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Musings on the Mississippi.

BY J. J. B.

(CONCLUSION.)

II.

"Alas!

Some minds improve by travel; others rather
Resemble copper wire or brass,
Which gets the narrower by going farther."

In general, however, it may be said that travel expands a person's mind. It gives one a better knowledge of the world's progress than can be learned from any other source. While resting the tired mind, recuperating the decaying bodily powers, and recreating the whole man, it gives a true insight into the present state of that portion of the world through which one passes.

The solitary muser on the banks of the Mississippi recalls the time when he boarded a steamer and passed for the first time 400 miles towards its source. 'Tis the middle of July. The hot weather is beginning to send the mercury up towards 100°. The store, the bank and the professions have filled the handsome vessel with intelligent seekers after the refreshing breezes of the northern lakes. That moving palace is a sanitarium which in a few days restores failing health and strength to more than one. Moving up the beautiful stream, one is astonished at the signs of Christian civilization and progress he witnesses. Scarcely fifty years since the white man began to occupy this land, and what a change does he behold! Beautiful cities of from 2000 to 200,000 inhabitants dot the river's banks at intervals of but a few miles. Traversing the shady, well-kept streets of most of these villages and cities, one cannot but admire the massive public buildings, elegant mansions, neat lawns

and delightful flower gardens which attest the excellent ideas of beauty and utility of the progressive citizens.

On the rolling prairie lands of Illinois, where fifty years ago the Sacs and the Winnebagos hunted the wild deer, are fine herds of graded cattle, sheep and horses.

Waving fields of golden grain extend to the river's banks on the opposite side; while the craggy bluffs of southwestern Wisconsin, northwestern Illinois and northeastern Iowa are covered with various kinds of trees and swarming with lead-miners. At times in his ascent he encounters nature in its primitive majesty. Before him rises a gigantic bluff; further on spread out noble forests as they appeared to Marquette and Hennepin over two hundred years ago. Perpendicular walls of rock rise from the river's edge often to the height of from 100 to 500 feet.

Turning from the massive public buildings, elegant houses, beautiful farms, streets, gardens, and natural scenery to the improvements in manufacturing establishments and implements, he is astonished at the result. The hum of the weaver of a few years ago is drowned by the whirl of a thousandfold more ready spinners of woollen fabrics in the many factories of La Crosse and other cities. Iron manufactories and foundries are numerous along the route. The lead industry of Dubuque is noted. Flour-mills loom up to amazing proportions in Winona, Minneapolis and other places. But the industry, par excellence, of the Mississippi towns, from Burlington to St. Paul, is lumber. Few are the places of any importance along its course that have not their saw-mills, planing-mills and acres of logs and lumber. Many a colossal fortune has been built by these dealers in lumber.

Such is a glimpse of the material progress seen by a casual observer along the Upper Mis-

Mississippi. Were the renowned Black Hawk, or Keokuk, or any of the chiefs of fifty years ago, permitted to revisit their old hunting-grounds they would be more dumbfounded than Rip Van Winkle after his protracted somnolent episode. Nor has the Catholic Church been standing still or retrograding during this marvellous material growth. She has kept pace with the world in its onward march. Along the Upper Mississippi where fifty years ago there was scarcely a priest or church, there are to-day scores of priests with an equal number of churches, while the majority of parishes have parochial schools; and many young ladies' academies and theological seminaries dot its banks.

Thus he sees that, in a material as well as in a spiritual sense, the Catholic Church is a blessing to the country. It is not an antiquated religion; it believes in progress. It is adapted to our country; congenial to the present age. Its truth, beauty, unity, harmony, antiquity and adaptability to every government, every age, are beginning to be recognized.

III.

Contemplating the past and viewing the present, the muser cannot but anticipate the future. Beholding along the Upper Mississippi improvements that are unrivalled in any country, he asks himself: what will the next fifty years produce? Illinois, Iowa, Wisconsin and Minnesota were then a comparative wilderness. They have blossomed into gardens, and contain several magnificent cities of from 50,000 to 1,000,000 inhabitants. Where there was but a meagre supply of priests, with no bishop, there are now three archbishops, eight or nine bishops and hundreds of priests. The Catholic Church is at home in the places consecrated by the labors and lives of a Marquette, a Hennepin and the other early missionaries and discoverers of these regions. As during the past fifty years she has increased here in numbers, wealth and influence with wonderful rapidity, so the next half century will see an increase that will surprise the most hopeful dreamer of to-day. She has no longer to fight the fierce battles of the past. Ignorance of her doctrines is being dispelled. Prejudice seldom raises its head. Where her ministers and teachings are known they are respected. She has more liberty than she has ever before known; for, ever since her foundation by the God-Man, she has been fettered by the ignorance and prejudice of her enemies. From Nero of the first century to the Kaiser and the Know-nothing of the nineteenth she has had a fierce conflict to wage. When one calls to mind the many cruel

persecutions she has undergone; when he remembers the terrible invasions of the Northern barbarians; when he reflects upon the fearful assaults of wicked emperors, heretics and know-nothings, then he cannot but see that the hand that guides her is Divine; and that the same Divine hand, which has led her unscathed through all those trials, difficulties and persecutions, will continue to lead her to new triumphs, new glories in this land of the West.

As people grow more intelligent, they see that unjust persecution develops what it opposes. History tells them that all the infernal and terrestrial powers have, at times, been waging war against God's Church. Still she prospered. Were she the work of man she would have succumbed to half the persecution before the end of the first century. During her existence many more promising human institutions have perished; nations have been dissolved; thrones have been rent asunder; tyrants have arisen, attained their eminence and fallen; while she, after having passed through more than all combined, remains the same as Christ founded her. And so she will remain until time shall be no more.

This limpid stream, upon whose banks she has developed so rapidly, every foot of whose course is sanctified by her saintly missionaries, upon whose every hill, bluff and cliff her cross triumphantly towers heavenward, speaks not more clearly of Him who formed it than does the Catholic Church of the divinity of her origin. Nor is the crystal liquid freer in its rush to the sea than is her action upon the people along its course. How fitting it was, then, that the missionaries of this Church of God should have been the first to sow the good seed on its banks! How appropriate, too, that God should so bless the labors of those apostolic men and their zealous successors! For the saintly Marquette and Hennepin had successors worthy of them.

Such were not only to be seen in a Loras or a Cretin of the past, but are still to be seen in such zealous workers in the vineyard of the Lord as the Temperance Apostle, the Thaumaturgus of the Northwest, and the Origen of Illinois, whose breadth of mind, application to study, and championship of higher education have made his name famous throughout the civilized world. Ardent workers strengthen any cause. The growth of the Church in the early ages was principally due to the exertions of her bishops, and the writings of her apologists.

If St. Gregory Thaumaturgus found only seventeen Christians when he took possession of the See of Neo-Cæsarea and left only seventeen pagans in it when he died; if the illustrious

confessor of the faith, Origen, by his pithy, clear and logical defence of Christianity silenced some of the ablest enemies of the Catholic Church, among them the philosopher Celsus, what can we not expect from our zealous leaders and learned apologists with their faithful assistants? Is it to be wondered at that feelings of pardonable pride overcome one when contemplating the past trials and viewing the present triumphs of the Church? Is it strange that anticipations of the future are so hopeful? And all intelligent non-Catholics, as well as Catholics, cannot but be pleased at the growth and progress of that religion which has been the source of so many benefits in the past, which has furnished so many patriots without one traitor, and which teaches its children to love, praise and defend the just laws and institutions of our government.

While the wonderful spread of Catholicity on the banks of the Father of Waters reminds the observer of the remarkable growth of Christianity in the early ages of the Church, in both instances this rapidity of growth is, in many respects, not dissimilar to the great river itself. Small and obscure in the beginning, it soon, by constant additions, became a great stream. So the Church, small and obscure in her origin, was destined to become great and triumphant.

As she was victorious over Rome, its idols and its emperors, as she conquered the Northern barbarians; as she triumphed over her enemies, as she overcame all difficulties in her path to the ocean of Divinity, so the great river dashes over rocky precipices, rushes through rapids, bursts in triumph through walls of rock, and overcomes all obstacles in its path to the ocean. In the Church all nations have found peace; so all streams in this great valley are restless until united in the Father of Waters.

As the good Father of Waters assimilates to himself the turbid waters of the Missouri and the murky waters of other streams, so the good Mother Church assimilates to herself the disturbing elements from among the Northern barbarians, and the various peoples of the Old and New World.

Similar in their origin, they are similar in their end. For, as down to the Gulf the water of the grand old stream goes and will continue to "murmur on a thousand years and flow as now it flows"; so that grand old Church of God, unchanged and unchangeable, continues her mission of leading souls to heaven by teaching Christ's doctrine pure and undefiled, and she will continue to do so until the rivers of time are swallowed up in the gulf of eternity.

Dawn on the Irish Coast.*

Th' anam 'san Dia! but there it is,
The dawn on the hills of Ireland!
God's angels lifting the night's black veil
From the fair, sweet face of my sireland!
Oh, Ireland, isn't it grand you look,
Like a bride in her rich adornin',
And with all the pent-up love of my heart,
I bid you the top of the mornin'.

This one short hour pays lavishly back
For many a year of mourning;
I'd almost venture another flight,
There's so much joy in returning—
Watching out for the hallowed shore,
All other attractions scornin';
Oh, Ireland, don't you hear me shout?
I bid you the top of the mornin'.

Ho—ho! upon Cliona's shelving strand,
The surges are grandly beating,
And Kerry is pushing her headlands out
To give us a kindly greeting;
Into the shore the sea-birds fly
On pinions that know no drooping;
And out from the cliffs with welcome charged,
A million of waves come trooping.

Oh, kindly, generous Irish land,
So leal and fair and loving,
No wonder the wandering Celt should think
And dream of you in his roving!
The alien home may have gems and gold—
Shadows may never have gloomed it;
But the heart will sigh for the absent land,
Where the love-light first illumed it.

And doesn't old Cove look charming there,
Watching the wild waves' motion,
Leaning her back against the hills,
And the tips of her toes in the ocean?
I wonder I don't hear Shandon's bells!
Ah, maybe their chiming's over,
For it's many a year since I began
The life of a Western rover.

For thirty summers, *asthore machree*,
Those hills I now feast my eyes on,
Ne'er met my vision, save when they rose
Over Memory's dim horizon.
Even so, 'twas grand and fair they seemed
In the landscape spread before me;
But dreams are dreams, and my eyes would ope
To see Texas' skies still o'er me.

Ah! often upon the Texan plains,
When the day and the chase were over,
My thoughts would fly o'er the weary wave,
And around this coast-line hover;
And the prayer would rise that, some future day,
All danger and doubtings scornin',
I'd help to win my native land
The light of young Liberty's mornin'.

* Written by the late JOHN LOCKE, "the Southern Gael," who died in New York city on the 31st ult. He was well known as a patriot and journalist.

Now fuller and truer the shore line shows—
 Was ever a scene so splendid?
 I feel the breath of the Munster breeze,
 Thank God that my exile's ended.
 Old scenes, old songs, old friends again—
 The vale and cot I was born in!
 Oh, Ireland, up from my heart of hearts,
 I bid you the top of the mornin'!

A Blood-Curdling Experiment.

[The names of the gentlemen who tell the following veracious stories are familiar to the readers of the SCHOLASTIC. When all the stories have been printed, the Editor of the SCHOLASTIC will make public their names. For the present, he can give his readers the chance of guessing whether Mr. Meagher, or Mr. Burke, or Mr. Adelsperger, or Mr. Holden, or Mr. Cavanaugh, or any other well-known contributor has written the stories printed this week.]

Every hamlet has its haunted house, every man his ghost story. The class of criticism, despite their genius and critical aspect, are no exception to this general rule which governs the more material mortal. Like all disciples of literature, they love those weird and bizarre tales of strange and imaginary beings. A few weeks ago the suggestion was made that we spend the time between the witching hour of midnight and early morn in a wild, romantic and lonely spot where these ethereal beings are wont to hold their nightly revels, and each member of the class would be required to have his ghost story prepared for relating on that night.

To discover the locality most favored by spirits and goblins was for a time the dilemma. A poet with wan and sunken cheek suggested the graveyard; but a brisk young man, who desires to be society editor on a great daily, made the objection that as the "Grads" had worked that all autumn, the ghosts had become wearied and no longer had any effect even on the most timid; then a taciturn and phlegmatic young man, who compiles statistics suggested the hidden glen on the banks of the madly rushing St. Joe; but fearing our guests might become unruly and unusually loud in their demonstrations of greetings, and thus disturb the serene quiet which prevades this lovely location of human habitation, we concluded to go elsewhere.

A few young men who in the days before the *edict* had studied the geography of the surrounding country, and who knew every nook and cranny, put their heads together, and the young man who has the habit of dusting off the statue of Bacchus in the upper corridor every morning suggested the old Red Mill. This is an ideal

spot for the play of fantasy; near here bold and bad men lived of old, and along about '69 the dusty old miller was killed in the water wheel. The scenery about here is picturesque and rugged; the high bluffs look frowningly down on the river as it dashes on over rocks and whirls in eddies as if it were in league with the devils of the ghostly kingdom. Before civilization, when the red man alone dwelt in this district, it was here, tradition says, the fiendish savage burnt at the stake the too daring white man who had ventured into his domain. Far away from the habitation of man the mill stands alone in its ruin. The old miller had been a bachelor, and, desirous of being secluded from the haunts of man in his eager search after gold, he had his living quarters in the mill on the first floor. In the large room there was an old fireplace, and here before the fire, on the long evenings of winter, the miller would sit musing over scenes long lost in the labyrinths of time; and as he watched the fiery demons chase one another up the chimney out into the world above there would come to him a twitching of the heart and tears would roll down his face as memory would recall to him the inscription on a tombstone in a graveyard hidden among the hills of New Hampshire.

A few days before the night we had agreed upon, a farmer complained to the civic authorities that graves were being robbed in his vicinity, and only that day he had seen three young men carrying skulls and skeletons along the Niles' road. Had the farmer followed these young men he might have noticed that they turned from the main road and went toward the river; their burden of bones were the dismal and hideous properties for the stage setting of our grim tragedy.

The four walls of the room are hung in black to add a feeling of terror; suspended from the ceiling and dangling in mid-air with each gust of wind, their creaking bones producing a weird strain of music, are the skeletons. Along the walls of black are placed the white skulls, and with phosphorescence we have traced on the drapery cabalistic signs and words. In each corner of the room stands a visitor from mediæval times, they are skeletons in armor and their presence adds centuries to the scene. On the floor thrown about the fireplace lay robes of the fur of the grave-robbing hyena, and grouped in various positions are our friends the storytellers.

The stage is set, the clock is tolling the hour;

Cupid, assisted by the fairy Puck, rings up the curtain, and permits you all to listen to the tales of fancy. A voice begins:

AN EXPERIENCE.

It was two years ago in the month of September toward the latter part, when the trees had taken on their autumn livery, and all nature seemed to have grown morose, that I found my aimless wanderings had carried me to Richmond in old Virginia. There are many things which prove interesting and attractive to one who for the first time visits this city; but all alike had failed to amuse me, until on the third day after my arrival, I met by chance in one of the city parks a most delightful old character. He was a venerable old man with long gray locks and a face wrinkled and smooth shaven;—a true type of the old southern gentleman who in some miraculous manner lived on and retained the air of the Southern Confederacy.

Interesting in conversation, he had one subject upon which he continually dwelt and which never seemed to tire him or weary me, and this was the mysterious and unique genius of Poe. Richmond had been the home of Poe in his youth, and he had also spent some years of his later life in the then charming and queen city of the South.

The old gentleman took particular delight in showing me about queer places which, tradition said, had been the haunts of Poe in his youth. With him I visited the grave of that dear lady, whose kindness had so affected Poe in his school days, that even after her death he did oftentimes visit her grave and keep vigil, though the nights were cold and dreary and the autumnal rains fell, and the wind wailed mournfully over the graves.

Finding myself surrounded by so many material reminiscences of the ill-fated poet, I took again to reading his more ghastly and weird tales. Not only did I read them over and over, but from his fantastic thoughts I evolved ideas over which in the most lonely of places I loved to brood. The reading of Poe's tales brought me to others of a kindred nature, and one in particular do I recall even now as having awakened in me an awful and terrible sensation: this was Lytton's tale of the "House of the Haunters."

Furthermore, besides these grim and spectral readings and broodings I one night, in company with my old man—I might almost call him a chaperon—spent many hours with a friend of his whom he introduced to me as a man who had had in his leisure moments delved in the mysteries of the Black Art, and who was quite skilled in its now more popular branch known as Hypnotism. The evening closeted with that mystical man will long find place on the tablets of my memory; the details of the evening I think best not to divulge. My mind was now in a fearful plight. I was pursued by spirits and hob-

goblins; haunted by nameless fears and indescribable phantasms; my mind groped in a realm of dreamland that I might well say after Poe that I experienced "dreams no mortal dared to dream before."

The last story I read was the then new and popular novel of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," and the morning after I had read it I found myself losing my physical strength as well as the control of my reasoning powers. After breakfast I was handed a note which I found to be from an old school friend in Washington, entreating me to come immediately. I was ready to go; to retain my quarters another week in Richmond, with my new circle of strange acquaintances, would have driven me mad; as it was, I thought myself on the brink of insanity.

The trip to Washington was slow and tedious: southern skies and meadows had lost all their charm and grace to my eyes, and at last when we arrived in Alexandria I left the plodding train and took the ferry for Washington. The short ride up the Potomac proved more invigorating to my low spirits, and when I met my old chum at the pier in Washington, I was in an amiable frame of mind, and once more felt my kinship with mortal man returning.

The house occupied by the De Garmindeas was an old stone antique of forbidding look, situated in spacious grounds far out in the suburbs of Georgetown. It had weathered the storms of a century, and one might now with his knife chip pieces from the stones which were slowly crumbling away. It had long been the family residence of the Harlans, and the De Garmindeas had purchased the property from the widow of the last Mr. Harlan, whose death, Dame Rumor said, had been the result of slow poisoning. Talking with Charlie that morning, he told me of queer doings which had occurred in the house since their occupancy of it. How at night when retiring late, the door of his room would be opened and closed without any creature of earth passing through its portals; how at times in the stillness of the night he would hear footsteps, and still no human form could be discerned. These manifestations had also been noticed by the servants and, much frightened, they complained bitterly against Mrs. Harlan for inflicting the ghost of old Harlan upon them. This very day, Charlie said, they were expecting the parish priest whose coming and office would at least allay the fears of the superstitious servants. You may imagine how this recital affected me—I who had fled from the phantoms which pursued me at Richmond only to find myself in the midst of horrors anew and tales afresh. Begging him to discontinue for the present, and recounting to him my experiences of the past few days, we walked out to the kennels. I stood admiring and petting a fine specimen of the Siberian blood-hound, when suddenly I felt something alight on my left shoulder and a pinching of my ear. Turning my head quickly I saw perched on my shoulder a large black

crow who was calmly surveying my general appearance. Charlie at this moment looking up, said: "Don't mind him, that is Dick, and an educated bird he is."

We spent the remainder of the day pleasantly enough, and that night we went to the theatre to see Mansfield in the dramatic version of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." Had I been ill-omened that I must everywhere lay my old wounds open to fresh pains? It seemed so, for as the play progressed all my innumerable terrors returned with renewed activity. Finally at the transformation scene I felt my blood growing cold and my nerves becoming paralyzed. This was a heavier load than I could bear; and turning to Charlie, who by this time understood my position, I said: "Enough; come, let us go." Slowly we walked home, neither of us speaking. My mind was in a worse state than it had yet been, and my thoughts were inexpressible. Thoughts I had that words cannot portray, but may give a rough negative which only defaces the original.

I immediately retired to my room which was on the second floor in the southeast corner. A door connected my room with a larger room in which stood an open piano. Still did my mind wander in the region of the damned; nor could I hope for any soothing wind that would waft my troubled brain on to the land of nod. Could I have said with the Lancashire stone-breaker my thoughts were "mostly nowt," I would have given the wealth, had I possessed it, of king Solomon's mines.

The last thoughts I dwelt upon that night I still remember, having recalled them from one of these tormenting books over which I had gloated in the gloaming of Virginia skies. "The eyes of the flesh are closed; but in that drooping head, less inactive than is supposed, other eyes are opened. The unknown reveals itself. The shadowy existences of the invisible world become more akin to man; . . . it seems as if the impalpable creatures inhabiting space come then to contemplate our nature, curious to comprehend the denizens of earth, . . . and the sleeper not wholly slumbering, nor yet entirely conscious, beholds around him strong manifestations of life: pale spectres, terrible or smiling, dismal phantoms, uncouth masks, unknown faces, hydra-headed monsters, undefined shapes, vague fragments of monstrous forms!" With my mind peopled thus, I fell asleep from mere physical exhaustion.

How long I had slept I know not, when I was awakened by a shriek unearthly enough to have come from the soul of a damned one. Leaping from my bed I ran for assistance, thinking, perhaps, some one was in trouble. I called Charlie, he had heard nothing. My God! was I losing my senses? nightmare I had never experienced, therefore I must be verging into insanity. Charlie calmed me, and I finally returned to bed only to fall into a troubled sleep. Again was I awakened, this time by some being, either mortal or spirit, striking notes upon the piano in the next

room. From the sound of the music it seemed to me as if the player were a beginner, learning for the first time his finger exercise. Darting from the bed, I rushed madly at the piano and with a crash closed it. Looking around, I saw no one. This was too much, and I sank exhausted into a chair. Who was I, and where was I, now appeared to be beyond my comprehension. At last, with a great effort, I roused myself from the reverie into which I had fallen, and opening the blinds, I saw with pleasure that the day was breaking. To return to bed was useless, sleep was out of question; so I dressed and went to the neighboring fields for a stroll.

At the morning meal I informed my friend that I had reached the end of human endurance, and that I must immediately return home and place myself under the care of our family physician. After breakfast we retired to my room. While gathering up my things, preparatory to packing, I again noticed the piano in the next room. I asked Charlie to play, thinking I might derive some comfort from music. He sat down at the piano, and on raising the lid he saw, lying across the ivory keys with his head mashed by the lid, the dead crow, Dick. Turning to me, his face illumined with pleasure, he cried: "Here, Jack, here is your ghost! It was not the shriek of spirit damned that awakened you, but the caw of Dick, the crow. It was he also walking over the keys of the piano that struck the weird strain of music that awakened you the second time. You have killed my old friend and play-fellow, but I forgive you now that you find relief in this simple explanation of your sights grim and ghastly, and your sounds weird and unearthly."

There was silence, and then another voice began:

* * *

"A FACT, I ASSURE YOU!"

"There's no such thing as a ghost." When Charles Sumner said this, he was the central figure of a group of boys ranging in age from twelve to nineteen years. The green sward on which they lounged was the favorite resort of the boys of Alton school and especially for the more reckless and mischievous lads who were always glad of an opportunity of retiring to this secluded spot and of enjoying in secret those little luxuries which the strict rule of their college denied them. These meetings were of frequent occurrence, and served the double purpose of business and pleasure; for they were most favorable occasions for arranging the little plots and intrigues which were deemed necessary to interrupt the monotony of college life. The subject of the present congress, however, had gradually assumed a more serious aspect, although it had begun by one boy telling how he had managed to give his inkstand an accidental turn so as to pour a flood of blackest dye on the light summer trousers of the professor of mathematics.

The subject of apparitions and supernatural manifestations was gradually introduced, and this little band of worthies did not think it beyond their province to discuss these questions and to pronounce dogmatically upon them. The modern spirit of incredulity had extended itself even to this remote Western school, and Sumner's hasty avowal was received by all with a grunt of satisfaction; not because the boys really believed what their leader had said—for each one felt a cold shiver as he shrugged his shoulders in contempt,—but because it was the fashion of the day to smile at anything which smacked of what they called "superstition."

One member of this little group, however, shuddered visibly when the word "ghost" was pronounced, and this involuntary action marked him out for special attention. In stature he was of middle height; his frame muscular and slightly built. His features, which were of an intellectual cast, were tinged with a pallid hue, and a mysterious air seemed to hang about him. He was the latest arrival at the college, and seemed to have associated himself with these boys not from any innate love of deviltry, but because he could not endure being alone. When questioned as to the cause of his sudden fright, Ned Williams at first returned an evasive answer. On being pressed, however, he consented to tell the cause of his strange peculiarity, the history of which, as I afterwards received it from the lips of Williams himself, runs thus:

"You see, the 23d of last May was the eighteenth anniversary of my birthday. My father at first intended to send me to an European university, but weak health, the result of my strict confinement at home, precluded the possibility of a voyage across the Atlantic. So my father presented me with a handsome black pony, and at the same time I was informed that my uncle, who owned a large cattle ranch about twenty-five miles distant, expected a visit from me on the following day. Filled with bright visions of hunting and horse-racing, I completed my hasty preparations and set forth at about two o'clock on a breezy afternoon, expecting to reach by easy riding an inn, ten miles distant, where I could find a lodging for the night. My only companions were my dog Nip, and my trusty rifle which I carried along, hoping to meet with some sort of game on the road. Time and distance flew apace, and I had duly reached a point about eight miles from home. Here the road entered a dense forest, where nature revelled in her primeval grandeur. But suddenly the sky became clouded, and heavy gusts of wind tore through the woods. Rain fell in torrents, and every ray of light was banished from the forest. I could not see the path before me, and, abandoning myself to the guidance of my pony, prepared to receive a thorough drenching. The furious gusts striking my horse's sides forced him out of the path, and he strayed into the middle of the forest. By this time I had become indifferent to my fate, and, closing my

eyes, I dropped my head upon my breast and abandoned myself to the drowsy spirit which oppressed me. From this condition of indifference I was aroused by the sudden starting of my horse; and hastily looking around, my eyes fell upon a sight that well-nigh froze my blood with terror. On a large rock, about three yards distant, was a figure dimly outlined in the darkness. Two drops of liquid fire which sat in the sockets of his eyeballs were fixed on me with a glare that spoke the malice of hell. His bony frame seemed to shake with rage or terror, and a ghastly wound on his neck and left cheek told where the death blow had been struck. He seemed wafted toward me by irregular blasts of wind. Sometimes he appeared to threaten, and often he raised his hand as if to snatch some unseen weapon; but his menaces and the wild movements of his arm became less frequent as he neared me. Terrified by the sight, I stood rooted to the ground. Then in deep, sepulchral tones, every word of which caused my heart to bound within my bosom, he thus addressed me: 'Beware! tread not upon my grave. This field, these woods are mine. You must proceed no farther before my hour of pain.'

"While the spectre concluded this last sentence, his whole appearance seemed to undergo a complete change. A slight tremor passed along his slender frame; his features relaxed, and his face caught up an expression of the most intense pain. Once when he turned his head, I noticed that his wounds, which seemed closed when I first saw them, had commenced to bleed again. I had now become myself once more, and as I gazed on this horrible sight I thought I could pity even a ghost. Indeed the apparition seemed to know my thoughts, for he turned to me and said in a voice made human by its tone of sorrow: 'It will soon come, and I must die again to-night. I was a great sinner in the flesh and brought a life of crime to a climax by the murder of my brother. One dark night, as I walked through this forest, I heard that brother's voice. A moment later, and an unseen dart had pierced my throat. Then a mysterious charger dashed passed me, and I felt myself raised from the ground, while the torments of an eternal hell fell upon my sight. For years, I have been compelled to endure the agonies of death on each succeeding night, and—' He said no more; but I felt the horrible truth of his words. I saw the weapon pierce his neck, and forthwith the clattering of hoofs fell upon my ear. A dark horse of gigantic proportions swept past, and a ringing clash was heard through the forest.

"I saw no more, but sank upon the ground insensible. When I recovered from the delirium, occasioned by my fright, kind friends told me how I had been found unconscious in the woods by a party of hunters, and how the gentlest nursing brought me back to life. The memory of that night even yet chills me through, but I have never learned the story of that dreadful fratricide."

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

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Notre Dame, February 16, 1889.

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.

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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 Academy of St. Mary's of the Woods, near Terre Haute, Ind., was destroyed by fire on the 7th inst. It was under the direction of the Sisters of Providence, and was one of the finest academies in the West. We hope that their loss will prove but temporary, and that soon again they will be enabled to resume their noble and efficient work in the cause of religion and education.

—One of the most notable events of the year in the educational world will be the celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the founding of Georgetown College, which will occur during the coming week. This venerable institution, whose fame is national and whose influence extends far and wide throughout the land, was founded in 1789 by Archbishop Carroll, the first Bishop of Baltimore, the primate of the United States. The centenary celebration will extend over three days—Feb. 20, 21 and 22; and its exercises will possess great interest for the people of the country. We hope that this

grand old pioneer of the Catholic colleges in the United States will live and prosper *ad multos annos*.

—Our library here contains the Historical Charts and Manual by S. E. Linton, published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and after examination we are prepared to say that they form one of the most useful publications of the present day. The charts are mounted on the patent revolving chart supporters, and are five in number, covering the period from the fifteenth to the nineteenth centuries inclusive. Each chart consists of a large square, divided into one hundred small squares, each representing one year of the century and containing, in most cases, cuts illustrating the principal American historical events of that year, together with type signs and symbols recording contemporary events of foreign countries. They thus embody a method of teaching history to the young that must commend itself to every educator in the country. By means of these charts the faculties of the student are all interested in the work before him. History no longer becomes a mere cramming of facts and dates, but the intelligence and moral powers and sensible perceptions are all aroused and exercised in the realizing of the great principles which underlie the world's history. How valuable an adjunct to the work of education this must prove, whereby the powers of the soul are all equally trained and perfected, no one can fail to see.

The charts are the work of a highly gifted and cultivated lady, who has had thirty years of experience as a teacher of history. Dr. Hunter, President of the Normal College of New York, has given them his unqualified approval. They are in use in the public schools of New York and Brooklyn, and are adapted for all schools public and private. We learn also that they have been examined and approved by Cardinal Gibbons and many other American bishops. They certainly merit a place in every educational institution in the land. No school, academy or college is complete without Linton's Historical Charts and the accompanying Manual. The object of the "Manual" is to explain the charts and give practical suggestions regarding their use.

The same gifted author has, in manuscript, charts illustrating the different periods of ancient and modern history. We have had the pleasure of inspecting some of those charts, and we can testify that they are models of accuracy and the result of the most patient research and compiled with rare, good judgment.

General Grove in the Indiana Senate on
Private Charities.

Senator Grove, in speaking favorably on the bill to appropriate \$195,300 for buildings on the grounds of the feeble-minded children's asylum at Fort Wayne, insisted that the sums of money proposed are too grand, too costly and too expensive a charge upon the tax payers of the State, especially at a time when we have to borrow money to do it with. He said the benevolent institutions connected with the churches of the State, take care of more children, and they do it with less money coming from the charities of their own people. "In the county of my friend from St. Joseph (Senator Howard) many children are taken care of by the charity of friends. At Notre Dame University, in that county; I saw many children at work in the Manual Labor School of that institution, the boys in carpenter and other shops; yet we never hear anything about them. These children are cared for, at no expense to the treasury of the State, by the charity of the good people who sustain these schools. I believe in keeping these wards of the State warm and happy; but I think if we follow the example set us by some of the churches, we would not need as much money to take good care of our benevolent institutions as we are in the habit of taking."

(Kalamazoo Daily Telegraph.)

Celtic Missionaries.

Prof. John G. Ewing is an intelligent-looking gentleman, and his lecture last evening was no disappointment at all to his hearers. In spite of the storm and bitter cold without, a good-sized audience assembled at the court-house to hear him. The Young Men's Sodality are entitled to much credit for the class of lectures they have secured for the winter's course. The subject announced for last evening was "The Early Celtic Missionaries." The highest praise was bestowed upon them and their work, and great credit given to the Celtic schools and teachers. The following is a very brief

ABSTRACT OF THE LECTURE:

I am to speak of the Celtic missionaries, and before closing I shall call your attention particularly to the life and deeds of Columba.

Never was there such a powerful nation as Rome. Whatever of greatness later nations may have possessed, they had nothing of power

that Rome had not. We cannot conceive the effect of her downfall upon both her subjects and her conquerors. An age of ruin and devastation followed. It is impossible to describe the mighty storm which broke over the civilized world. Other changes, perhaps as great, have taken place since, but none so sudden as this. From the confusion emerged a new and surpassing civilization. The great agent that brought this result was the Christian Church. Amid the universal ruin, she alone stood firm and erect. In the midst of warfare and dissension, she still persisted in holding out the lights of heaven, winning barbarians to the new civilization.

The men who have carried out this great reform deserve to be counted among the great men of the world. They are among what people call enthusiasts or fanatics, but all great and good works come through such men. Devotion to a single idea has nerved the mind and strengthened the heart of every man who has accomplished much in this life. To fanaticism of the nobler, higher sort we are indebted for much of what we have and are.

Celtic missionaries must be given the credit of priority in this work of restoration, and also did they excel in the extent of their labors. The scholars of Europe had fled to Ireland during the barbarian invasions of Rome, and Erin soon was recognized as the centre of learning. In Irish monasteries were trained missionaries who went to spread the Gospel among the barbarians of Europe, and they multiplied in numbers and extended their labor all over the countries of the continent. They covered land and sea, the inhabited islands and all of Europe in their search for souls to convert to the cause of the Church.

COLUMBA'S LIFE.

Let us now briefly consider the life and work of Saint Columba, one of the greatest of the Celtic missionaries. He was born at Gartan, County Donegal, Ireland, in A. D. 521, and died in 597. His labors cover a great part of the sixth century. He was particularly fortunate in having his biography written by his immediate successor in the abbotship of Iona, which he founded. The stone on which his mother lay at the time of his birth is still to be seen in County Donegal, and it is said that whosoever rests thereon, though he be an exile from his native land, will never feel a greater longing for home than he is able to withstand.

Columba was educated in the Church and the monasteries. He had a passionate love for travelling, reading, and for fine manuscripts; and transcribed with his own hand 300 copies of the

psalms and gospels, and was always looking for books to borrow or copy. One manuscript he desired to copy; but fearing refusal if he asked to borrow it, he remained after church service each day in the chapel and hastily copied a bit at a time. His plan was discovered, but nothing was said about it until the work was completed. Then the owner of the original claimed the copy. The dispute was taken before the king, who decided that as to every cow belongeth her calf, so to every book belongeth the copy.

Rage filled the breast of Columba, and he vowed revenge upon the king. He started to return to his own people. The king sent messengers in pursuit of him, but the chase was unsuccessful. His brothers and kindred took up his cause, got together an army, marched against the monarch, and defeated him. The book was recovered and the "Book of the Battle," was for more than 1000 years carried by his people into war like the Ark of the Covenant before the Israelites of old.

Remorse over this act followed, and he had a desire to make reparation. Finally he was commanded by a holy adviser to turn as many to Christ as he had brought to their death, and to leave Erin and never again look upon the shores of his native land. He vowed he would do as he had been told.

WITH TWELVE FOLLOWERS

he started from Ireland's shores. He first landed on an island, went to the highest point upon it, and looked back in the direction from which they had come. In the far distance he could discern the dim outline of Erin's shore, and he determined to push still farther on and keep the very letter of his vow. From thence the little party sailed to Iona, where an abbey was established from which he was to send Christianity to Scotland; and to him the British Isles owe much of their prosperity. He never lost his love for his native land, and even once returned to it; but is said to have gone blindfolded, so as not to violate the vow he had taken.

This passionate man became the tenderest and most lovable of mankind. Not merely as an apostle should he be remembered, but as a friend and a brother,—one who ever assisted his fellow-men. His spirit was never quenched, but returned with all its force and power when the freedom and happiness of the brothers were threatened.

He traversed the land of Scotland many times and labored among the savage and warlike tribes. Before his death he had sowed the seed which was to bear most abundant fruit, as he is

said to have founded 300 churches. He died while in the very midst of the worship of the Creator.

Columba was born a soldier rather than a monk. He had in him the making of a soldier and an orator. His character is one singular and lovable. Through him Iona became a great religious centre. But the greatest glory of Columba is the part his children played in the conversion of England and Scotland.

THE CELTIC MONKS

not only rivalled those of Rome, but showed more perseverance in adversity, and hence attained greater success. The enthusiasm and daring of the Irish missionaries gives us many legends of this work. We hold in memory great statesmen and warriors, but more to be remembered are those who worked in this field. We should preserve the memory of Columba and his fellow workers through all ages.

Salt Lake City.

Salt Lake City! How few there are who form anything like a correct idea of what these words signify! To most persons they convey the idea of a city among the mountains where a strange people—strange in manners, morals, customs, and perhaps appearance, have sought a sanctuary and a home. This idea may have suited years ago, but it is not comprehensive or intelligible enough for the Salt Lake City of to-day. The present population is composed of old residents who have awakened to the demands of the present, and new-comers who have only recently heard of the fabulous wealth of Utah. The new generation has redeemed Salt Lake from the evil effects of its isolation in the past, and strenuous efforts are being made by all classes to convey to the people of the East a more correct idea of the surroundings than they have been able to gather from Mormon story books. The people are alive to the wonderful advantages they enjoy in salubrity of climate, fertility of soil, wealth of minerals, and in the attractions of lakes, springs and mountains. The attractions here are too great to be long resisted. The Salt Lake should of itself suffice to build up a population here of 100,000 persons. It stands alone and incomparable, and is the most unique curiosity in the world, and can be converted to uses conducive to happiness and wealth. As a bathing and pleasure resort it will soon attract not only the people of the West, but will draw thousands every summer from the East, when its peculiar

properties and attractiveness are better known.

Here is an inland salt sea covering 2500 square miles of surface with islands on its bosom, where are found cultivated farms and orchards, pasture grounds on which thousands of cattle are fed, and on the shores of which are some of the finest sandy beaches. Though rising from the lake, on these islands are found numerous springs of fresh water, and the fruit grown there is said to be the finest in Utah; though Utah fruit is sold in San Francisco at a premium over that of California. The lake is but one of the many attractions of which Salt Lake City can boast. Thirty miles south is a fresh water lake covering in the neighborhood of 1000 square miles, and around the city and within its limits are found several mineral springs where bath houses are erected and where those afflicted with rheumatism, and skin and blood diseases find certain relief and cure. The mountain cañons and beautiful drives are a source of pleasure and admiration to strangers, and in the monuments erected to the evil genius and cunning of Brigham Young—for it is only as such that the Temple and Garde House and Bee Hive and Lion House can now be considered—is found a sufficient satisfaction for the curiosity of visitors.

The wonderful wealth of this favored region is little known in the East. Utah is, perhaps, the richest mineral district in the United States. There has been but little prospecting done, or at least but little else than prospecting, since 1872, when attention was first virtually directed to the mining of precious metals, yet the Territory has yielded thus far about \$125,000,000 in gold, lead and silver. In addition to the precious metals there are inexhaustible quantities of coal and iron within a few miles of Salt Lake, and other substances which are even more valuable than the precious metals, for they are more easily obtained: Sulphur, alum, sulphate of soda, gilsonite, ozokerite, asphalt, salt, stones and marbles of every variety and of the finest quality, gypsum, fire clays, natural cements and other marketable products not found anywhere outside of Utah.

The climate of Salt Lake is delightful: no extreme of heat or cold, the mountains by which it is hemmed in serving as a barrier against the blizzard and the storm, and the lake, distant twelve or fifteen miles, serving to cool and moisten the atmosphere during the dry season. The valleys, which stretch in succession from Logan to St. George—a distance of about 300 miles,—are the most fertile of America; and the grains and vegetables grown there are of such size and quality that strangers would not believe

the truthful and honest description that may be given of them. With everything that serves as the basis of manufactures and facilities for raising table supplies for the million, Salt Lake is bound to spring into prominence ere long, that will make it the greatest city of the Pacific Slope. Something should be said of the sublimity and grandeur of the scenery on the line of the railroad from Pueblo to Salt Lake. It is worth travelling a thousand miles to see; but so much has been written of the Grand Cañon, Marshall Pass, Black Cañon of the Gunnison and Castle Gate that I feel nothing more is necessary on that topic at this time.

M. J. F.

Personal.

—Rev. Vice-President Zahm lectured in Kalamazoo, Mich., last Wednesday evening.

—Among the welcome visitors during the week was the Rev. J. McManus, of '71, Pastor at Battle Creek, Mich.

—Miss Frankie Carmien, of Goshen, Ind., who was graduated at St. Mary's Academy in June last, made a pleasant call at Notre Dame early this week. Miss Carmien was a general favorite at St. Mary's, and in Goshen society she ranks as a bright and accomplished young lady.

—The course of lectures delivered by Prof. Maurice F. Egan at St. Mary's Academy, Notre Dame, Ind., has been entirely successful. The most pleasant of them is Mr. Egan's "Literature as a Factor in Life," in which he relates his experiences as a novelist. St. Mary's deserves the highest praise for its enterprise in securing a well-known literary man for this work. It is a great step toward a higher standard in Catholic literary education.—*Baltimore Mirror*.

—Rev. Father Boerres, C. S. C., writing from Dacca, East Bengal, says that all's well there. He met with a mishap that caused the dislocation of the first finger on the right hand. This occurred during the trip across the Atlantic, but now he is in good health. After arriving at Calcutta, he says, the Fathers remained the guests of the Most Rev. Archbishop for two days. Afterwards the Fathers separated, he being placed at Dacca, where a new brick church is in the course of erection. He has seven other missions besides Dacca; one of which is five miles distant. For this latter mission he is obliged to study Bengalee, his tutor being a converted Mahomedan. The people of Dacca are mostly of English and Portuguese descent, and are very much attached to the missionaries. As to the fabulous stories of reptiles and tigers, he says these reports are not true; and that up to Jan. 9—date of his letter—he has not had the pleasure of seeing these animals. He speaks of the climate as being very pleasant, the thermometer falling to 55° F. during the winter.

Obituary.

—The many friends of Mr. P. L. Garrity, of Chicago, extend to him their sympathy at the death of his mother, MRS. CATHERINE GARRITY, who departed this life on the 14th inst. May her soul rest in peace!

—Died at North Springfield, Ill., on the 9th inst., MR. GEORGE W. HOAGLAND in the 96th year of his age. The deceased was the father of Bro. Onesimus, C.S.C., the Assistant-Steward of the University. The *Springfield Daily Register* says:

"The deceased had a sound mind in a sound body; he lived a regular life, and down to within the past ten months gave promise of reaching his centennial year. He had been long afflicted with deafness, but his mental faculties were practically unimpaired until his last sickness, which was little more than a general wasting away of his vital powers consequent upon extreme age. In his political sentiment he was a democrat of the Jackson school, his first presidential vote being cast for Monroe and his last for Cleveland. He was a man of firm convictions, but never obtruded them upon others in an offensive manner. He was also a man of strict integrity and the nicest sense of honor. Always a reader both of books and newspapers, he was very well informed and kept fully abreast of the times. His temper was cheerful and placid; his disposition peculiarly gentle and affectionate. He retained his interest in both past and passing events to the last, and may be said never to have grown old except in years. Many years ago Mr. Hoagland united with the Catholic Church, of which his wife is also a communicant, and continued a faithful member, receiving in his last hours the Sacraments of the Church. His religion was not a mere profession, but the practice of every-day life; and, by those who knew him intimately, he was remarked for his charity and benevolence. After a long life upon earth, he calmly and peacefully entered into life everlasting."

Local Items.

—Alleluia, good bye.

—To-morrow is Septuagesima Sunday.

—This (Saturday) evening a criminal case will be tried in the Moot-court.

—Rain fell yesterday, forming icy pavements, and making slippery walking. Yes!

—The wizard of Dowagiac returned this week to lop off limbs and gather in shekels.

—Prof. Lyman has a large class in elocution. There are at present about eighty members.

—What has become of the Thespians, the oldest dramatic organization of the University?

—The Columbians are preparing to give "Waiting for the Verdict" on St. Patrick's Day.

—It has been decided to remove the old boat house and transform it into a natatorium, or floating bath-house.

—The bookmakers have consulted the oracle, and they are now placing the winners of the Suburban and Derby.

—The reading-room in Sorin Hall is now supplied with all the leading magazines and best literary works of the day.

—The managers of the Harvard Quartette are making up a special programme of college songs for their entertainment here.

—All are anxiously looking forward to the opera to be given on the 19th, and we wish Prof. Liscomb and his corps of able assistants success.

—Sorin Hall is becoming so popular an institution that were the number of rooms doubled the applicants could with difficulty be accommodated.

—The Class of '89 will give a superb entertainment on Washington's birthday. Orations will be delivered by Messrs. Meagher, Dwyer, Burke and Newton.

—If you slip down, endeavor to look pleased. It indicates a superior order of mind. If you look pained, it but adds to the mirth of people who see you.

—Master Caleb West, who arrived from Utah on Tuesday last to resume his studies at Notre Dame, marks the 600th entrance for the present scholastic year.

—Our stereotypers will begin operations next Monday morning. The tall stove-pipe has been put in place, and everything is serene, not to say gay and festive.

—The costuming of the opera will be of the richest splendor. The costume of the Corry-fees will depend on the weather, the acrobats in the pyramid will wear "evenings" after the Cragg family.

—A very interesting letter has been received regarding the character of the work done at the college of Watertown. We regret that through want of space we must forego its publication until some later date.

—If you see anyone near you sprawled out on the walk, say good-naturedly: "Come here, and I'll pick you up." This is important. It is always said on such occasions, and pleases a man when he's down.

—The Class of '89 are discussing a means of handing their names down to posterity in a literary way. Shall it be a class book, or a special edition of the SCHOLASTIC? The latter would certainly secure them undying fame.

—The benevolent and philanthropic individuals were distinguished on Friday by the care with which they spread ashes or sawdust over the slippery walks. They earned the undying gratitude of many a benighted wayfarer.

—The recent cold "snap" has proved a veritable bonanza for the ice-men of this vicinity. The frozen surface of the lake presents an interesting and picturesque spectacle when crowded with numbers of busy ice-cutters, with their teams and implements.

—Our friend "Aliquo," from whom we hope to hear often, and more at length, writes: "Where are those receptions that each society was going to give? So far only one has been given. Wake up, boys, and let your society be the first to commence the good work again."

—Great improvements have been recently made in the Library. The additional story, with its rows of shelves, columns, railings and ap-

proaching stairways, gives the whole a *distingué* appearance. Besides, new furniture, tables, chairs, etc., have been placed, that make it most complete and a most desirable locality to visit, from a utilitarian as well as æsthetic point of view.

—At the meeting of "The Law Debating Society, Wednesday evening, Feb. 13, the question of woman suffrage was decided in favor of the affirmative. The greater part of the evening was taken up in reading our legal subject. At the next meeting the question for debate is, "Resolved that there be a codification of laws." Next Saturday the interesting case of the "Sati-mor murder" will be commenced in the University Moot-court. Messrs. Tiernan and Dwyer appear for the State; for the defendant, Smith and Albright. Defendant's attorneys express great hope for their client. *In criminalibus probationes debent esse luce clariores.*

—The members of the Sorin Literary and Dramatic Association held a special meeting in St. Edward's Hall, at which the election of officers resulted as follows: Rt. Rev. Joseph Dwenger, Bishop of Fort Wayne, and Very Rev. E. Sorin, Superior-General, C. S. C., Hon. Directors; Rev. T. E. Walsh, C. S. C., Director; Rev. J. A. O'Connell, C. S. C., Promoter; Prof. J. F. Edwards, President; Bro. Cajetan, C. S. C., Gen. Critic; V. Kehoe, 1st Vice-President; C. Koester, 2d Vice-President; B. Bates, Secretary; C. Connor, Corresponding Secretary; M. Elkin, Treasurer; H. Mooney, Marshall; Q. Quill, 1st Monitor; G. Lansing, 2d Monitor; H. Connolly, Librarian; J. Kane, 1st Censor; J. Cudahy, 2d Censor; F. Webb, 3d Censor; C. Kaye, 4th Censor; P. Powell, Sergeant-at-Arms; J. Seery, *Chargé d'Affaires*; J. Dempsey, Standard-Bearer.

—The 14th regular meeting of the Columbian Literary and Dramatic Society was held Saturday evening, Feb. 9. The Rev. President being absent, the Vice-President, Mr. Sullivan, presided. An election of officers for the present session was held with the following result: Rev. T. E. Walsh, C. S. C., Director; Rev. A. Morrissey, C. S. C., President; J. B. Sullivan, 1st Vice-President; J. H. Mithen, 2d Vice-President; D. B. Tewksbury, Recording Secretary; E. P. Kehoe, Corresponding Secretary; R. Bronson, 1st Censor; M. J. Howard, 2d Censor; E. P. Melady, Sergeant-at-Arms; B. M. Hughes, Librarian; C. T. Cavanaugh, Critic. After the election an impromptu debate on a political question was held, in which Messrs. Sullivan, Howard, Hepburn, and Cavanaugh took active parts. Messrs. Dacy, Delaney, Bretz, Bunker and Murphy were unanimously elected to membership.

—In the line of elaborate catalogues, *Vick's Floral Guide* for 1889, published at Rochester, New York, surpasses all previous issues. It has been changed in every respect: new cuts, new type, enlarged in size (opening like an old-fashioned-singing-book); contains three elegant lithographs (8x10¾ inches) of Roses, Geraniums and Melon and Tomato; besides a very

fine plate of the late James Vick and his three sons who now own and manage this large business. These features must make the *Floral Guide* valuable to their many thousands of customers in this country. We also notice that Vick returns to the plan started by the founder of the business years ago, of offering cash prizes at the State Fair. One would think they were a little out of their heads to offer to the public such a work as the *Guide* free, for that is what it amounts to, when they say it will be sent on receipt of fifteen cents, and that a certificate good for fifteen cent's worth of seed will be returned with the *Guide*.

—On Friday the surface of the globe in this locality was one piece of ice, and many a student sought mother earth with a resounding thump. The reporter, ever watchful, caught the following expressions:

J. BRENNAN:—"Grooves, it's slippery!" (picks himself up). "Yes, it's confounded slippery."

SCHMITZ:—"I wonder what Blackstone says about ice?"

CAVANAUGH:—"So near and yet so far."

MCGINNITY:—"Never saw the beat of it." But he saw stars.

F. JEWETT—"Kind of slippery down there, is it not, boys?"

JOE BURNS:—(Looking mournfully out of the gym.) "Somebody please pass the law room."

E. PRUDHOMME:—"Steady, boys, steady. Oh, my back!"

W. HEALY:—"Wouldn't object to a bustle myself."

JNO. KELLY:—"Stick to your mother (earth), John."

HUMMER:—"Wonder what Prof. Lyman will think of those curves, straight lines and angles."

BRELSFORD:—"Excuse me, boys; I'm too busy to venture out."

"CLAY CO.":—"Shaves have gone down 95°."

—Professor Edwards, of Notre Dame University, Indiana, has for some time past been engaged in making a collection of portrait paintings of the distinguished ecclesiastics of the Catholic Church of America for that institution. His labors have been rewarded with gratifying success. A very large number of portraits of the most eminent and learned prelates and priests now adorn the literary halls and corridors of that centre of learning and art. Among the latest additions to this superb collection is a portrait of the Rev. Patrick Dillon who was President of Notre Dame University from 1865 to '66, and whose great abilities and energy were devoted to the building up of the University. Father Dillon died in the noon of his manhood, but his life-size portrait which was painted by that gifted young artist, Mrs. N. J. Neary, *née* Miss Leonore Young of this city, is not only a work of art, but also in the opinion of those who saw the picture and who knew Father Dillon, a faithful and spirited likeness. As soon as the new college building of one hundred rooms for advanced students and graduates is

completed, Notre Dame will erect a splendid art hall which will add new lustre to that progressive, growing and leading Catholic University of the great West.—*Chicago Citizen*.

Roll of Honor.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Messrs. Ahlrichs, Adams, Alvarez, Akin, Bunker, J. T. Brennan, Bretz, Burns, Burger, Blessington, H. Brannick, Barnes, Brewer, Barrett, Burke, Beckman, Brelsford, C. W. Browu, J. Brennan, Bruggemann, Cassidy, Cooney, S. Campbell, E. Chacon, G. Cooke, Cusack, Casey, Carroll, D. Cartier, Cavanaugh, Carney, E. Coady, T. Coady, P. Coady, Chute, W. Campbell, Combe, L. Chacon, Dinkel, Dacy, Dore, Delaney, Dougherty, Dwyer, Davis, R. Fleming, Finckh, Fehr, Franklin, Ford, Fitzgerald, Göke, Grange, Goebel, Giblin, Gallardo, F. Galen, J. Galen, Garfias, J. J. Gallagher, J. J. D. Gallagher, Goben, Hepburn, Houlihan, Hays, Hacket, Hughes, L. Herman, M. Howard, Hempler, Hoover, Hill, Hummer, E. Howard, W. Herman, Heard, F. Jewett, H. Jewett, Karasynski, Kenny, Kohlmann, Knoblauch, Louisell, Lane, Lahey, Lesner, Lozana, F. Long, Larkin, G. Long, McNally, McErlain, Mackey, Mattes, McAuliff, McKeon, McGinnity, V. Morrison, W. Morrison, J. Meagher, W. Meagher, L. Meagher, H. C. Murphy, Mahorney, Major, Nations, R. Newton, Nester, W. O'Brien, O'Shea, O'Connor, O'Donnell, Ohlwine, O'Hara, L. Paquette, Prudhomme, Prichard, Patterson, C. Paquette, Powers, Robinson, Reynolds, W. Roberts, Rorke, Roper, C. Roberts, Stewart, Schmitz, Springer, J. B. Sullivan, H. Smith, G. Soden, Spencer, Toner, Tiernan, V. Vurpillat, F. Vurpillat, Woods, Wade, Wynn, C. Youngerman, F. Youngerman, Zeller, Zeitler.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Masters Adelsperger, J. Allen, W. Allen, Aarons, Adler, Bates, Beaudry, Brady, Bailey, Bearinger, Bronson, Bryan, Bradley, T. Cleary, S. Cleary, Cunningham, Crandall, Ciarcoschi, E. Connors, J. Connors, Case, Cass, Collins, A. Campbell, Cauthorn, Clendenin, Chute, Covert, N. Davis, E. Du Brul, Devine, D'arcy, Dempsey, Darroch, Ernest, Erwin, Elder, Flannigan, Falvey, C. Fleming, P. Fleming, Frei, C. Fitzgerald, J. Fitzgerald, Godman, Green, Goodson, Gappinger, Hesse, Hinkley, Hoerr, Hughes, Hannin, Hanrahan, Hague, Hennessy, Hahn, Ibold, Jackson, Jewett, Joslyn, King, Kearns, Kearney, Lenhoff, Moncada, Mahon, Maher, Maurus, Monarch, Malone, Morrison, J. Mooney, C. Mooney, Mackey, Merz, McCartney, McGrath, McMahon, McIvers, J. McIntosh, L. McIntosh, McPhee, F. Neef, A. Neef, Nester, Neal, Noe, O'Brian, O'Donnell, Pecheux, F. Peck, Palmer, Quinlan, Reinhard, I. Rose, S. Rose, E. Roth, Riedinger, Rowsey, Ramsey, Rice, Sheehan, Schultze, Stanton, C. Sullivan, A. Sullivan, Spalding, Sutter, L. Scherrer, Shear, Smith, Sloan, Talbot, Wright, Walsh, Welch, Weitzel, B. Wile, Williamson, Wilbanks, Young.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Masters Ackerman, Bates, Blake, Barbour, Bruel, T. Burns, J. Burns, Bryan, Bearinger, Brown, Boyle, Connelly, Cornell, W. Creedon, Cohn, C. Connor, W. Connor, Crandall, Crane, Cudahy, Downing, Durand, Doherty, Jas. Dungan, J. Dungan, Dorsey, J. Dempsey, F. Dempsey, Dench, E. Elkin, M. Elkin, G. Evers, F. Evers, Eckler, Elder, Finnerty, Falvey, Foster, Fanning, Grant, A. Greene, Goodwillie, Gregg, Goodman, Girardin, Gray, Hendry, Hagus, Hamilton, Hinds, Hill, Henneberry, Jonquet, Johns, Kane, Kroolman, Kirk, Keeler, Kaye, Koesler, Kehoe, Lansing, Levi, Livingston, Londoner, Loneragan, Lee, J. Marre, A. Marre, Maternes, Marx, Minor, McPhee, Mattas, McDonnell, McDanel, McGuire, Mooney, Mayer, Montague, C. McCarthy, McCarthy, Miller, Marr, Morrison, C. Nichols, W. Nichols, Neenan, O'Neill, Plautz, Oppenheimer, Parker, L. Paul, C. Paul, Powell, Quill, Roberts, Seerey, Snyder, Seidensticker, Stone, Steine-man, Stephens, Stange, Thornton, Taylor, Trujillo, F. Webb, Witkowsky, R. Webb, Washburne, Wever, Wilcox, Wilson.

St. Mary's Academy.

One Mile West of Notre Dame University.

—On Sunday last Rev. D. E. Hudson, C. S. C., was the celebrant of the High Mass, at which he gave a sermon on "Charity" that impressed all, and which was, it is to be hoped, the cause of many good resolutions.

—At the regular academic meeting last week, the Juniors read a paper of their own, called *St. Joseph's Lily*. The readers were the Misses Crane and Dolan; they were assisted in editing it by the Misses Farwell, Stapleton, Reeves and Quealey. The number was very good, considering that it was the first. Very Rev. Father General expressed himself as highly pleased, and invited the Minims to have a paper next week.

—Through lack of space we were obliged to omit the programme of the semi-annual entertainment in our last number. It is as follows:

Sleighting Song, (Bell Accompaniment).....Arens
Vocal Class.
Greetings to Very Rev. Father General.....E. Balch
Faust Valse.....Gounod-Liszt
L. Van Horn.
Variazioni de Concerto.....J. Benedict
H. Guise. Accompanied by L. Van Horn.
Compliments—"Echos de la belle France"...K. Gavan
"Committee of Ways and Means".....The Minims
Sextette from "Lucia".....Donizetti
Misses Guise, Gavan, Moran, Balch, Barry and
Dempsey. Accompanied by M. Rend.
Oeffentliche Meinung.....I. Bub.
"L'Africaine" Fantasia.....Meyerbeer-Bendel
M. Rend.
Recitation—"Marguerite of France".....A. Donnelly
"I Know that My Redeemer Liveth," (from "The
Messiah").....Handel
K. Gavan. Accompanied by H. Guise.
Essay—"Success".....L. McNamara
Etude de Concert.....Liszt
H. Guise.
Chorus—"Hear my Prayer".....Mendelssohn
Vocal Class. Accompanied by M. Rend.

The Art Department.

Last Wednesday's exhibit of art work was highly creditable, and was very favorably commented upon by Professor Gregori of the University, whose opinion is considered valuable at St. Mary's as well as elsewhere. To even a careless observer, it is a source of pleasure to note the attention paid to the fundamental principles of art, and to see the gradual steps by which the student is taken through the prescribed course. Miss Addie Gordon had, among many pieces, two pencilled heads; and in water-colors, "St. Peter in Prison" and a study of books, which were evidences of careful work and indicative of much artistic talent. Miss M. Schiltz had on exhibition two charming heads in water-colors; Miss J. Robinson several pieces from nature;

Misses Bub, Wehr, Regan and Burton deserve special mention for excellent work in oil-painting. The pencillings were exceptionally fine, especially those done by the Misses Brewer, Piper, Nicholas, K. Hurley, Stapleton, Hammond, Fitzpatrick, Cleveland, Ernest, Wright and Hutchinson. In crayon the Misses Clarke, Hull and Crane, and N. Morse excelled. The large number following the regular course speaks volumes for the art department, which has ever been the advocate of thorough work, and has always discountenanced any tendency towards superficial training.

Success.

Some pictures there are that seem to linger in memory's halls; like some subtle perfume their effect lives, ever bringing into being new thoughts, new ideas. Such a one is before me now. The bright green of the foliage contrasts beautifully with the soft blue of the summer sky. Trees and flowers, sward and air, combine to enchant; far off in the distance winds a silver thread that tells of the water's sweet music as it mingles with the rustling of the leaves. Above, perched on a lofty branch, is a bird of brilliant plumage, and so natural does it seem that we can almost see its throat rise and fall with the melodious sounds which issue from the feathered songster. Near by stands a monk with a look of intense rapture pictured on his face, his book open at his side as if suddenly interrupted in his morning devotions. No thought seems to possess him now but the harmonious sounds which meet his ear. So life-like is the figure, so bright the shimmering sunshine which falls through the thick foliage overhead, so beautiful is the whole effect that we seem to see the very breath of heaven moving among the branches, and animating the whole scene.

The legend represented tells of an old monk who wandered through the woods one day and pondered over the thoughts of paradise. Just as he framed the query "will we not tire of heaven?" he heard the sweet notes of a bird. Charmed, he noted not the lapse of time, and followed the voice, oblivious of all besides. Is this picture a strange one? Who has not followed a song that has made him forgetful of all save the siren? No matter what station in life a person may occupy, some such scene is ever before his fancy; and as the bird riveted the gaze of the monk, so the hope of success engrosses his attention and leads him on to noble deeds and works of fame. This alluring spirit, which bids all men follow her, varies according to the individ-

ual call. To the child she whispers of a parent's pleasure, of a prize won, and lo! the difficulties of school-life are overcome, the goal is reached, and all this constitutes success. The business man is ever striving after wealth; the statesman after civic glory; the artist after a realization of his conceptions and after fame. To each, success means a different thing; but its power of animating is the same. Every profitable investment, every party victory, every telling stroke of the brush, and the end seems nearer; success appears brighter, more alluring.

Again must we turn to our legend: When the old monk repaired to his monastery he found all things new and strange. None but strangers' hands ministered to him; and, bewildered, he asked for his brethren whom he left that morning; then he learned that he had followed the bird a hundred years, still wondering, he lost hearing of earthly sounds to wake 'midst harmonies not known to men.

Could we but look into the future, how differently would we shape our views! Oftentimes when our plans are overthrown by some unforeseen event we turn aside disheartened and fail to see that a greater gain is ours than if our poor hopes had been fulfilled. Success, as understood by the majority, consists in winning the laurel wreath of victory in whatever profession one may be engaged. Such a thought is based on selfishness. We should remember that even the loneliest stands as a link in the chain of brotherhood; then will we understand the true ring of the words:

"Fail, yet rejoice; because no less
The failure that makes thy distress
May teach another full success."

To accomplish our aims is sweet; to realize our dreams is delight; while to meet with disappointment is hard. Yet, the true, the noble heart finds comfort in the thought, that our "common, daily speech discolors what was true," and that earthly failure oftentimes means success:

"Glorious it is to wear the crown
Of a deserved and pure success;
He who knows how to fail has won
A crown whose lustre is not less."

LOUISE MCNAMARA (*Class '89*).

Roll of Honor.

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

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses Arnold, Anson, Ash, E. Balch, Bates, T. Balch, Burton, Beschameng, Bogner, Butler, Brewer, Barron, C. Beck, Barber, Clifford, Currier, Caren, Compagne, Clarke, Clore, J. Connell, Ducey, Davis, Dempsey, Dority, Dorsey, M. De Montcourt, M. Dunkin, N. Dunkin, Flannery,

Fitzpatrick, Fursman, J. Fox, L. Fox, Gavan, Guise, Griffith, M. Gibson, N. Gibson, Gordon, Harriman, Hertzog, Hammond, Harlen, M. Horner, Hurff, Healy, C. Hurley, Hepburn, Harmes, Hutchinson, Haight, Haney, Hellmann, Hubbard, Irwin, Jungblut, Kingsbury, C. Keeney, A. Keeney, Koopman, Ledwith, Meehan, McNamara, Moran, N. Morse, Moore, C. Morse, McCarthy, Nester, Nacey, Nelson, Nicholas, O'Brien, Prudhomme, Papin, Piper, Penburthy, Parker Quinn, Robinson, Roberts, G. Renfrow, M. Smith, Spurgeon, Studebaker, Schiltz, Sauter, Taylor, Van Horn, Van Mourick, Violette, Wright, Wilkinson, Zahm.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses E. Burns, M. Burns, Campbell, Churchill, M. Davis, B. Davis, Dempsey, Dolan, Dreyer, Erpelding, Ernest, Griffith, Graves, Göke, Hoyt, Johns, Kahn, Kloth, Kelso, Lauth, Levy, M. McHugh, M. McPhee, Miller, Northam, O'Mara, Patrick, Patier, Quealey, Reeves, Regan, Rinehart, Rose, M. Smyth, J. Smith, Scherrer, M. Schoellkopf, I. Schoellkopf, Soper, Stapleton, Sweeney, Thirds, A. Wurzburg, N. Wurzburg.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Misses Ayer, E. Burns, Crandall, L. McHugh, M. McHugh, Moore, S. Smyth, N. Smyth, Zengeler.

Examination Report.

LANGUAGE COURSE.

LATIN.

Misses L. Griffith, G. Clarke.

FRENCH.

2D CLASS—Misses K. Gavan, Campeau, Beschameng, Marley.

3D CLASS, 1ST DIV.—Misses Morse, Burton, T. Balch, Prudhomme, Papin, Compagne, Arnold, M. De Montcourt, Studebaker, Hellmann. Promoted to this Class—Miss B. Kingsbury.

2D DIV.—Misses Hepburn, Wagner, Rinehart, Coll, B. Smith.

4TH CLASS, 1ST DIV.—Misses Bloom, D. Davis, Hurff, N. Gibson, M. Gibson, N. Davis, I. Horner, Roberts, A. Wurzburg, N. Wurzburg, Pugsley, Haight, Hamilton, Jungblut.

2D DIV.—Misses Healey, Hutchinson, Ash, Penburthy, Flitner, Thayer.

5TH CLASS—Misses Ayer, Papin, Scherrer, Griffith.

GERMAN.

1ST CLASS—Misses Bub, Beschameng.

2D CLASS—Misses Burton, Moore, Lauth, Piper, Wehr, Sauter.

3D CLASS—Misses K. Hurley, C. Hurley, K. Morse, Quealey, A. Keeney, Nacey, Kahn. Promoted to this Class—Misses M. Schoellkopf, V. Erpelding.

4TH CLASS—Misses Haney, I. Schoellkopf, Kloth, Crane, Koopman, Lewis, Dreyer, Miller, Levy. Promoted to this Class—Misses Ansbach, Currier, Churchill, Ernest, Irwin, Ledwith, McCarthy, Nicholas, Northam, Spurgeon.

5TH CLASS—Misses Kaspar, Hagus, Griffith, Göke, M. Davis, B. Davis, Barry, Graves.

St. Mary's Academy, Salt Lake City.

Last Thursday the pupils of St. Mary's Academy gave to their parents and friends one of those literary and musical entertainments which have made the institution famous.

The day was bright, clear, and lovely, and

the aroma of happiness and intelligence which filled the atmosphere within and around the Academy told the visitor, who tripped across the snow-clad lawn to the beautiful undulating strains of merry chimes, that a great intellectual treat was in store; and never, perhaps, within the history of this far-famed institution was assembled within its walls a more intellectual and appreciative audience than such as gathered together on last Thursday.

It is to the credit of the institution, and to the cultured public of this city, that these entertainments which have been repeated at this institution twice during each scholastic year, are ever new and never old. How could it be otherwise? The ladies who conduct St. Mary's have a national reputation; their intelligence pierces to the throne of the Invisible there to find those ennobling and beautiful ideas which are the bulwark of civilization; their philanthropy knows no creed or country; and of them might be truly said: "The world is their home; to do good is their religion." Within the great shades of their convent life they commune with the sages, philosophers, poets and painters, and cull from their works the drops of honey to nurture and strengthen the minds of those happy ones confided to their care. The order of exercises carried out on Thursday was a most pleasing one, and the names of the young ladies who participated guarantee that everything was a great success.

The concert recitation proved that elocution is an important factor in the academy curriculum. The distinct enunciation, the silvery modulation, the appropriate emphasis and, above all, the natural and graceful gestures, were something away ahead of what might be expected from young ladies pursuing an academic course. At the close of the exercises, Bishop Burke, of Cheyenne, made a short address, in which he said that for some time past he had been travelling in Europe and the United States, and that the fame of St. Mary's Academy and All Hallows' College had spread from shore to shore. He paid a high and well-merited compliment to Bishop Scanlan and the people of this Territory, who had created such institutions of learning, to which the young ladies and gentlemen of this and surrounding territories may flock without the least interference, directly or indirectly, with their religious tenets, to receive all that is necessary to make up not only a useful but an ornamental education—an education which cannot be excelled in matter or manner by similar institutions East or West.—*Salt Lake Herald.*