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No. I.

A Song of Notre Dame.

I.

Notre Dame! Notre Dame! give a will to the sound;
Make our plains bear its echo afar;
Bid the broad waste of waters that circles us round
Tell her name to the North's steadfast star.
Mississippi shall bear to the soft Southern Sea,
And enshrine it in brilliance and balm;
And the great West resound, *Alma Mater*, with thee,
Notre Dame! Notre Dame! Notre Dame!

II.

Taste, culture, and morals abide in thy halls,
With the cross, shield of truth, reared above;
Columbia's proud story is told on thy walls,
And each young heart is fired with Her love.
Let Princeton, Ann Arbor, and Harvard and Yale
Contend for more perishing palm;
Our banner shall be—fling it out to the gale—
Notre Dame! Notre Dame! Notre Dame!

III.

We come from the glacier, from lands of the sun;
From prairie, from mountain, from lake;
But at home, 'neath thy Dome, all our hearts are as one;
Of thy bounty all freely partake.
Away when we hie to the world's field of strife,
What shall then be our proud *oriflamme*?
Ring it out, with a shout; give it vim, give it life:
Notre Dame! Notre Dame! Notre Dame!

R. H.

NOTRE DAME, August 20, 1891.

[Oliver Goldsmith and Dr. Johnson.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN, LL. D.,

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I.

You have read of the fawns of the pagan mythology—those strange creatures who loved the sunlight and the woods; who were not quite men and not quite animals, but who were harmless and playful, and sometimes grotesque. Oliver Goldsmith had something of the fawn

in his composition. He loved all the sights and sounds of nature; he loved to wander among the rural poor, to play the flute while they danced on the village green, and he was happiest among the least artificial forms of life. In this he offers a striking contrast to Pope who preceded him in the line of poetic descent from Dryden. Pope, as you know, loved the atmosphere of the assembly, the coffee-house; the glaze of blue china was pleasanter to his sight than the azure of the sky; and the rustle of a lady's court train at a rout, or the trailing of a gentleman's cane over the stones of Pall Mall sweeter to his hearing. But Goldsmith was genuine; he had no love for the artificiality of his time. Pope was born forty years before Goldsmith, and yet, when Goldsmith went to London, the manners and customs of the English upper classes had changed very little. The English form of government ceased to be what it had been, for William of Orange completed the disintegration of the monarchy begun by Cromwell; but English social life was not materially different from English life in the days of Pope.

People amused themselves very much, and at the same time their manners were more formal than ours are now; and yet with all this formality they were more coarse. The English did not become civilized until a later period than the continental peoples, and their manners were almost as coarse under the first Georges as they were under Elizabeth. No gentlewoman of our time could listen to the language of Queen Elizabeth without a blush. And we are told by a good authority—the duchess of Feria—that Queen Mary, her sister, was the marvel of the court because her speech was so pure; the king, Henry VIII., not believing this possible until he had sent some one to test

the truth of it. Similarly, the license of speech permitted in the days of Pope and Swift, the elegant Addison, the pompous Johnson, and the crystalline Goldsmith, would have shocked any decent man in our time; and we may be grateful to the best of English poets that they were purer than their age. The men who reflected the corruption of manners are dead to us; the poets who were pure live.

II.

No English writer will live longer in the hearts of men than Oliver Goldsmith—"Noll," as he was sometimes called; "Goldy," as the great Dr. Johnson liked to call him. If, as Thackeray says, Swift was English at heart, Goldsmith was thoroughly Irish. He had what the French call "defects of his qualities." He had the Celtic generosity with the Celtic recklessness. He never refused to lend money when he had it, and he died owing ten thousand dollars, which, by the way, was never paid. All beggars loved him, and all borrowers clung to him; he would find a home for the homeless, and give his last crust of bread to the hungry with a benediction. Reduced to poverty one day, he would the next, when some friends came to him, buy an expensive velvet suit; he was particularly fond of plum color. He was constantly getting money, before he became an author, from his kind uncle Contarine, and spending it as rapidly and as foolishly as he got it. While at Leyden, in Holland—presumably completing his medical studies—he was induced to play cards, after having made a resolution never to do so. He lost all his money and was obliged to borrow some. He was alone in a strange land with perhaps two guineas in his pocket. Leyden was rich in flower gardens crowded with tulips, then as precious as orchids are now. He remembered that his uncle Contarine was fond of flowers, and he spent half his money for a high-priced bulb to send to him. He had the fatal Irish objection to saying no, and the lovely Irish virtue of generosity, which, however, in forgetting to be just to itself, is often unjust to others.

Oliver Goldsmith, though of English descent, was more Irish than the Irish themselves. He came of a race of clergymen of the Church of England, and his father seems to have expected, in a vague kind of way, that he would become a clergyman too. He must have been a queer little fellow. There is a story, which William Black in his sketch of Goldsmith discredits, showing that he was a very clever child. He was uncouth, very small, pitted with the small-

pox. He was called "a stupid, heavy blockhead," and perhaps he deserved that title. But the story runs that once when he was gambolling at a dancing party at his uncle's house, the fiddler, struck by the almost dwarfish look of the boy, cried out: "Æsop!" and, quick as thought, the awkward boy replied:

"Our herald hath proclaimed this saying,
See Æsop dancing and his monkey playing!"

Later in life Goldsmith had no power of repartee. The most brutal ignoramus, whose retort in society was nothing but a hoarse laugh, could put him to shame. He was sensitive, and, like other sensitive people, he was anxious for the good opinion of those around him. Put a pen in his hand and he could talk as charmingly as the most brilliant conversationalist of the salon of Madame de Rambouillet; but in society he has only what the French call the *eloquence de l'escalier*. He thought of all the good things he might have said when the opportunity for saying them was gone.

III.

Goldsmith's work, like that of most authors, is autobiographical. One can discover very easily the qualities of the man and his experience in his poems, his plays, his great novel. Goldsmith was born at Pallas, in the County of Longford, on November 10, 1728. Here his father was "passing rich on £40 a year." About two years later Mr. Goldsmith moved to Lissory, in the County of Westmeath. In Lissory is recognized the "Auburn," of "The Deserted Village." Macaulay protests against this identification. The historian presumes that no smiling Irish village such as that described as Auburn could in a short time be turned into a desert place by evictions. In fact, he insinuates that there never have been pleasant and flourishing villages in Ireland. We must look on this as cool judgment has led us to look on a great many of Macaulay's brilliant hypotheses. Goldsmith, no doubt, idealized Lissory; but there can be no doubt that this beloved place was the original of Auburn. Macaulay might as well have said that Longfellow's picture of the forced immigration of the Acadians was false or overdrawn. Lissory might not have in all respects been the Auburn of "The Deserted Village"; we must allow for that glamor which affectionate remembrance casts on the scenes of childhood.

Goldsmith's school-life was not serene. He was the butt of his companions; he was not strong enough to answer their blows with blows; he was not clever enough to retaliate with his tongue. His life at home must have been cheer-

ful, for no man who had not a cheerful house could have painted such an interior as the Vicar's house. The clergyman in the "Vicar of Wakefield" was drawn from his father, a simple, kind-hearted, gentle old man, ready to sacrifice everything for his children; and the blundering Moses had some of the qualities of Goldsmith himself.

A clergyman with £40 a year, even when money was worth twice what it is now, was not rich. Goldsmith's father had somewhat more than this at Lissory, but he was far from being rich; and when he died he left almost nothing. Oliver had been sent to Trinity College. He went as a sizar,—that is, he was given his education on condition of performing certain menial duties. He did not like this; he complained that he had to sleep in a garret; and on a window pane in this garret his name may still be seen.

His uncle tried to console him with the information that he had been a sizar in his time; some of the most eminent men in Great Britain, had earned their education in this way. If he could pass through Trinity College with credit, his success, provided he should use ordinary industry and prudence, was assured. Nothing was required of him, except that he should endure certain minor hardships and, in return, receive the best equipment his country could give him. But Goldsmith, whose genius might have conquered all difficulties, refused to conquer himself. This was his fatal misfortune. Had he had the prudence and perseverance of Pope, he might have lived comfortably, died at least serenely, and left even greater evidences of his genius than we have. Reason was little to him, inclination everything. At the age of twenty-one, after several escapades, he took his degree, lowest on the list.

The world was before him. Poor as he was, he had enjoyed advantages that are better than riches,—advantages which, had his father been the richest man in Great Britain, were all he could have bestowed on his son. Up to the age of twenty-one, he had been asked to do nothing but improve his mind. In spite of his love of aimless wandering and his hatred of control, he had learned how to study; and later in life he was forced to be industrious; for steadily increasing debts—the results of thoughtless extravagance—dogged him to death. He started in the world, sensitive, generous, reckless, timid, and yet capable of assuming the most audacious self-sufficiency, in order to conceal his natural shyness. Once on his way from school, with only one guinea in his pocket, he felt very proud indeed. He resolved to make the best of the golden coin, which, as was always the case

with him, seemed to hold indefinite capacities for pleasure until it was gone. He determined to sleep at the best house in a village which he entered. As night came on he inquired for the inn in a most condescending way, and a man sent him to the squire's house. The squire humored the joke, and the youthful spendthrift, thinking of the vast resources of the guinea still unspent in his pocket, ordered the servants about in a mighty manner, and patronizingly asked the host and his wife to have a bottle of wine with him. On this episode he cast his charming comedy, "She Stoops to Conquer." Tony Lumpkin, the good-natured and uncouth country boy in this comedy,—or, perhaps, we may call it a farce as we call Shakspeare's "Taming of the Shrew" a farce,—is too stupid to be a picture of Goldsmith himself; and Tony has some of Noll's propensities highly developed. This is one of the most delightful comedies ever written in the English language. It has the fine humor of Molière and a vivacity of diction that is more French than English. In fact, in Goldsmith's works the Celtic element in the English language reaches its highest point.

IV.

The world was all before him, but he was in no hurry to investigate it; he preferred idleness to work, and the happy-go-lucky existence in an Irish village to the unknown opportunities of the great world. His relations more than hinted that he ought to choose a profession. He tried to enter the English Church, which at the time was a refuge for many singular people, as one may see by perusing the various chronicles of the time and Thackeray's "Virginians." It seems that Goldsmith, with his usual fondness for gay attire, clothed himself in scarlet, and the bishop of Elphin would not permit him to be examined; but he became a tutor, through the influence of the long-suffering uncle Contarine. Then he started, bedewed with the tears of his mother and, no doubt, followed by the thanksgivings of all his relations, to Lock to embark for America; but he spent his money and came back, telling a story of having been robbed,—a story so improbable, that no people, except his mother and uncle Contarine, could have been foolish enough to believe it. The kind uncle gave him fifty guineas more, and he started for Dublin to study law. He was back again, penniless, in a short time. Uncle Contarine gave him another chance; he was sent to Edinburgh, to study medicine, and he went away, never to return to Ireland again. But in his dreams he was often there. When he wrote his immortal poem, "The Deserted

Village," her greenness was always before his eyes; all the flaming tulips of Holland, all the heavy-headed roses of France, all the exotics of London were as nothing to him compared with the dew-besprent shamrocks of his native fields. At the Italian opera, when Signor Mattei warbled,—and Goldsmith was an intelligent amateur of music,—he closed his eyes and went back to Lissory, longing in his heart for the old, familiar airs.

The youth in search of fortune did not remain long in Edinburgh. Of course he wanted more money that he might pursue his studies in medicine on the continent where there were great professors. He went to Holland and drew money from the credulous uncle Contarine, until at last even his almost exhaustless patience ceased to be a virtue. From 1755 to 1756 he travelled in Europe and wrote elaborate letters to his uncle—letters which are not too refined to omit a reference to the financial needs of the author. How he travelled, nobody knows. There is a rumor that he played the flute to admiring peasants and at the doors of convents; but as this has a tinge of romance, it was probably invented by himself. William Black says that he begged his way. At any rate, he returned with a doctor's degree, and nothing else to speak of.

A cloud covered Goldsmith at this period. There was no more money from uncle Contarine; he had no friends in London. His pitted and ugly face was against him; his Lissory brogue was against him; he did not know which way to turn; he seemed to have failed utterly and through his own fault. Still he was cheerful and generous even with his crusts. He found a place as tutor in a school, and later as a hack writer for a publisher called Griffiths. He quarrelled with Griffiths; and we find him at the age of thirty already in debt for a new suit of clothes and with no place among the world's workers.

V.

His first literary work was an attack on the critics in the "Enquiry into the Present State of Polite Learning in Europe"; his second a magazine called the *Bee*, to which he was the sole contributor. "There is not," he said, in his first short essay in this periodical, "perhaps a more whimsically dismal figure in nature than a man of real modesty, who assumes an air of impotence; who, while his heart beats with anxiety, studies ease and affects good humor." Goldsmith was this "whimsically dismal" creature at times; but those who understood him found his subtle Irish humor delightful in con-

versation. Among them was that Miss Hopneck, whom he christened on her marriage by the title of the "Jessamy Bride." His letters, supposed to be written by observing Chinese under the title of the "Citizen of the World," came next. They are very free and very clear, but without bitterness. What a contrast they offer to the bitter satire of Pope's hits at folly! If he says that the ladies of the city wore patches all over their faces, except on the tips of their noses, or makes fun of the elderly lady who appears in the park dressed as a girl of sixteen, there is no jeer or sneer at womanhood in his humor. His heart was always gentle; he never forgot, like Swift, that he had a mother; he never wrote of women as if they were heartless puppets. Like Pope, he was, as Sir Walter Scott says, always on the side of virtue.

Admirers of talent begin to find him out; and among them is autocratic, pompous, kind-hearted, pious, generous Dr. Johnson, the great literary star of his time. If you want to know in what reverence he was held, you will find it reflected in the action of Becky Sharp's school-mistress, when that too clever young lady throws the august Doctor's dictionary out of the carriage window, in the first chapter of "Vanity Fair," and Miss Jemima Pinkerton almost faints with horror. To be sought out by this great man, who was in Goldsmith's time what Addison had been in Pope's, was a marvellous honor; and Goldsmith, though a greater genius than Johnson, was always grateful for it. We are told by Boswell—the author of the finest biography in the English language—that Goldsmith was envious of Johnson; when, in fact, simple, honest, loyal Oliver was incapable of envy. He may have been irritated by the constant, fulsome praise of the author of "Rasselas" which thickened the air around him, as if a bottle of musk had to be broken whenever he opened his mouth; and it is certain that Boswell the admirer, and Johnson the dictator, with their coterie of flatterers, must have been sufficiently exasperating to warrant an occasional expression of impatience from Goldsmith. He never tore and rent his friend, as Pope tore and rent Addison with the cruellest stab of satire in our language. Sir Joshua Reynolds, Edmund Burke, and other great men became his friends.

For a time Goldsmith disappeared from among them. He had run into debt for fine clothes and other things,—he acknowledged that his principal objection to becoming a clergyman was because he could not wear colored clothes,—and one day Dr. Johnson

received a message to the effect that he was in danger of arrest for a debt to his landlady. Johnson sent him a guinea, and followed it as quickly as he could; he found that Goldsmith had already changed it, for there was a bottle of Madeira, with a glass before him. Johnson corked the bottle, and Goldsmith told him that he was much in debt for rent, but that he had an unpublished novel in his desk. Johnson looked at the MS., saw that it had merit, and went to a bookseller and sold it for £30. His novel, sold to pay Goldsmith's rent, and to keep him out of prison, was the famous "Vicar of Wakefield." Later its proceeds would have paid his rent hundreds of times multiplied.

VI.

In 1764, there were no English poets. Mr. Stedman tells us that we are in the twilight of the poets now; but in that year there was in England an entire eclipse of the poets. Suddenly there appeared a poem that had all of Pope's art and none of his artificiality; all his consummate polish, with more depth of thought and sincerity than he had ever had. But perhaps Goldsmith's style would have been impossible if Pope had not purified the expression of English verse for him as Chaucer purified it for Spenser. "The Traveller" took England by storm. Goldsmith had written it over and over again, chastening and improving each epithet until it was as clear as crystal and as precise as the needle to the magnet. He had wrought, not for money this time, but for fame,—and he got both. "The Traveller" is a series of lovely pictures, shown like a panorama, to the sound of a series of as lovely melodies. Macaulay admires very much the plot and philosophy of this poem, while he declares that Goldsmith's plots were generally bad. The value of "The Traveller" lies not in the fable or in the philosophy; the reflections of the English tourist who from a crag in the Alps looks down on the countries beneath have no particular interest; we do not care much about him or his conclusions that, in spite of circumstances, our happiness depends on the regulations of our minds; but we do care for the succession of pictures that pass before us, and for the music of verses which are as melodious as the English language has ever produced.

The success of "The Traveller" made the "Vicar of Wakefield" successful. A new poetic star had arisen, announced by the infallible Dr. Johnson as the greatest since Pope, and a novel by this paragon must be in the hands of every person of taste. The fashionable ladies wept

over the trials of the Vicar, and laughed at poor Moses and the spectacles, while their hair was powdered for the assembly; in the town of Bath, the most modish of resorts for health, the beaux and belles talked over it as they drank the waters in the pump room.

Books were coming into fashion again, but cards were not going out. Everybody gambled. Goldsmith, in his earlier days had gambled, too, and even the good Dr. Johnson regretted that he was ignorant of cards. We can imagine this good Dr. Johnson, in an aged waistcoat, with certain grease spots on it,—for he was not as careful as he might have been,—discussing the beauties of his friend's poem to a chosen uncle at some great lady's feast. Goldsmith seldom went to such feasts, for he had an awe of ladies attired in all their splendor. But Johnson occasionally condescended to take tea,—a dozen dishes or so (our ancestors never spoke of cups)—with lady Betty Ahmacks or some other personage of the grand world. And then the good Doctor enjoyed himself, for he was fond of eating; and we may be sure that, if he helped himself to a dozen dishes of tea, he did not spare more solid viands. And all the while he talked in his serious way, showing a deep Christian reverence for Christian things, until the great lady fears that he will one day appear like the late Mr. Pope. But the Doctor shakes his head, though he believes in making satisfaction for sin even in this world; and there is a story that he stood for a long time bare-headed in a street of his native place in the rain for some disobedient or unfilial act committed against his parents.

VII.

The good Doctor is dining at three o'clock with the great lady, whose hair is magnificently beribboned and powdered and towers high, and her gown of satin, with silver flowers, has elaborate panniers; she taps the table with a fan all painted with shepherds, and shepherds by Waltean. She is dressed, not because the great Doctor is there, but because she is going to sit in a box at the theatre after dinner, and see Dr. Goldsmith's New Play, "The Good-Natured Man." For Dr. Goldsmith has been so emboldened by the success of "The Traveller" and "The Vicar of Wakefield" that he has tried to conquer the stage. There is a young lady of the court, too, in less elaborate dress than her friend's, with a lower head-gear, who hopes that Mr. Goldsmith's play will not be too funny. She is of the opinion that one ought to cry at a comedy, and that laughter is vulgar. Besides, she says, 'tis the fashion to cry at the theatre.

Did she herself not spoil a cherry-colored satin gown with her tears the other night at the comedy of "False Delicacy"? But the Doctor does not answer, because his mouth is full. Spread before the three people are a sirloin of beef, a shoulder of veal, and a tongue, and some fish, and claret and Burgundy and cider. After this course will come orange and almond pudding and heaving fritters, which the great and fashionable lady will help with her hands as is the custom, not disdaining to keep the grease from her fingers in a gleeful way which causes the amiable Doctor to smile. A little later soup, peach puddings and roast goose will be served; but my lady will refuse them, saying that she has no appetite, as she has taken a tankard of ale and some stewed chicken about half an hour ago.

The young lady tells how a very pleasant young gentleman of her acquaintance hired three fiddlers and gave her and her sister a dance on the previous evening, and how he took each in turn out on the waxed floor of her father's oaken panelled hall, and how they tripped stately figures to the queer old tunes of *Malbrook va-t-en a la guerre* and "water parted." She tells, too, how the young gentleman was met by highwaymen on his way home and his purse and beautifully carved dress sword taken, but that no harm was done him. And the great lady tells a pleasant joke as to how some young blondes of her acquaintance agreed to make an old man of their acquaintance drunk, and how well they succeeded in bringing his gray hairs to shame; and how there is to be a hanging soon, to which all the gay of the town will go; and the great Doctor is too much occupied with the roast goose to take notice of this fashionable rattle.

After dinner, which is washed down by enough tea—at thirty shillings a pound—and claret and Burgundy, the great lady's sedan chair appears, for a yellow fog makes the city dark. The link-boys come, bearing sullen-looking torches, and, bending her head in order to enter the conveyance, she is borne away, to witness, after a chat with a friend, "The Good-Natured Man."

"The Good-Natured Man" proved to be too funny for the task on the town. The play goes, accustomed to very sentimental comedies, pronounced it "law," and no doubt our great lady was of that opinion, as she sat in the candle-lighted covent garden theatre beside her husband, whose wig was very large, whose muff of fox skin was almost as large, and whose snuff box glittered with brilliants. This was on Friday,

January 29, 1768, when Goldsmith had reached the age of forty. He was at the play, too, in a new wig and a suit of "purple blouse, satin grain, with garter blue silk breeches." He received £500 for the play; but whether this suit and the other "lined with silk and gold buttons" were ever paid for, we are not sure. Goldsmith found it easy to give, but hard to pay.

He was overwhelmed with invitations. It must be admitted that he assumed airs at times, but they were innocent assumptions. He once said to his friend, Beauclerc that, although he was a doctor, he never prescribed for anybody but a few friends. "It would be better," Beauclerc said, "to prescribe for your enemies." Johnson who thundered speeches on all around him, as the giant Antæus might have thundered at the pygmies, was very gentle to "Goldy"; and Boswell preserves several speeches in which Goldsmith, though a poor talker, had the best of the argument. One is the celebrated hit at Dr. Johnson's pompous language. Goldsmith was telling the story of the petition of the little fishes to Jupiter. He saw that Johnson was laughing. "Why, Dr. Johnson," he said, "this is not so easy as you seem to think; for if you were to make little fishes speak, they would talk like *whales*." Dr. Johnson, who, as you may have guessed, was fond of eating, remarked that kidneys were "pretty little things," but that one may eat a great many of them without being satisfied. "Yes," said Goldsmith, "but how many of them would reach to the moon?" The autocrat does not know. "Why, *one*, sir, if it were long enough." Johnson for once was conquered. "Well, sir," he said, "I have deserved it; I should not have provoked so foolish an answer by so foolish a question."

VIII.

Johnson, the big-hearted, the intolerant, the intolerable was always loyal to Goldsmith, though he sometimes pounced on him in conversation. "Whether, indeed," he said, emphatically, "we take Goldsmith as a poet, a comic writer, or an historian, he stands *first-class*." Posterity has endorsed this verdict so far as it touches the author of "The Vicar of Wakefield's" humor and poetry; but his histories are compilations of no value, except for their charming style. Like his "History of Animated Nature," they were written for money. No man was more unfitted to write such a book than Goldsmith. It is full of the most amusing mistakes. He tells of talking monkeys, and other animals. "He could tell a horse from a cow," Dr. Johnson admitted, and beef from

mutton when it was boiled. Nevertheless, it brought him 300 guineas—nearly nine thousand dollars of our money, at the present value.

"The Traveller" showed Goldsmith's loyalty of heart. Instead of selecting a wealthy and titled patron for the beautiful poem, he dedicated it to his brother, who was a "poor parson," rich, like his father, "on forty pounds a year." His heart, he says,

"Still to my brother turns with ceaseless pain,
And drags at each remove a lengthening chain."

In this poem occur several American names, for the first time, perhaps, in English literature; and in one line he makes a false quantity of Niagara:

"Where wild Oswego spreads her swamps around,
And Niagara stuns with thundering sound."

Goldsmith's next comedy was "She Stoops to Conquer"—a play which to-day is even more fresh and popular than when it was first produced. To read it with perfect enjoyment one ought to have Harper's edition with the wonderful illustrations by Abbey. The *élégantes* of the town, who were coarse enough in their common speech and conduct, found this comedy too funny, after the mawkish sentimentality they were accustomed to. But it was too good not to succeed, and succeed it did; and, in classic guise, it did duty for common English folk, to send their honest yeoman tramping through real fields and not through theatrical flowery meads carrying myrtle and cyprus. But this honor belongs to Goldsmith. As Pope was his pioneer in polished *technique*, he was Wordsworth's in his sympathy for man and nature. Moreover, he is not condescending as Wordsworth is when he treats the life of the common people, nor is he self-conscious. The opening lines, hackneyed though they are, will never grow faded. The most pathetic of all the poems of the eighteenth century is "The Deserted Village." It is the cry of an exile; the plaint of an Irish thrush pent in by dusty bars. How poor "Goldy," wearied of work and of debt, longed for

"The hawthorn bush with seat beneath the shade."

Oh, for a sight of the clear stream, where the water cresses grew! Oh, for the homely sights and sounds! Like Wordsworth, in "The Prelude," Goldsmith goes back to the days of his boyhood, and yearns to get close to nature again. Wordsworth and Coleridge, the critics say, were the first English poets to unite the love of man and nature in their poems, to send away the false Daphnis. The most graceful, the most really elegant of all the eighteenth century writers

was Oliver Goldsmith. He could not say no. This was the principal fault of one of the most generous, most kindly humorous, and sympathetic writers that ever existed. He died in 1774, unhappy, overwhelmed with debts and despondent. He was not wicked, but he had always been generous and seldom just.

ST. MARY'S ACADEMY, NOTRE DAME, IND.

An Incident in the Life of a Missionary.

[The following incident, taken from the *Annals of Lourdes*, a monthly periodical published at Notre Dame, was related to a member of the Faculty by an intimate friend who may be said to have been an actual witness of the event narrated:]

In the summer of 1845, the lamented Bishop Baraga was a missionary priest, stationed at Lapointe, Madeleine Island, one of the Apostle-group, Lake Superior. Being desirous on one occasion of reaching the north shore of the Lake, he secured the services of "Wizon" (Louis Gaudin) to accompany him. After completing their simple preparations, they departed in a small fishing boat, stopping on their way at Sand Island, to await a favorable day for their hazardous trip; for the north shore was more than forty miles distant.

They set sail on an unusually calm day; but before they got mid-way, a heavy west wind arose and the Lake grew very rough. Their frail boat having neither keel nor centre-board, they were constantly being driven to the leeward; and when they finally reached the north shore, they were at least thirty miles east of their destination, having made a very perilous sail of seventy miles during the day. While in the height of the storm in mid-ocean it might be said, Wizon became frightened, and exclaimed in Chippewa to the Father, who was lying on his back in the bottom of the boat, reciting his office in an unconcerned manner: "Nosse, ki ka nibornin, ganabatch" (Father, we will surely be drowned). The Father answered in a very quiet manner: "Wizon, kego segisiken" (Louis, do not be afraid), and resumed his reading. They effected a landing at the mouth of a river, heretofore unnamed, and at once proceeded to erect a cross. Hewing a tree in a rough way, they cut off its top as far as they could reach, and, taking a shorter piece, they nailed it cross-wise to the tree. It was rather an unartistic cross, but it was an emblem of their holy faith, and it gave a name to what has since been known as "Cross River."

Wizon is still living, residing in Bayfield, Wis.; and firmly believes that their safe passage across the stormy lake was due to the special intervention of Divine Providence in favor of the saintly missionary.

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The attention of the Alumni of the University of Notre Dame, and others, is called to the fact that the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC now enters upon the TWENTY-FIFTH 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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Editorials on questions of the day, as well as on subjects connected with the University of Notre Dame;

Personal gossip concerning the whereabouts and the success of former students;

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

—We are requested to announce that classes will be resumed on Tuesday, September 8. It is earnestly desired that all should be present on the opening day.

—Just as we go to press we are greeted with the presentation of a beautiful new book from the pen of Miss Eliza Allen Starr, 299 Huron St., Chicago, who is also the publisher of the work and to whom all orders for it should be addressed. It is entitled "Christmas-Tide," and contains a series of articles on subjects connected with the Birth of the Saviour of the world and His ever-Blessed Mother. The name of the distinguished Catholic writer is alone a sufficient guarantee for the excellence of the work, while the artistic cover designed after a famous Italian painter makes the volume a gift which would be valued both for its beautiful appearance and its intrinsic worth. We shall in a future number take occasion to speak of it more at length.

—The great event of the vacation time at Notre Dame was the arrival of Very Rev. Father General Sorin, who returned from France on the 27th ult. He was accompanied by the Rev. P. J. Franciscus, Procurator General of the Congregation, and the Rev. J. A. O'Connell, C.S.C. Very Rev. Provincial Corby and Rev. President Walsh met the venerable Founder at the depot in South Bend and escorted him to the College, where the whole community, together with the youthful "princes" and their banners and flags, was gathered to greet him, while all the bells in the church spires pealed forth their glad notes of welcome. Joy beamed forth on every face, and all gave expression to the gladness with which their hearts were filled as they saw their venerable Father once more with them and in the possession of his wonted health and vigor.

—With this number we begin the twenty-fifth volume of our college paper, and the SCHOLASTIC enters upon the year of its Silver Jubilee. Though this happy anniversary properly coincides with the beginning of the next volume, yet we hope with the assistance of many kind friends to make the journal during the coming collegiate year not only equal to the high standard maintained by its predecessors, but also a special preparation for the due commemoration of its twenty-five years of privileged existence.

The conclusion of the present scholastic year will also mark the Golden Jubilee of Notre Dame. No doubt fitting preparations will be made for the celebration of such a glorious and exceptional anniversary and from time to time due notice of all that takes place will appear in the columns of the SCHOLASTIC. In the meantime many a fervent prayer will be offered that the venerable Founder may continue to enjoy health and strength to preside over the festivities which will crown the commemoration of Notre Dame's fifty years of unparalleled success and prosperity.

A Student's Work.

Every one has his own idea about study. But there are some things that experience has dictated which are commended to the attention of every earnest student. Wise men have prescribed certain courses of study, and these have been improved by experience and adapted to the times and the people. Times and people change, and what would answer at one time

might be entirely out of place at another, and the same with different peoples. But this is something the student need not look after—the course of studies will be attended to by those wiser and more experienced than himself, and the times will take care of themselves. The student's work is to study and prepare himself for the future when he has to "paddle his own canoe," and lay up a store of knowledge which in after time is to aid him in divining the future and judging aright of the circumstances by which he is surrounded.

Though college days are the happiest days of our lives, still they have their clouds. Though this to a great extent depends upon the student himself, if he be lazy and negligent there will be surely cloudy times; but if on the contrary he be "up and doing," zealous and interested in his work, he will have a sunny time of it; then his college days will not only be happy, but will be well spent. When a student likes study he will almost always find pleasure in it.

The habit some have of studying a certain branch simply because it is in the course, and not with the intention of mastering it so far as they go, is a waste of time. The truth of the matter is, that "anything worth learning at all, is worth learning well." Now, some make a mistake, thinking that all they need do is to "go to class," as the expression has it, in order to be up in a study; their aim is a "degree," and they do not stop to consider whether or not they will be worthy of it. Knowledge and not a degree is that by which the world judges, so of what account is a diploma if we have not the knowledge to support it. But we are drifting. When one studies he should consider that he is doing earnest work and not playing; his earnestness should even border upon enthusiasm. This may seem extravagant, but we think observation will bear us out. Look where you will, and you will find that it is the earnest, zealous man who succeeds best in his calling. The doctor who is enthusiastic in his studies and calling, the lawyer who enters with spirit and determination upon the duties of his profession, is the one who becomes the best doctor or lawyer in the place; they are the men who find pleasure in performing the duties of their different callings. They win the confidence of the people because they merit it. Nor is the student an exception; if he finds no pleasure in study and does not endeavor to make it pleasing, he may be sure of failure in the end; he will not become a solid student. He may have a smattering of the different branches, but that will be all; he will be thorough in nothing. But how are we to make a study

pleasing? When one studies any branch hard he will take interest in it, he will love to talk about it, and when he becomes interested he is pretty apt to be pleased with it; and to study the branch will then have become an agreeable exercise. How full of truth then is not the old maxim: "*Labor omnia vincit.*" Study hard is the way to make study agreeable, and when it is agreeable we find pleasure in it, and when we find pleasure in it, it is then that we study properly and do justice to those who send us to college, to our *Alma Mater* and to ourselves.

G.

A Letter from Very Rev. Father General to the Minims.

The following characteristic letter from the venerable Founder of Notre Dame was received a few weeks ago. Though specially addressed to his youthful *protégés*, the Minims, the words of instruction and wholesome advice can be perused with profit by those who may be older in years.

"MONDORF, GRAND DUCHY OF LUXEMBURG,

"July 8, 1891.

"MY DEAR YOUNG PRINCES:—I received this morning the last package of your beautiful letters written on the eve of your departure for home. I was delighted with your expressions of filial love and of regret for my absence, when my presence at your bright examination and reception of medals and premiums would have added so much, as you state, to your enjoyment on both occasions. I was present, however, in mind and in heart, and felt most happy, as I witnessed your success and well-merited rewards.

"But you all seem equally to regret my usual parting advice, as to the manner of spending your vacations with your beloved parents and friends at home. Remember the old adage: 'Nobility obliges.' Much will be expected from you, especially in your dear families. This year has been one of no ordinary improvement and enjoyment for each of you. The first proofs must be given at home by a visible increase of love, obedience and devotedness to your dear parents, brothers and sisters, as though you had no other desire but to make them happier than ever. Let all your movements and polite manners reveal in each one of you a 'prince.' Above all, be pious and exemplary, models of all the virtues which social circles everywhere admire. What joy for your best friends and particularly for your happy homes!

"I will bring with me from Paris an especial reward for the two most successful canvassers who will return with the largest number of new students. From general reports, I have every reason to believe that the 'Parisian dinner' will soon be secured, and that you will doubly enjoy it, as a proof of my cordial affection, and of your personal exertions to fill up the number of princely guests. What a memorable event for your privileged department! What a joyous banquet! Everyone of you will realize with delight what even a youthful energy can effect. Now is your time to show a will, as also the real influence of your worthy parents. Return, then, with good companions. In advance I welcome you with a warm and loving heart. Give my best regards to your beloved fathers and mothers, and believe me more anxious than ever to see you again, and thank you all for your fervent prayers to which I owe the restoration of my health.

"Your devoted friend for life,

"E. SORIN, C. S. C."

Summer Sketches.

BY SAMMY.

I.

OVER THE SUMMER SEA.

LIVERPOOL, July 5.

DEAR SCHOLASTIC:

We arrived here in Liverpool about seven o'clock this evening, after an eight days' trip across the Atlantic, and a four hours' ride on an English "tender" from the "bar" to the pier, or stone wall that serves the same purpose. I am glad to be able to inform you that the natives here are waking up to the fact that something must be done towards "prohibiting" that *bar* in Liverpool harbor. The word has gone forth that it must be removed, and to that end preparations for dredging have begun. It would require actual experience to realize all the discomfort, not to speak of the discontent, profanity, etc., occasioned by the "services" of these "tenders" conveying passengers sixteen miles through rain from a big ship obliged to anchor outside the "bar" on account of the low tide. It is no wonder that much of the passenger trade is drifting to other lines whose vessels can enter the docks at their respective ports. But of this more anon. I have four hours to wait here before the train leaves for London, so I start in to fulfil my promise of sending a line to the SCHOLASTIC.

You will notice I have put a heading to this letter—perhaps when I return you will "put a head" on me for sending such a missive. But, you know, I must try and keep my word; whereas *you*, if you feel that the readers of the SCHOLASTIC will not bear with this infliction of dry verbiage, you can consign these pages to the waste basket; I won't know the difference, because I can't hear from you for a number of weeks anyhow. I will be moving on towards Paris and elsewhere, and can finish up the rest of the pencil on the way.

I have mentioned the heading to this letter because it reminds me that we should always commence at the beginning, and so let me give you a few extracts from my

LOG BOOK.

SATURDAY, JUNE 27.—We steamed out from the pier at New York at nine o'clock this morning, our big ship being aided in its efforts to turn around in the Hudson River by a steam-tug that pushed against its nose and headed it down towards the bay. There was something thrilling in the sight presented by the crowd

that stood upon the pier waving handkerchiefs and cheering at departing friends. I could hardly realize that I was standing upon the deck of a big ocean steamer bound for the Old World.

We formed a grand procession of steamships gliding down the bay, passing the statue of Liberty,—whose massive figure towers above its little island home, commemorating a tribute of love from the Republic of France and the exaltation of the grand idea of human liberty,—and out through the "Narrows" into the Atlantic. A most interesting event was the descent of the pilot from the ship. A small boat with two rowers came alongside the vessel which kept under headway; a rope was thrown and caught by one of the rowers. The little boat was lifted almost clear off the water by the speed of the steamship; but, quick as lightning, the pilot had glided down the side of the vessel into the little boat; the rope was thrown off, the rowers plied their oars, and their little shell was dancing over the big waves towards the "pilot boat." The inevitable "Kodak" fiend was, of course, on board, and took a snap-shot at the scene.

We were now fairly on the bosom of the ocean, and before long we were out of sight of land. The procession of ships soon broke up its line, each one following its own course, although we kept within sight of two during the whole day. But about nightfall they also disappeared from view, and now to all appearances our good ship is alone on the "vasty deep." There is a large number of cabin passengers, as you will see by the enclosed list. My name is not printed on it, as, you know, I joined the number at the very last moment. The day was very fine, and everyone was on deck the whole time enjoying the sea breezes. But in the evening clouds arose and soon rain began to fall, and is likely to continue through the night.

SUNDAY, 12 M., *Lat. N. 41, 23; Long. W. 65, 57.*—We should always begin a letter with the name of the place from which we write. And the nearest I can come to that now is to give the latitude and longitude, which I take from the chart posted in the cabin. It seems unnecessary to say that it is always a satisfaction for a person to know where he is; but here in this wide waste of water, in the midst of "ocean's deepest solitude," it is with more than ordinary pleasure one traces out the course of the vessel each day, and locates the precise spot on the earth's surface at which he may be.

Well, I was "rocked" to sleep last night, but I rested undisturbed, and was up early. It rained all the morning with very high winds,

but I was on deck the greater part of the time. The captain held "*divine service*" at 10.30, in the *salon*, but the congregation was very small. And that leads me to remark that the tables were well filled at all the meals yesterday, but this morning at breakfast there were very few who seemed to care about eating anything. The others preferred to remain in their berths. No doubt they had good reasons for doing so.

9 O'CLOCK, P. M.—The whole day was wet and disagreeable, and sea-sickness prevailed. As yet I have experienced no symptoms of the malady, although I have been on deck all the time, except at the meal hours! The sea is very rough and the vessel tosses a great deal, and so I think that if I do not get sick now, I will not be during the whole trip. It is grand to stand on deck and watch the motion of the ship as she rises and falls with the big waves. But one must be practical, and I cannot help wishing I had brought my overcoat with me. The wind is very cold and piercing; but for all that, one feels that the salt sea air is very beneficial. Therefore it was only when night fell that I deemed it advisable to turn in below.

MONDAY, 9 P. M.—A very fine day. The sun shone all day and everyone, *almost*, was on deck to enjoy the stiff breeze. One gentleman was so enthusiastic about the sea air that he had his breakfast brought to him on deck so as to lose none of the breeze. The waiter placed his repast on a chair beside him, and he was about to begin on it when he thought he saw a whale (?) and went to the side of the vessel. He remained for some time intently examining the ocean, then suddenly turned around, and, forgetting all about his breakfast, went down below. He has not appeared since.

We saw a number of whales during the day. It was very interesting to see them lifting their big bodies above the waves and spouting water. We passed also a crowd of porpoises and a great many sea-gulls, all of which attracted much attention, as, indeed, will anything that tends to relieve the sameness of view presented by the expanse of water. For an hour or two a sailing vessel that appeared upon the horizon was the centre of observation. A strong wind blew from the south-east all day, and the sails were set steadying the vessel and accelerating her speed. After supper to-night the sailors entertained the passengers on deck with songs and dances and received quite a little sum for their efforts. We are now about 800 miles from New York, and expect to pass the great Bank of Newfoundland to-morrow.

TUESDAY, 9 P. M.—Oh, what a change from

yesterday! No chart to-day! Fog! fog! *brouillard*! the densest kind of fog! I was awakened this morning about four o'clock by the noise of the steam-whistle which kept blowing almost continually. I knew something had happened and hurried up on deck to see what was the matter. The ship was going slowly, at half-speed, enveloped in a dense fog which prevented one from seeing more than a few feet beyond the vessel. The Captain was on the bridge where he remained the whole day. Besides himself there were six others on the "look-out"; but these latter were changed at intervals of four hours during the day. At noon the ship was stopped altogether; one of the watches thought he had seen a vessel ahead. After an hour we proceeded again, but slowly; and so it continued the whole day—the vessel surrounded by a fog, and an icy cold wind blowing making one fear the presence of icebergs.

About seven o'clock this evening the fog lifted, and for an hour or so we could see the clear, blue sky and the great body of water. The captain for the first time in twenty-four hours left his post, and the passengers began to feel a kind of relief. But about eight o'clock the mass of vapor again settled upon the ship, and the steam whistle was once more blown, to be kept up all night. As I write now, or try to write, the wind is blowing a terrible gale, and the ship rocks and tosses fearfully!

WEDNESDAY.—It was indeed a terrible night! The big ship shivered and shook from stem to stern like a reed; the timbers creaked and groaned and strained as if the vessel would go to pieces. The storm was even worse all this morning. *Mes compagnons du voyage* tried to have a little fun at my expense because they saw me down below in the *salon*. All through the fog yesterday I stood on the forward deck and remarked to them that I was one of the "look-outs," and when they saw me this morning they said, "Why are you not at the helm, or on the 'look-out'?" But I was on deck for some time to see the big waves. While I was there a poor sailor attempted to run across the deck, but slipped and fell, spraining his foot so that he had to be carried below. Then I thought it time to retire.

At noon to-day the chart was again posted in the cabin. We are now about 1400 miles from New York—as the genial steward expresses it, "we are now going down the other side of the hill." Towards evening the wind moderated. There is, however, a stiff breeze blowing and a very rough sea; but it is nothing compared to last night and this morning.

Not a few mishaps occurred at meals. An attempt to raise a cup of coffee or spoonful of soup to one's lips not unfrequently resulted in receiving either too much of the liquid or none at all. Such trifling incidents may not be worth the mention, especially to "old-liners"; the same may be said of all the precautions—such as square, box-like compartments, brackets, etc.,—taken in the saloon to secure the dishes and receptacles for solids and liquids during the time when the vessel gently bows to the waves and ungently tosses and rolls from side to side. It was, however, "great fun" to a new chap, and he cannot forbear recording the same. The expressions of surprise and dismay heard on every side were well worth preserving and relating; but I am afraid the repetition would be a "bore." By the way, I should remark that the gentleman who forgot his breakfast appeared at dinner to-day.

THURSDAY.—We had a very fine day—a most agreeable change after the experience of the last two days. Everybody was on deck, and games and sports were indulged in. We passed a sailing vessel this morning, the first indication of life, outside of our own company, that we had seen for many hours. The sun shone beautifully all day, and made everybody cheerful.

A "mock-trial" is going on in the *salon* this evening. But, though Judge — is presiding, it is something like a famous pitcher playing against nine men and the umpire. The St. Cecilians could give them pointers upon preparing and conducting moot-courts.

We have made 380 miles since yesterday and expect to reach Queenstown on Saturday night. There is no danger of any "record-smashing" on this trip. The wind has been constantly directly against us.

FRIDAY.—Another mean day! raining the whole day and very stormy in the afternoon! The good ship is steadily ploughing her way along; but what an intensity is added to the monotony of a sea-voyage by the disagreeable weather! This was written before I attended the concert in the saloon this evening; but let it stand as expressive of the feelings of one individual. The concert given by some of the passengers was indeed a very agreeable change, and called forth talent of no mean merit. The music, both instrumental and vocal, was of a high order and elicited great encomiums from all present. Our genial purser, contributed in no slight degree to the pleasure of the occasion by a number of humorous vocal selections that brought down the house—I mean the ship—or rather tended thereunto. The concert was for the benefit of Sailors' Homes, and quite a handsome

sum was realized. Owing to the storm and fog, the Captain could not be present; he is at his post on the "bridge." I retire now to my couch with the "music" of the fog-horn ringing in my ears, quite an offset to the harmonious sounds to which I listened a short time ago.

SATURDAY, JULY 4.—Our national holiday! Where is the emblem of our grand Republic—the star-spangled banner? This is an English vessel, and no American flag is flung to the breeze! But there are Americans on board and many a place at table is found decorated with the stars and stripes. The day itself is not one to encourage any enthusiastic display, a heavy gale blowing all the morning. In the afternoon the weather moderated, though the drizzling rain still caused much discomfort. But our attentive purser, ever watchful to interest his passengers, succeeded in organizing a series of athletic sports in honor of the day. These were begun about four o'clock in the afternoon on a part of the deck which had been covered with canvas. A number of passengers took part in the exercises which caused much enjoyment. A special feature was the tug-of-war, which was the occasion of great interest and excitement from the fact that it was England *vs.* America. Fifteen on opposite sides "tugged" for supremacy, but I am proud to say that the fifteen young Americans dragged the English fellows all over the deck, thereby vindicating their national honor, and renewing afresh the glorious memories of the day we celebrate.

As the shades of evening were falling, about seven o'clock, land was descried, and soon the shores of Ireland loomed up in the western horizon. Immediately the passengers gathered on the lower deck and burst forth in that old, but honored song:

"Home again! home again!
From a foreign shore,
And, oh! it fills my soul with joy
To meet my friends once more."

This was sung again and again, and at times varied by the rendition of old plantation melodies. It must be said that the grand chorus of voices was very effective, though one would be very apt to say that the *volume* was very pronounced in its quality; the energy and number of the singers giving a tone to the melody never dreamt of by the composer. However, everybody was happy, and contributed his mite towards the general good feeling. At 8.45 we passed Fastnet Light House which was greeted with cheers. We expect to anchor off Queenstown at midnight.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Personal.

—The Rev. R. Howley, D. D., is a welcome visitor to Notre Dame.

—John O'Donnell (Com'l), '89, is the efficient Teller at Seligman's Bank of Commerce at Saginaw, Mich.

—A most welcome visitor during the vacation was the Rev. W. Howlett, Rector of St. Leo's Church, Denver, Colo.

—Franklin P. Dwyer, '69, is the gentlemanly and efficient Eastern Agent of the Chicago & Grand Trunk RR., in New York.

—Col. W. Hoynes, the genial Dean of the Law Department, returned on Wednesday after a month's vacation with western friends.

—Rev. Vice-President Zahm paid a flying visit to Notre Dame last week, leaving on Wednesday for Denver on business for the University.

—Rev. A. Morrissey, our genial Director of Studies, and Rev. M. Mohun, the accomplished Director of the Band, returned on Wednesday from a short vacation in the East.

—Rev. S. Fitte, C. S. C., Master of Novices and Prof. of Philosophy, is spending a few days at Louisville, Ohio, taking a little vacation with his old friend, the Rev. L. Hoffer.

—Prof. Maurice F. Egan and Bro. Leander are sojourning in Northern Michigan. The approach of their old enemy, the hay fever, caused a hasty retreat to the "sneezeless land."

—Rev. P. J. Franciscus, Procurator General of the Congregation of Holy Cross at Rome, is passing a few weeks at Notre Dame. His numerous friends are pleased to see him in the enjoyment of the best of health.

—Among the welcome visitors during the last month were: the Very Rev. J. Braemer, Vicar-General of Fort Wayne; Rev. P. Clancy, Woodstock, Ill.; Rev. J. M. Toohey, C. S. C., Academy, Ind.; Hon. Judge Prendergast, Chicago.

—A recent issue of the *Ohio State Journal* contained highly complimentary notices of A. A. Gerlach, '81, and his brother Edward, of '85. Both are engaged in business in Columbus, O., and are meeting with deserved success and popularity.

—Robert A. Pinkerton, '65, directs the eastern branch of the immense detective business established by his father, Allan Pinkerton. With him in his office in Exchange Place, New York, is associated, as accountant, Charles Hibben, of '66. Both have kind words for *Alma Mater*, and are always pleased to meet friends from Notre Dame.

—The Rev. William Kelly, C. S. C., lately of St. Laurent College, Montreal, will be numbered with the Faculty at Notre Dame during the coming year. Father Kelly is no stranger here, having some years ago, before his ordination, been connected with the University, and distin-

guished himself by his gifts of mind and heart. He will have the directorship of Sorin Hall in addition to the classes over which he will preside.

—The Rev. D. Duehmig, the esteemed Rector of Assumption Church, Avilla, Ind., celebrated, on the 5th inst., the Silver Jubilee, or twenty-fifth anniversary of his ordination to the priesthood. The event was made a memorable one, a large number of the clergy, societies and citizens generally taking part in the celebration. Father Duehmig's hosts of friends at Notre Dame extend their heartiest congratulation and best wishes for many more years of successful labor in the sacred ministry.

—The University of Notre Dame, says the *Iowa Messenger*, always displays exceptional judgment in the distribution of its honors. This is further evidenced by the recent conferring of the degree of Doctor of Laws upon Father Cronin of the *Union and Times*, James Jeffrey Roche of *The Pilot*, and Father Conway of the *Northwestern Chronicle*. The recipients are all men of education and high literary ability, who adorn the Catholic journalism of the country. Father Cronin offers in return for his honor the following eloquent sentiment;

"Events like these are the milestones of existence. For a moment we pause in the roar and rush of daily toil to renew the student delights of other years when the tale of Homer glorified life's opening dreams and the verse of Virgil pictured the beauties of the 'Asian mead.' Existence hurries, but learning with her stately steps and flowing robes keeps her calm and easy pace; and when, long after the olden parting with her votaries, she reaches forth her laurel-laden hand to place a leaf of recognition on the brow of one of those who worshipped at her shrine, but now employs his energies in life's prosaic battle, the cooling fragrance of the bays is unalloyed delight."

Obituary.

We have learned with regret the death of the estimable grandmother of Eugene Arnold, '83, William H. Arnold, '86, and Mrs. Landvoigt a graduate of St. Mary's Academy, to whom many friends at Notre Dame extend their sincere sympathy. The following notice of the deceased is taken from the *Washington News*:

"The death of Mrs. Matilda Bayne, consort of the late Thomas Bayne, Esq., at her home, on Capitol Hill, removes one of the oldest inhabitants of Washington.

"Mrs. Bayne was born on Capitol Hill, where she has spent her long and useful life, on February 28, 1806, when Washington was a little more than a town of about 6,000 inhabitants, and has lived to see it grow into a metropolis of nearly 800,000 souls. She was a lineal descendant of one of the colonists who came to this country with Lord Baltimore and settled in St. Mary's County, Md. She was baptized by the venerable Father William Matthew—the first Roman Catholic priest of American birth, and the fifth priest ordained in America—and, as a child, frequently attended divine service at the Barry Chapel, where the Rev. Robert Plunket, the first president of Georgetown College, officiated. She is the last of the original members of St. Peter's Church, where she was a member of the first class to receive First Communion and Confirmation, her class having been prepared by Rev. James F. Lucas, the first pastor of the church,

who came to Washington on Sept. 3, 1821. With the exception of Presidents Washington and Harrison, Mrs. Bayne, during her life, met and conversed with every President of the United States, with John Adams and Jefferson after the expiration of their terms of office, and upon the occasion of Lafayette's visit, in 1824, took part in the ceremonies of his reception and was presented to him. She had a distinct recollection of the capture of Washington and the burning of the Capitol by the British under General Ross in August, 1814.

"She was a devout Catholic, her well-spent life being devoted to numerous charities and good works, performed without ostentation, and she will be sadly missed by her large roll of pensioners.

"Her only descendants are Messrs. W. H. and Thomas Bayne Arnold, both now abroad; Eugene F. Arnold, a member of the District bar, and Mrs. Wm. H. Landvoigt. She lived to bury all of her ten children. Her funeral took place from St. Peter's Church, Capitol Hill, on Wednesday morning at 10 o'clock."

Catholic Educational Exhibit.

The committee appointed by the archbishops of the United States, to prepare for a Catholic Educational Exhibit at the World's Fair, to be held in Chicago, in 1893, selected, in a preliminary meeting, held in Chicago, a board of directors. A circular, outlining a plan for making the Exhibit, was prepared by a committee appointed by this Board, and widely distributed. On the 1st of July, the Board met for the second time, and resolved, while not interfering with the plan of having the teaching Orders make a collective Exhibit of their work, to request the archbishops and bishops, who may wish to do so, to take steps to prepare for diocesan Exhibits of the work of the parochial schools. The Archbishop of Chicago has already appointed a committee to prepare a diocesan Exhibit, and this will be done also doubtless by many other prelates. Great interest in the Exhibit has been manifested, and there seems to be a general agreement, both among the clergy and the laity, that this is an opportunity of showing the country what a great and salutary work the Catholic schools are doing, which should not and will not be permitted to pass unused. Our schools are only less sacred and less important than our churches; and when the tens of thousands of our people, who will visit the exposition, shall have before their eyes the evidences of the thorough and efficient manner in which our teachers are performing the duties assigned them, they will be inspired with new zeal and enthusiasm, to make still greater sacrifices to promote the work of Christian education.

My First Newspaper Article.

DEAR SCHOLASTIC:

As you know, we are staying at Cold Spring Harbor this summer. Near by are several excursion groves to which steam-boats and barges run from New York and vicinity. You know what a New York excursion barge is:

generally the bulk of some old steamer fitted up with a bar and a deck for dancing, called the hurricane deck,—so named, I suppose, because when the excursionists sow the wind at the bar they raise hurricanes up above. Well, let me see. The Assumption was on Saturday, and the accident happened on Wednesday; therefore on the 12th of August a party of excursionists, consisting of the employees of a large dry goods house in Brooklyn, came to Dennisons' Grove. They were brought thither by a steamer and one of these barges. After spending a pleasant day, they were getting ready to go back. The pilot was giving orders to cast off, when a violent squall came up. The people at once rushed to the lee side of the barge, thus careening it considerably. This gave the wind a good hold, and it picked up the hurricane deck and dashed it on the heads of the people below, killing thirteen and wounding many others. You can very well understand how this was when I state that the stanchions upholding the deck were rotten and soft as punk. Many heroic acts were performed, among others the saving, by a boy of 18, of three women who were knocked into the water. We were a mile up the harbor swimming, when a man came driving past, saying: "Fifty killed, one hundred injured by a steam-boat explosion at Dennisons!"

I immediately saw a good chance of gaining name and fame, besides putting some money into my pockets, by writing up the disaster. I jumped into my clothes and started for the Grove at a run. I had neither pencil nor paper, but trusted to luck for writing materials. I borrowed a stub of a pencil, and some newspapers and wrote on the margins of the papers. I got a great many points, waited for the inquest, and then started home. I was the only one on the spot, so I took my time. I wrote a vivid and glowing account of about eight or ten columns, and went to the telegraph office to get it off. I arrived, my pockets full of MS., to find a sleepy-looking cuss who had the wire and was writing away like thunder, getting an account of the affair to the world as fast as pencil and electricity could get it there. I tackled him and found out several things: 1st, that he was a reporter who had come upon the 1st train, having heard of the affair through the police; 2d, that though he had only about half as many details as I, he would make two pages out of it; 3d, that he did not want any information except gratis, and for no pecuniary consideration; 4th, that if I had been there five minutes sooner I would have got the wire, and he would have got left. What need I say more? I picked up my hat and went out, the maddest, worst-fooled, worst-feeling-like-cussing reporter that you ever saw.

E. DU BRUL.

Local Items.

- Silver Jubilee!
- Golden Jubilee!
- Prepare for them.
- 'Rah for New York!
- Only two weeks more!
- Vacation will soon be over.
- The Newburgh delegation will be larger than ever. How about Marinette?
- Bro. Frederick and his staff have done some fine work in St. Edward's Hall.
- The venerable Founder was received in regal style by the Princes on his return from Europe.
- Bros. Dominic and Columban accompany the Minims on their excursions—fishing, picnicing, etc., etc.
- Charlie Gillen, Joe Combe and J. Flannigan have been instructing the natives of Wisconsin in the art of base-ball.
- The sojourners in Atlantic City have not been heard from in some time. Cold Spring Harbor and New York are all right.
- The Seminary has been carefully painted during the vacation, and now yields to no other house in point of beauty and comfort.
- Sammy's "Log-Book" had to be cut short in this number. We shall try and encourage him by publishing the rest in our next.
- St. Edward's Park is more beautiful than it has ever been. Visitors from the East say that they have seen nothing there more beautiful.
- The prospects for an increased attendance during the coming year are very bright. The Law Department especially promises to be unusually large.
- Very Rev. Provincial Corby and Rev. President Walsh left for Milwaukee on Wednesday last to attend the conferring of the Pallium on Archbishop Katzer.
- Twenty-four Minims are spending the vacation very pleasantly here. Three of those who went home have returned, showing the attraction Notre Dame has for the Princes.
- So long a drought has not been known here in many years. Grass, trees and flowers, are utterly parched, and the loss to farmers through imperfect crops is almost inestimable.
- Students returning in September will notice a number of improvements within the College buildings and in the surrounding premises. The campus, particularly will attract their attention.
- The many members of the Faculty who have spent a part of the vacation at Watertown, Wis., are loud in their praises of the hospitality of the genial President of Sacred Heart College.
- Several members of the Faculty are under obligations to the Rev. E. Scully, S. J., President of Fordham College, for many acts of kindness on the occasion of their recent visit to that celebrated institution.

—On September 2 the Rev. Fathers Bourque, Garand, Adelsperger and Langelier, of the Congregation of Holy Cross, will leave Notre Dame to labor in the missions entrusted to the Community in Eastern Bengal.

—Very Rev. Father General Sorin has brought from Paris a large silver medal to be awarded to the most successful canvasser among the Minims. Who will be the happy winner? Will he be a Chicago, New York or a Denver Prince?

—One of the most gentlemanly railroad officials it has been our pleasure to meet is Mr. G. W. Watson, the agent of the Chicago and Grand Trunk RR., at South Bend. Persons travelling by this route may be assured of every attention to their comfort and convenience on the part of all connected with the road.

—Rev. Alexander Kirsch, C.S.C., Professor of Natural Sciences at Notre Dame, concluded his course of lectures on "Biology" on the 20th inst. at Cold Spring Harbor, L. I. A number of members of the Faculty attended, among whom were the Rev. A. Morrissey and Bro. Emmanuel. Mr. E. Du Brul has been rusticating in the same place.

—A number of exciting games of baseball were played during the vacation. We regret that we have received no "scores" or descriptions, but we have learned that not a few wise, sedate members of the Faculty could make an excellent showing in an encounter with a professional team. It seems a pity that they should thus be lost to fame.

—The conferences of the Brothers during the vacation days were as interesting as they were instructive. All the subjects were treated in a manner which clearly showed each lecturer to be a perfect master of his branch. The attendance was large on all occasions, and the interest aroused may be judged by the animated discussions which the conferences never failed to generate.

—We were glad to greet in this office, last Tuesday, the Rev. Andrew Morrissey, C. S. C., and the Rev. M. Mohun, C. S. C., both distinguished professors at Notre Dame University. The Rev. gentlemen were returning from their well-earned vacation by the sea, and looked heartily ready to begin the labors of another scholastic year. All and everyone from the great University of the West will ever receive the most cordial welcome from the editor of this paper.—*Union and Times (Buffalo)*.

—On the Feast of the Assumption, August 15, Messrs. W. Maloney, J. De Groot, J. Cavanaugh, and E. Langelier, together with Brothers Severin, Thomas Villanova, Wigbert, Ambrose, Cletus and John Berchmans made their religious Profession in the Congregation of Holy Cross. The impressive ceremony took place in the Church of the Sacred Heart at Notre Dame, and was presided over by the Very Rev. Provincial Corby. Many friends extend their congratulations and best wishes to the religious.

—On July 15, the Rev. Frederick Reuter and the Rev. Casimir Sztuczko were raised to the sacred dignity of the Priesthood in the College Church by the Rt. Rev. J. L. Foley, D. D., Bishop of Detroit. Both the reverend gentlemen are honored members of the Faculty of the University, and the SCHOLASTIC unites with hosts of friends in extending congratulations and wishing them many years of successful labor in the sacred ministry.

—On the occasion of his name day, July 21, the Rev. Alexis Granger, C. S. C., gave a neatly prepared dinner to his friends at Notre Dame. The Rev. T. E. Walsh and Brother Lucian, yielding to the solicitations of the other guests, made very pretty congratulatory addresses to which Father Granger modestly responded. The Rev. President Walsh's speech was a model of after-dinner oratory, and was thoroughly appreciated and warmly applauded by all.

—The 2d of August, the Feast of the Portiuncula, was duly celebrated at Notre Dame. The College Church, which enjoys the extraordinary privileges formerly attached to the little chapel of the Portiuncula, was thronged from morn to eve. Beginning at 5 a. m., Masses were celebrated at intervals up to the grand High Mass at ten o'clock. In the evening Solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament closed the devotional exercises of the privileged day.

—We are in receipt of the annual catalogue of the University of Notre Dame, Ind., for 1891. This is one of the noblest institutions of learning in this country, and it is a pleasure to note its constantly increasing prosperity. Its head is the Rev. T. E. Walsh, whose deep learning and high Christian character peculiarly qualify him for the responsible position he occupies. He is assisted by a faculty composed of men of profound erudition and widely known as successful teachers.—*Grass Lake (Mich.) News*.

—Plans are being considered for the erection of a new Manual Labor School. The old building was found to be out of keeping with the growth and prosperity of Notre Dame, and it is expected that the coming school will lose none of the usefulness of its predecessor, while it will add much to the beauty and symmetry of the college buildings. It will be built so as to accommodate a large number of students, and it is hoped that it will enjoy renewed prosperity under the able direction of Mr. J. DeGroot, C. S. C.

—An interesting ceremony was witnessed in the chapel of the Novitiate on August 13, when nine young men received the religious habit from the hands of Very Rev. Provincial Corby. The accompanying exercises were of a most impressive character, and well calculated to keep the memory of the day fresh in the minds of all who participated in them. Three of the new Novices—Messrs. M. Donahue, J. Maguire and A. Petry—are Seminarians; the others being Brothers Nicholas, Joachim, Pancratius, Firmin, Donatus and Oswin. Rev. Father Van de Laar,

and Mr. C. G. Dowling, of Chicago, were among the visitors present on the occasion. The friends of the new religious wish them numberless blessings and many years of happiness.

—A farewell dinner was tendered to Signor and Miss Gregori by the President of the University on the 5th ult., the eve of their departure for the Old World. A number of friends were present, and gave expression to their sentiments of esteem for Signor Gregori and his accomplished daughter, and their regrets at the parting which was so soon to take place. The distinguished artist has left at Notre Dame enduring monuments of his genius and skill which form one of the glories of our *Alma Mater* that tend to instruct, elevate and refine the mind and heart. Signor and Miss Gregori take with them to their native Italy the best wishes of hosts of friends, all of whom hope that the time is not far distant when they may have the pleasure of meeting again.

—The bells of Notre Dame never rang a sweeter or more joyful peal than they did last night, when they welcomed Very Rev. Father Sorin back from Europe. Father Sorin, in company with Father Zahm, left South Bend on the 17th of May last for another of his numerous visits to Paris. The reverend gentleman has so frequently visited the shores of the Old World that his going on another trip might be thought no unusual occurrence, but for the fact that his health had been very poor for some time previous, and that it was hoped that the air of sunny France might be beneficial, caused his friends to look for his return with considerable anxiety. It is therefore with a great deal of pleasure that the statement is made that Father Sorin is wonderfully improved in health—so much so indeed as to surpass all expectation. His step is firm, his color the hue of health, and his eye as bright and keen and kindly as ever. His return in so much better health is very gratifying to all who know him. Father Sorin was accompanied on his return by Father John O'Connell, well known here, and Father Francis Procurator General of the Order of the Holy Cross, who has been spending the past three years in Rome, and who also has numerous friends here. The reverend gentlemen were all cordially welcomed at Notre Dame. Father Zahm, who accompanied Father Sorin to France, returned about a month ago.—*South Bend Times*.

—On August 15—the festival of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary—the services in the Church of the Sacred Heart were most solemn and impressive. Extensive preparations had been made for the due observance of the feast. At 10 o'clock, Rev. President Walsh, assisted by Rev. Fathers Connor and Garand as deacon and subdeacon, approached the altar where Solemn High Mass was celebrated with all the ceremony permitted by the Church on such occasions. After the singing of the Gospel, Rev. Father French ascended the pulpit and

delivered a most impressive and beautiful sermon on the death and Assumption of Mary.

In the afternoon Vespers were sung at three o'clock, after which a procession was formed and a statue of Our Lady, beautifully ornamented in lace and gold, was mounted upon the shoulders of four young Levites who bore it immediately after the clergy. The vast throng proceeded leisurely around the St. Joseph's Lake, singing hymns and canticles the while, and making a picture of such beauty and devotion as is rarely witnessed. A stop was made in front of the Novitiate where a statue of Mary had been shrined in flowers and lights. After the chanting of a prayer the line moved slowly on to the Chapel of the Assumption, near Holy Cross Seminary, where another statue had been set up. The Church was finally reached where Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament was given and the exercises closed. It was a magnificent act of love and gratitude to Mary.

—On Thursday, August 13, the annual pilgrimage of St. Augustine's parish, Kalamazoo, Mich., to Notre Dame took place. About nine hundred people, filled with devotion to the Blessed Virgin, participated in the event. On the arrival of the pilgrims at Notre Dame, solemn Mass was celebrated with great pomp and splendor. The Rev. Father McBrady of Toronto preached an eloquent sermon. He spoke long and earnestly on the love which we owe to Mary, and made a warm appeal to his attentive listeners to cherish always the feelings of affection and piety which had prompted their pilgrimage. Father O'Brien, pastor of St. Augustine's Church, was assisted by several neighboring priests, among whom we noticed the Rev. Fathers McManus, Gore, Howley and other friends of Notre Dame. The following notice of the pilgrimage is taken from the columns of the *Michigan Catholic*:

"The annual pilgrimage to Notre Dame was well attended. Seventeen well-filled cars carried the devout people of Kalamazoo, Paw Paw, and Decatur to the famous shrine of Our Lady in America. The procession was more imposing than ever, as it wended its way through the beautiful shaded walks surrounding the lakes. When it arrived at the "Grotto," the hundreds of lighted tapers, the handsome banners, the clergy and the laity on bended knees imploring Our Lady's help, was a sight never to be forgotten. Solemn High Mass was chanted in the Grand Basilica by Father Marker, of Paw Paw, assisted by Fathers Gore, of St. Joseph, and McManus of Battle Creek. The surpliced choir of St. Augustine's Church, Kalamazoo, rendered the music excellently. The sermon, a magnificent piece of oratory, was delivered by Rev. Robert McBrady, C. S. B., of St. Michael's College, Toronto. After the church services the pilgrims betook themselves to the beautiful lawns and there feasted on the good things their lunch baskets contained. The afternoon was spent in visiting the numerous shrines, and the day was brought to a close with Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. The venerable General of the Fathers of the Holy Cross, the Very Rev. Father Sorin, blessed many of his former parishioners, as he attended Kalamazoo many years ago, and sent them away with hearts overflowing with joy and gratitude. Very Rev. Father Walsh and his assistant afforded every attention, and the day will long be remembered by the good people who took part in this, the sixth annual pilgrimage."

Faculty of the University of Notre Dame, '91-'92.

Rev. Thomas E. Walsh, C. S. C., Ecclesiastical History; Rev. John A. Zahm, C. S. C., Physical Sciences, and Curator of the Museum; Rev. Andrew Morrissey, C. S. C., Latin Language and Literature; Rev. John A. O'Connell, C. S. C., Literary Criticism; Rev. Nicholas J. Stoffel, C. S. C., Greek Language and Literature; Rev. A. M. Kirsch, C. S. C., Natural Sciences; Rev. Stanislaus Fitté, C. S. C., Philosophy; Rev. James French, C. S. C., Elocution; Rev. Arthur B. O'Neill, C. S. C., Rhetoric; Rev. Michael Mohun, C. S. C., Latin and Greek Classics; Rev. William Kelly, C. S. C., Mathematics; Rev. Joseph Kirsch, C. S. C., Natural Sciences; James F. Edwards, A. M., LL. B., History and Librarian; William Hoynes, A. M., LL. D., Law; Albert F. Zahm, A. M., M. E., Mechanical Engineering; John G. Ewing, A. M., M. S., History, and Lecturer on Political Economy; Martin J. McCue, M. S., Astronomy and Civil Engineering; Maurice F. Egan, A. M., LL. D., English Literature; John B. Berteling, M. D., (Resident Physician), Anatomy and Physiology.

ASSISTANT PROFESSORS AND INSTRUCTORS.

Rev. William Connor, C. S. C., English; Rev. Frederick A. Reuter, C. S. C., German; Rev. Casimir Sztuczko, C. S. C., Latin and Greek Classics; Rev. Edward Murphy, C. S. C., English and Mathematics; Bro. Marcellinus, C. S. C., Book-Keeping; Bro. Alexander, C. S. C., Mathematics; Bro. Philip Neri, C. S. C., Penmanship and German; Bro. Celestine, C. S. C., Telegraphy; Michael O'Dea, M. S., Telegraphy and Type-Writing; Wm. I. Morrison, B. S., Physical Sciences; Charles P. Neill, Classics.

TEACHERS IN PREPARATORY DEPARTMENT.

Bro. Marcellus, C. S. C., Bro. Emmanuel, C. S. C., Bro. Hugh, C. S. C., Bro. Dominic Silas, C. S. C., Bro. Leander, C. S. C., Bro. Albius, C. S. C., Bro. Cajetan, C. S. C., Bro. Thomas, C. S. C.

DEPARTMENT OF FINE ARTS.

Music.

Bro. Basil, C. S. C., Piano, Guitar, Cornet, and Flute; Bro. Leopold, C. S. C., Violin and Clarinet; Bro. Girard, C. S. C., Piano; Damis Paul, Piano, Violin, and Director of the Orchestra; Frederick J. Liscombe, Mus. Doc., Vocal Music.

PAINTING AND DRAWING.

F. X. Ackermann, Linear, Architectural and Mechanical Drawing.

ATHLETICS.

Louis Koenig, Gymnastics.

The Turtle—a Poe (m).

Once upon a Sunday dreary,
As I wandered weak and weary,
With a rod and line o'er furlongs
Of a bleak and fishless shore:
As I loitered, with a shiver,
Suddenly I felt a quiver,
As if some fish in the river
Felt my presence was a bore.
"Tis a five-pound bass," I muttered,
As I drew him to the shore
"Hope I get him and some more."

Presently the pull came stronger;
Knowing I could wait no longer,
With a sudden jerk I hooked him,
And he landed on the shore.
Then I knew I'd caught him napping,
As I heard him wildly flapping
But I turned and saw—a snapping
Turtle welt'ring in his gore.
And I knew him, that old snapper,
For I'd caught him twice before—
Only this, and nothing more.

D. V. K. C.

St. Mary's Academy.

One Mile West of Notre Dame University.

—Thanks are tendered Rev. A. A. Lambing, LL. D., for several valuable historic relics.

—St. Mary's was honored this summer by a visit from Right Rev. Bishop Foley, of Detroit, Michigan.

—Miss Mabel Clifford, of the Junior department, while bathing at Lake Geneva, met with a narrow escape from drowning. Many prayers for her preservation have been offered by her friends at St. Mary's.

—While every department of literature is represented in the Academy Library, for greater convenience each class-room has been provided with a case of books referring especially to the branches taught therein.

—One of Very Rev. Father General's first inquiries on his return home was concerning the pupils of last year. He was delighted to learn of the bright prospects entertained for the scholastic year 1891-'92.

—Miss Nellie Davis, of Leadville, Colo., for several years a pupil at St. Mary's, is now studying art in Paris, under Bougereau. She writes charming letters descriptive of the French capital, and of her hours in the studio, but says that her old *Alma Mater* seems dearer to her each day.

—Among the reverend clergy who visited the Academy during vacation were: Rev. Father Fidelis, Provincial of the Passionist Fathers in South America; Rev. A. A. Lambing, LL. D.; Rev. T. A. Wallace, Rev. C. M. Schotthoefer, Newark, N. J.; Rev. J. O'Keefe, Rev. P. Condon, Watertown, Wis.; Rev. J. M. Toohey, Fort Wayne, and Rev. P. Hurth, Austin, Texas.

—The event of the summer was the return of Very Rev. Father General from France, after an absence of nearly three months. The pleasure of seeing him at home was enhanced by the fact that his health was materially improved by the trip; and as he stepped with the old-time firmness into the room where the Sisters had assembled to offer greetings, the "welcome home, Father!" that came from every heart, was followed by a prayer of thanksgiving whispered in every soul, yet heard before God's throne.

Feast of the Assumption at St. Mary's.

The hush of early dawn on the Feast of the Assumption was broken by the sound of the Convent bell calling all to the foot of the altar; and as the *Sanctus* chimes rang out their silvery tones from the *Santa Casa*, from the Infirmary Chapel, and from the Chapel of Our Lady of Loreto, the words of the Introit of the Mass

echoed and re-echoed in the hearts of all—"Let us rejoice in the Lord, celebrating a festival day in honor of the Blessed Virgin Mary, for whose Assumption the angels rejoice and give praise to the Son of God." Besides commemorating the Feast of Our Lady's Assumption, the 15th of August marked the close of the annual retreat, the exercises of which were conducted by Very Rev. Father Giesen, C. SS. R., and was also the day chosen for the reception of fourteen young ladies into the Congregation of the Sisters of the Holy Cross, and the Profession of fourteen Novices. The day was a perfect one; and birds, flowers, fountains and breeze-swung leaves made a moving picture of beauty. The chapels, aglow with lights and fragrant with the breath of choicest blossoms, were thronged from early morning until the twilight shadows gathered around St. Mary's.

Very Rev. Father General offered the Holy Sacrifice in the Chapel of Loreto, at which the candidates for the Habit and Profession assisted. To them Very Rev. Father General addressed a few words, filled with the spirit of faith and devotedness which has ever characterized his life. The Community Mass was celebrated by the Rev. Chaplain, Father Scherer.

At eight a. m. a procession was formed, and in the following order proceeded from the Convent to the church: Cross-bearer, Acolytes, Postulants, Novices, Professed Sisters, those to be invested in the Habit, richly attired as brides, the candidates for Profession, the choir, the superiors and the Right Rev. and Rev. Clergy, among whom were: Rt. Rev. Bishop Watterson, of Columbus, Ohio; Very Rev. Father General, Very Rev. Father Corby, Very Rev. Father Giesen, C. SS. R., Very Rev. Father McBride, Harrisburg, Pa.; the Rev. Fathers Scherer, Franciscus, Hudson, Regan, Zahm and O'Neill, C. S. C. On arriving at the church door, the lines divided, and those who were to take an active part in the ceremonies entered first, and filed up to the sanctuary, where the beautiful rite of investiture began immediately, the Rt. Rev. Bishop Watterson officiating. Those who received the Habit were: Miss Dunphy, to be known in religion as Sister M. Lioba; Miss Dowling (Sister M. Bennetta), Miss B. Maher (Sister M. James), Miss Dempsey (Sister M. Dionysia), Miss Maurice (Sister M. Lumen), Miss Cawley (Sister M. Dolorosa), Miss Courtney (Sister M. Eustace), Miss McDonough (Sister M. Beda), Miss M. Maher, (Sister M. Bianca), Miss Bergin (Sister M. Albertine), Miss Egan, (Sister M. Carlotta), Miss Kirby (Sister M. Clarita), Miss Hemler (Sister M.

Alma), Miss Clonan (Sister M. Simeona). The following Sisters then pronounced their final vows, and received the insignia of Profession: Sister M. Felicia, Sister M. Dositheus, Sister M. Vitalien, Sister M. Luigia, Sister M. Vincentia, Sister M. Kathleen, Sister M. Amadeus, Sister M. Hermes, Sister M. Jovita, Sister M. Linus, Sister M. Remigius, Sister M. Cassimir, Sister M. Leo and Sister M. Lewis.

The text chosen by the Rt. Rev. Bishop for his sermon was taken from the Mass of the day: "Hearken, O daughter, and see, and incline thy ear: for the king hath greatly desired thy beauty," and proved the basis of a practical and instructive address on the religious state. The Solemn High Mass, which was celebrated by Very Rev. Father Corby, with Very Rev. Father McBride as deacon and Rev. J. Boland as subdeacon, was followed by the *Te Deum*, in which all hearts joined to give thanks to God, that in this our beautiful America such scenes are to be witnessed—scenes which are, to use the words of Bishop Watterson, "an open protest against the spirit of the world and the spirit of the times." Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament closed the devotions of the day, and soon the shadows of night told that the 15th of August, 1891, was of the past; but the shades of forgetfulness can never banish from the heart the memories of such days; their sunshine ever lingers, illuming the way to the end.

Of Thine Own Country Sing.

"A theme!" the poet cried, "that I may sing;
For heaven-born song hath come into my heart
Upon the morning air, and, winged with fire
Of youth, it biddeth me to strike the harp.
A theme, and music's fettered soul is free!"
Reclining on a grassy mound, the while
He brought the loosened strings to sweet accord,
And mused upon the song he fain would sing,
The harpist's eye roved o'er the scene around:—
The forest's edge far stretching into gloom;
The vaulted blue above with floating clouds
That azure depths on earth reflect in foam;
Soft breezes lightly touching waving grass,
That in the distance lay with silvery gleam,
As though a cloud from heaven were resting there,—
A white cap on the emerald sea around.
His soul with all the beauty was athrill,
When, at his side, the Minstrel heard a voice;
The sun-kissed flower, anemone, said: "Sing,
O sing of Greece! where Sappho tuned her lyre;
Where Homer's songs yet verberate the air;
And stones seem music sweet whose heart is stilled!"
The forest rustled in its shadowy depths,
And, stirring, bade him sing of mighty Rome,
Whose deeds of warriors brave and valiant strength
Have given themes to bards of every clime.

The cocoons bursting 'neath the warm spring light,
Bright, fluttering spirits haunting fen and field,
Seemed whispering: "Sing the truths that Buddha taught,
The wheel of life and death goes ever round,
And forms e'er change from low to higher state."
The breezes bore these phantasies afar,
While rose another voice of nature, near,
For lapping waves soft murmured of the sea.
They told of lands deep buried 'neath the tides,
The home of wraiths, and nymphs, and mermaids fair.
"O sing of her," they cried, "the Bride of Seas,
'Loved Venice,' raising from the sapphire deep!"
The pulsing of the waters on the shore
As they leap up to kiss the rocky crags,
Seem echoes of the gliding gondola.
The lily's chalice breathed of sunny France
With crown of fleur-de-lis, and troubadours
Were called by memory from vanished time.
But winds and waves and flowers brought weight of
thought
That burdened him as dewdrops weight the rose;
His eyelids softly closed. The poet slept;
His ship of care had cast its anchor low
Within the quiet harbor of a dream;
A calm o'erspread his troubled thoughts, when, lo!
His soul within him stirred, he felt a thrill
Of inspiration through his longing brain;
His spirit said: "O not in distant lands
Must thou for glory seek; remember, sing,—
If thou wouldst touch thy countrymen's fond hearts,—
Of thine own land, the land that gave thee birth.
Of thine own country sing, and themes as grand
As ancient Troy and mediæval Rome
Will come at thy command." The vision fled.
And when the spirit that had held him thrall'd
Unsealed his lips, he sang with heart and soul:

"Hail to the land which in beauty reposes,
Kissed by the waves of the foam-crested seas;
Long may the banner that freedom discloses
Fling wide its stars and its stripes to the breeze!

"Land, where the gulf stream in glad jubilation,
Mingles with waves that round pilgrim rocks curl,
Regal thou art, tho' uncrowned as a nation;
Snows of the north are thy circlets of pearl.

"Homage be thine! O thou 'Gem of the Ocean!'
Opaline tints round thee gather and gleam;
Wide as the sea is thy children's devotion,
Thy exaltation their happiest dream.

"Sad was thy spirit, Columbia, tho' fairest,
When thou didst see thy poor children enchained;
Red was thy breast, as with rubies the rarest,
Liberty's robe was with heroes' blood stained.

"Victory's laurels then came as a token,
Honor and right in the land held their sway;
Tyranny's fetters of iron were broken,
Olive boughs twined with thy garlands of bay.

"Hail to the heroes who long have been sleeping
Under the sod of the patriots' graves!
Soft the tall willows lament o'er them, weeping,
Sadly the cypress twines round the dead brave.

"Fresh from the heart of the earth, 'mid the grasses,
Over the graves of the nation, there spring
Golden-rod, bidding each wanderer who passes,
Honor the dead, and their praises loud sing.

"Proud is my heart of the land of my childhood;
 Liberty rules o'er each hill and each dale;
 Blessings from God rest in city and wild-wood,
 Filling with peace every hamlet and vale.

"Skies of Italia and Spain's sunny bowers,
 Temples of Athens and India's strand,
 Forests and moorlands, their fruits and their flowers,
 Lure not my heart from my own native land.

"King of all kings, Thy children, low bending,
 Pray Thee to bless fair Columbia's land;
 Grant that her sons, Thou Thy holy grace lending,
 After life's journey may reach Heaven's strand.

"Long may her mandates bid heroes assemble,
 E'er to her standard may soldiers be true;
 Long may her power make tyranny tremble,
 Long wave the flag of the red, white and blue!"

GERTRUDE E. CLARKE
 (Class '91).

The Spirit of Unrest.

As history brings before us the panorama of past ages, we are filled with wonder at the scenes depicted upon Time's great canvas by the master touch of the Divine Artist. We dwell with eagerness upon the characters of the great ones of the earth who, for the short space of man's existence, added lustre to their age and country; we see in them the elements of nobility basely stifled or faithfully nurtured, and we pity or applaud. But whether we behold the tears of Alexander, with their story of unbounded ambition, the workings of the mind of Cæsar as he yearned for the imperial throne, or the insatiable thirst for power which marked the career of Napoleon, we cannot but see beneath the still surface of the canvas that spirit of unrest which ever leads man to new heights and into untried paths. History, science, and their epitome, life, are but the unspoken witnesses to the truth of Adelaide Procter's beautiful lines:

"Nothing resting in its own completeness
 Can have worth or beauty; but alone
 Because it leads and tends to further sweetness
 Fuller, higher, deeper than its own."

Yes, we are ever seeking for that which is beyond the present. Everything around us is an incentive to activity, which, unless directed towards a noble aim, wastes its energy as do the foam-crested surges of the sea. Prismatic tints may arch around lives ordered without a worthy end, but the day and the tints die together.

The sympathy between man and nature finds augmentation in the spirit of unrest which characterizes both. Gaze upon the ocean's expanse, which in the stillness of the night mirrors the stars of heaven. The waves rise one above another, towering higher and higher as though

striving to reach the clouds that float above them, till, weary of the endeavor, they sink again into the depths below with a moan that echoes and re-echoes through the coast's mysterious caverns, and is borne away, sad as a requiem, on the winds that sweep over the land. As the breezes of the day die away in the distance their faint sigh is heard, as though sorrowing at nature's incompleteness; yet in that seeming incompleteness is she most beautiful. The dawn is fair because it melts into the brightness of the day; the twilight hours are sweet and peaceful, for they end in starry night.

Every step in the progress of a nation marks another leaf in the book that tells of the restless spirit of man. It is that which burns the midnight oil, while the mathematician labors in the solution of some intricate problem; it is that which spurs on the artist in the struggle to produce his ideal; it is that which creates a longing for something higher and grander than that which appeals to the senses; it is that which in all occupations of life urges man to noble deeds, and raises nations to the height of political power. But in no people is the spirit of unrest more strongly developed than in those who glory in the title of America's children; and it is that spirit, joined to an indomitable will, which has made our country what it is—a land of progress and a land of liberty. But evil follows close upon good, and unquiet impulses urge man to enter upon paths girt with dangers, and leading to ruin. He feels that longing of spirit that seems to say: "Go higher, higher still; the goal of rest is not far off;" he asks of the world the peace that is not of the world. Forgetful of all save that one object of his search, he hesitates not to stain his hands with unjust deeds that he may gain the fleeting gifts and honors of time. Others, walking in the same blind path, and failing in the search, give way to morbidness, and life to them becomes weary and darksome. The Creator has endowed us with aspiring minds, but He would have our aspirations aim only at the good, the true.

Our souls, which long to comprehend the wondrous laws of nature, are ever seeking after knowledge in new fields. Eager and restless, we strive to attain in earthly possessions that which Heaven alone can give. We forget the words of St. Augustine: "'Tis only with God; in the company of the blessed, that we may hope to find that rest and peace for which our natures ever yearn." There the discords in nature's harmony which our restless voices strike, shall be heard no more; but one grand chorus shall flood our souls with the soul of music, and earth's sad under-tones shall, with their unrest and their longing, be lost in the music of the Master's words: "Now shalt thou find rest to thy soul."

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