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To Maurice Francis Egan.

Yes, mute is tuneful shepherd Daphnis, dead is Pan,
Gone are the gods, as you have nobly said;
But thou, thy melodies are never dead—
True poets have not died, nor ever can;
I know thee as a poet, not as a man.
I was through Shakspeare and through Milton led
By you, and, bee-like, on their flowers I fed—
Flowers wet with dews Nepenthean heaven-shed.
O never be thou mute as they are mute!
But let thy song in "linkèd sweetness" flow;
Thy words were like the Sower's—like those seeds
Which fell on good soil and brought forth good fruit.
In thy fair garden may the roses grow,
Unchoked, unhampered by the idle weeds.

HENRY S. CAUTHORN (*Jr.*).

Immortality.

BY W. A. LARKIN, '90.

Man appears to be a creature full of contradictions. On the one hand, raised by the might of genius, his power seems but commensurate with the universe; on the other, the slave of base passions, he is on a level with the beasts. Full of lofty ideals, apparently vague hopes, and vaguer longings, he is an enigma even to those who profess to be students of his character.

He sees around him Nature and the forces of Nature, and recognizes that they are not what he is. He perceives the wonderful symmetry that governs the universe, and from its laws deduces a law-giver. Rising from the finite things around him, he conceives the infinite; from the mortality that prevails over things material, he concludes immortality and things immaterial; in a word, from things caused he arrives at a cause. From the incompleteness

of his life in this world he concludes a life in another, where there shall be no incompleteness. And all this by a natural progression that seems to defy refutation.

Man observes in himself certain effects—as thought, reason, intelligence—and perceives that they are of a nature unlike all other effects with which he is acquainted and which he sees in the material universe around him. He observes that the effects are immaterial; but he also sees that they require the brain, a material substance, as condition. So, reasoning from effect to cause, he concludes that, woven intricately with his material body, there is another substance which produces these effects, and that this also must be immaterial. In other words, as common sense dictates and experience shows, man is a being composed of body and soul substantially united. And the subject of this essay is to prove that the soul, the immaterial part of man, does not of necessity die with the body.

Deep in the hearts of all lies a hope, nay, a conviction, that life for man does not end with this world. Like a mighty barrier it confronts the Atheists and Materialists who assert that the soul dies with the body. Man cannot, will not, give up this hope in a future life. His whole soul revolts against it; and this is one of the strongest proofs of its immortality. "Can it be true," says a mother, racked with grief at the death of her child, "can it be true that I shall see my son no more?" And this cry of the heart cleaves in twain the flimsy arguments of the Materialist who would say that death parts us from our loved ones forevermore.

Tradition, like the ghost of the murdered Banquo, rises up and protests against these scoffers of all that is holy, who would take from man his dearest birthright, and give him stones when he cries for bread. Tradition, the basis

of all historical knowledge, the foundation of half the truths known to man; tradition—the faith we put in the word of another, the credence we give his assertions—tradition answers, no! the soul dies not with the body, but lives for aye. Nor time, nor space can fill the measure of its wants: eternity alone can surfeit its capacities.

Men of every age and of every clime have testified to the immortality of the soul. This belief has prevailed from time immemorial. The fire-adoring Persians, the world-conquering Romans, the pleasure-loving Greeks—all were impressed with it; all looked forward to another life beyond the grave. The Brahman held that it was so certain that he knew not how to escape it. And the dark and gloomy, yet learned and cultivated Egyptian, by the honor he paid the dead, witnessed in its favor. O man! thy nature is a lie and all thy aspirations deceit, or thy soul must be immortal.

"Death," cries the materialist, "rules the universe! It is the common fate of all: death and decay. This is the end." The end, my friend? Ah, no! In man two principles reside and struggle for the mastery. The one leads him upwards and onwards; the other drags him down and retards his footsteps; the one material, the other rational. Of the first are born his lower passions and baser instincts; of the second his God-like aspirations and boundless desires. Though decay obtains in the material part of man, the immaterial part, the soul, defies its power, and rises to a new life glorious in its triumph over death.

Corruption is the sign of mortality. Where it is, death reigns. But that which cannot touch the effect can surely not affect the cause. Yet rational ideas, not less than moral principles, are as incorruptible as the human soul itself. This incorruptibility rests on the moral nature of man, and marks him for eternity. It is like a mighty rift in a mountain's side that remains long after its cause is forgotten. It is the divine aroma of immortality that is wafted to us from the Eleusinian shores.

What is it that gives men of science such weight even in philosophical questions in our day? It is because they have read life's truths in nature's book, and present us with facts that may be relied upon; that are worthy of credence because they are *natural*. But what can be more natural than the soul's longing for an endless happiness? Here the materialist refuses to accept as an argument that which in all else he admits as an axiom. The desire for future bliss is deeply imbedded in the very essence of man's

nature, and cannot be eradicated. We may try to ignore it, but we cannot uproot it. It is like the fabulous monster of antiquity; if you cut one head off, a hundred more appear.

Man's higher qualities are his moral liberty and his understanding. They are essentially the faculties of the soul. In life, impeded by a material body and material wants, they cannot obtain full play. Since they do not depend on the body as cause, since it is in reality an obstacle to their full development, we should not be inconsistent in saying that when separated from the body these faculties have a wider scope and a fuller development. In other words, the soul after death lives a freer, higher life in another world, the world of spirits. And how could it be otherwise? As we believe, and science teaches, the body is not annihilated after death, but springs up in new forms of life, new forms of beauty. If this be so, would not the baser part of man have a higher, loftier destiny than we would grant his nobler part? The soul-stirring songs of Homer and the lofty strains evoked from Milton's muse live immortal in the hearts of men; and shall we assign their geniuses death, while we give their productions life? Shall we say that the mighty soul of Shakspeare and the pure spirit of Dante are less than the poorest thing that lives and moves? Such a doctrine would destroy morality, subvert authority, and annihilate society. It gives man the nature of a brute, and continually reminds him of his base origin. How poor and paltry a thing it is compared with the sublime truths of Christianity that teaches man he is not of this world only; that raises him above matter and educates him for eternity!

In conclusion, we may say that the reasons for believing in the immortality of the soul are many and convincing; while the motives that may be assigned for disbelief are but few, and are quickly dissipated in the sun-light of right reason—the participation of light Divine. God's glory and man's happiness, God's justice and man's nature point to a future life which shall know no end. And this belief that has survived time and withstood corruption, that is the fundamental principle of all religion, the cornerstone of Christianity, cannot be false. Springing as it does from a sentiment deeply implanted in the very nature of man and based upon a true revelation of God's justice, it cannot be eradicated. As it was the belief of our ancestors, so it must continue to be the belief of all future generations until "God, coming in His glory, shall judge each man according to his works."

The Death of Polyxene.

Διπλᾷ με χρηζεις δάκρυα κερδᾶναι γυναι.
Talthybius relates the death of Polyxene to Hecuba.
Imitated from the Hecuba—Lines 520, 566.

Now all the host was gathered round the tomb
 Whereat was wrought the maiden's woeful doom;
 And, with her hand in his, in sight of these,
 Led forward by the son of Achilles,
 She clomb the mound wherein in darkness rest
 The hero's bones.

And when she reached the crest,
 Straightway some youths, picked for their worthiness
 From out their fellows, lest her sore distress
 Should goad the hapless one to strive withstand
 Her fate, ran forth and stood on either hand.

Meanwhile, Lord Pyrrhus, from a great gold cup,
 To whose broad brim the red wine mantled up,
 Spilt on the ground a rich drink-offering,
 Which to his father's ghost might comfort bring;
 Then beckoned me to keep the people still;
 The which command I, hastening to fulfil,
 Shouted aloud:

"Be still, ye men of Greece,
 Let no man speak!"

Whereat they held their peace.
 "Now, son of Peleus, come," then Pyrrhus saith:
 "Both comforted and forced from the halls of death
 By the dark wine wherewith we wet thy grave!
 Come, drink the purple blood thy soul doth crave,
 The pure blood of this maid drink at thy will
 Which I and all the host for thee shall spill!
 Do thou take thought of us! so that we may
 Unloose the tackling of our ships; and aye
 Be helpful, father, and with favoring winds,
 Grant thou good hap to us, so that our minds
 Be comforted for all our woes at Troy
 By reaching our dear land without annoy!"

And when he made an end, the whole host prayed.
 But, meanwhile, Pyrrhus, pointing to the maid,
 Drew his gold-hilted sword, and bade the youth,
 Chosen for this, to seize her. Then, in truth,
 Spying their thought, the sore-tried maiden spake!

"O men of Troy, who spoiled my house, and brake
 My brothers' spears! Pray ye, let no man touch
 My body! for 'twere most unseemly such
 Entreatment base should shame me 'mong the dead!—
 O most unmeet it were that thralls who dread
 Their awful king, the black-browed Lord of Death
 Should call me slave, when ye have quenched my breath!
 Gladly I go to meet with death's release—
 Then—by the gods!—I charge ye, men of Greece,
 That, when I've landed on death's moan-swept coasts,
 I be not made a mock of wailing ghosts!—
 I, Priam's daughter!—Though in sore distress,
 To meet such hap were sorer wretchedness!
 With sweet desire of death my doom I dree.
 A free-born maid, let the sword seek me free!
 For this, and not for life, do I beseech!"

Thereat, when she had made an end of speech,
 A great shout shook the skies from all the men,
 And Agamemnon bade them loose her. Then
 She rent her raiment; and her neck was seen,
 Fairer than ever carver wrought. But e'en
 When kneeling on the earth to meet the sword
 She spake of all I heard the saddest word:

"Lookest thou, O youth! Here thou canst wound my
 breast!
 Or if my neck to strike it pleaseth best
 Lo! here my neck."

The youth with pity fraught,
 As one who willeth and yet willeth not,
 Having his thoughts this way and that at strife,
 Drave with his sword, and spilt the springs of life.

Rock-Making Plants and Animals.

BY W. P. M'PHEE, '90.

Life, ever since its appearance on this planet of ours, has taken a conspicuous part in the building of many of the beds of rock, which now comprise an important portion of the earth's crust. But besides this, much importance is attached to it by the geologist because of the assistance it renders him in ascertaining the principal facts connected with the early history of the formation of the surface of the earth. The usefulness of the fossil to the geologist, however, does not concern us here, for what we are to consider is the part which life has taken in building many of the extensive beds of rock which occur so frequently near the earth's surface.

Life, we know, has not been an unimportant factor in the formation of rocks, for the immense beds of coal and peat, of coral and limestone, owe their origin to the animal and plant life that existed on the earth many ages ago.

As coal is the most abundant and best known of the rocks formed from vegetable life, it is fitting that it should be taken as an illustration of the conversion of plants into the vast beds of rock which underlie a great part of our continent. Coal is composed of the leaves and stems of ancient shrubs and trees. This may seem to many at first thought a startling statement, but it is one which can easily and clearly be shown to be true; for the gradations between the forest and the coal bed can be distinctly traced throughout the many peat and coal formations of the globe. First, we behold the forest bright with its rich green foliage; then it falls into decay, and with the aid of low-temperature and swampy ground it is converted into lignite, thence into bituminous coal, and finally it is transformed into the hard anthracite coal with which we are all so familiar.

But besides the proof rendered by these gradations between the coal-bed and the forest, there are others that are as equally convincing. In the process of formation of coal it is very probable that some of the vegetable matter may

have escaped material change and consequently still exists in the form it possessed before. To discover some such case is not a difficult task; for often in an ordinary piece of coal may be found the remnants of some of the plant life; or by descending into the dark recesses of some of the coal mines we may see there whole trunks of trees, sixty and seventy feet long, standing erect, with their roots imbedded in the very soil in which they had once flourished.

The coal which is now used so extensively as a fuel by civilized nations originated in the decay of the vegetation of the carboniferous age. If we may judge correctly from the calculations made by Boussingault, the vegetation of that period must have been extremely luxuriant; for according to his estimates it would require a little more than twelve hundred years for the most luxuriant vegetation of the present age to furnish the organic matter necessary for the formation of a single seam of coal six inches in thickness. From this statement a good idea may be had of the enormous amount of time and material it must have taken to form some of the series of coal measures in Pennsylvania and Nova Scotia.

Though coal is more extensively known than peat, yet the latter demands some attention. The formation of peat is confined to localities of low temperature and moist climate. Like coal, it is an accumulation of half decomposed vegetable matter which, with the aid of moisture, is transformed into a hydro-carbon substance. The sphagnum moss, of which most of the peat-bogs are composed, has the peculiar property of dying at the extremities of the roots while stems still shoot upward, and it is owing to this fact that some of the peat-bogs have such great thickness. These peat beds are quite extensive in some countries, especially in Ireland, where they extend over one-tenth part of the entire surface of the island. Though comparatively common, peat is not so useful to man as coal. It is, however, frequently employed as a substitute.

The lime accumulations, which are the best illustrations of the rock-formative effects of animal life, owe their origin mainly to corals and shells. Corals are of peculiar interest to the geologist, chiefly because of the part they take in the formation of many of the islands of the Pacific, Atlantic and Indian oceans, and in producing immense deposits of limestone. The coral is the production of a small animal called the polyp, and is properly but the internal skeleton of these animals, which have the power of drawing themselves inside the coral, but which usually

surround it, having the appearance of a brown slime. They grow only in warm climates, and hence rarely extend more than two or three degrees beyond the tropics. Occasionally, however, when the climate is favorable to their growth, they extend much farther north, as is the case with the Bermuda and Bahama Islands where the warm Gulf Stream makes the conditions of place favorable to their development. In some places the coral formations are very extensive, indeed, as, for instance, in New Holland, where there is a reef which is, according to Flinders, nearly one thousand miles in length, and of which one part is unbroken for a distance of three hundred and fifty miles.

The rate of this growth has been the subject of much discussion on the part of scientists, but it is certainly not very rapid, although experiments conducted by Professor Allan on the east coast of Madagascar show that it is possible for them to grow to a thickness of three feet in six months.

The opinion prevailed among many of the earlier naturalists that corals built their walls perpendicular from the great depths of the sea; but it has been conclusively shown by Darwin and Agassiz that such is not the case, but that the corals that produced most of the reefs rarely flourish at depths greater than six fathoms.

To account for the many coral islands which seem to have grown up from immense depths, Darwin has suggested a very plausible explanation. He states that the polyp begins its existence in waters of a moderate depth, and there forms a fringing reef to some island or solitary volcano. But as steadily as the coral grows, so steadily does the sea bottom subside. If this subsidence be too rapid, the coral is carried below its depths and drowned. But as the subsidence is usually less rapid than the growth of the coral, after a greater or less time, reaches the surface. Here the dashing waves beat upon its sides and grind it into powder which is thrown on the top of the reef and there forms a barren, rocky island surrounding a salt water lake which covers the spot where the former island stood. It was not ordained, however, that this work of centuries should only be a desolate rock, the dread of mariners; for the friendly waves and winds tossed on its shores the seeds from which spring the beautiful verdure so characteristic of tropical climates.

Besides the limestone formed by the coral, the most important are the shell deposits which are made either by the shells of mollusks or by the stony secretions of microscopic animals and plants. The mollusk gathers its lime from

the sea-water and with it forms its shell which is left at the bottom of the shallow waters which it inhabits. With each succeeding generation, more material is accumulated until beds of immense thickness and extent are formed. It is by means of the lime beds formed by these mollusks that geologists are able to distinguish the shore lines of the various geological ages.

Many microscopic animals and plants, small as they are, have, by the accumulation of their shells, formed a large portion of the limestone strata which now underlie the surface of the earth. The Diatoms are the most conspicuous of the microscopic plants which form these rocks. From the minuteness of their size an idea may be had of the enormous number of them it must have taken to form the immense deposits they have left. The Foraminiferæ are the most important of the microscopic animals to be considered in connection with this subject as they are at present forming a white, chalky limestone at the bottom of the sea. The nature of this formation has been determined by explorations made by the governments of Europe and the United States, and was found to be composed principally of Globigerinæ, a branch of the Foraminiferæ.

A Traveller's Musings.

VI.

This gentleman informed us that lands in the best Gulf parishes of Louisiana can be bought in any quantities, from ten acres or arpents (five-sixth of an acre), to thousands, at figures ranging from two to ten, twenty and thirty dollars an acre, according to location, improvements and buildings. Before the war, when every planter was like a prince or baron of the Middle Ages, these same lands were sold from fifty to seventy-five and one hundred and seventy-five dollars an acre. The soil yielded 40 to 90 bushels of corn, and 40 to 75 bushels of oats. Three crops of Keltic potatoes were not unusual. Vegetables could be raised all the year round *ad infinitum*. Enough of broom corn could be garnered to furnish every housekeeper in America with a besom, including the intellectual young Misses of Vassar College, who burn midnight oil in the study of domestic economy or experimental zoölogy. Corn, cotton and cane were the staples of Iberia parish. There were 110,183 acres under cultivation, and 255,134 acres idle. Last year there were 69,320 acres planted with corn; 27,308 with cotton; 8,620 with sugar cane; 3,700 with rice; cane is the most profitable crop. The small planters are anxiously awaiting the influx of Northern capital which will build central refineries or sugar mills so

that they can put most of their land down to cane. Hundreds of such factories are needed to supply the demand. The plant which refines and prepares the different grades of sugar costs from \$40,000 to \$150,000. The new diffusion process of making sugar, which increases the price of the cane at the mill, will force the big planters to spend thousands of dollars in new and improved machinery, or to carry their cane to large mills or refineries, which must be erected in each parish or district where sugar growing is conducted on a large scale. Most of the large plantations are furnished with the plant or machinery for preparing the different grades of sugar. The large plantations contain from one thousand to several thousand arpents.

Much of the Bayou Teche country is let to small planters at from \$2 to \$3 an acre. An acre well cultivated will yield from 20 to 35 tons of cane. This is sold at the mills at from \$3 to \$5 a ton. The cost of production, including cultivation, harvesting, ditching, weeding, draining, feed, cowpeas, fertilizers, blacksmithing, ranges from \$35 to \$50 the first year. This includes seed cane at from \$10 to \$20. For the two years following, the expenses of production are considerably less, as the cane grows then from the stock or stubble. The sucrose of upland cane is greater than that of lowland cane—samples reaching 14—but the quantity of solids, not sugar, is greater in the former than in the latter. The diffusion process has given as high as 120 lbs of brown sugar to the ton of sorghum.

Before the war, Louisiana averaged annually about 400,000 hogsheads of sugar, each weighing 10,000 lbs. To-day it does not reach one-half that amount. Reduction of tariff, abolition of slavery, bad levees on the rivers, increased cost of production, have brought about this result. The following statistics give the sugar crop of the United States for the year ending January 1, 1889:

Production of cane sugar in Louisiana.....	162,264 tons
" " " elsewhere in U. S.....	5,000 "
" of best sugar in U. S.....	1,640 "
" of sorghum sugar in U. S. about.....	500 "
" of maple sugar in U. S.....	20,000 "
Total.....	189,404 "

The total consumption of sugar by Uncle Sam for the above year was 1,457,264 tons—we produce only a little over one-seventh of what we use.

The culture of the sugar cane was introduced by the Jesuits in Spanish times, to supplement the indigo crop, then the staple of the colony, and now unknown. A hardy species of violet and yellow cane, which stands the early frosts, is the kind cultivated in Louisiana. The cane usually yields three crops before the roots or stocks are exhausted. It is harvested in October or November. The cane is cut off close to the ground, and the tops are cut off and left to enrich the soil. If the stocks cannot bear another crop, the soil is plowed up and thrown into ridges about three feet apart. A trench about four inches deep is opened in each ridge late

in the Fall or early in January. Cane cuttings a few feet long are then laid in it in single or double rows. The shoots appear usually in March. At this date, however, owing to the extreme mildness of the winter, the young stalks are about a foot and a half to two feet high. They look exactly like young corn stalks, except that the single rows are more compact and hedge-like as the shoots spring from the joints of the cane, which are but a few inches apart. The cane is then plowed or cultivated until the leaves shade the ground and prevent the growth of weeds. It averages in height a little over seven feet, but in congenial soil it will reach twelve feet or more. It is ripe for cutting in October, sometimes September. The juice is extracted by a set of heavy rollers in the sugar mills. It appears as a milky, white fluid, and is immediately subjected to a treatment of lime and sulphur fumes to purify it and prevent fermentation. It is then boiled up to the granulating point in huge open kettles. After this it is put into coolers, or large vats, until granulation has taken place. A few days after, it is carried to the purgery and drained of the molasses which is mixed up with it, and becomes an article of commerce under the name of brown sugar. The refineries convert this crude article by different processes into several grades of white sugar.

Besides the ordinary way of extracting the juice of the cane by means of heavy iron rollers, there is another and less expensive method—that of powerful Asiatic or African molars!—as may be witnessed in Chinese theatres or the cabins of the ebony Apollos of the South. The process by which the liquid sweetness is so economically expressed is an agreeable exercise to the maxillars and mandibulars. This extra exercise of the facial muscles and salivary glands seems to be a want of both savage and civilized races, similar to a craving for narcotics and stimulants. It is a want which seeks satisfaction in the chewing of tobacco, the betel-nut, various kinds of roots and leaves, the heads or handles of walking-canes by Chappies or Anglomaniacs, coffee-beans by toppers, and aromatic gums by the ladies—the latest fad or agony among the fair daughters of Eve. The process above referred to has the advantage of combining utility with exercise, inasmuch as it furnishes wholesome matter for the physiological function of nutrition or alimentation. Could our future Cornelias, the mothers of the young star-spangled candidates for the White House, be induced to indulge in this

“linked sweetness long drawn out,”
a saving of many hundreds of thousands of Uncle Sam’s currency might be annually effected.

“’Tis a consummation devoutly to be wished,”
but never to be consummated.

On our way to Texas I heard a young mother, whose mouth was full of *tutti frutti*, sing the following ditty to a plaintive melody for her crying baby—it was effectual. I shall give it for the

benefit of the chewers of Yucatan, tolu, Black Jack and Gunther:

“And the chew, and the chew, and the chew,
And the gum, and the gum, too, too;
And the tot and the chew, and other two;
And the gum, and the chew, babe chew.”

We saw some very fine pine forests in Louisiana, and in the southeastern portion of the Lone Star State. Greedy speculators, however, are at work slaughtering them without any regard to the future, as hunters have cruelly and wantonly exterminated the noble Buffalo herds on the Western Plains. Syndicates follow the maxim of Sir Boyle Roche: “What has posterity done for us that we should owe them anything?” The Georgia pine is coming into general use for finishing in both North and South, and deservedly for beauty of color and grain.

There are several other woods in the southern forests which have a commercial value. The cypress, an evergreen, is used for building purposes and especially, on account of its lightness, for steamboat cabins. It is of a yellowish white color and firm like pine, but lighter than it, and is very easy to work. The trees are cut off above the swell-butts. The choppers then sound the trunk with their axes until they discover the pecks or cavities which are found towards the top of the trunk and branches, generally forty feet from the stump. The pecky portion, which is honeycombed with cavities about a half or three quarters inch in diameter is then cut off. The live-oak is Government property, and is reserved for Uncle Sam’s wooden or rather iron walls. The poplar is used for finishing purposes, and is worth more than pine. The tupolo, a species of gum, is extensively used in the manufacture of wooden ware. It is as tough as hard tack, the army mule, or the Bowery boys. The red gum tree, when properly seasoned and polished, furnishes a finishing wood almost as handsome as black walnut, though it is not as dark. The black gum is of little value. There are many large groves of black walnut which would bring fabulous prices could they be easily marketed.

One night as all the passengers in the sleeper were securely, sonorously, harmoniously snoring in the arms of Morpheus, an Eastern drummer jumped excitedly from an upper berth and yelled stentorophonically to the colored porter: “Say, potah! whas ze mazzar enny how? Is ze wah goin on yit, or be it buglers attacking ze train?”—“No, sah, it be an ornery cane brake afire.” Lod! massah, put up yo gun; no damjah, sah! De bunnin and crackin cane brakes jest make a noise alike de Yanks and de Johnnies a pepperin at wun anudder!”

The steam generated in the vacuums or hollows of the reeds produces an explosion similar to scattered volleys of musketry.

The land in Texas is low and generally wet until we reach Houston, 362 miles from New Orleans, or, perhaps, a point about 25 miles far-

ther west. As on the uncultivated prairies of Louisiana, large droves or bunches of Texan or long-horned cattle could be seen grazing on each side of the track the succulent grasses which renew their growth even in mid-winter.

Houston, written one way and pronounced—according to the rules of English orthography or kakography—another, namely, Hewstun (would that the principles of phonography of the Chicago *Tribune* could be enforced for the benefit of citizens of alien birth and the coming generations of Hail Columbia), is one of the most flourishing and progressive cities on the Mexican Gulf.

The Houstonians claim that their burg is the Chicago of the Southwest. A few miles of railway connects them with the Gulf, and the Southern Pacific or "Sunset Route" brings them into communication with the rest of the world. We stopped here for a couple of hours and perceived a striking contrast with anything we saw since leaving New Orleans. The place has all the energy and enterprise of a Northern town. It has several manufactures and cotton-seed-oil mills. I was glad to see the black men do all the work there that the *irridentissimi* descendants of the Goths and Romans do in the Garden City, except keep pea-nut stands and dago dives. They also form the bulk of the section hands on the Southern Pacific. It is named after General Samuel Houston, commander-in-chief of the army of Texas after its Declaration of Independence, 1835, and President of the Texan Republic in 1839 and 1840. It has a population of about 38,000; but the citizens, in true Cretan fashion, will throw in a few thousand more at any time for the benefit of hypocondriac hyperboreans. In a central square stands a fine court-house or a city hall, built in Romanesque style; but the numerous little slender turrets or pinnacles which surmount the edifice destroy all architectural effect.

There are several fair business blocks in the town, and some good buildings going up. A monument feature of the place is a large covered public market place where all kinds of fruits, vegetables and meats are for sale. We here met a Greek who kept a large fruit stand. His studied politeness, honeyed lips and swarthy but mobile countenance gave us an insight into the character of his wily ancestors in the classic land of sunny Greece. We exchanged with difficulty a few compliments through the medium of the ancient language of Homer and the modern tongue of Bozzaris, and the descendant of Pericles took our nickels. As we tackled his bananas and oranges we were forcibly reminded of Laocoon in Virgil: *timeo Danaos et dona ferentes*.

As we advanced westward the country began to rise from a low, wet surface to a high and rolling table-land well adapted to all kinds of agriculture as well as for pasturage. We changed cars at Houston for the capital; we had to make another change at Hempstead, a small town about 50 miles further west. The railroad from

this latter place to Austin is full of heavy grades and sharp curves. It usually runs on the hill sides to avoid heavy excavations or high embankments. The country becomes more densely populated, the villages larger and more flourishing. In the villages and in the country, the colored population seemed to form the big majority—the young coons numberless as the sea sands. Their condition, too, appeared to improve. In fact, all the way from New Orleans to Austin, a distance of 527 miles, nearly all the horny handed cultivators of the soil that we could see from the cars, except in the vicinity of the larger towns, were the epicureans of the opossum. They live in little shanties through the chinks and crannies of which the Gulf breeze, the musical mosquito and the chilly "norther" find easy entrance. Many of them own a few acres of land on which they cultivate in primitive fashion a little cotton, corn, sweet potatoes, cabbage or the Irish tuber. The more energetic among them work for the white farmers who happen to live in their neighborhood and who cultivate large tracts for cotton, sugar cane, oats or corn. They are all as happy as Diogenes in his tub. Free from mental worry and hard physical labor, many of them, both male and female, attain an avoirdupois that would surpass the capacity of our drop-a-nickel-in-the-slot weighing machines in Chicago. Said a gentleman of the colored persuasion: "Fo' de Lawd, if de wedder grows much wus and de work harder all de time, dis nigga will git a call to preach."

Fine lands can be had in Texas, in the country, if unimproved, from \$2 to \$5 an acre; and in the vicinity of the larger towns, if improved from \$10 to \$25 and upward as high as \$50 if containing irrigation ditches. What the State needs for its rapid development is immigration and capital from the North. The climate is very fine and salubrious. During our few days of travel in the State the thermometer averaged 66°. Though it rises as high as 105°, sometimes 110° in summer, there are no sunstrokes. With the refreshing southeast winds from the Gulf, men can work with safety during the greatest heats in the fields. The trees were budding forth, such as the chinaberry, the frost-oak, the hoekberry, the pecan, the umbrella tree, the *bois d'arc*, the mulberry, the persimmon, the mesquite, etc. Flowers were to be seen everywhere in the front yards of the houses. The only cold spells in winter are caused by "northers" or icy winds which blow from the north for two or three days at a time, and are keenly felt by man and beast. When accompanied by rain or sleet they often prove fatal to the weaker cattle for which no shelter is provided. A few sheds or even hay-ricks in the pasturages might obviate such losses. Only a few of the white farmers save any hay for their stock—although the soil will yield three crops annually—and these are commonly northern men.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

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

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Notre Dame, June 7, 1890.

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

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—In his recent lecture upon Christian patriotism, Bishop Keane certainly sounded the keynote of the position of a Catholic citizen to the State: we do not love the country less, but God more. Patriotism is a sacred duty. True patriotism is inseparable from true Christianity. Catholic citizens are bound to aid and defend their country. They have ever done so. The Catholic subjects of Queen Elizabeth, though she was inhumanly persecuting them, under a Catholic admiral, rallied to her support, and defeated and destroyed the invincible Armada of Europe's most Catholic king, Philip of Spain; and they did right. In every age, in every land, Catholics have been loyal and valiant defenders of fatherland. The manly bravery and personal prowess of Sheridan, Rosecrans and Meagher will long be remembered by America's people. The Catholic Church is not inimical to the Republic. She feels a deep interest in its welfare; her prayers are for its prosperity and greatness. As a man leaves father and mother and cleaves to his wife, yet cherishes a fond love for his parents, so should our foreign population—though they may have tender sympathies for the land of their birth, devote their strength, support and love to the country of their adoption. While

it is true that there is a small and a dangerous element which seeks the hospitality of our shores, the bulk of our foreign acquisitions come with honest intentions to devote their energies to the up building of the land of their choice. Our domains are wide; honest and industrious foreigners should be welcomed among us.

Charles A. Dana.

Among all the eminent journalists of America, Charles Anderson Dana, of the *New York Sun*, is probably the most distinguished and influential of the present day. His experience in journalism has been long and prolific; and by his unceasing labor, coupled with his genius for journalism and his editorial abilities, which are of the highest order, he has raised his present paper, *The Sun*, to the pre-eminent position which it now occupies among the newspapers of the country.

Mr. Dana began his career of journalism in 1842, being associated with Hawthorne, Ripley, Channing and other noted writers, who were concerned in the remarkable attempt to realize at Roxbury a high standard of social and intellectual life. Social and political reform and the progress of literature and learning have received much attention in the columns of Mr. Dana's paper.

He may be said to be one of the most profound and independent thinkers of the time, and he is also a man of great decision. Mr. Dana speaks freely the opinions he entertains concerning all the important questions of the day, especially those of a political nature. The allurements of fame and interest have never influenced his conduct; nor has the fear of criticism or censure ever caused him to withhold his opinions.

Mr. Dana's personality is to a greater extent identified in the public mind with the paper he edits than in the case of any other journalist, and his reputation is as wide as the land. This circumstance is partly due to the fact that *The Sun* is the leading organ of the Democratic party, and consequently subjects Mr. Dana to much criticism at the hands of the contemporary organs of the other political parties, who keep his name continually before the public.

As an editor, Mr. Dana has few equals; he writes in such a manner that the masses may read and understand him, and discountenances prolixity. He has recorded no theories of journalism other than those of common sense and human interest, and he may be said to be the conventional standard of news importance.

FRANK E. LANE (*Law*), '90.

Reminiscences of Corpus Christi at
Notre Dame.

EDITOR OF THE SCHOLASTIC:

You have asked me for reminiscences of *Corpus Christi* at Notre Dame, and my pen but obeys the impulse of my heart in writing them to you.

But we must go back to the time when the low, wooden belfry of the old wooden Church of the Sacred Heart dominated the twin lakes, St. Mary and St. Joseph; when the long, low row of brick apartments in the rear of the old university held the kitchen and visitors' dining room, while at the front stood the Brother with his revolving shelves to supply the students. But, oh! what beautiful days those were! There was Father Sorin, the beloved Father Superior, Father Granger, Father L'Etourneau, Father Gillespie, Father Lemonnier, Father Cooney, all in their prime; and it was when Mother Angela not only flitted with her black veils from St. Mary's to Notre Dame, from Notre Dame to St. Mary's, as the case might be, without one thought more or less to either, but was actually formulating as well as inspiring, from an ideal ever present in her mind, St. Mary's Academy, which will bear down to coming generations the marks of her far-seeing educational wisdom, her enthusiastic love of knowledge and of all gentle arts; when Mother Ascension or Mother Compassion would come from St. Mary's with their white-veiled pigeons on the great *festas*; Mother Emily or Mother Ursula with their troops of Seniors, Juniors and even Minims, to swell the ranks; when Mother Charles and Mother Eusebia sat in the chairs of Philosophy and Mathematics and Christian Doctrine at St. Mary's, and when Mother Augusta, with a quiet enforcement of the decision of councils and chapters, was superintending brick-layers and carpenters and the never-ceasing labors in field and garden or the winding walks and ram-parts of the river bank. It was a wonderful time—a sort of budding time, when the holy sap of zeal revelled in the smallest twig of the Community.

The solemn High Mass has been all but pontifical; even more resplendent in vestment and ceremonial than in any cathedral in which I have seen this feast celebrated in America; and yet there is a looking forward to the afternoon; for, from earliest dawn, arch has risen after arch, each festively draped, wreathed with fresh flowers, bearing mottoes in gold; and I cannot remember the time when good Professor

Lyons and Professor Edwards were not high on the ladders. There has been no bustle, but a steady performance of beautiful designing, in which every student has been proud to bear a part. At four o'clock Vespers have been sung in the church with such magnificence of monastic rite, with such long swells of sweet sound, as almost to cheat one into thinking, "this is all"—when a movement indicates that the procession is forming, and the only way to see, to enjoy a true procession after this most exalted type and with a motive altogether supernatural, is to leave the church and take one's stand where it unfolds like a panorama before one's eyes. The chimes are already pealing, not in full force, but with a slow, rhythmic measure to which all feet move instinctively. The gravel walks, the carriage, and even cart and field roads and along the orchard, have been strewn thickly and lavishly with freshly mown clover in flower, sending up its fragrance as if in worship; when first in the line come the little girls and tall Seniors from St. Mary's in their pink or blue summer uniforms and white lace veils, each one with her bouquet from which to scatter blossoms more rare than red or white clover; then the Novices in their thick, white veils and black habits, each one with her beads; then the Professed Sisters—and as I recall them, how many have passed from this world to bear with them to heaven the sweetness of such gracious days!

Then come the Notre Dame Minims—not so many as now—and the tall students, class after class, so reverent, too, so responsive to the spirit of the day; for has not every one among them, with scarce an exception, given a helping hand for days and days before? Then the Priests and Brothers of the Holy Cross; and what strong and sweet voices are those which take up the sequences and hymns of a Saint Thomas, while surplice and cotta give grace and festivity to the black-robed throng. But here the sweetest of the cantors, and the acolytes and the thuribles with a cloud of incense tell us that He is coming, is to walk over His own earth, is to receive the homage of His own creatures; who has veiled Himself from human eyes in order to dwell with them as a companion and a brother. The canopy, heavy with its gold embroidery, is borne by four whose consecrated hands again and again have lifted Him up before the people; while under the canopy the beloved Father Superior in the richest cope of the sacristy, with uncovered head bowed in adoration, bears uplifted from his breast, in an ostensorium resplendent with gold and jewels, that consecrated Host before which sing, with rapture, angels

and archangels as well as dying mortals: *O Salutaris Hostia*.

Instantly, hundreds and hundreds who have come from cities near and far, from villages and lonely homes on the wide prairies, not for the delights of a mere spectacle, but as worshippers, fall on their knees, and how many kiss the ground and water with tears of joy the turf over which the God-Man thus passes in beauty and graciousness! Then all fall into reverent ranks, rosary or chaplet in hand, until, passing slowly along the margin of the placid lake—what do we see? The whole procession before us, from the far-off line of little girls from St. Mary's, of white-veiled Novices, of dark-clad religious, students and priests, acolyte and incense-bearer, even to the canopy, and the radiant ostensorium and the venerable priest, reflected in the clear waves as in a mirror, only more mystical in its tints, and more like a vision of paradise!

The rapturous wonder which seizes the heart, when this vision for the first time meets the eye, is too solemn for an exclamation; but a sudden exaltation comes to the heart and a foretaste, as it were, of the pageants of heaven. I have seen this wonder again and again with an ever-deepening delight, and a sort of consecration has been given to Wordsworth's exquisite line:

"The swan on sweet St. Mary's Lake
Floats double, swan and shadow;"

because it has always come to mind at just this point of the procession.

But we are nearing the Seminary, and a boom of artillery brings everyone in the procession to kneeling; for here is one of the *stations* at which the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament is given to the multitude. A hush so profound that not a bird warbles in the grove, another boom echoed by all the wooded knolls, and again the procession moves on—moves on along the border of the lake for a time, then, passes under the shadow of the groves to just that point where the modest roof of St. Mary's could then be seen; for there was no spire in those days when we wrote:

No Queen
Is fair St. Mary's, seen
From Notre Dame; a dove upon its nest
Is praise that suits her best.

All the treasures of St. Mary's have been laid at the feet of Him who comes "leaping upon the mountains." Tapestries enclose the sylvan altar; every touch of needlework is from the most skilful hands; every blossom is that most treasured and rare from her gardens. A boom from the distant piece of artillery—a hush—and the ever-increasing multitudes are bowed to the

flowery turf, enamelled with every bud of early summer. Another distant boom, and the cantors, sweetly attuned, lead us to the Portiuncula—Saint Francis' own, with its measureless graces; and standing just before it, the distant signal again hushes the cantors and bows the adoring crowds. The hush is broken once more when the procession turns into the path, still clover-strewn, leading to the sanctuary, which from its low, wooden belfry welcomes, with peals of increasing rapture and adoring joy, this "beautiful One in His strength."

The last rays of the summer sun touch the gold of the canopy, as up the steep pitch of the path from the meadow to the level of the plain, presses the beloved Superior, still bearing high the heavy ostensorium, up the low steps to the church, into which the procession passes to the sweet clamor of the bells over our heads into the dim aisles, to find the altar ablaze with lights, while the choir and organ break forth into that song of praise meet for eternal choristers—the *Te Deum*—to close with another Benediction which sends each worshipper forth into the holy stillness of the vesper hour in these hallowed precincts, realizing that one can never be nearer Heaven in this world than on Corpus Christi at Notre Dame.

ELIZA ALLEN STARR.

Exchanges.

—Now, that the scholastic year is drawing to a close, the "exchange man" turns a retrospective gaze on his brief editorial career and writes his valedictory. The ruling passion is strong in death with some of them. Not a few felicitate themselves upon the success of their labors, and bewail the loss their papers will sustain in the severance of their connections. Others regretfully refer to ideals unrealized, and descant upon the reasons of their failure. Then, there are also those of more sanguine temperament, who complacently lay down their pens conscious of duty faithfully performed, and who are yet not inconsolable at their release from their arduous tasks. However, all seem agreed upon one point—that the position of exchange editor is no *sinecure*.

—*The Midland College Monthly* is a new exchange from Kansas.

—"My Racquet" is the title of a clever bit of verse in *The Dartmouth*.

—We learn from the *Wabash* that Wabash College is soon to have a new library building.

—The exchange department of the *De Pauw Adz* is a suppurative excrescence upon an excellent paper.

—*The Purdue Exponent* has, for the first time,

visited our sanctum, and we must say we rather like the appearance of the new comer. It has an attractive cover and contains several articles of considerable merit. Come again.

—*The University Quarterly*, of New York University, is by far the best quarterly college publication we receive. It is edited with admirable taste, and its table of contents is noticeably free from the stereotyped topics that so many monthlies and quarterlies affect.

—The *College Message* completes its sixteenth volume with its current issue. Although the *Message* has seen but sixteen summers and a few winters, yet it is a precocious youngster, and we privately opine that it has already cut its wisdom teeth. Many happy returns, etc.

—*The Baltimore City College Journal* is rather slim for a monthly; but the May number contains several good things, among which is an amusing article in which the doings of the Darktown Debating Club are chronicled. The writer is a humorist of some talent, but he might have chosen a less hackneyed theme.

—About the slimmest sheet that we receive is the *Hillsdale College Herald*. All of its matter is of purely local interest to the exclusion of even a literary department. As a weekly bulletin of Hillsdale College affairs, the *Herald* is probably entirely satisfactory, but as a representative college paper it is a dismal failure.

Books and Periodicals.

—*Harper's Monthly Magazine* for June contains a variety of highly interesting articles. It opens with the first part of M. Alphonse Daudet's latest story, "Port Tarascon," the last adventures of the illustrious Tartarin, translated by Mr. Henry James. Mr. Daudet is becoming more popular as an exquisite novelist, and is receiving a wide appreciation throughout America. Those who are acquainted with his genial hero's previous adventures will peruse this story with as much delight as they did "Tartarin of Tarascon" and "Tartarin on the Alps." The charming illustrations of Rossi, Montegut and Myrbach will not fail to attract attention; they add wonderfully to all of M. Daudet's works. We will look forward with pleasure to the continuation of this interesting serial. The same number contains also a valuable article on the "American Burlesque." As usual, the magazine is filled with matter to suit the most fastidious.

MYTHS AND FOLK-LORE OF IRELAND. By Jeremiah Curtin. Little & Brown: Boston.

Mr. Curtin tells us in his scholarly and interesting introduction to one of the most charming books of folk-lore we have ever read that these myth tales were collected in the West of Ireland by himself. To those at all acquainted with the scenery in which they are set the assurance is unnecessary; they are steeped in local color. Irish folk tales are, in fact, more distinc-

tively characteristic than those of any other part of Europe. The very efforts of the rulers of Ireland to destroy all culture and prevent education drove the people back on the traditional beliefs which they had brought from Asia and on the splendid fancies successive generations of *files* had woven out of them long before Patrick had set his foot on Erin. How thoroughly Mr. Curtin has caught the elusive flavor that makes these tales so racy of the soil is seen in such touches as that of the narrator of "The Fisherman's Son and the Gruagach": "The young couple were the luck and we the stepping-stones. The presents we got at the marriage were stockings of buttermilk and shoes of paper, and these were worn to the soles of our feet when we got home from the wedding."

We have said that the ancient popular traditions are racier among the Irish than elsewhere. They take also a more perfectly artistic shape, the result of that distinctively artistic craving after perfection of form which has characterized the more highly endowed races of the world even in the rudest stages of development. But what gives a still more significant stamp to Irish folk-lore above that of any other nation is that nowhere else are the primitive aspects of history so clearly mirrored.

These aspects are constantly changing, are renewed unceasingly, and facts are ever disappearing under the weight of the imaginative devices employed for their adornment as the woof of a tissue almost disappears under the fanciful ingenuity of the embroiderer. Still, history, even when elaborated after this fashion by the hands of fancy and memory, always retains something, represents some part of reality with fidelity. It may delight in altering the physiognomy of the men and things it claims to reproduce, but it is sure to give unconsciously a true picture of the ideas and manners of the times in which it does its story-building. In this respect, there are no historic sources more interesting and more authentic than the fabulous fanciful records found amid the earliest traces of the existence of a people. The Homeric poems, the Vedas of India, the Eddas and Niebelungen Lied of Scandinavia and Germany are not more precious materials for the construction of primitive history than is the magnificent store of Irish legend from which Professor Curtin here gives us a few gleanings. What we read is so delightful that every reader interested in the past must have his appetite sharpened for more.

Professor Curtin is not only one of the best-equipped archæologists of the age, but a linguist without an equal in this country. His services to science as one of the leading scholars attached to the Smithsonian Institution are universally recognized. We hope that his "Irish Folk-Lore" is but an earnest of future important work in a field which scholars in this country have so far almost left untouched, and which is sure to yield an abundant return.

Local Items.

- Essay week.
- Triple competitions.
- "I'm no would-be murderer!"
- "Grover" was still there as of yore.
- The Junior base-ball banquet was a success.
- We are all anticipation, waiting for the opera.
- Only a few days left, boys; buckle down and wait.
- The *Blues* are the people! Congratulations are in order!
- The Mechanical Engineering building is at last nearing completion.
- Commencement draweth near at hand; but, say, how about your honor?
- The solemnity of Corpus Christi will be observed to-morrow (Sunday).
- That mathematical competition came off Friday morning. Full account in our next.
- The procession of the Blessed Sacrament will take place after Mass to-morrow morning.
- Between the orators, opera singers and dramatic men, the opera house is being constantly used.
- Do not fail to get a Commencement number of the "boss paper"; it will contain the condensed news of the whole week.
- The Senior second nine and the Brotherhood each have only two more games to play. Capt. McGrath has scored a triumphant success.
- Bishop Keane's lectures were a treat. All are unanimous in saying that the Bishop is the finest orator they have ever had the pleasure of hearing.
- The "Madisons," from Madison, Wis., are expected to play here on the 10th inst. A close game is expected as the "Madisons" are flushed with past victories with League clubs. Success, N. D.! Let the College gold and blue wave triumphantly.
- The Junior Base-ball Association held their annual banquet in the refectory Thursday afternoon, and it was a feast fit for a king. Quite an amount of cash was realized, and all in all, it was a great success. The Association returns earnest thanks to Prof. Edwards and Mr. E. Du Brul for valuable services rendered.
- The St. Cecilia Philomathean Association held a meeting last Wednesday evening, for the purpose of making arrangements for their annual banquet which is to be given Thursday, June 19. They also tender a vote of thanks to the good people, who so kindly entertained them in their visit to St. Joseph's Farm.
- Hon. Z. Montgomery's lecture on Tuesday evening was listened to with rapt attention by a very large audience. The Public School Question was treated in that able manner for which Mr. Montgomery is so well known throughout the country. The evils of the "system" were

very forcibly portrayed, and the words of the speaker produced deep conviction on the minds of his hearers.

—Bishop Keane talked well to the students of the University of Notre Dame in Indiana. It is well that the young should be taught to love their country only less than they love their God. It is well to remind young Catholics in America that the Catholics of England took part loyally in the wars which the Protestant government of that country waged against the Catholic governments of the continent. It is well to remind the young of all religious denominations that toleration is the watchword of the day; and Bishop Keane proclaimed these truths to the young students of Notre Dame. He did well also in advising his youthful hearers to make their country's business their own business; to vote regularly, and to meet corruption with strong resistance. The American who is not a politician is not a perfect American, when all are free to vote and to participate in nominating the persons to be voted; for it is criminal negligence on the part of the educated and virtuous which allows the ignorant and depraved to nominate and elect representatives of their own order.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean*.

—The second game of the first nine Junior championship series was played Thursday afternoon, the 5th inst. The rather windy weather was too much for the *Reds*, and they were again obliged to succumb to the inevitable; the game was a little better exhibition of playing than the former, but errors were not lacking. "Lefty" Brady, the *Reds'* auburn pitcher, was superb in the box; his batting, too, was a feature of the game. Campbell took the ball off the bat in his usual "way-up" style; Cunningham and Covert constituted the *Blue* battery; Cunningham proved invincible for several innings. In the 7th inning, he was relieved by Captain Boyd who was generously received by the *Red* sluggers; they knocked out six runs in that inning, and for the first time in the game were enabled to take the lead. Covert caught a great game, his throwing to second base being wonderfully accurate. Ibold on second took everything that came in his way. Schillo and T. Brady made excellent catches of hot liners. In the ninth inning, with the score 13 to 13, the *Blues* came in, and by a combination on their part of hits, and of errors on the part of the *Reds*, they knocked out the winning scores. The following is the

SCORE BY INNINGS:—	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
BLUES:—	4	0	0	2	0	0	3	3	2=14
REDS:—	0	0	0	2	9	1	6	2	2=13

—A TRIP TO THE FARM.—The members of the Senior Archconfraternity took their annual trip to St. Joseph's Farm last Sunday. Mr. P. Shickey, with his brigade of vehicles, was on time, and was roundly cheered by his enthusiastic admirers. At 9 a. m. sharp, the baggage train, with its load of happy souls started.

On arriving at the Farm Mass was sung by Rev. D. J. Spillard, C. S. C., the genial Director,

and the choir rendered a simple but very sweet Mass under the leadership of Prof. Liscombe. After Mass came dinner, under the shade trees in true picnic style. The waiters were, indeed, glorious; all the States were represented, more or less. After dinner, of course, north, south, east and west, until lunch time when eating was the word. The Band rendered some fine pieces, reflecting great credit on themselves and their leader, Rev. Father Mohun.

Corn-fakers got left as the corn was put to bed in the "crib" when visitors were around. The student farmers hated to say good-bye, and the veteran hayseeds showed their nationality openly by putting hay in their hats, cabbage leaves in their button-holes and rolling up their "pants"; but we cannot always be happy, and there comes a time when we have to quit. We found this time arriving too soon, when at last good-byes had to be said, and with cheers and hearty thanks to the kind hosts, all started for N. D. U. The home stretch showed that boys never get tired. "White Wings," "Farewell," etc., and the latest songs of the day were unmercifully thrown at every pigstye on the way home. One freak, with a black cylinder on an empty keg, placed himself on a stump with a tin horn and got the usual "guy," and, "where did you get that hat?" At the time when songs were giving out, home came to the rescue, and all struck the ground, unanimous in saying that it was the best day of the year and deserving a vote of thanks to be tendered Rev. Fathers Spillard and Mohun and to Bro. Emmanuel, and all who in any way helped to make the day a success.

—NOTRE DAME vs. GOSHEN.—The game Thursday was a remarkable one. The visiting team did not make a single hit, and the outfielders of the home team did not handle the ball at all. Never did Long pitch a better game. He settled down from the start, and the last inning was a repetition of the first; for the former he struck out three consecutive batters, and in the latter he did the same. J. Combe made his first appearance in the 'varsity team this season, and he played an excellent game. The boys made but two errors, one of which was caused by a questionable decision of the umpire in the fifth.

The game opened with Goshen at the bat. They were soon retired, as Kepner, Witt and McDivitt struck out without even knocking a foul. When Kelly opened the ball for Notre Dame, he was given a base on balls, took second on a passed ball, stole third and came in on a single by Hayes. A passed ball and wild throw sent Willie to third, and he crossed the plate on Fitzgibbon's triple to left. Fitz had hardly recovered from his excitement when Bronson brought him home with a single. Ross travelled down to second on a wild pitch, and Campbell advanced him to third on a single. Mackey then caught the sphere for a clean hit, and Combe sent one out to right which Kepner misjudged. About this time Captain Kepner

concluded that Herbert needed a rest; so Noble was put in the box, Kirkpatrick took his place on third, and Herbert moved out to right field. Noble had fire in his eye, and Flynn fell a victim on strikes. Kelly had his eye on the leather, though, and he knocked out a hit, stole second, went to third on a passed ball and was ready to come in when Kepner caught Hayes' fly and retired the side. Notre Dame, 7; Goshen, 0. Grimes had a "good eye," and received a base on balls. Kirkpatrick and Hellman were not so lucky, however, and struck out. Noble managed to knock it to Long, but he was easily thrown out at first. Fitzgibbon brought in another by a base on balls, a stolen base, a passed ball and a wild pitch. Notre Dame, 1; Goshen, 0. In the third, Herbert managed to reach third by two passed balls and a base on balls; but he got no farther as Toms and Witt went out by Long to Bronson, and Kepner struck out. In their half Notre Dame took five more tallies without making a hit. Noble was doing good work for his side, but he had terrible support. Long, Kelly and Mackey struck out and the side was retired. McDivitt opened for Goshen in the fourth by striking out. Grimes knocked it to Kelly, who assisted to Bronson, and Kirkpatrick ended their chances by fanning the atmosphere. For Notre Dame, Combe took first on a hit, stole second, and while Long was striking out, he galloped to third, and scored on a wild pitch. Flynn struck out; Kelly had a base on balls, stole second as usual, and came in on a hit by Hayes. Fitzgibbon couldn't find Noble's curves, and retired on strikes. In the fifth and sixth neither side scored, although Long reached third in the sixth on a base hit and wild pitch. In the seventh three consecutive Goshenites—Kirkpatrick, Hellman and Noble—struck out and the game was over. Only seven innings were played, as it was then too late to continue. The boys proved that they can play good ball when they want to; and although Thursday's game was decidedly a pitcher's battle, Long was nobly supported. The following is the score:

NOTRE DAME.							A.B.	R.	H.	S.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Kelly, 2d b.....	3	2	1	5	1	2	0						
Hayes, s. s.....	4	2	2	2	0	0	1						
Fitzgibbon, c. f.....	3	3	1	4	0	0	0						
Bronson, 1st b.....	4	2	1	1	6	0	0						
Campbell, r. f.....	4	1	1	0	0	0	0						
Mackey, 3d b.....	4	1	1	1	0	0	1						
Combe, l. f.....	4	2	2	1	0	0	0						
Long, p.....	3	1	1	3	0	19	0						
Flynn, c.....	3	1	0	0	14	0	0						
Total.....	32	15	10	17	21	21	2						
GOSHEN.							A.B.	R.	T.B.	S.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Kepner, 2d b.....	3	0	0	0	2	1	2						
Witt, c.....	3	0	0	0	8	4	1						
McDivitt, s. s.....	3	0	0	2	0	2	1						
Grimes, l. f.....	2	0	0	0	0	0	0						
Kirkpatrick, 3d b.....	3	0	0	0	0	0	0						
Hellman, c. f.....	3	0	0	0	1	0	0						
Noble, p.....	3	0	0	0	0	11	0						
Toms, 1st b.....	2	0	0	0	7	0	1						
Herbert, r. f.....	2	0	0	2	0	0	1						
Total.....	24	0	0	4	18	18	7						

Earned runs: Notre Dame, 2. Three base hits: Fitzgibbon. Bases on called balls: by Long, 2; by Noble, 3; by Herbert, 2. Struck out: by Long, 14; by Noble, 11. Passed balls: by Flynn, 3; by Witt, 4. Wild pitches: by Noble, 4.

Time of game, 1.45. Umpire: A. E. Leonard.

—The Third game for the championship of St. Joseph's County, between the Minims and Sorin Hall, was played May 27, on the Minims' grounds. As this was the deciding game, each team having won one of the series, the excitement was unusually great. Cavanagh's pitching and Hepburn's catching was "away up"; and had they been properly supported, we of Sorin Hall would have been the heroes. The Minims, however, seemed to be old timers at the business, and with their "wizard," Girardin, in the box, and Roberts as catcher, they played a remarkably fine game. Flynn, Hepburn and Barrett, did the batting for Sorin Hall. The rest of the nine couldn't touch the ball, had they used the "Eiffel Tower." The Minims had but few hand painted singles to their credit, but every one counted, while the four baggers and furlined three baggers of Sorin Hall were kept well scattered. Brannick's coaching, Sullivan's "phenom" stops at short, and the manner in which Blackman and Hepburn tugged at their "stackes" were the features of the game. Hamilton made a phenomenal catch at short, which undoubtedly kept the Sorin Hall nine from winning. In the last half of the 9th inning the score was a tie. Everyone expected to witness a ten inning game, but the Minims disappointed the spectators. Vorhang made a hit, stole second and went to third on Girardin's hit; Cavanagh tried to catch him napping on third, and the result was that Barrett was nearer the land of dreams than was expected. When Denny recovered sufficiently to pick up the ball, the runner had crossed the rubber with the winning run. The following is the

SCORE BY INNINGS:—1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9
 MINIMS:—1 4 2 1 2 4 3 2 1=20
 SORIN HALL:—1 1 4 0 0 2 2 5 4=19

Hits: Sorin Hall, 17; Minims, 12. Errors: Sorin Hall, 14; Minims, 5. Base on called balls: by Cavanagh, 8; by Girardin, 2. Struck out: by Cavanagh, 4; by Girardin, 14. 2 Base Hits: Roberts, Gilbert, Klaner and Flynn. 3 base hits: Flynn (2). Home runs: Hepburn (2), Barrett, (1). Umpires, Kelly and Prudhomme. Scorer, M. Reynolds. Time, 2 hours 10 minutes.

Roll of Honor.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Messrs. Adelsperger, Ahlrichs, Allen, Bovett, Burns, H. Brannick, Barrett, Brelsford, Blackman, Blessington, Combe, Cassin, Cassidy, Campbell, L. Chute, F. Chute, Cooney, T. Coady, P. Coady, Cartier, Dela Pena, Dillon, Dacy, Jas. Dougherty, F. Flynn, P. Fleming, Fack, A. Flynn, Garfias, Gough, Grothaus, Houlihan, Herman, Heard, Hackett, Hughes, Hummer, Hempler, Hayes, Higgle, J. A. Johnson, J. S. Johnson, Karasynski, Kearns, J. King, Krembs, F. Kelly, J. Kelly, Kunart, Keyes, Langan, Lancaster, W. Larkin, Lane, Lynch, Lahey, F. Long, L. Long, A. Leonard, Latson, Mock, Mulroney, G. Mc-

* Omitted by mistake last week.

Donnell, McKeon, McKee, Mithen, McConlogue, Mackey, Morrison, Meehan, Murphy, Mandrue, J. Newman, H. O'Neill, W. O'Brien, O'Shea, W. O'Neill, Parker, Powers, Phillips, Paradis, Pyplacz, Portilla, Paquette, Paris, Prudhomme, Quigley, Rebillot, Reynolds, Rothert, L. Sanford, N. Sinnott, Steiger, J. B. Sullivan, Scherrer, Seymour, Soden, Standard, Sanchez, O. Sullivan, Stanton, Talbot, V. Vurpillat, F. Vurpillat, Youngermann, Zimmermann, Otero.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Masters Anson, Adler, Aarons, E. Bates, B. Bates, J. Brady, T. M. Brady, T. T. Brady, W. Brady, Bradley, Bos, Burke, Barclay, Burns, Crandall, Collins, Cheney, Coe, Delany, Dempsey, Dorsey, Drumm, DeLormier, Dela Pena, Elder, J. Fitzgerald, C. Fitzgerald, A. M. Funke, A. W. Funke, Gross, Grund, Hambaugh, Hesse, Hahn, R. Healy, P. Healy, Higgle, Heller, Hoerr, Ibold, Kearney, Keough, Kutsche, J. Leonard, Murphy, Maurus, Maher, D. Monarch, L. Monarch, Mitchell, Mier, McCartney, Jas McPhillips, F. McKee, McLeod, McNally, McIvers, McCormack, F. Neef, A. Neef, O'Neill, O'Rourke, O'Mara, Putnam, Prichard, Quinlan, Quill, Roper, F. Schillo, Scott, Seerey, Sokup, Scherrer, Suter, Spalding, Stapleton, Smith, Treff, Tivnen, Weston, Weitzel, Weise, Ward, E. Whalen, Wolff, Wertheimer, White, Zinn.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Masters Adler, Ayres, Ball, O. Brown, F. Brown, Blake, Burns, Barbour, Browning, Bixby, Cornell, Crandall, C. Connor, W. Connor, Covert, A. Crawford, W. Crawford, Croke, Coon, Durand, Drant, Elkin, T. Finnerty, W. Finnerty, Frankel, Fuller, E. Furthmann, W. Furthmann, C. Furthmann, Funke, Flynn, Girardin, Greene, Gilbert, D. Gilkison, A. Gilkison, C. Griggs, J. Griggs, Girsch, Hill, Henneberry, Hoffman, Hendry, Holbrook, Jonquet, Krollman, Keeler, King, Kuehl, Klaner, Lonergan, Lonnberry, H. Lamberton, Levi, Loonie, Loomis, Montague, Maternes, Marr, Mattas, H. Mestling, E. Mestling, McGuire, Myers, McPhee, Morrison, Marre, Mosier, W. Nichols, C. Nichols, O'Neill, Oatman, Priestly, C. Paul, C. Packard, J. Packard, Roberts, Ronning, Ryan, Stone, G. Scherrer, W. Scherrer, Stephens, Thornton, Trujillo, Vorhang, Vandercook, Washburne, Wilcox, Wever, W. Weber, Wilson, Wolf, G. Zoehrlaut, Zeigler.

Not in The "Book-Trust."

The statement has been widely circulated, probably by parties who wished it might be true, that John B. Alden, Publisher of New York, Chicago and Atlanta, had joined the "Book Trust," which is trying to monopolize the publication of standard books, and to increase prices from 25 to 100 per cent. Mr. Alden sends us word that he has *not* joined the Trust, and there is not and never has been any probability of his joining it. The "Literary Revolution" which has accomplished such wonderful results within the past ten years in popularizing literature of the highest character (no "trash" ever finds place on his list) still goes on. Instead of increasing prices, large reduction in prices has recently been made, particularly on copyright books by American authors. A catalogue of 96 pages is sent free to any applicant. One of the latest issues from his press is "Stanley's Emin Pasha Expedition," by Wauters, a very handsome, large type, illustrated volume, reduced in price from \$2.00 to 50 cents. This work tells a most interesting and complete story, beginning with the conquest of the Soudan, and continuing through years of African exploration, the revolt of the Mahdi, the siege of Khartoum, with the death of Gordon, the return of Dr. Junker, besides the story of Stanley's own adventures, including his successful Relief Expedition. It is one of the best and most complete works issued upon the subject. Send Alden your address and you will receive his 96-page catalogue, and from time to time specimen pages of his new publications. John B. Alden, publisher, 393 Pearl St., New York, also Chicago and Atlanta.

St. Mary's Academy.

One Mile West of Notre Dame University.

—Dr. and Mrs. A. J. Rooney, of Brooklyn, N. Y., lately placed the Community under lasting obligations by a most generous gift, namely, a check to cover the expense of procuring pews for the chapel. Warm thanks are returned the kind donors with the assurance that this substantial mark of their generosity will ever call for earnest prayers that they and all their undertakings may be blessed by Heaven.

—The news of Rt. Rev. Bishop Keane's arrival at St. Mary's filled all hearts with pleasure; and at 7 p. m. the pupils assembled in the Senior study-hall to bid him welcome. Miss K. Morse read an address of greeting; then the Bishop made a few remarks memorable for their truth and beauty. Woman's sphere, viewed mentally and morally, was touched upon most charmingly, after which he gave his blessing.

—St. Mary's was honored on Friday last by a visit from Rev. Father Higgins, S. J., President of St. Ignatius' College, Chicago; he was accompanied by the Hon. W. J. Onahan. The Rev. visitor expressed himself as pleased with the work of the art pupils, as exhibited in St. Luke's Studio and also with the evident marks of thorough work he saw on all sides. Now that Father Higgins has become acquainted, we trust he will be a frequent visitor.

—Trinity Sunday dawned fair and beautiful to all, but especially so to those who were preparing for the greatest act of their life, their First Holy Communion. The Mass at which they received was celebrated by Rev. Father Scherer, and the sermon, touching and appropriate, was delivered by Rev. Father Hudson. Those admitted to the happiness of First Communion were the Misses B. Hepburn, S. Crane, M. Clifford, A. Tormey, A. Cooper, N. Smyth, B. Wright and M. McHugh.

—The Chapel of Our Lady of Loreto has been especially favored of late, for on May 31 was unveiled a beautiful statue of the Blessed Virgin, made of pure Carrara marble, and carved in Italy. The figure is nearly life-size, and is pronounced by those competent to judge a veritable work of art. The Virgin Mother, with downcast eyes and hands folded on her breast, stands upon a hemisphere, pressing with her foot the serpent's head; every fold of the robe and veil is perfect, and the statue possesses that mark of true art—it speaks to the soul. It is the fruit of many offerings from kind friends, and will, it is to be hoped, be the source of many blessings to St. Mary's and her benefactors.

—The ceremonies attendant upon the close of May were, as usual, very impressive. At five o'clock, all assembled in the church where the Litany of Loreto was intoned; then a procession was formed, which wound slowly

through the beautiful shaded walks, the rustling of thousands of leaves, and the murmuring of the St. Joseph River, joining in the anthems of praise to our Queen and her Divine Son. The procession was followed by a touching instruction by Rev. Father Scherer; the "Act of Consecration" was next read by Miss A. Hammond, who also crowned the new statue of the Blessed Virgin. Earlier in the day, the Children of Mary held a reception, at which Misses A. Wurzburg, G. Lauth, E. Adelsperger, S. Dempsey, H. Hanson and M. McHugh were received into the Sodality as full members; and the Misses Maher and Cochrane were invested with the badge of aspirants. Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament closed the month's devotions, and blessed the last day of May.

Air Castles.

'Tis May, the month most fair of all the year,
When Nature in her loveliest garb is dressed;
The orchard trees, by sun and shower caressed,
Now in their charming roseate bloom appear;
The branches with their burden fair bend near,
And we the tempting blossoms seize with zest;
But at a touch the petals fall, and rest
Like snowflakes on the ground in winter drear.
So it is with those rosy dreams of ours,
Whose charms our fickle senses oft ensnare;
They vanish in our grasp through unknown powers,
And like the blossoms prove not half so fair,
As when beyond our reach; these scattered flowers,
Are like our fallen "castles in the air."

KITTIE MORSE (*Second Senior Class*).

Monuments.

To the curious student of men and things the erection of monuments affords a field for thought as interesting as it is instructive. Thus he who is fond of tracing effects back to their causes sees in the many monuments that cover the earth a proof that there is in man a certain something which revolts against the idea of passing into oblivion, and this may be called a longing after the things of immortality. Neither is this confined to one country, nor to one age. It matters not how far back we extend our researches into the dim ages of the past, we find records of memorials erected to commemorate some remarkable event, or to rescue from oblivion the memory of some one dear to the hearts of others. However, not always do gratitude and affection prompt their erection: too often pride is the ruling motive, as was the case when the descendants of Noah said to each other: "Let us make a city and a tower, the tops whereof may reach to heaven"—Babel thus becoming truly a monument to their vanity and its punishment.

But let us turn our gaze eastward where lies Egypt, the land of the Pharaohs, once the most

civilized among the nations of antiquity. Here, looking down upon her desert wastes rest the pyramids—not only the greatest, but the oldest monuments of the human race; the most remarkable structures ever reared by the hand of man. What thoughts must not a sight of them awaken in the mind of the traveller as he connects them with biblical lore, and reflects that to them belong the honors of a hoary old age! For they were there when Joseph exchanged his prison for a palace, and, putting on the silken robe and golden chain, shared with Pharaoh the dignities of a throne. Here, too, the great Napoleon won some of his earliest laurels, animating his soldiers to deeds of valor by the famous "Forty centuries are looking down upon you!"—a war cry that won for them victory.

As we read of these stupendous works, we are forced to exclaim: Verily, they were giants in those days! So must we conclude that Moses, skilled, as we are told, in all the wisdom of the Egyptians, was educated in no inferior school. Thus do the pyramids become witnesses to the civilization of the country in which they stand, and seem to say in their silent language: "Egypt was indeed the cradle of civilization, the home of the 'lost arts'!" But still further to the East, in distant India, stands another monument—the Taja—mausoleum erected by the emperor in memory of his wife. Of this famous building travellers say that it defies description; and, summing up its beauties in one sentence, call it a poem or a dream in marble. So the fond emperor, whose affection could not save from death the lovely empress, determined that her memory should live so long as marble could defy the touch of time.

But across the blue waters of the Mediterranean other monuments invite our attention. There in the land of the olive and the vine, within the classic walls of Rome, are the remains of a building long famous in the annals of the past. With its crumbling walls, its broken arches, its grass-grown arena, the Coliseum is a sad memorial of vanished power. Spain, too, is not without her famous monuments of past grandeur; and among them the Alhambra is made familiar to all the admirers of Irving, whose graceful pen has given us an equally graceful picture of that palace of enchantment. Who has not read with delight of its vine-shaded gardens, its airy balconies and mysterious halls, its fountains as sparkling as the eyes of the Moorish beauties who looked upon their waters? As we contemplate the word picture, drawn by the magic pen of Irving, we do not wonder that it was the favorite residence of the Moorish kings, and feel disposed to pardon Boabdil his display of weakness as he looked upon it for the last time.

Though wanting in monuments of the kind just referred to, our own land is not without memorials dear to the hearts of her people. Not far from the historic Plymouth Rock, and almost within sight of the tossing Atlantic, rises

a modest structure which bears the name Bunker Hill,—one that is synonymous with heroic self-sacrifice. To all loyal American hearts it tells of manly struggles against difficulties the most disheartening, and the final triumphs of the right. So, too, the statue of Liberty, gracing the entrance to the harbor of New York is significant of the blessings enjoyed by all who owe allegiance to the Stars and Stripes. Another kind of monument there is to which may be given a passing reference, and which consists of long years devoted to a noble cause. Those identified with great works need not statues of marble to keep alive their memory, for their fame is handed down from generation to generation.

So it may be said that this great and prosperous Republic is in itself a grand memorial of Washington; while the proudest monument to Lincoln is that built from the fetters struck from the limbs of the slaves. Though all cannot expect to have erected to their memory costly and beautiful memorials of marble or bronze, yet it is possible each for himself to build a monument far more glorious, by a life of self-denial and charity. Such a monument, the destroying touch of time cannot crumble; and though the base rests upon the earth, its summit shall reach the skies.

NELLIE MORSE

(*Second Senior Class*).

Roll of Honor.

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

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses Adelsperger, Ansbach, Ahlrichs, Bates, Balch, Bero, Bovett, Byrnes, Butler, Cooper, Coll, Crane, Curtis, Crilly, Churchill, Cochran, M. Davis, C. Dempsey, N. Davis, Dennison, S. Dempsey, D. Davis, Dorsey, Ernest, English, Flannery, Fitzpatrick, Fosdick, Green, Gordon, Hammond, Healey, Horner, C. Hurley, K. Hurley, H. Hanson, Hagus, Harmes, A. Hanson, Hale, Hutchinson, Hull, Hamilton, Haight, Hepburn, Jungblut, Kimmell, Kelso, Koopmann, Lynch, Lauth, Lewis, Loemmacker, Lloyd, F. Moore, K. Morse, Maher, M. McPhee, McHugh, McCarthy, McCune, Mullaney, S. McPhee, Marley, M. Moore, Nickel, Norris, Nester, O'Brien, Piper, Penburthy, Pugsley, Patier, Pitcher, A. Ryan, Roberts, Rose, Rinn, Rentfrow, Reilly, Stapleton, Spurgeon, Schiltz, Studebaker, Schaefer, M. Schermerhorn, Thirds, Van Mourick, Violette, Wolff, Palmer.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses Burdick, E. Burns, Black, M. Burns, Clifford, Cooke, Culp, Cooper, Carlin, Daly, M. Davis, B. Davis, Dreyer, Ernest, Evoy, Girsch, A. Hickey, Holmes, L. Kasper, C. Kasper, S. Levy, Mabbs, McGuire, Meskill, Mestling, O'Brien, O'Mara, Patrick, Philion, Quealy, E. Regan, Reeves, Ruger, Robbins, Shirey, Scherrer, M. Smyth, J. Smyth, Soper, Sweeney, Tormey, E. Wagner, Waldron, M. Wagner, Wood, Wright, N. Wurzburg, L. Young.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Misses Adelsperger, Coady, Crandall, A. E. Dennison, Eldred, M. Egan, N. Finnerty, Girsch, K. Hamilton, M. Hamilton, McCarthy, L. McHugh, M. McHugh, Porteous, S. Smyth, N. Smyth.