,  
If once to ill they know the way.

"She sails by that rock, the court,  
Where oft honour splits her mast;  
And retiredness thinks the port  
Where her fame may anchor cast.  
Virtue safely cannot sit,  
Where vice is enthron'd for wit.

"She holds that day's pleasure best  
When sin waits not on delight.  
Without mask, or ball, or feast,  
Sweetly spends a winter's night.

O'er that darkness, whence is thrust  
Prayer and sleep, oft governs lust.

"She her throne makes reason climb,  
While wild passions captive lie,  
And each, each article of time  
Her pure thoughts to heaven fly.  
*All her vows religious be,  
And her love she vows to me.*"

He was friendly with all the great literary men of the time. There is a tradition that he was not absent from those feasts of reason and flows of sack in which Johnson, Massinger, and the jolly crew of the famous old inns indulged; with him all things were enjoyed in moderation. Tranquil, serene, surrounded by his children and supported by a firm faith, of which "The Holy Man," the fourth part of "Castara," is an evidence, he ended a happy and peaceful life in 1654.

He had not been unaccustomed to the pomp of that court in which Charles I and Henrietta Maria reigned, in which Waller sang and Vandyke painted, and in his volume of poems (re-published by Arber in 1870) the most celebrated names of the epoch appear in dedications. His tragi-comedy of "The Queene of Arragon" was acted in 1640 at Whitehall. The favor of the court did not disturb him, nor did the Civil War draw him from his seclusion. He was not a man to act except under strong impulse, and it is probable that neither the Cavaliers nor the Roundheads wholly had his sympathy.

"Castara" is divided into four parts "The Mistress," "The Wife," "The Friend," and "The Holy Man." It speaks well for the unpoetical constancy of Habington that Castara as the wife is even more beloved than Castara the mistress. The muse did not say imperatively to him, as she did to a later and very different bard,\* "Poëte, prends ton luth." Indeed, one

\* De Musset, "Nuit de Mai."

cannot help suspecting that he often took up his lute because he had nothing else to do. From lack of perception Habington is often uneven. That perfect art that welds all parts into simplicity was unknown to him or to most of the Elizabethan poets. He startles the reader with vivid lines which are like the bright scarlet of the salt-marsh's bushes among the tawny hues of autumn. He cares little for the technical part of his art. His sonnet to "Castara in a Trance," although very fine, lacks the dignity of the sonnets of Milton, which he must have known. To those scornful critics who assert that the sonnet at its best is only fourteen jingling lines, it will be an interesting comparison with anyone of Dante's or with Wordsworth's "The World is Too Much with Us."

"Forsake me not too soon; Castara, stay,  
And as I break the prison of my clay  
I'll fill the canvas with my expiring breath,  
And sail with thee o'er the vast main of Death.  
Some cherubim thus, as we pass, shall play:  
'Go, happy twins of love!' The courteous sea  
Shall smooth her wrinkled brow; the winds shall sleep,  
Or only whisper music to the deep;  
Every ungentle rock shall melt away,  
The sirens sing to please, not to betray;  
The indulgent sky shall smile; each starry choir  
Contend which shall afford the brighter fire;  
While love, the pilot, steers his course so even,  
Ne'er to cast anchor till we reach to heaven."

This is a jingling sonnet; but it is not the sonnet's highest form. These striking lines, like most striking lines in his poetry, are too epigrammatic; nevertheless they are beautiful. He addressed roses in Castara's bosom:

"Then that which living gave you room  
Your glorious sepulchre shall be;  
There wants no marble for a tomb  
Whose breast has marble been to me."

In this stanza there is much melody and truth:

"They hear but when the mermaid sings.  
And only see the falling star,  
Who ever dare  
Affirm no woman chaste or fair."

His reverence for the Blessed Virgin, and, after her, for Castara, made him believe in the virtue of all women. Sensuousness, which is not lacking in his poems, never degenerated into sensuality. The boldest flight of his fancy is stayed by the influence of religion on a clean heart. He believed that

"Virtuous love is one sweet, endless fire."

To poets who thought otherwise, he said:

"You who are earth and cannot rise  
Above your sense,  
Boasting the envied wealth which lies  
Bright in your mistress' lips or eyes,  
Betray a pitied eloquence."

The exquisite lines,

"When I survey the bright celestial sphere,  
So rich with jewels hung that night  
Doth like an Ethiop bride appear,"

remind one of Shakspeare's

"Her beauty hung upon the cheek of night,  
Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear."

There is no greater similarity between these passages than between Wordsworth's

"Violet by a mossy stone,"

and Habington's

"Like a violet which alone  
Prosper in some happy shade."

But why blame poets for limning coincidences which nature makes? The poet who is truest to nature must often seem to plagiarize from those who have been true before him. Habington's worst faults are those of taste. They go no deeper. "Castara," as a whole, is a noble poem that deserves to live. Probably in no other poet's works—if we except Tennyson—has a higher, yet not superhuman, idea of womanhood been given. The most exceptional and beautiful characteristic of the three truly Catholic poets—Southwell, Habington, and Crashaw—is their spotless purity of word and thought. Faith and purity go hand-in-hand. If "Castara" were studied in this age it might almost make chastity fashionable among men. This virtue of Sir Galahad was not common in Habington's time, and it has always required much courage in a man of the world to proclaim that he possesses a quality which is generally regarded as the crowning attribute of womanhood. To this poet, who dared to dedicate, in a licentious age, his work to the woman who was to him as the Church of Christ, we owe honor; it was his Catholic faith and practice that made him so noble among the men of his time. Habington ought to be studied by all young Catholics. Americans have inherited his poems along with that language which was forced on the ancestors of some of us, but which is none the less our own. His faults of *technique*, so glaringly apparent in this day of almost perfect *technique* in poetry, offer lessons in themselves. No man can read "Castara" without feeling better and purer; and of how many poets can this be said? Since Pope taught the critics to place execution above conception Habington has found no place. It remains for the rising generation of young Catholics who read and think to give him a niche that will not be unworthy of the poet of that chaste love which was born from Christianity.

If Richard Crashaw, a poet who, by reason of his entire devotion to his faith and his absolute purity, belongs to this group, had written nothing except the finale of "The Flaming Heart," he would deserve more fame than at present distinguishes his name. "The Flaming Heart," marred as it is by those exasperating conceits which Crashaw never seemed tired of indulging in, is full of the intense fervor which the subject—"the picture of the seraphical St. Teresa, as she is usually expressed with seraphim beside her"—would naturally suggest to a religious and poetic mind. After what Mr. Simcox very justly calls "an atrocious and prolonged conceit,"\* this poem beautifully closes:

"O thou undaunted daughter of desires!  
By all thy dower of lights and fires;  
By all the eagle in thee, all the dove;  
By all thy lives and deaths of love;  
By thy large draughts of intellectual day.  
And by thy thirsts of love more large than they;  
By all thy brim-fill'd bowls of fierce desire,  
By thy last morning's draught of liquid fire,  
By the full kingdom of that final kiss  
That seized thy parting soul and sealed thee His;  
By all the heav'n thou hast in him,  
(Fair sister of the seraphim!)  
By all of him we have in thee,  
Leave nothing of myself in me.  
Let me so read thy life that I  
Unto all life of mine may die."

The mystical fire which lights this poem is a characteristic of all Crashaw's religious verses. "Intellectual day" is a favorite expression of his: "the brim-fill'd bowls of fierce desire" is one of those lowering conceits that occur so jarringly in Habington's poetry, and that are intolerably frequent in Crashaw. Born about 1615, he began to write at a time when a poem, lacking in quaint conceits was scarcely a poem and his verse, delicate, tender, original, and singularly fluent in diction, lost much strength from this circumstance and from his habit of diluting a thought or a line until all its force was lost. No poet since his time has been given so greatly to dilution and repetition, except Swinburne. In the famous "Wishes," written to a mythical mistress,

"Whoe'er she be,  
That not impossible she  
That shall command my heart and me,"

he plays with one idea, fantastically twisting it and repeating it until the reader grows weary.

In 1646, four years before his death, Richard Crashaw published "Steps to the Temple." Reading it, one may well exclaim, with Cowley:

\* *The English Poets.*

"Poet and saint to thee alone are given,  
The two most sacred names in earth and heaven!"

It glows with an impetuous devotion which is like the rush of a fiery chariot. It carries the soul upward, although an occasional earthly conceit clogs its ascending rush. And yet it is evident that the devotion of the poet was so genuine that he did not think of his mode of expression. He tore out the words that came nearest to him, in order to build a visible thought. Pope did not hesitate to borrow the finest passages in "Eloisa and Abelard" from Crashaw, and there are many lines in Crashaw's poems which unite the perfect finish of Pope to a spontaneity and poetic warmth which the "great classic" never attained.

Crashaw was born in an "intellectual day" tempered by a dim religious light. His father, like Habington's, was an author, a preacher in the Temple Church, London, near which the poet was born. He took his degree at Cambridge. He entered the Anglican Church as a minister. But his views were not orthodox; he was expelled from his living, and soon after he became a Catholic. From his poems it is plain that Crashaw was always a Catholic at heart. He entered the Church as one who, having lived in a half-forgotten place in dreams, enters it without surprise. Crashaw went to court, but gained no preferment. The "not impossible she" whose courtly opposites suggested the portrait never "materialized" herself. He became a priest, and died in 1650, canon of Loretto—an office which he obtained, it is said, through the influence of the exiled Queen Henrietta Maria. Crashaw's poems are better known than Habington's, though, with the exception of "Wishes," which, like Herrick's "To Daffodils," is quoted in almost every reader, and the lovely poem beginning,

"Lo! here a little volume but large book,  
(Fear it not, sweet,  
It is no hypocrite,)

Much larger in itself than in its look,"

they are read only in odd lines or striking couplets. Crashaw had the softened fire of Southwell with the placid sweetness of Habington. He possessed a wider range than either of them; the fact that he was at his best in paraphrases shows that he did not own the force and power which Habington had in less degree than Southwell, or that his fluency of diction and copiousness of imagery easily led him to ornament the work of others rather than to carve out his own. As he stands, any country—even that which boasts of a Shakspeare—may be proud to claim him. For the fame of our three Catholic poets

it is unfortunate that they wrote in the great shade of Shakspeare; but in the presence of great intellectual giants they are by no means dwarfs. Flawless as men, unique and genuine as poets, they cannot die as long as the world honors goodness and that divine spark which men call poetry. They were Catholic; true alike to their faith and their inspiration; faithful, and, being faithful, pure as poets or men are seldom pure.

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The Upper Geyser Basin.

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BY A. F. Z.

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Garden of the Geysers! It is good for us to be here! It is delightful to thus meet, in our common pleasure ground, citizens of this vast Republic drawn from all quarters by a common sympathy; it is a royal thing thus to repose on this broad veranda open and free as the South, in this ancient home of the divinities, this stupendous laboratory where nature adds her final touches to a maturing world; this blue crest of the continent above the clouds of the common earth fanned by the health-bearing gales of mid-heaven, and entertained by this mighty unrivalled tournament. How proudly leap forth those buoyant fountains like liberty from the deep dark prison of the earth exulting in their strength and beauty and magnificence sending up for a salutation to the sky their white soaring clouds; how joyfully rush their sparkling waters with the glee of infancy away to embrace the bright laughing streams fresh from the snow banks and flowery groves of the mountains and tripping with the dance and song of a mighty river in its youth!

And the kindly spirit of all who meet here, how grateful it is! Behold the hospitality and good cheer freely extended within, the cordial smile of those who serve attired in flowing white, blushes, and rich native blossoms; the gorgeous feast thus daintily set by fairy fingers to charm away desire! Of meats and fruits and all works of the confectioner's elaborate art what an array! Venison, unspeakable venison of fauns mountain-bred and nurtured by the cataract until yesterday, nipping buds and flowers innocently; turtledoves on toast, trout and brown savory duck gravy-clad, smoking heavenward as an incense offering, and every vegetable; Philadelphia creams dissolving sweetly that die away love-sick with the palate, and they, the unblamable, the scarlet strawberries of Montana, and candied cake almonds and the oil-

bearing nuts of Texas. And O the fruits and glory of vineyards and of many gardens; the purple plums from Oregon and rosy apples peeping out from Californian clusters; the golden oranges and pears and luscious bananas; the blushing, irresistible, downy peaches, half embraced by the wealth of Concord; and over there, behold him, the big beaming watermelon of Georgia! Ah! it is good for us to be here! Come now, kind minister from Warsaw, and thou father of thy daughter of Louisville, father well skilled in superior old rye, and thou, property-boomer and stern old man from Seattle, here's to the next President. Yea, health and benediction to him and to us. And thou, too, thrive, dude of the silver tongue from Omaha!

As we were slowly rising from this princely banquet, slowly retiring with a last parting glance at the bounty and grace of nature and of them that served, attired in flowing white and charms celestial, a shout of "Old Faithful!" rang through the house. Everyone rushed with the rush of students to the veranda—ladies and men of all ages, the geyser expert from Australia, young school-girls, preachers, whiskeymen, and a limping epicure of two hundred weight. There stood Old Faithful in a shining, verticle column one hundred and fifty feet high, its waters rising, steaming and waving like some gigantic Lombardy poplar of crystal silver foliage from which the south wind blew clouds and sparkling showers. How proud and free the jets leap up together side by side in a mass, hissing and steaming, and again return in a mighty torrent to the mound and running a hot seething flood down to the river! What vast white clouds burst from its sides and whirl away dissolving in the absorbent air! With what majestic ease it stands waving its lofty top and glorying in a strength that outmeasures the power of ten thousand horses! Long live Old Faithful, the venerable chief of geysers!

The central body of uprising water seems to be more than six feet across. If the wind be not too strong, the water returns in showers on every side, streaming down like the branches of a tall weeping-willow, thus making the column twenty feet in diameter. It requires something under five minutes to attain its highest altitude, the water rising by leaps higher and higher as if turned on gradually, and again an equal time to subside, the whole performance lasting fifteen minutes, after which the column sinks down into the tube out of sight, while the steam continues to well forth from the orifice. This fountain, therefore, stands at its highest little more than five minutes, but they are moments

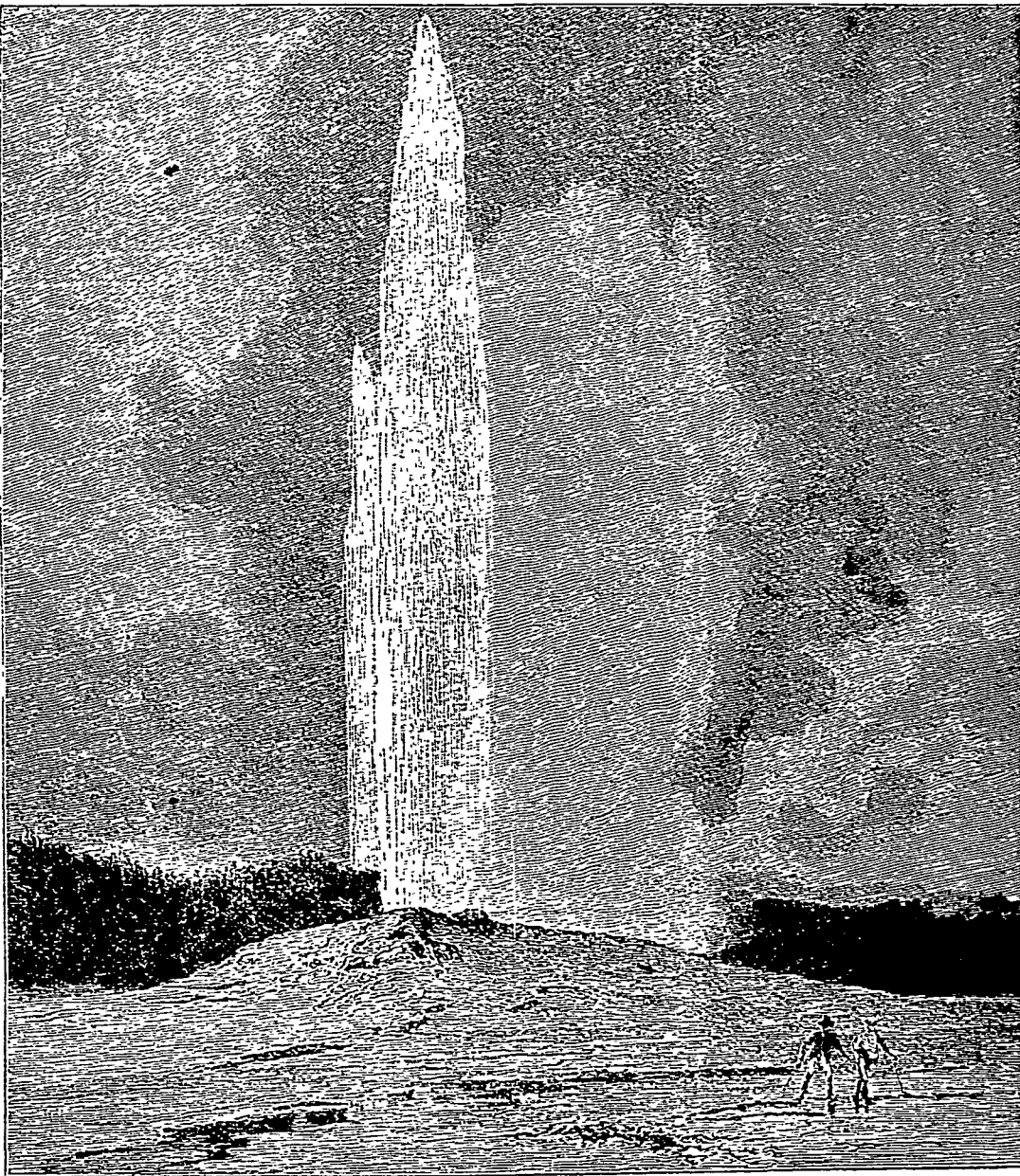
of supreme rapture that would repay a journey from the end of the world. The beauty, the splendor, and the power captivate and hold spell-bound every witness, young or old. Some cheer, some leap up and shout, some are hushed and overpowered by the scene. And this eruption occurs twenty-four times a day throughout the year.

No other fountain in the world is more worthy of the name than this, as no other plays with half the regularity. Once every hour from the beginning of history it has acted its part punc-

a white mound eight or ten feet high, somewhat steep near the top, but very broad at the base, and upon closer examination proves to be a silicious deposit made by the water at an exceedingly slow rate averaging, it is estimated, a few inches per year. The mouth which emits steam continually is of an irregular, oblong form, measuring two and a half feet, by four and a half. Standing over and looking down the tube, it appears very even and perfectly verticle as far as visible through the rising vapors, and the sides sparkle as if coated with a plaster of fine brown-

ish sand. If you stand to the windward side to avoid the hot steam, the monster seems very gentle but restless, frequently grumbling in a voice of thunder. These dull detonations seem to approach the surface of the earth toward the time of eruption, and resemble, though of deeper note, the racket made by steam advancing through cold pipes; due, no doubt, to sudden condensation.

From the mouth down the embankment a long way to the river flows a hidden channel which would escape notice but for a slight crevice running along its top. This ditch has bridged itself over throughout its entire length by gradual deposition. All about the mound, descending in successive terraces, are small, irregular cavities like little marble basins, fringed with silver, and filled with water whose temperature depends on the length of time since the last eruption. By feeling these, an expert may know how soon to



"OLD FAITHFUL" GEYSER IN ACTION.

tually, and promises so to continue for ages. Everyone has a kind of affection for Old Faithful, because he never makes false pretenses, never deceives, always keeps his promises; because he is grand, exquisitely handsome, and has every grace and perfection of an ideal geyser.

While awaiting a second performance, we devoted the time to an examination of this wonderful curiosity. From the hotel, a distance of one furlong, the embankment appears to be

expect the next display. The water is tasteless, exceedingly clear and odorless. It holds in solution a great quantity of silica, carbonate of lime and other mineral substances which are deposited in the most exquisite manner, thus building up the mound, embellishing it with gorgeous colors, and turning to stone whatever vegetable matter may chance to fall into it. We saw and collected in the channels of this geyser, as also in those of many others, pieces of wood petrified to the centre, and saw branches of cedar in all stages of tran-



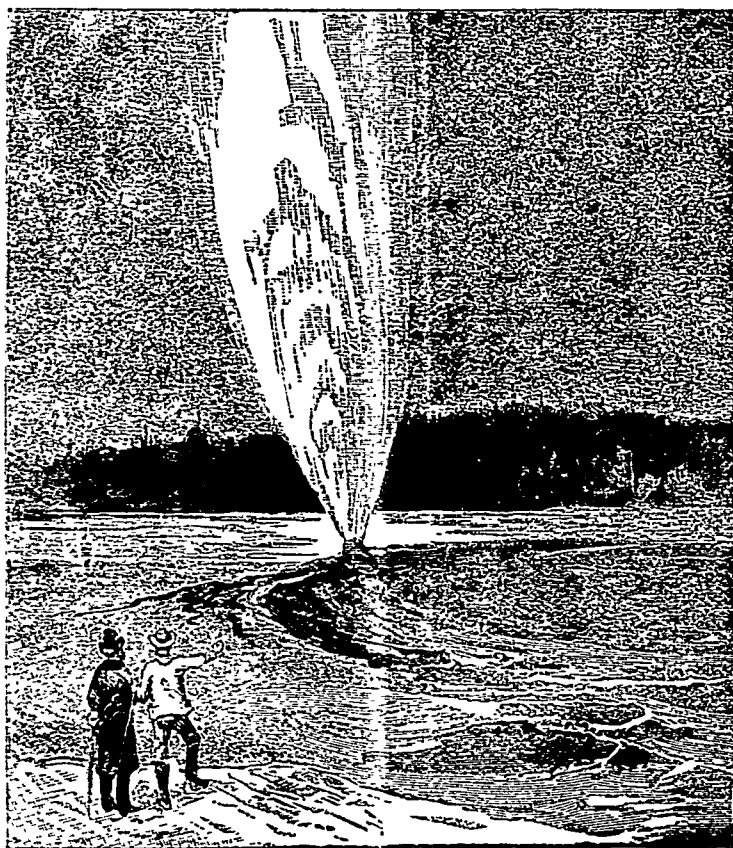
substantiation. All the upper part of the mound resembles a lobed mass of brain or spongiform coral of a dull white color, and of a crumbling friable nature. All the channels which convey the water away to the river are exceedingly smooth, enamelled, and highly colored like rich porcelain, but of such brilliancy as Persian or Moslem potter never dreamed. A richer and more resplendent pavement was never trodden by the foot of man. Every shade of white, pink, brown, saffron, cream and scarlet known to art are here found in profusion, and at all times sparkling and luminous with such freshness as adorn the first May blossoms or the downy wings of butterflies. Every channel and branch is glazed over with the hardest enamel of these glowing tints which far outshine the polished agate, or chalcedony, or the rich tiger eye of Southern Africa, for it is like a floor of alabaster or pearl inlaid with flowing amber and rubies. It is as if Apollo himself had come down with the fairest colors of dawn and imbedded them here in sunny, iridescent crystals.

All about the park extinct geysers appear more numerous than the active ones, some still steaming slightly, others entirely dead and overgrown. Near Old Faithful stands one whose cone emits fumes mingled with steam, and occasionally water. It is a very symmetrical conoid of white "glossy scurf," and recalls the one into which Milton's prospecting devils sunk a shaft for gold.

"There stood a hill not far whose grisly top  
Belched fire and rolling smoke; the rest entire  
Shone with a glossy scurf undoubted sign  
That in his womb was hid metallic ore  
The work of sulphur. Thither winged with speed  
A numerous brigade hastened; as when bands  
Of pioneers with spade and pickaxe armed  
Forerun the royal camp to trench a field  
Or cast a rampart."

A hundred yards to the north on the river bank is found the "Chinaman's Geyser." Some years ago, one of those irrepressible washermen had the rashness to locate here (a celestial tub in the infernal regions). And, indeed, the surroundings seemed most promising. Hot and cold water and "bluing" could be found on either

hand in boundless quantities, and always ready for use. Moreover, the atmosphere is at all times dry and cloudless with a "drying" sun above. No Chinaman on either side the globe was ever half so well equipped. But, alas! he knew not that soap is a violent explosive. In the ten thousand years of Chinese history no such thing had ever been intimated. One day, however, while this happy heathen was busy over his tub with a pile of clothes steeping in the hot blue waters beneath, an ominous sound smote his ear, an awful rumbling sound rolling up from the bowels of the earth more terrible than the distant thunders of a tornado, and he felt the earth was laboring in some dread paroxysm; but where, he knew not, nor how. Certain he was of some mighty



THE "BEEHIVE" GEYSER.

catastrophe rapidly approaching, and his heart grew sick with fear and longed for the peaceful land of his birth. Louder and louder grew the deep dread rumbling portentous as the earthquake tread and shook the upheaving earth till at his feet with hot volcanic fury the crater broke hurling the foundations of his little home skyward, and the terrified pagan through the air in swift summer-sets. Next he awoke from a long stupor, and, gazing up, among the dense rolling clouds beheld a return shower of shingles and pants and unpaid shirts and all his household wreck. Then he arose, and, surveying

the ruins with doleful webegone eye, exclaimed: "Ah! De tching me yere! Lo ti yo! Me no washee hee no mô. Too much helle hee fu me."

Soap has been used by strikers to cause priming in boilers, but this application of it is novel and hardly less malicious. If a geyser will not operate when you call on it, give it soap; throw a cake or two down its throat, and you will obtain the most frantic demonstration. The natural play bears no comparison with it; the earth fairly groans in agony and wrath: the poor geyser snorts like a warhorse, and writhes in deadly convulsions; spasm follows spasm in quick succession, until the land is flooded. It is said the Excelsior "played for Sheridan's benefit" though quiet for years before and after. The drivers say that it was a "rattling" display, and intimate that it was not altogether a natural one,

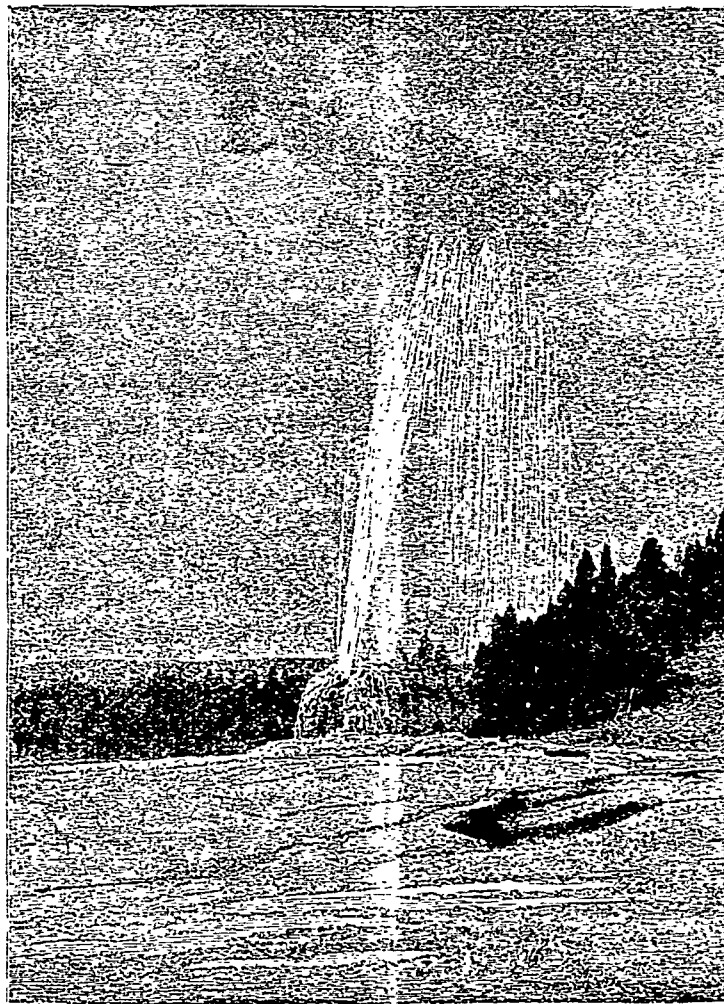
In other words, the performer seemed to be a bit affected.

Everyone who hears of this experiment is tempted to repeat it, especially as so many monsters lie all about inactive. Though holding the deed morally wrong, I must own we felt the temptation to it very strongly. As we stood peering down the mighty throats of the Castle, the Giantess, the Grand, whose prodigious power needs but a touch to set it off like a magazine, the temptation would become almost irresistible. Finally it seemed to have seized every man and woman of the party. Whenever in our rambles we came upon a spring or geyser with an exceptionally smooth, straight tube,

some one would remark what a fine nozzle it had, what a well proportioned orifice, what an excellent subject for the experiment! But in company with so many witnesses it was plainly impossible to perform the experiment without being discovered. At night, however, when everyone had retired from the field, the performance seemed feasible, and the two ministers made strong efforts to secure the necessary soap, but in vain. The soap about all the hotels is carefully looked after, and if taken from one's own room would lead to detection. They accordingly ransacked the laundry. They peeped into all the drawers, turned over all the tables, opened the stove and searched it internally and externally, scrutinized all the buckets and lye cans, but without success. They were fortunate in finding none, for a heavy penalty attaches to the experiment. The drugging of a geyser is frequently its death-stroke. It also breaks up and deforms the incrustation. Fortunately, a detachment of U. S. troops are always on guard to prevent any tampering with the park. They forbid the gathering of specimens, shooting game wantonly, and building fires too near the timber. The Government is still engaged in building roads and paths, placing sign-boards and names about the places of interest, surveying, making observations in meteorology, geology and the allied sciences,

We were among the hot springs all that afternoon until the moon arose, and the elk began to low in the neighboring forest. But no one grew weary of the strange sights, though some were excessively fatigued from walking. We traversed many miles and saw thousands of hot springs, yet all differed sufficiently to excite interest. As we had not, however, the fortune to see more than a few of the geysers operate, I will here insert the descriptions of some of the most noted ones written by reliable and eminent eye-witnesses. The Grand is thus described by Lieutenant Doane:

"Opposite camp on the other side of the river is a high ledge of stalagmite sloping from the base of the mountain down to the river. Numerous small knolls are scattered over its surface; the craters of boiling springs are from fifteen to twenty-five feet in diameter; some of these throw water to the height of three and four feet. On the summit of this bank of rock is the grand geyser of the world, a well in the strata, twenty by twenty-five feet in diametric measurements (the perceptible elevation of the rim being but a few inches), and when quiet having a visible depth of one hundred feet. The edge of the basin is bounded by a heavy fringe of rock, and stalagmite in solid layers is deposited by the overflowing waters. When an eruption is about to occur the basin gradually fills with boiling water to within a few feet of the surface, then suddenly, with heavy concussions, immense clouds of steam rise to the height of five hundred feet, and the whole great body of water, twenty by twenty-five feet, ascends in one gigantic column to the height of ninety feet; from the apex of this column, five great jets shoot up, radiating slightly from each other, to the unparal-



THE "LONE STAR" GEYSER.

leled altitude of two hundred and fifty feet from the ground. The earth trembles under the descending deluge from this vast fountain; a thousand hissing sounds are heard in the air; rainbows encircle the summits of the jets with a halo of celestial glory. The falling water ploughs up and bears away the shelly strata, and a seething flood pours down the slope and into the river. It is the grandest, most majestic, most terrible fountain in the world. After playing thus for twenty minutes, it gradually subsides, the water lowers into the crater out of sight, the steam ceases to escape, and all is quiet. This grand geyser played three times in the afternoon, but appears to be irregular in its periods, as we did not see it in eruption again while in the valley. Its waters are of a deep, ultramarine color, clear and beautiful. The waving to and fro of the gigantic fountain, in a bright sunlight, when its jets are at their highest, affords a spectacle of wonder of which any description can give but a feeble idea. Our

whole party were wild with enthusiasm; many declared it was 300 feet in height; but I have kept in the figures as set down above within the limits of absolute certainty."

The Beehive is thus briefly described by Mr. Langford:

"Just across the river stands a silicious cone, very symmetrical, slightly corrugated on its exterior surface, three feet in height and five in diameter at its base. Its surface is oval, with scalloped edges, and two feet by three in diameter. Not one of our company supposed that it was a geyser; and among so many wonders it had almost escaped notice. While we were at breakfast on the morning of our departure, a column of water, entirely filling the crater, shot from it, which by accurate triangular measurement we found to be 219 feet high. The stream did not deflect more than four or five degrees from a vertical line, and the eruption lasted eighteen minutes. We named it the Beehive."

The Beehive was soaped some months ago, and since then neither it, nor the Giantess adjoining, has been known to play. So goes the report, and I give it for what it is worth. It is possible that the violence of the eruption may have deranged their internal structure but this cannot be positively ascertained.

#### College Gossip.

—The Harvard freshmen defeated the Yale freshmen at Cambridge last Saturday. There was no game Thanksgiving day between the Yale and Harvard college teams. The latter backed out.

—They have a very handy school house in Barton district of Blaine County, Michigan. The roof is wrought in willow and sod, and whenever an urchin meanders from the broad path of virtue the teacher has only to reach up, extract a portion of the ceiling, and proceed to apply it to the person of the youth so meandering.

—When the abbey, seminary and college buildings of St. Meinrad's, Ind., were so completely ransacked by the flames a little more than a year ago, there was not, indeed, a great future before that institution. It was then thought the entire structure must be rebuilt from the very foundation. Several architects confirmed this opinion. Necessity, however, proved again to be the mother of invention. Work was soon begun to repair the old walls. Under the able management of the Rev. Beno Gerber, O. S. B., this work has been carried on so fast and successfully that the college department was ready for occupation at the beginning of the school year, and the seminary department will be ready probably, before next February.—*Catholic News*.

—The Catholic University has already assumed such a concrete shape that it is confidently announced that some colleges of the institution will be opened in November, 1889,

at which time the University will be declared, with appropriate ceremonies, to be veritably in existence. Actual work will begin at once. Fortunately for the future of the University, the local reasons which prevented the Most Rev. Archbishop Corrigan from hitherto taking an active part in matters concerning it have been removed. The spires of his magnificent Cathedral are finished, and the plans for his new seminary arranged. His first care is naturally for the great diocese immediately under his charge. Having neglected nothing in New York, he is now free to turn his attention to this monument of vast national importance. He has accepted the chairmanship of the committee on the divinity library.—*Ave Maria*.

—The Thanksgiving day game of football at Chicago between the University of Michigan and the Chicago University Club elevens resulted in a victory for the latter by a score of 26 to 4. The Chicago team represented the best players that could be collected from university men residing west of the Alleghanies and numbered among others Peters, Lamb and Crawford who were the best in their day at Yale. The Ann Arbor boys were strong, but they could not stand up before such men, and with a Chicago umpire against them they were badly worsted. They were greatly weakened in the first inning when Prettyman, their centre rusher and the mainstay of the rush line, was disqualified for slugging. Had it not been for adverse rulings the Michiganders would have done better, but they did not hope to succeed against the team they played. Duffy distinguished himself by fine work. Over four thousand people saw the game. Graduates of every college that boasts of a football course were present, and the rest of the audience was composed of the leading society people in Chicago. College colors were plentiful, and college yells of every description greeted the players' work. The proceeds of the game will be devoted to charity.

"HAVE YOU READ ROBERT —?"

"Have you read Robert —?" Stop!

In mercy spare me, just *this* time.

Ask if I've committed any crime

Since last we met—if all are well

At home—speak of the rainy spell,

Election frauds, Lord Sackville's woe—

"Progressive schemes," perhaps, but, O!

Pray hesitate ere you begin

The same old query that my kith and kin

Have uttered fifty times this year,

"Have you read Robert Elsmere?"

"Have I read Robert —?" Yes,

Thank Heaven! the deed is done!

At last I've read it, though it weighed a ton.

Now when a friend I chance to meet,

In church, theatre or upon the street,

I shall not rush into a store,

Or turn aside as oft before

Lest I should hear that everlasting same—

"Have you read Robert—what's his name?"

But bow and say with eager zest,

"I've read your Robert, and he needs a rest."

—*Boston Transcript*.



# NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

Published every Saturday during Term Time at N. D. University.

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office, Notre Dame, Ind.

**Notre Dame, December 8, 1888.**

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

Students should take it; parents should take it; and above all,

OLD STUDENTS SHOULD TAKE IT.

*Terms, \$1.50 per Annum. Postpaid.*

Address EDITOR NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC,  
Notre Dame, Indiana.

[Communicated.]

Life on the Frontier.

RICHARDSON, UTAH, OCT. 20.

It is doubtful if the world contains a stream more remarkable than the Colorado River. Nine hundred miles of mountain waters surging southward through lofty walls of living rock, its secrets are still its own. Many are the expeditions which have been organized among frontiersmen for its exploration, only to be given up upon more mature consideration. There are rumors of huge fish in its pools, of hidden gold in the cliffs that close it in, of sublime scenery and strange horrors to be found along its course. But the men who care to trust its dangerous current are few indeed. In 1860 or 1861 a survivor of the ill-fated Baker party from Colorado was, with others, prospecting near the junction of the Grand and the Green. Suddenly attacked by the Indians, he alone escaped into the cañon of the Colorado. There was no outlet except the river, and he made a raft which took him through to Calville, Arizona. His name was White, and he now lives at Las Animas, Bent County, Colo.

The broken and desolate country around the head of the Colorado formed a congenial haunt for refugees from justice. For many years renegade Indians and horse and cattle thieves found a region that was specially fitted for them. There was the mountain, rich in game, valleys in which stock could fatten the year round, and trails over which no sheriff's posse cared to follow them. At the time of Hayden's survey it was the home of Ute marauders. But its full history will never be known.

There are traces showing that the Aztecs once occupied the country; ruins, vessels and fragments of pottery belonging to this ancient race are found occasionally. An old Spanish trail exists, and Spain has left her language in a few names, such as the San Rafael, in Emery County.

Twenty miles above the head of the Colorado rises the Sierra La Sal, running north and south for twenty-five miles, a line of nine peaks, the highest of which is Mount Peel, 13,200 feet above sea level, while they average about 12,000 feet. On the east, the range is drained by the Dolores, on the west by the Grand River.

Paradox Valley, on the east of the mountain belongs to Colorado, the western valleys are all in Utah. There are four of these: Little Grand, Little Castle, Fisher and the Bijou or Richardson, as it has come to be called lately. The farthest south is the Little Grand. Little Castle has perhaps the finest scenery. Fisher is perhaps the best for general farming and the last named can, when put under ditch, show the best qualities for fruit culture, its soil and climate being much like those of Little Grand, while it is less exposed to cold winds from the mountain.

The first record of settlement was made by Brigham Young in 1849. He sent in a colony to Little Grand Valley to raise cotton for his community. They built a fort, which still stands below Moab on the Gibson ranch, but some of the colonists were killed by Indians, and two survivors were furnished with food by the savages and sent to Salt Lake to warn the prophet against sending any more settlers. These two men ascribed their own deliverance to a miracle, and told a strange story which effectually stopped any further emigration to Little Grand for years. The next Mormon colony formed the settlement of Moab about eight years ago, and proved the value of the country for fruit raising. Their orchards and vineyards are improving every year, and show a growth and productiveness that excite the horticulturist's enthusiasm. The place contains about 500 inhabitants, but does not show the enterprise which would be found in a much smaller Colorado village. Some of the better class are now endeavoring to bring about a change, with fair prospects of success.

Two or three years later a Gunnison county man named Fisher took up a ranch in Fisher, then called Onion Valley. He brought in a wagon, built a house and made a beginning at farming. That same season, the Southern Utes, returning from their fight with the cowboys in Castle Valley, passed his ranch in his absence and burned his cabin. The agent of the Manhattan cattle company jumped his land as a desert claim and told him to leave the country, so he retired discouraged. The Indians on that day killed either eight or twelve men—accounts varying as to the number. The Eskridge boys suspected them of stealing horses, and followed them up from near Durango with a force of cowboys. After a running fight the Indians turned on them in a deep defile at the head of Little Castle, where they could pick off the whites below them at their leisure. Mr. Bartlett, a resident of Moab, was in the fight and two of the Wilson boys, also Moabites, lie buried where they fell, near Lone Mountain.

Mr. John Tusher, a native of the famous old city of Liege, in Belgium, and a gentleman who speaks several European languages, soon after commenced farming in Little Castle Valley. While the Denver and Rio Grande Western was being built he loaded animals with barley and packed it out to the railroad, swimming the river on his way, but the solitude proved too tiresome for him. He afterwards washed gold with Mr. Aldrich, on the place at the mouth of Little Castle Creek, and finally sold out and returned to Moab to live.

"Doby" Brown next arrived, and located at the head of Castle Valley. His outfit consisted of a *burro* and two ponies. One of the ponies died and the other was no good to work, and he had to rely chiefly on his *burro*. He made a sort of plow, and scratched the ground in Mexican fashion. His crop turned out well, and his cabin became the headquarters for all strangers and cattle men throughout the country.

In 1884 Sylvester Richardson of Gunnison began to look around for a new location. He was one of Colorado's pioneers, having been a commissioner of Douglas County during the early days, when he kept cattle on the divide. At a later date he took up a claim where Gunnison now stands, and was identified with the growth of Western Colorado, so much so, indeed, that from being saluted as "the father of the town," etc., in its palmy days, in its collapse he was pleasingly referred to as a "crank" and a "crazy old fool." His judgment on Gunnison's resources, however, has been fully confirmed by that of such experts as Professor Chauvenet of the school of mines. Mr. Richardson's partner, Mr. Kezar, came to Cisco with his team, intending to wait there for Mr. Richardson to join him, when they would work their way down the river. There he died at Camp's place. His remains were taken by the Odd Fellows and interred at Grand Junction. The station of Kezar was named after him. Next spring, Mr. Richardson alone came in by Moab to look up a site for a Gunnison colony, and hired a guide, Robert McDonald, to help him explore the country. He found Messrs. Manville, Maloney and Martin working a mine on the La Sal, above Little Castle Valley, found "Doby's" cabin, and that was all. No roads, no houses, no settlers. After running a level for a ditch in this valley he returned to Gunnison. He found his business affairs had gone to ruin in his absence; and, for various reasons, the idea of a colony starting from Gunnison was given up. He took his team, secured the services of an old trapper, Mr. Harpole, and started out alone. In twelve days they reached Paradox Valley, but it took the two men and horses twenty-eight days more to reach the place where now stands the post office. Mr. Richardson left Gunnison on the 10th of October, 1885, and arrived at this place on the 20th of November, making a road as he came, and having to build a sled for his wagon at one point on the mountain.

In a few minutes he had a temporary home constructed by digging in the bank under a cottonwood tree, setting the wagon box on its side and drawing the wagon-cover over it, tent fashion. Meantime McDonald had been drowned in Grand River, a Grand Junction company had laid out a town, and Colonel Jacobs, Frank Young and C. C. Aldrich had staked off claims at the lower end of Little Castle Valley, and Mr. Adams, of the Dolores Cattle company, was planning the erection of a home. The same winter Mr. Stall arrived from Telluride, and became one of the settlers. The town company broke up, its agent going off with what funds were available, and the first winter was not a lively one. Next year Mr. Richardson raised a fair crop and made some improvements.

In the fall he brought in his wife who was the first white woman to enter the valley. Mr. Matt Martin brought his family down from the mountain, and one after another, settlers gathered, until a post office was a necessity. It was not until early in 1887 that it was established.

In the spring of 1887, Mrs. C. J. Elliott came with her husband to take charge at Mr. Adams' camp. She was an English lady, familiar with literary and artistic London, and her society proved a pleasant acquisition.

On the last day of December, 1886, F. A. Manville and Frank Stall brought down the first raft from Cisco for Mr. Adams. Later in the year a Mr. Osborne tried to bring his wife and goods down the river, intending to settle, but the boat capsized and the poor woman was drowned. October 25, 1887, Mr. H. B. Beach and wife, Mr. C. C. Aldrich and their two boys, and the brothers, Frank and Will Shafer, came from Cisco with a raft heavily loaded. The ladies came in a small boat, and were the first women to venture by that route. They went into camp for the winter, and in February Mr. Aldrich moved down the Grand six miles to his own claim, where he was joined by his brother-in-law, Mr. Royal A. Jacobs, of Grand Junction. Shortly after Mrs. Jacobs arrived with her daughter Miss Mabel and son Guy. Colonel Jacobs remained at Cisco. Colonel Jacobs was one of Colorado old-timers, having come to Central in 1860 with the Russell outfit, having once owned Estes Park and the larger part of Capitol Hill, Denver. Mr. Cole Aldrich belonged to one of the Colorado regiments which did such good service against the Texans during the war. His conversation when in the vein, is well worth recording, being full of anecdote and reminiscence in the style of the immortal Mark Twain. He has a fine ranch on which he can take out from \$2 to 25 a day in gold, when farming gets too slow for his taste.

The wealthiest class are the cattlemen. There are probably 8000 to 10,000 head on the range. The Taylors, a Utah family, and Mr. Allan's New York company own the larger part of these. The Blue Mountains, further south, may be called a great range, feeding about 100,000 head

of cattle. The leading cattlemen here have shown a very kindly spirit toward settlers and the usual troubles between them have so far been avoided.

The mail last year increased so fast as to overcrowd the carrying facilities of a special office, and in July the government opened a new route in *via* Cisco. Mr. Frank Stall is the contractor. He will shortly put on a regular pack train, going up on Fridays and returning on Saturdays to accommodate the increasing business.

In this short time a portion of Utah has been revolutionized by the work of a few brave men, who did not attempt any quarrel with the Mormons. Six new post offices have been established in the county; the elections are now controlled by Gentiles; the schools placed under Gentile supervision, and the place made accessible by travellers willing to face ordinary difficulties, while before this was practically a wilderness. Mormons have not in any way interfered with us. We have the Denver papers two days after they are mailed, and literature of the very best quality finds its way in every week. To make a catalogue of all the improvements would be to lengthen this letter unduly. The climate has restored many to health and others have much improved their circumstances. The general feeling is one of good-will and satisfaction, and what we have done is but little compared with what we can do now, with the first grave difficulties behind us. This is one man's contribution towards the solution of the "Utah problem," and there is room for plenty more to act on it. But one word as to settlers, and I shall close. The postmaster's list of letters of inquiry is a large one, and they come from all the states, people who wish to change their homes and who expect to find government land, schools, roads and churches all ready, waiting for their advent. There is no way to avoid hardships for a poor man, in any country, much less in a new one, but there is a way to turn those privations to account. There are no claims available adjoining the post office, but the right people can find a few locations in the county, and capital invested in ditches, can make gardens possible where sage-brush and grease-wood now struggle hard to live. Much I could write of the chances and adventures, the friendships and the pleasures, that accompany the trials of frontier life, but I must wait for that till another day.

A Colorado firm having a cash contract for a million and a half feet of lumber will put in a saw-mill this winter. This means work and sale for farm produce for the settlers. And it is only the beginning. M. M. R.

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#### Books and Periodicals.

—*The Art Amateur* for December is the finest number ever published of this excellent art magazine. Two charming colored plates are given—a woodland winter landscape with a man and

dog trudging homeward just as the sun has set, and "Hearts are Trumps," a dainty young woman in an evening dress of blue tulle, playing cards. The black-and-white designs include a beautiful female head for plaque decoration, a large and striking composition of "Shrikes and Blackberries," an admirable thistle design for a carved panel, an orchid decoration for a plate, a Royal Worcester vase decoration, a charming figure design—"The Music Lesson"—after Watteau, for tapestry painting, and fine embroidery designs for a cushion and a piano stool. Articles of especial interest are those on "A Model New York Home" (finely illustrated). Louis Quinze decoration, art work in jade, gifts in painted china and photographic Christmas cards. Flower painting, tapestry painting, Royal Worcester decoration and wood carving are among the practical topics particularly discussed. Amateur photography receives much attention, and the various editorial departments are vigorously maintained.

—*The Catholic Family Annual* for 1889 has come to hand. This publication is now in the twenty-first year of its existence, and the number before us sustains the reputation so well merited by its numerous predecessors. It contains a fund of valuable and interesting information. Besides the astronomical calculations and other information peculiar to yearly publications, there is also a useful little list of the Hierarchy of the United States. The literary part of the work is of a high order of merit. Mr. L. W. Reilly contributes an excellent sketch of the "Pope's Jubilee," this is followed by a beautiful poem entitled "The Bard's Story" from the pen of Maurice F. Egan. Other sketches and articles are; "John Rose Greene Hassard"; "Madame de la Rochefoucauld"; "Archbishop Alemany"; "General Sheridan"; "Scenes in the life of Thomas à Kempis"; "Archbishop Lamy, of Santa Fé"; "Archbishop Lynch"; "The Grande Chartreuse"; "The Omni Die of St. Anselm"; "Most Rev. Oliver Plunkett," etc., etc. The illustrations are numerous and excellent. The biographical sketches are all accompanied with good engravings of the subjects, while many beautiful scenes are well depicted in other cuts. The *Annual* is published by the Catholic Publication Society Co., of New York, and its many excellencies—not to speak of its low price (25 cents) bespeak for it a wide circulation throughout the country.

—*The Ave Maria* monthly part has a number of notable articles, among which are: "The New Office of the Rosary"; "Arnold of Brescia," by the Rev. Dr. Parsons; "St. Jude (Thaddeus)"; known as the apostle and patron of hopeless cases, and "Precious Relics preserved at Toulouse." Miss Sadlier's sketch of "The Dollards" is a thrilling episode of Canadian history, which is being much talked about; "Notre Dame des Anges," by George Prospero, recounts the history of one of the most famous of Our Lady's

Shrines in France; "A Soldier-Prelate," by L. W. Reilly, is a brief biography of the celebrated war minister, Mgr. de Mérode, so greatly beloved by Pius IX, and so "terribly missed" by Leo XIII; "Cecil's Fortune," by Christian Reid, is continued, and grows more and more entertaining as the plot unfolds. With these is included an excellent selection of short articles—essays, sketches, the usual "Notes and Remarks," book notices, etc. The poetry of the number is by Attie O'Brien, the Rev. Matthew Russell, S. J., Charles Warren Stoddard, William D. Kelly, and other well known writers. In "Readings from Remembered Books" we have the beautiful "Story of Assunta," from Ruskin's "Roadside Songs of Tuscany"; a forcible passage from the works of Dr. Brownson on "The Devotion of Catholics to Mary," and an extract from that quaint old volume "Purgatory Surveyed." Nor has the editor failed to provide for his younger readers. This department of the magazine has the concluding chapters of a bright, stimulating story from the pen of Maurice F. Egan, and two other completed stories entitled "Whiter than Snow" and "Pollie's Five Dollars," both of which can be cordially recommended for plan and attractiveness of treatment. The shorter articles, of which there is a number, are equally well suited to youthful readers. This monthly part of *The Ave Maria* is of special interest, eminently readable throughout.

#### Personal.

—James P. Cosgrove (Prep.), '88, is employed in the extensive Printing House of Allen, Lane & Scott, Philadelphia. James was one of the bright typos of the SCHOLASTIC.

—Very Rev. Father Provincial Corby commenced on Monday last a mission at St. Bridget's Church, Indianapolis. He is assisted by Rev. A. Morrissey, Director of Studies in the University.

—Rev. J. Duggan, Rector of St. Pius' Church, Baltimore, Md., was among the visitors to the College during the week. The reverend gentleman was returning East after having taken part in the installation of the new Bishop of Detroit, the Rt. Rev. Dr. Foley.

—Bishop Dwenger, of Fort Wayne, and his Secretary, Father John F. Lang, arrived in Rome October 30, and took up their residence at the American College. There also is his Grace, Archbishop Patrick Riordan, of San Francisco. This college is once again filled with students in the places of those who, after ordination to the priesthood, returned home.

—The report was received last week of the death at Paris of Miss Kathleen O'Meara, a shining light in the literary world, and a long-time friend of Notre Dame. The *Ave Maria*, to which she had long been a favorite contributor, says:

"It will be a sincere regret to Miss Kathleen O'Meara's

many admirers in this country, and a painful shock to numerous friends, to learn that her death is reported from Paris. She was a woman of rare amiability, great talent, and exemplary Christian life. She was widely known, and among her friends were some of the most distinguished men and women of our time. Her *salon* in Paris was a centre of talent and refinement one of the most noted in the city. Miss O'Meara was of Irish birth and parentage. Dr. O'Meara, who was with Napoleon I at Helena, and wrote a celebrated volume of "Memoirs," was her great-uncle. Her mother, early left a widow, made her home in Paris, where Kathleen and a younger sister were educated, and have since resided. Miss O'Meara passed the summer of 1886 in this country, making friends wherever she went. Her venerable mother died only a few months ago, sincerely regretted by all who knew her, and deeply mourned by her beloved children.

"Miss O'Meara's first writings, as our readers will remember, were published under the pseudonym of "Grace Ramsay." Among her many books perhaps the best known are "The Battle of Connemara" and "Queen by Right Divine" (first published in *The Ave Maria*), the "Life of Frederic Ozanam," "Narka," "Bells of the Sanctuary," "Life of Bishop Grant," "Iza's Story," "Mabel Stanhope," and "Madame Mohl and her Salon." The pure, high tone of her writings will always preserve her memory from oblivion. Never was a life more constantly devoted to the interest of the Faith. Her last literary work was a sketch of the Curé d'Ars, which will form one of the features of our next volume. It is only one of many beautiful lives which Miss O'Meara's gifted pen has made known to English readers through these pages. Her works of fiction as well as her religious writings all tended to the same end—the good of others and the winning for herself of an immortal crown, which those left to deplore her loss will pray she may speedily possess."

#### Local Items.

—N. D. U.

—Football!

—'Rah for our boys!

—Sorin Hall next week.

—The spirit of singularity is the beginning of heresy.

—*Soirée* Saturday evening in the reception parlor of the main building.

—The members of the Glee Club fed upon the toothsome turkey Saturday evening.

—The improvements in the Lemonnier Library will give it capacity for about ten thousand more volumes.

—The Albion football team did not come, as was expected. They backed out at the last moment, alleging that it was "impossible to come." The boys will have to wait for a chance at them next spring.

—The SCHOLASTIC goes to press and is mailed on Friday this week, though dated Saturday the 8th. Saturday is the festival of the Immaculate Conception, the patronal festival of the United States, and a holiday of obligation.

—In the hurry incidental to the preparation of last week's number, the "Symposium" was allowed to appear without proper revision of the "proofs." A number of errors passed unnoticed, for which we offer our apologies to the Class.



—The Executive Committee of the Total Separation Society desires us to announce that there will be a meeting in the gym. this evening. As this may be the last gathering before the holidays, a full attendance is desired.

—What's the matter with this for a college cheer:

"'Rah, 'Rah, 'Rah!  
Hoo 'rah, hoo!  
'Rah, 'Rah, 'Rah!  
N. D. U.!"

—W. W. Harless and G. W. De Haven, formerly of Notre Dame, late of Ann Arbor, were visitors at the University last Saturday. They came down from Chicago to see the football game with Albion, but were disappointed, as Albion failed to put in an appearance.

—RANDOM RHYMES:

"There was an old man in Kamtchatka  
Who had a remarkably fat cur  
His gate and his waddle  
Were both quite a model  
For all the fat dogs in Kamtchatka."

—A silken pennant will be given for a competitive drill between Companies "A," "B," and "C," Hoynes' Light Guards, next spring. The drill of last year, in which Company "B" was successful, was one of the most exciting events of the year, and attracted an immense audience to the drilling ground. We trust that the members of the organizations will work hard from now till the time of the contest, for, the company that wins the pennant will win it on its merits. Rev. President Walsh has the thanks of the "Guards" for the kindly interest manifested in the presentation of the trophy.

—FOOTBALL:—The football game between the Harvard school eleven of Chicago, champions of Illinois, and the University team was won by the latter by a score of 20 to 0. The visitors were active and played well, but could do no effective work on account of the heavy rush line of our men. Donnelly was the best player on the visiting team, while Fehr played a strong game for Notre Dame. The boys scored on three touch-downs, two goal kicks and two safety touch-downs. A more extended notice of the game will be given next week. In the meantime, three cheers for our Rugby team!

—Thursday being the name day of Rev. N. J. Stöffel, the esteemed Professor of Greek, some of his old students and members of the Hellenists' Society surprised him in the evening, and invited him to a turkey lunch gotten up in honor of his feast day. When the inner man had been refreshed and a befitting sacrifice, in accordance with the Grecian custom had been made, an adjournment was had to Father Stoffel's apartments, where the remainder of the evening was spent in the discussion of choice cigars and social topics. In the course of the evening, the boys presented Father Stoffel with a handsome souvenir as a slight token of their esteem. The reverend Father was agreeably surprised, and

thanked the boys kindly for their remembrance of him. And when the meeting broke up it was voted a most happy evening.

—The Temperance Society held its regular meeting Sunday, December 2. The president being absent Rev. President Walsh, the Director, presided. The debate, "Resolved, that Intemperance is a greater evil to humanity than war, famine and pestilence," was ably led on the affirmative side by Mr. J. Burns who made many beautiful illustrations of the drunkard and his vices. His followers were Messrs. Larkin, Brewer, Gallagher and Chacon. The negative side was led by Mr. Morrison who made an excellent argument. He was followed by Larkin, W. Toner and others. The debate was decided in favor of the affirmative. Messrs. Gallagher, Toner and Brewer were appointed to make short addresses at the next meeting. Prof. J. G. Ewing will address this meeting, and a full attendance is expected.

—LAW DEPARTMENT:—The case of Brownfield *vs.* the city of South Bend was tried before Judge Hoynes in the University Moot-court last Saturday evening, and resulted in a verdict for the defendant, represented by Messrs. Brewer and Pope. The attorneys for the plaintiff were Messrs. Brady and F. Long. This was a case in tort.—The department will occupy their new quarters in Sorin Hall ere long, where lecture rooms can be had free from disturbances by outside classes.—At the regular weekly meeting of the Law Society last Wednesday evening, the following question was discussed: "Resolved, that the President, Vice-President and Senators of the United States should be elected by a direct vote of the people." The debaters for the affirmative were: Messrs. Hummer, McNally and Hermann; for the negative, Messrs. Craig, Gallagher and Tiernan. The debate was decided in favor of the negative. The question for next Wednesday night is: "Resolved that the policy of annexation as applied to neighboring states is judicious and productive of the best interests of the country." The leaders of the debate are Messrs. Brewer and Pope, the other disputants are: Messrs. O'Donnell, McWilliams, Cassidy and Tarrant.—The case on the docket in the Moot-court this evening is that of Sands *vs.* the L. S. & M. S. RR. Co., which is also a case in tort. Attorneys for the plaintiff are: Messrs. O'Donnell and Tiernan; for the defense, Messrs. Smith and Chacon.—At its last meeting a new constitution and by-laws were adopted by the Society. The committee that formulated the document was composed of Messrs. Brady, Nester and Long.—The Law Society has an admirable habit of discussing live and interesting topics.—Several of the debaters appeared for the first time Wednesday evening and did quite well.—A special apartment in Sorin Hall will be utilized for the library.—The afternoon class has finished Pleadings and taken up Corporations.

—An entertainment by the Euglossians and Philharmonics will be given in the parlor of the University this (Saturday) evening, December 8, complimentary to the members of the literary societies. The following is the

## PROGRAMME.

- Piano Solo—"Polka de la Reine".....*Raff*  
J. Reinhard.  
Vocal Quartette—"Dancing o'er the Waves,"  
Messrs. F. Jewett, W. Roberts, R. Sullivan, W. Lahey.  
Declamation—"Curfew Shall not Ring To-night,"  
J. McIntosh.  
Selection.....L. Monarch  
Vocal Solo—"The Broken Pitcher".....C. Ramsey  
Declamation—"The Moor's Revenge".....J. Toner  
Piano Solo—"Valse Brillante".....*Lysburg*  
J. W. Meagher.  
Declamation—"The Parting of Marmion and  
Douglas".....E. Berry  
Vocal Duet—"Larboard Watch"....Messrs. H.  
Smith and H. Greeneman.  
Recitation—"Tell on his Native Heath".....J. Sullivan  
Piano—"Dauntless Polka de Salon".....*Kunkel*  
G. McAlister.  
Declamation—"The Raven".....D. Brewer

## Roll of Honor.

[The following list includes the names of those students whose conduct during the past week has given entire satisfaction to the Faculty.]

## SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Messrs. Akin, Amador, Adams, Alvarez, Ahlrichs, Burns,\* Bretz, Burger, Barnes, F. Brown, Brewer, H. Brannick, Barrett, Bronson, Beckman, Blackman, Crabb, Cassidy, Crooker, Cooney, S. Campbell, Chacon, Jos. Cusack, Cavanagh, Jno. Cusack, T. Coady, P. Coady, E. Coady, Chute, Darroch, Draper, Dacey, Dore, Delaney, Eyanson, J. Fleming, Finckh, Fehr, Franklin, Grange, Goebel, Jno. Giblin, Gallardo, F. Galen, Garfias, Gallagher, Hepburn, Healy, Hayes, W. Hackett, Hermann, M. Howard, Hempler, Hoover, Hill, Hummer, E. Howard, Henderson, Karasynski, Knight, Kenny, Kohlmann, Lane, Lahey, Lesner, Léonard, F. Long, L. Long, E. Larkin, W. Larkn, G. Long, Landgraff, McNally, Murphy, H. McAlister, G. McAlister, Morton, McAuliff, J. McCarthy, McGinnity, V. Morrison, J. Meagher, McCune, W. Meagher, K. Newton, Nations, A. Nicholl, O'Flaherty, W. O'Brien, O'Shea, Paquette, Prichard, Pollock, Robinson, Reynolds, Reedy, Richardson, Rothert, Stewart, Schmitz, Stanfield, Springer, J. B. Sullivan, H. Smith, Toner, Woods, Wade, Wynn, Watson, C. Youngermann, F. Youngermann, Zinn, Zeitler, Zeller.

## JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Masters Adelsperger, W. Allen, Ayer, Aarons, Adams, Bombeck, Bates, Beaudry, Brady, Blumenthal, Boyd, Bradley, Bailey, Baltes, Bearinger, Brown, Bryan, S. Cleary, Cunningham, Crandall, F. Connors, J. Connors, Ciaroschi, Covert, Case, J. Connolly, G. Connolly, Chacon, Collins, Cauthorn, Chute, N. Davis, E. Du Brul, Dunn, D'Arcy, Dempsey, Daniels, Dinkel, Darroch, Elder, Flannigan, T. Falvey, S. Fleming, P. Fleming, C. Fleming, Frei, Foley, Greene, Galland, J. Healy, Heller, Hesse, Howard, Hinkley, Hoerr, Halthusen, Hughes, Hanrahan, Hague, Houlihan, Heard, Hennessy, Hammond, Ibold, Irwin Johnson, Jewett, Krembs, King, A. Kutsche, W. Kutsche, Kellner, Kearns, Lenhoff, Moncada, Mahon, Maher, Maurus, Monarch, Malone, Morrison, J. Mooney, C. Mooney, Merz, McCarthy, J. McIntosh, L. McIntosh, McIvers, McMahon, McGrath, McDonough, McCartney, F. Neef, A. Neef, O'Neill, O'Mara, G. O'Brian, O'Donnell, P. O'Brian, Peters, Populorum, Pecheux, F. Peck, J. Peck, Palmer, Paquette, Powers, Quinlan, E. Roth, I. Rose, Reinhard, Riedinger, Rowsey, Ramsey, C. Schillo, F. Schillo, Sheehan, Sutter, Schultze, Sullivan, Spalding, Shear, L. Scherrer, C. Scherrer, Smith, Talbot, Toolen, Tetard, J. Walsh, A. Welch, Weitzel, B. Wile, Wood, Willien, Wilbanks, Young.

## MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Masters Ackerman, Bates, Blake, Barbour, Ball, Bruel, T. Burns, J. Burns, E. Bryan, Bearinger, Brown, Connolly, W. Creedon, F. Creedon, W. Crawford, A. Crawford, W. Connor, Cohn, C. Connor, Crandall, Crane, Cudahy, L. Downing, Durand, Duquesne, Dunn, Jas. Dungan, Dorsey, J. Dempsey, F. Dempsey, Dench, E. Elkin, M. Elkin, G. Evers, F. Evers, C. Franche, Finnerty, E. Falvey, Foster, Fanning, Grant, Greene, Goodwillie, Gregg, Girardin, Goodman, Hendry, Hagus, Hamilton, Hinds, Hedenbergh, Heckler, Johns, Jonquet, Kane, C. Kroolman, Kirk, Kaye, Koester, Kehoe, Lansing, Levi, Londoner, Lonergan, J. Marre, A. Marre, Maternes, Marx, Minor, McPhee, Mattas, C. McDonnell, F. McDonnell, McDonald, Mooney, Montague, Mayer, McCarthy, Miller, Marre, McLeod, W. Nichols, C. Nichols, Neenan, Oppenheimer, Plautz, Parker, Pierce, L. Paul, C. Paul, Ricksecker, Rea, Seerey, Scidensticker, Stone, Stephens, Steineman, Toolen, Trujillo, Thornton, Witkowsky, F. Webb, R. Webb, Wever, Washburne, Wilcox.

\* Omitted by mistake for two weeks.

## Class Honors.

[In the following list may be found the names of those students who have given entire satisfaction in all their classes during the month past.]

## COLLEGIATE COURSE.

C. Paquette, H. Wise, C. Burger, J. Mackey, M. Reynolds, M. Dore, W. O'Brien, J. Delaney, A. Finckh, J. Nations, W. Roberts, A. Leonard, H. Brelsford, T. Goebel, C. Cavanagh, H. Jewett, E. Kehoe, M. Howard, E. Hoover, Jos. Cusack, R. Newton, V. Morrison, W. Larkin, E. Larkin, W. Morrison, J. W. Meagher, J. Meagher, H. Brannick, D. Barrett, F. Carney, P. Burke, B. Hughes, F. Jewett, D. Cartier, F. Fehr, W. Akin, D. Dwyer, S. Hummer, E. Chacon, D. Brewer, W. Tiernan, H. Smith, F. Nester, F. Neef, E. Berry, J. Reinhard, J. Brady, E. Adelsperger, H. Pecheux, W. McPhee, L. Scherrer, H. Cauthorn, T. Wilbanks.

## List of Excellence.

[The students mentioned in this list are those who have been the best in the classes of the courses named—according to the competitions which are held monthly.]

## COLLEGIATE COURSE.

*Moral Philosophy*—T. Goebel, J. Meagher, P. Burke; *Logic*—S. Hummer; *Latin*—T. Goebel, E. Adelsperger, H. Brelsford, J. W. Meagher; *Literary Criticism*—H. Holden, J. B. Meagher, E. Adelsperger; *English Literature*—F. Pope, H. Brelsford, C. Cavanagh, D. Tewksbury; *Rhetoric*—F. Neef, D. Brewer; *Composition*—L. Hackett, J. Hermann; *Descriptive Geometry*—V. Morrison; *Analytical Mechanics*—V. Morrison; *General Geometry and Calculus*—M. Dore; *Trigonometry*—J. W. Meagher; *Geometry*—H. Pecheux, E. Hoover, J. Flynn, H. Wise, J. Brady; *Algebra*—M. Dore; *Botany*—P. Burke, F. Jewett, J. W. Meagher; *Physiology*—J. Brady, H. Wise, O. Ibold, C. Cavanagh; *Mineralogy*—M. Reynolds; *Metallurgy*—L. Scherrer; *Ancient History*—H. Pecheux, P. Houlihan; *Physics*—W. McPhee, W. Morrison, W. Larkin; *Chemistry*—M. Reynolds, W. McPhee, W. Morrison, W. Larkin.

## PROFITABLE VACATION WORK.

The Statesman Company, Chicago, afforded very profitable work to a number of college students during the past summer, and is prepared to do the same for anyone who cares to give part of his Christmas vacations to the purpose of making an honest dollar. Anyone so minded can learn the full particulars by addressing, with stamp,

THE STATESMAN CO.,  
179-Washington St., Chicago.

## St. Mary's Academy.

*One Mile West of Notre Dame University.*

—Mrs. T. Hutchinson, Mrs. W. P. Rend, and Miss B. Snowhook, Class '88, of Chicago, spent Thanksgiving Day at St. Mary's.

—Very Rev. Father General was present at the regular Sunday evening meeting. The readers for the occasion were Miss N. Linneen and little Stella Scherrer.

—St. Mary's was honored last week by a visit from Rev. Father Duggan, St. Pius' Church, Baltimore, Md. He was accompanied by Rev. Father Walsh of the University.

—The monthly adoration of the Blessed Sacrament was held on the 2d. The altar was beautifully decorated, the gold ornaments being set off by the pure white background.

—The visitors during the past week were: Mrs. T. Johns, Miss D. Johns, Terre Haute, Ind.; J. Campbell, E. Dreyer, G. Noble, P. Cavanagh, M. Cudahy, Mrs. D. McGuire, A. Brooks, Miss M. Gleeson, J. Hammond, Mrs. M. Davis, Chicago, Ill.; M. Carroll, Crawfordsville, Ind.; T. Kinney, Springfield, Mo.

—The class in Natural Philosophy enjoyed a rare treat last week, namely, a visit to Science Hall, where Rev. Father Zahm kindly explained acoustics, illustrating by interesting experiments. The three hours spent there seemed but a few moments, and the promise of another visit soon is an incentive to renewed efforts in the class.

—On the Feast of St. Andrew was celebrated the forty-sixth anniversary of Very Rev. Father General's first Mass at Notre Dame. In the name of the pupils, Miss Angela Donnelly read an address of congratulation, and Miss S. Campeau presented a porcelain plaque on which was painted a scene relative to the event commemorated.

—A society has been organized at the Academy, the members thereof styling themselves "St. Mary's True Friends." On entering the association they pledge themselves ever to prove an honor to their *Alma Mater*, and to do all in their power to make her known and respected. Certificates of admission were distributed on St. Andrew's day by Very Rev. Father General.

### The Domain of Thought.

We often speak of the vast domain of the ancient Roman Empire; but as a mere bubble on a mighty ocean would it appear if compared to that of thought. By thought we may be transported to the Isthmus of Panama, and see Des Lesseps planning and executing that wonder-

ful design which will be of such value to commerce. We may cross the ocean in thought and listen to the eloquent speeches in parliament, and be swayed by the contending parties. We may behold in the mirror of thought the mighty armies surging to and fro in India; watch their movements and see them struggling for superiority. We see the flags rise and fall, and note the flash of musketry; we hear the shouts of the victorious, and the groans of the wounded and dying. All this may be viewed through the medium of thought, until the picture becomes so vivid to our mind's eye that we can scarcely believe that the panorama is not passing before us. In fact, thought is the monarch of the great world around us. All inventions and discoveries have been made through this agent. We may, by our mental faculties, pierce the firmament dotted with its millions of bright stars, learn their composition, motion, and position in space.

With Geology, our mind may enable us to delve down into the depths of the earth and there obtain a knowledge of the progress and growth of this wonderful world on which we live. We may follow in thought the different ages, and see the once molten mass slowly cooling, the rocks forming on its surface, the subterranean forces acting, the rains assisting in the work of transformation, and all nature combining to make this fiery mass a fit dwelling-place for man.

But the power of thought is still greater; it does not stop on the threshold of the heavens or the earth, but steps boldly forward and paints in glowing colors the radiant, heavenly host which is ever singing joyful psalms around the throne of the "King of kings and Lord of lords."

The thoughts that have been wasted on trivial objects might, if turned in the proper direction, have made many happy, and have accomplished some good; whereas they brought joy to no one, and were utterly lost. Although thought has done so much for us, many an impulse that might have healed a wounded heart, or made a home happy, has died ere it was spoken. Why is it when we know some one is hungry for a kind word that the thoughts which we feel are not expressed.

What love a mother has given us, no one but God will ever know. How do we repay this love? Not one word do we utter to tell how much we feel; not one thought to cheer her in all her labor of love for us. Perhaps we do not realize the yearning of her heart for our tribute of affection until it is too late; then we see with sorrow what might have been and what was,

Richard I, who through all his life showed nothing but disrespect toward his father, is an example of this. Not until he saw the form of this father laid low by the icy hand of death did he realize what his true sentiments were. Then such a feeling of remorse took possession of him, that, mighty man as he was, he would have humbled himself to the earth could he have but for one moment brought back that dear one. The words he uttered then, however, were too late; the ear that would have so gladly drunk each sound of his voice was now closed forever to the sounds of this world; the eye that would have shed tears of joy at one look of love from the cherished son were now shut from the view of earthly objects. All too late he saw how much his father had been to him.

Thought has also been the greatest benefactor that religion has ever known, for it is in thought principally that religious power is felt. As our actions have their source in thought, if we keep our minds pure and unstained, our actions will likewise be unsullied. Solitude would be unbearable if it were not for thought; but as it is, we may create for ourselves a world into which none need be admitted save those we wish.

The animals inhabiting the Arctic regions take the hue of the eternal snows, and even farther south many others resemble the surrounding objects; so it is with our thoughts: they take the hue of that upon which they are allowed to dwell. Hence, if only that which is beautiful is permitted to occupy our minds, our imagination soon becomes imbued with this beauty, so that we turn away with disgust from all that does not possess this quality. By the beautiful is meant that which is pure, true and noble; which elevates our thoughts to something better than mere earthly happiness; which makes our lives examples of all that is worthy.

As thought has such influence over humanity, one should endeavor to keep his mind above all that is of the earth, and listen to the warning contained in the words of the poet:

"Guard well thy thoughts, for  
Thoughts are heard in Heaven."

LOUISE MCNAMARA (*Class '89*).

#### Roll of Honor.

[For politeness, neatness, order, amiability, correct deportment, and exact observance of rules.]

##### SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses Arnold, Ansbach, Anson, Ash, Andree, E. Balch, Bub, Barry, Bates, T. Balch, Burton, Beschameng, Bogner, Butler, Brewer, Barron, Bush, M. Beck, M. B. Clifford, E.

Coll, Campeau, Cleaveland, Currier, Caren, Compagne, M. Clifford, M. Coll, Cohn, Connell, Crabbe, Canepa, Donnelly, Ducey, M. Davis, Dority, D. Davis, Dorsey, Daube, M. De Montcourt, English, Flannery, Fitzpatrick, Fox, Fursman, Flitner, Gavan, Griffith, Geer, Grace, M. Gibson, N. Gibson, Gordon, Harriman, Hertzog, Hammond, Harlen, M. Horner, I. Horner, Hurff, Healy, C. Hurley, K. Hurley, Hamilton, Hagus, Hepburn, Harmes, Hutchinson, Huber, Haight, Haney, Hubbard, Irwin, Johnson, Kingsbury, Koepplinger, A. Keeney, Koopman, Linneen, Ledwith, Lewis, Meehan, McNamara, Moran, N. Morse, Moore, Marley, Miner, C. Morse, McCarthy, Mercer, McCune, H. Nester, Nacy, Norton, Nicholas, O'Brien, Prudhomme, Papin, Piper, Paul, Quill, Quealey, Reidinger, Regan, Roberts, Rentfrow, Rend, Slesinger, Spurgeon, Schrock, Studebaker, Saviers, Schiltz, Taylor, Van Riper, M. Voechting, Wagner, Wright, Webb, Wehr, Waterbury, Waixel, Wilkinson, Zahm.

##### JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses Barry, Bloom, E. Burns, M. Burns, Burdick, Burchard, M. Campbell, Churchill, A. Cooper, E. Cooper, Cooke, Crane, R. Campbell, M. Davis, Dexter, Daly, E. Dempsey, Dolan, Dreyer, Ernest, Farwell, Göke, Griffith, Hansford, Hull, Johns, Kahn, Kaspar, Kloth, Kelso, Lauth, Marks, M. McHugh, Miller, McPhee, McGuire, Northam, O'Mara, Papin, Patrick, Pugsley, M. Patier, Quealey, Reeves, Regan, Rose, Rowley, Rinehart, M. Smyth, J. Smyth, Scherrer, Sweeney, M. Schoellkopf, I. Schoellkopf, Stapleton, Thirds, A. Wurzburg, N. Wurzburg.

##### MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Misses Ayer, Burns, Crandall, B. Davis, Griffith, Kelly, L. McHugh, M. McHugh, Moore, Papin, Palmer, S. Smyth, N. Smyth, Scherrer.

#### SCHOOL OF ART AND DESIGN.

##### HONORABLY MENTIONED.

GRADUATING CLASS—Miss A. Gordon.

##### ELEMENTARY PERSPECTIVE.

2D CLASS—Misses S. Brewer, Stapleton, I. Horner, M. Piper, E. Nicholas, M. Schiltz, M. Burton, E. Coll.

3D CLASS—Misses K. Hurley, E. Wright, M. Fitzpatrick, H. Lawrence, S. Crane, N. Simpson, M. Campbell, A. Hammond, B. Bloom, S. Dempsey, B. Kingsbury, M. Miller, N. Davis, H. Pugsley, L. Mercer, L. Ernest, A. Wurzburg, V. Wilkinson, B. Wagner, N. Linneen, M. Scherrer, M. Voechting.

##### WORKING IN CRAYON.

Misses N. Morse, S. Crane, M. Hull.

##### PAINTING ON CHINA.

Misses C. Miner, B. Hellmann.

##### PAINTING IN WATER-COLORS.

Misses G. Clarke, M. Andree, M. Hutchinson, J. Cleaveland.

##### OIL PAINTING.

Misses J. Robinson, A. Regan, I. Bub, G. Wehr, L. Hillas, A. Grace.

##### GENERAL DRAWING.

##### SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses H. Cohn, M. Jungblut, J. Bogner, M. Geer, T. Haney, N. Paul, A. Schrock, J. Currier, E. Balch, C. Dorsey, J. Fox, L. Hagus, D. Davis, M. Clifford, E. Norton, A. Van Riper, D. Spurgeon, A. Ash, B. Crabbe, A. Koopman, U. Bush, K. Quealey, M. Clore, K. McCarthy, O. Butler, J. Connell, S. Hamilton, H. Nacy, M. De Montcourt.

##### JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses A. Thirds, F. Kahn, G. Papin, R. Campbell, M. Kelso, C. Daly, M. McHugh, A. Cooper, E. Cooper, F. Palmer, A. Rowley, M. Dexter, M. Smyth, P. Griffith, L. McHugh, A. Papin, M. Davis, E. Regan, N. Smyth, J. Smyth, K. Smyth, E. Kaspar, M. Scherrer, G. Crandall, S. Scherrer, K. Moore, M. Hansford, V. Kelly, L. Dolan, C. Kloth, M. Burns, L. Dreyer.