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Our Chief.

TO THE MEMORY OF THE REV. J. A. O'CONNELL, C. S. C.

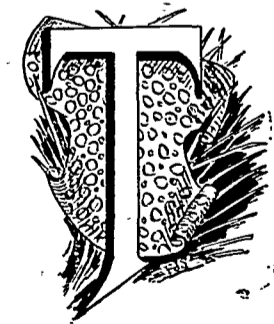
HE was a man, steady and firm of tread,
Moulded by nature to make men obey
By loving means, and loved as only they
Who have that gift are loved;—and he is dead:
No marble column rises at his head,
But his poor cross this highest praise can say:
He ne'er pained others in his life's short day,
And meekly followed where his Saviour led.

He played his music on the Harp of life,
And half unnoticed crept into our heart;
But all his melodies were sweet and low.
When wearied with the world's unequal strife,
'Tis such as he help us to bear our part;
Nor feel we how we need them till they go.

EUSTACE CULLINAN.

[From the *Journal des Debats*, Paris.]

A Catholic University in the United States.



THE name of South Bend is not famous in our French manuals of geography, and this is not surprising; for that small town inhabited by twenty thousand souls, has nothing to distinguish it from American cities of equal importance. There, as elsewhere, one meets with streets laid out at right angles, buildings constructed of iron and of brick, and electric street-cars running over unpaved roads. South Bend boasts of possessing, among other fac-

tories, one of agricultural implements, whose mattocks and plows (real articles of luxury, with incrustations of mother-of-pearl and decorated with painted designs) presented a rather handsome appearance in the Palace of Liberal Arts at the World's Fair.

But there is at some distance from South Bend another city, independent and zealously watchful of its own liberty—the University of Notre Dame. One can see it from afar; for it is built upon an elevation, and the gilding of its dome glistens in the sunlight. Good roads, shaded by trees, crossing the fields at sharp angles, lead to the institution.

Fifty years ago the elevation which rises over South Bend was a wilderness, and the city itself a simple hamlet of Indians. To-day the Indians have travelled towards the West, or farther still, as an inhabitant of the city with sadness informed me. . . .

The administration of Notre Dame and the instruction of her students are in the hands of the Fathers of the Holy Cross. Sisters of the same Order have charge of the children and direct, at some distance from the University, an Academy for young ladies, which, at present, numbers on its rolls two hundred and fifty pupils. The University of Notre Dame, numbering to-day six hundred students, gives complete courses of instruction from the elementary branches to the higher studies. It confers diplomas, the value of which, it appears, is highly esteemed in all North America. The fact is that among the pupils of the University are to be found representatives from all the states of the American Union, and there are some even from Mexico.

To judge by the libraries and, in particular, by the laboratories, facilities for university

work are not wanting. The specimens for use in the course of Geology are exposed in a vast hall which forms a distinctive structure. Quite recently, the University introduced a special diploma for bacteriology; and for this purpose one of its most distinguished professors, Father Zahm, came to Paris to consult with M. Pasteur. A portrait of this illustrious man of learning, with a dedicatory autograph, occupies a place of honor in the hall of natural sciences. Notre Dame instructs lawyers, engineers, etc.; she has also a course of theology, particularly for the benefit of the novices of Holy Cross. . . .

The disciplinary government of Notre Dame does not at all resemble that in our boarding-schools, and the Father Directors take great delight in laughing at the system in vogue in our scholastic establishments in France! But there the country is free, and the open air life, which sympathetic reformers dream about introducing for our collegians, establishes itself quite naturally, just as a native plant sprouts. Affairs are conducted on a vast scale since the University is not hampered for space. The class-rooms are large; the dormitories flooded with air and light; entire fields are set apart for out-door games; two lakes serve for boating; and, in case of rain during recreation hours, large rooms have been set aside where the students find chairs and even easy chairs, billiard-tables, pianos and all sorts of periodicals. The rain is the ordinary incentive to political discussions. The American is a born disputant and politician; if he does not converse about his own affairs or on some religious topic, you may depend upon it that he is discussing some political question; and this from the time he acquires the use of reason. . . . The Fathers of Notre Dame, far from becoming alarmed at this taste for discussion, encourage it, and permit, for instance, the organization of debating clubs among the students.

The older students enjoy more favorable advantages than their younger comrades. Instead of sleeping in dormitories, they have private rooms. They are at liberty to go to town occasionally without being accompanied; in case they abuse the privilege they forfeit their rooms—a measure sufficient, it seems, to deter students from grave infringement of the rules. "As the University has no walls," one of the Fathers informed me, "no one is tempted to jump over them." Such, in short, is the system of education at Notre Dame. . . .

If you do not wish to repay with unkindness

the very cordial hospitality of Notre Dame, beware of speaking of the Fathers as belonging to the University of South Bend. There exists between the city and Notre Dame merely a geographical bond; the Fathers are dependent neither on South Bend, nor on the State of Indiana, nor on the United States; they are their own masters. The tuition received from students, and donations, and the produce of their farms (one of which covers over 600 acres) suffice for their needs. About a hundred lay Brothers are occupied with the cultivation of the soil, or with work in the different shops of the University. Notre Dame makes her own bread, clothing, footwear; she possesses special cars to bring by railway the mineral-oil which heats the boilers; the church—I dare not say the chapel—is to be lighted by electricity like all the buildings. The institution has a telegraph office, and communicates by telephone with South Bend and cities still farther distant. The postmaster (one connected with the University) is not inconvenienced by the changes of political parties.

Lastly, Notre Dame has her own printing-establishment. She publishes Catholic works and in particular two magazines, the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC and the *Ave Maria*. The latter contains not only articles of devotion; one finds within its pages historical studies, poetry, novelettes and even music. The best Catholic writers of the United States are its contributors.

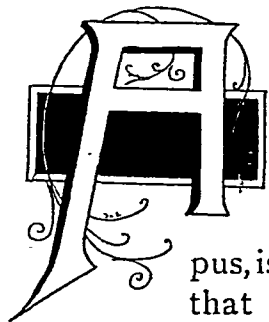
A prolonged stay would be necessary were one to study in detail this interesting seat of learning. Still it is sufficient to spend a few hours there to be struck by the consideration that the sole initiative of a few determined minds has succeeded in transforming the desert of fifty years ago into a city enjoying modern improvements and no small degree of prosperity. The government of the United States, liberal even to indifference, shares the credit of a part of this success. I wish to say that it presents no obstacles, which is, in truth, the highest eulogium that can be bestowed upon a democratic form of government. Highly gifted intellects have accomplished the rest; and it is not without pleasure that we find that the beginners of this work of colonization and patience were a band of Frenchmen, whose leaders, still to-day, are not forgotten.

I find nothing so singular in life as this, that everything opposing appears to lose its substance the moment one actually grapples with it.—*Hawthorne*.

Œdipus in Sophocles.

JOHN S. SCHOPP.

(Conclusion.)



As a play, the "Œdipus at Colonus" is a mere series of incidents without any attempt at a plot. Theseus, king of Athens, having heard of the wretched condition of Œdipus, is moved with pity, and declares that he will never give him up; a suppliant guest bound to him by ancient friendship. He will shield and protect him, despite the violent threats of Creon and all the host; "for," he adds, with all the pride of a Bayard, "my heart knows no fear"—

"My very name will guard thee from all harm."

The praises lavished on Athenian chivalry by the Chorus are now put to the test; for Creon has arrived with an armed force from Thebes to seize and carry off Œdipus. But all the graceful and insinuating speeches of Creon cannot induce the poor exile to return to Thebes. Since fair words have failed, Creon will use force; and, in spite of the indignation of the Chorus, the outcry of Antigone and Ismene, and the feeble resistance of Œdipus, the Theban guards drag off the two maidens as hostages for their father; and he even threatens to lay hands on Œdipus himself. The aged king's wrath boils over at this last outrage, and he reiterates his curse upon the robber of his children. Just as Creon is about to force Œdipus along with him, Theseus enters. On hearing what has passed he at once gives orders to summon horse and foot to rescue the maidens from the Theban guards. He then rebukes Creon for his violence, outraging the sacred character of suppliants, and wronging a state which "without laws does nothing."

Creon, to justify himself, insults Theseus and Œdipus in the same sentence. The curse of Œdipus had provoked his anger;

"For headstrong wrath knows no old age but death." Theseus is now seen returning, having rescued the two sisters by his feats of arms. Great is the father's joy at the restoration of his daughters, and fervent are his expressions of gratitude to their deliverer. But Theseus modestly cuts short his thanks, and then tells him that there is a suppliant sitting at the altar of Poseidon craving a hearing of him. Œdipus

knows too well that this nameless suppliant must be Polynices, the elder of his sons, and does not want even to listen to his voice. But Antigone joins her gentle pleading to the request of Theseus, and Œdipus finally consents.

How exquisite is not the delineation of Œdipus and Antigone in this interview with Polynices! If eloquent self-reproach and protestations of sorrow could have atoned for years of unfilial insult and neglect, he might have gained his end. But Œdipus answers not a word to his passionate appeal for mercy. The repentance of Polynices has come too late. He has sown the wind and must reap the whirlwind. Then the sightless king repeats those awful curses which he had before pronounced. Ruin and disaster await the host that is marshalled against Thebes. Polynices shall never return to "Argos in the vale," but shall slay his brother, and in turn be slain by his brother's sword; but no man shall bury him.

Heartless renegade though he is, Polynices is not without some touch of a nobler spirit. He has heard his fate and must return. Yet he makes a last request of his sisters, that they will give his body seemly burial; the next play shows how faithfully this charge was kept by Antigone. So touching is the heroism of Polynices, that, as a French critic observes, "we know not whether we ought to condemn Polynices with Œdipus, pity him with Theseus, or love him with Antigone." In the modern drama the father would have relented at the sight of so much real sorrow. With us, Christianity transfers the penalty for sin to a future life if not atoned for in the present. But if Œdipus had pardoned Polynices, he would, from a Greek point of view, have destroyed the very principle of filial piety.

Suddenly the sky is darkened with storm-clouds; the lightning flashes, and peals of thunder denote that the end which Œdipus had prayed for at last draws nigh. The Chorus, terrified by "the fire from heaven" and the incessant roll of thunder, call loudly upon Theseus; and the Athenian king, amazed at the tumult, enters hurriedly. Œdipus bids him follow where he leads. "Follow me," he cries to his daughters, "who have so often followed you, but touch me not!" Let me find for myself the sepulchre where the gods have willed that I shall rest in peace." Then, directed by some mysterious agency, Œdipus moves slowly upwards along the sloping ridge, followed at a little distance by Theseus and his daughters. A messenger who had accompanied

them as near as he could tells the sequel of this mysterious drama. There came the sound of subterranean thunder, and the blind king, recognizing the sign of the gods, had clasped his daughters in a last passionate embrace. Then Œdipus bade all leave the spot, save Theseus; and when, after a short interval, they had returned, the Athenian king is found alone, shading his eyes as if dazzled by some unearthly vision, and then had prostrated himself in fervent prayer to the gods of light and day. He alone has seen and knows the manner of the death of Œdipus. "His end, if any ever was, was wonderful."

The "Antigone," which completes the trilogy, is the most popular of all the plays of Sophocles. Not only was it frequently acted on the Athenian stage, but it has been imitated and adapted by dramatists from Seneca to Racine. It is not difficult to discover the secret of the enduring favor with which the "Antigone" has been regarded. The heroine, who absorbs the interest of the play, is the purest and noblest idea of womanhood that ever inspired a poet. She has been said to be the poetry of what Socrates is the prose: that is, she is in fiction what he is in history—a martyr in the cause of truth. Both chose to obey God rather than man. Both appealed from the law of the land to those laws which are "neither written on tablets, nor proclaimed by heralds," but engraven in the heart of man.

The ethical purport of the "Antigone" is to show the conflict between two obligations, one due to a heavenly and the other to an earthly power. Antigone violates the command of the royal Creon, and, by so doing, discharges a duty which a sister's love for a departed brother imposed upon her. Ismene, on the other hand, filled with reverence for the decrees of Creon, refuses to join Antigone, and with true feminine weakness says:

"Nature formed us women
Weak and unfit to cope with mightier man."

But Antigone is so absorbed in her own self-sacrifice, inspired with such a lofty sense of what her duty towards her brother Polynices demands that she spurns all such considerations. Death and life, honor and dishonor, happiness and misery, are as nothing compared with the work she has in hand. Nature triumphs in the stronger character of Antigone. But yet the question remains unanswered whether she had done better by hearkening to the voice of nature or by doing the royal bidding. Still there was something admirably suited to the sceptical

character of the Athenians to whom a state of doubt was somewhat natural. For this reason Sophocles refrained from giving an explicit decision on the question; but by investing the side of truth with all the attractiveness of his genius, he won over the sensitive, impressionable Athenians.

Creon had, by the exposure of the body of Polynices, violated the first great law of humanity, and committed an act which was at once impious and barbarous, detestable alike in the eyes of the gods and men. To the Greek, reverence for the dead was the most sacred of all duties. To him the grave was not a barrier across which there was no return. Nothing could compensate to the dead for their cruel deprivation of a tomb. Tradition consecrated the importance of burial. The fiercest battles in Homer are those waged for the possession of the bodies of Sarpedon and Patroclus. The most cruel insult to the conquered is that of Achilles, when he lashes the corpse of Hector to his chariot, and drags it round the walls of Troy. The deepest sympathy in a Greek audience centres on those plays in which the interest turned on the violation of funeral rites.

Creon has scarcely given his decree when word is brought to him that the corpse of Polynices had been covered with dust by some unknown hand. This was sufficient to warrant the religious idea of burial and avoid the pollution of leaving it unburied. After a short interval of excitement in the palace, the Chorus suddenly breaks off in wonder and dismay when they behold Antigone, bound and between two guards, walking in with a stately and defiant bearing. At the same moment Creon comes from the palace gates and meets the prisoner. The guards tell him how they had seen the maiden sprinkling dust upon the corpse and pouring a libation, when they rushed in and seized her. Creon now turns to Antigone and asks her whether she has dared thus to disobey the law. "Yes," she proudly replies,—

"I had it not from Zeus, nor the just gods
Who rule below; nor could I ever think
A mortal's law of power or strength sufficient
To overpass th' unwritten laws of God,
Immutable, eternal, not like these
Of yesterday, but made ere time began.
Shall man persuade me then to violate
Heaven's great commands and make the gods my
foes?
Without thy decree death had one day come;
For who shall 'scape it? And if now I fall
A little sooner, 'tis the thing I wish.
To those who live in misery like me,
Believe me, king, 'tis happiness to die;

But to my brother had I left the rites
Of burial unpaid, I then indeed
Had been most wretched."

This noble appeal of Antigone to a higher law only incenses Creon. This stubbornness of temper which glories in crime shall break and shiver like brittle steel. But to his angry denunciations Antigone answers shortly and simply: "Do you wish for anything beyond my death?" The Chorus mourns, in the strain which follows, over the doom of ancestral guilt, the sorrows upon sorrows which have extinguished the last faint gleam of light which had shone upon the house of Labdacus. Bright, delusive hopes, high aspirations, the glory of man and the pride of life,—what are they compared with the unchangeable decree of Zeus?

Hæmon, Creon's son, betrothed to Antigone, and who is perhaps the only "lover" in ancient Greek tragedy, now comes forward to plead for the life of his affianced bride. In merely introducing that powerful dramatic lever, Love, Sophocles had already gone a step beyond Æschylus, with whom Love is simply the divine and eternal principle of fecundity, a law, and not a passion. But there is little romance or sentiment about these Greek lovers. Had it been Romeo and Juliet thus rudely separated, what tender farewells, what passionate embraces, there would have been at the last! In the dialogue with his father, Hæmon scarcely names his love; his appeal is to justice and to public opinion; while his father simply replies that he is not bound to alter the course of the law to suit either a woman's caprice or "a people's veering will." Even Antigone, though deeply enamored of Hæmon, and though making a sacrifice of that love through a sense of that duty she owes to her brother, never once alludes to it. Nor does the poet give a scene where that love might assume all the tenderness and pathos belonging to it. No: Antigone is the same hard nature throughout. She is always moody, discontented, defiant, scarcely giving utterance to a single sentiment not entirely consistent with the expression of the mask which she is supposed to wear.

This, however, was in conformity with the prevailing stage custom of ancient tragedy. It proved one of the greatest impediments to the free exercise of our poet's genius; and so a check was naturally put to that versatile play of passion we admire so much in Shakspeare, Schiller and Racine. Thus are forbidden those pleasing transitions from the grave to the gay, from the calm to the passionate, transitions so

entirely human as to be dependent on the ever-changing causes which excite emotions in us.

Well might the Chorus weep now as they express it, "fountain of tears," for they see Antigone led by Creon's guards to be entombed alive in a cavern among the rocks. The horror of no death can equal that of a living grave, a punishment attached to certain crimes, as to the vestal virgins at Rome for broken chastity. But Antigone was pure from sin. She had not stained her hands with blood. The act for which she suffers was one prompted by the holiest affection. Hitherto she has been buoyed up by the sublime enthusiasm of a martyr; but now that the sacrifice has been accomplished, what wonder if for a moment nature reasserts herself and the heroine becomes the woman? She breaks out into a passionate lament, mourning for her bright, young life so cruelly cut short; for those fair promises of marriage never to be realized. The cold comfort of the Chorus and the consciousness of her own innocence can, after all, but slightly lighten the dread of approaching death to her who goes down, living among the dead, to the strong dungeon of the tomb. The glory of immortality is too vague to console Antigone, and her mind reverts to the actual horror of the present. She must tread this last sad journey alone, "unwept and unwedded." And then, as Socrates tried to console himself and his friends with the thought that if death be not annihilation or a dreamless sleep, he may pace Elysian fields, and converse with the spirits of the good and wise; so Antigone dwells upon the hope that in death she too may not be divided from those who were nearest and dearest to her on earth. And so she passes from the scene.

We may pity her—for who could not?—but we can hardly realize the extent of her self-sacrifice. Like the Decii, or others who devoted themselves to a noble cause, she "surrendered all, and looked forward to nothing but the joyless asphodel meadow" and "drear Crocytus, with its languid stream." To the Greek maiden all beyond the Styx was dim, shadowy, and spectral as the ghosts with which Homer peopled Hades.

Retribution, in the drama, follows closely upon crime. Events crowd on one another in rapid succession, as the action hurries on to the catastrophe. In accordance with the usual practice of Greek tragedy, the messenger of evil tidings enters, and in one line tells his story:

"Bathed in his blood all lifeless, Hæmon lies,
Still clasping the dead Antigone."

But the doom of the house of Œdipus is not yet accomplished. Eurydice, the queen mother, had heard the sad tale of the messenger, and had then rushed into the palace without a word or cry. Scarcely has Creon come upon the stage, bearing the dead body of his son in his arms, when he is met by a second messenger with the news that the queen, his wife, has stabbed herself through the heart.

Here the horror culminates. Nothing can be added to increase the agony and remorse of Creon, crushed and humbled in the dust, all joy in life, all domestic happiness, all peace of mind gone forever. Above all, he is tormented by the consciousness that it is his own stubborn pride, and not his evil destiny, that has thus made him the murderer of son and wife.

This is but a short sketch of the monstrous history of the house of Labdacus, with all its harrowing details of incest, suicide and murder. It has furnished the subject-matter for the celebrated trilogy we have just briefly considered. We have seen that none but the hand of a consummate artist and the true genius of a poet could have worked out of such repulsive materials tragedies so much admired for tenderness, pathos and humanity. But it is above all in the regular progression of the incidents of these three plays, in the consistency of their characters, in the harmonious drifting of grave to gay life-scenes, of light to shade, to one purpose constantly, that the conscious art of Sophocles reveals itself. He labored according to rule—to the rule of the three unities—and hence, unlike Æschylus, he curbed his imagination, and sought rather to present pictures in which the colors are toned by severe art, than wild and rugged scenes that appall us by their grandeur, but offend taste by their irregularity.

Pathos in narrative, skilful and effective combination of characters; varied and interesting situations with a due relation between them; these are features on which greatly depends the success of a tragedy. They come to light in all of Sophocles' plays, but especially in those of the trilogy. The "Antigone" alone will furnish abundant proof of this, and will fully establish the verdict which ranks Sophocles among the most tender and human of the Grecian dramatic poets. In the due proportion of the choral part to the dramatic; in the artificial construction of his plots; in the metrical harmony and polished diction of his beautiful choral odes,

Sophocles developed dramatic poetry so as to produce the greatest possible effect, and afford the purest delight to a refined taste. In neither of the three Greek tragedians do morals hold a higher place than in Sophocles. He is essentially ethical. Interesting as his plots are, the interest forms but a small part of their real merit. In each one of the three plays treating of Œdipus, he sets before his eyes the holy object of instilling a veneration for the will of heaven, and respect for the laws of immutable justice.

In the tragedies of Sophocles, then, is seen the perfection of the Greek drama; for although Aristotle pronounces Euripides to be the most tragic of the Greeks, yet no tragic poet, as we said before, equalled Sophocles in combining dignity, pathos and piety with the most refined genius and the highest poetical power. The sweetness of his language obtained for him, not without reason, the appellation of the "Attic Bee."

The Wonderland of the Western World.

BY M. J. NEY.

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land?"—*Scott.*



WE often hear of Switzerland's sunny mountains, of Scotland's craggy dells, of England's ruined castles, and Italy's rosy bowers; but a trip to the Rocky Mountains will convince the most fastidious that we have in our own country landscapes more beautiful than can be seen abroad.

Last summer, during vacation, it was my good fortune to make a tour of the large, beautiful and infinitely varied State of Colorado. Less sensational than a trip into Egypt, a voyage into darkest Africa, or a race over the globe, it was a long round of pleasure which I will ever recall with recollections of the beautiful.

A visit to Pike's Peak, and a trip up among the clouds to its lofty summit by means of the Cog railroad; a bath in Manitou springs, and a stroll through the Garden of the Gods were unique experiences; but I almost became a great exclamation point when I reached the summit of Marshall Pass, and beheld the setting sun crowning each rocky cliff with a

diadem of glory flooding the flowery dales with heavenly twilight, and bestowing a sweet good-night kiss upon the rosy dimples of America's "Dead Sea."

To the east, shining like a meteor, is the gilded dome of Colorado's capital. How infinitely beautiful is the surrounding country! How exquisite to stand upon this eminence amid the glimmering rays of the dying day, listening to the music of distant waterfalls and the song of the nightingale, while the sweet moon on the horizon's verge casts her mellow radiance o'er hill and vale, peering through the majestic branches of the whispering pines, illuminating with splendor the snowy caps of the Sierra Nevadas, and dancing onward to the Pacific Coast!

From this pinnacle I beheld the beautiful agricultural districts of Colorado. The green banks of the Uncompaghre slope like gardens along the picturesque Rio Grande river; the light mosses on the pines float the grey crepe of their veils so that their most delicate tendrils are etched against the air; the thrifty cattle stand knee-deep in blushing fields of clover and in the verdant meadows cropping the fragrant blossoms of alfalfa.

To the northeast the rolling fields of the Platte Valley take on hardweed trees; the streams, which are termed irrigating canals, braid in and out like silver threads through a sombre fabric. The combs of red tiled roofs and the admonishing crosses of the village churches paint their serene pictures on the bending sky; the fallow fields swell as if breathing forth peace and plenty; and there lies the beautiful Platte Valley, the land of "Evangeline" and the home of the Acadians.

Looking north, I see a stretch of magnificent prairie, boundless and golden as Iowa, that unfurls like a scroll, waiting to be written on with all the paying hieroglyphics of the plow and harrow. Colorado has the most prosperous farmers in the country, the best regulated cities and villages, and thousands of acres of rich soil that no plow has ever touched. In most parts of the world, farmers are content to raise one crop; but in Colorado they raise three; and, if the season be very favorable, they can raise four.

The relics of the Mound Builders; the splendor of the Royal Gorge; the sweet murmur of waterfalls; the majestic sway of stately pines; the mountain lion and the elk, the deer and the bear, the nightingale and the linnett, the American eagle and the quail; high hills of

marble and granite; deep romantic gulches and gushing cascades; mineral springs that cure all the ills to which human flesh is heir; picturesque hamlets that lie in the flowery vales as pretty as a song; verdant mountains like great cathedrals, bursting with gold and silver,—all combine to make Colorado pre-eminently the grandest state in the Union.

The squalor of the cabin, the comfort of the prosperous home, the luxury of the palatial residence, the grandeur of the old historic mansion, are all to be found in Colorado. Among her inhabitants there is a culture incomparable and an ignorance almost unsurpassable; but between these two is a great, hearty, wholesome humanity that knows more of the sweet side of life than the bitter, and as little of want as Marie Antoinette knew of the price of bread, and who, like kings with a corn stalk for a sceptre, and a sunflower for a royal standard, tickle the soil with a plow, and it at once laughs into a golden harvest.

The first mining record in Colorado was that of the Mollie Gibson mine at Leadville, in 1879. Since then the State's growth in population and wealth has been truly phenomenal. The new camps that are being opened each year give evidence that the resources of the Rockies are inexhaustible. The great smelters are located at Durango, Pueblo and Denver; they are in operation during the entire year, and give employment to several thousand men. The ore comes from the mines in the form of rock quartz containing equal portions of gold, silver, copper, tin and lead. In the course of its treatment at the smelter these metals are separated, cast into bullion, and shipped to the Eastern market.

The most productive of Colorado's mines are the Argentum, the Yankee Girl, the Sunnyside and the Mammoth. The Yankee Girl has been in operation since 1880; her main shaft is now three thousand feet deep, and her yearly output amounts to several million dollars; her assays running as high as fifteen thousand dollars per ton. Having received an invitation from her affable engineer to take a look through this great storehouse of wealth, I stepped into the elevator and was whirled downward with lightning rapidity into the cool depths of the earth, three thousand feet. The mine is lighted throughout by electricity. A pump of gigantic proportions is kept running day and night to keep the under workings from filling with water. I did not find the lower regions as warm as described by Milton; and after a short time I

was glad to step into the cage and ascend once more to *terra firma*. The foul air sickened me, and the constant dripping water reminded me of the charnel house in "Lallah Rookh."

A new camp has recently been opened at Creede and promises to eclipse the entire mining record of Colorado. The *Solid Muldoon*, published at Durango, stated with emphasis that the Apostles' Creed and Colorado's Creede were two good things to follow; and of course, as the *Muldoon* is always authority, I at once purchased a mustang pony, a Winchester rifle, a buckskin suit, a hat somewhat larger than an umbrella, and started Creedeward. The distance is seventy-five miles, and the "Rocky Road to Dublin" would be put to shame by these mountain trails. My mustang, however, was sure of foot and a faithful animal, and the weather being pleasant, I experienced little inconvenience. I met several bands of Navajo Indians, but found them all inclined to treat me kindly. Twenty miles southeast from Durango lies the beautiful Mancos Valley. Occupants of this fertile region are for the most part Mexican ranchers. The well-tilled fields, the thrifty herds of cattle, swine and sheep, and the well-filled ganaries bespeak peace and prosperity. All species of fruit grow in the valley around Farmington. There the apple, peach, pear and plum trees pelt their delicious burdens down into the tangled grass.

From Farmington to Creede, civilization is a thing of the future. No hospitable inn-keeper is there to spread a downy couch for his weary guest, or bid him eat, drink and be merry. I just found a suitable grazing spot for my mustang, rolled into my blankets and lay down to sleep beneath the blue canopy of heaven, and amidst the balmy zephyrs of the Rockies. Occasionally my rest was broken by the wild roar of the mountain lion, and the threatening growl of the grizzly; but my Winchester and hunting knife were by my side, and I felt equal to any attack.

From the beginning the scenery was delightful, diversified as it was by high-reaching cliffs, dyed in a great variety of colors, singular formations, and broken lines of mountains stretching away into an apparent infinity of distance. I saw several herds of deer, elk and mountain sheep; but could never approach close enough to them to test my ability as a marksman.

About sundown the third day of my journey I came into a small settlement of Mexican ranchers. There, tilling the ground and isolated

from all civilization, lived a people as innocent, happy and contented as the Acadians. Their houses were built of adobe with thatched roofs and presented a very uninviting appearance; but a visit to their interiors proved that they were diamonds in disguise. I was made the welcome guest of one Joseph Nicodemus, and my acquaintance with the Spanish language greatly enhanced my social intercourse with the genial Don. During the evening he played the melodious accordion; his two pretty daughters sang, and we frequently quaffed the rich, red weepings of the San Juan vines.

When I shook the fraternal hand of mine host in the morning, bade him a final "*buenos dias*," and looked at the doorway of his simple, yet happy home, beholding there the lovely faces of his charming daughters, I heaved a deep sigh and thought how much truth there is in Gray's beautiful lines:

"Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its fragrance on the desert air."

Having arrived at Creede the next day I proceeded to stake a claim, and to place thereon the regulation notice—"Keep off the Grass!" The camp was swarmed with enthusiastic prospectors, who thought they were surely in the flood that leads on to fortune. The living accommodations were exceedingly poor; beds as comfortable as the soft side of a plank were considered luxuries, and "square meals" commanded fabulous prices. The principal mine of Creede is the Last Chance; it has a rich vein of gold, ruby silver, and galena, its ore assaying as high as \$12,000 per ton.

The most genial acquaintance I formed while at the camp was Mr. Cyrus Warman, editor of *The Creede Candle*. Mr. Warman is well known in the literary world, and the columns of the *Candle* show the stroke of a master hand. He has published a neat volume of poems entitled "Mountain Melodies"; in these he has shown rare poetical ability, and an indisputable mastery of the English language. The class of people that frequent a new mining camp are generally supposed to be an ungovernable element that laughs derisively at law and order; but Creede was an exception. A powerful vigilance committee preserved tranquility, and inflicted condign punishment upon all transgressors.

Occasionally some one would attempt to jump some one else's claim; then revolvers and clubs would be brought into action, and for a

few days all work would be suspended to bury the dead. Robberies and murders, however, seldom occurred at Creede; the vigilance committee doing such effective work that all suspicious characters, and even the Salvation Army were excluded from the city limits. Only one man died, under shady circumstances, during my stay there, and the coroner's jury attributed his sudden death to a copy of Cyrus Warman's poems found in his pocket.

The Colorado miner is a walking verification of the statement that a noble nature, and the true instincts of a gentleman may exist beneath an uncouth exterior. He is a social, large-hearted being, and wherever his abode is, be it humble or elaborate, there the torch of hospitality burns, and, come good fortune or ill, it is never extinguished while the home walls hold together.

In the latter part of July I visited the beautiful San Juan valley; this is the principal mining district of the state, and its lofty mountains and picturesque valleys would cause an Italian artist to rave with delight. Upon the broad summit of Mount Solomon, a few miles distant from the pretty little city of Silverton, is a placid body of water two miles square, and known in San Juan topography as Molas Lake. I frequently left my moorings at the Hotel Grand and spent a pleasant hour's diversion boat-riding on her peaceful bosom.

My visit to the San Juan was during the financial crisis, and matters in general looked exceedingly gloomy. The Sherman silver law was about to be repealed in the senate, and the price of silver had reached the lowest notch, thereby closing all the mines and paralyzing the industries of the country. The laboring classes thus being deprived of employment rushed into the towns and took what they could by fair means or foul. The hamlets of the mining districts were scenes of devastation; the merchants stood gazing dejectedly at their bare walls, whence the accumulation of years had vanished like a shadow. Their streets were deserted, their marts closed, and darkness and desolation reigned supreme. The insidious power of the Rothschilds seemed to be rising in the East like the dread symbol of the cypress tree from the bosom of Mt. Vesuvius.

What a pity that this despicable power should be allowed to lay hold of our beautiful country like a huge octopus, and what a shame to allow a foreign power to dictate to us as to what form of coin we must use! I trust that the people of the United States will soon awake

from their lethargy, condemn the grievous sin of 1873, and restore silver to its normal value. I have no very kind feeling for the gold bugs, whether they have taken a postgraduate course at the Keeley Institute or not.

The United States Senate has not among its members two brighter or more eloquent gentlemen than Senators Wolcott and Teller of Colorado. For several long and weary sessions they have striven to brush the cobwebs from the eyes of their anti-silver colleagues; but their futile efforts are only another verification of the time-honored axiom that "none are so blind as those who will not see."

The Eastern press has done much to poison the public mind against the white metal. In the columns of some of our Eastern journals I have read fabulous articles on the silver question, purporting that that metal could be found at grass root in Colorado, and that it is so plentiful in Nevada and Montana that the boys throw it at the birds. Had I been accompanied to Colorado by those unseen oracles who sit veiled behind the mysterious "We" in the editorial sanctums of the Eastern press I could have shown them hundreds of abandoned mines filled with water, and representing the buried hopes and fortunes of men who had spent their lives honeycombing the Rockies for silver. There has never been an ounce of silver produced in Colorado or elsewhere that cost less than a dollar for production alone, and can there be anything more irrational than to throw it upon the market as a mere commodity, selling it for fifty-five and sixty cents per ounce?

The unkindest cut of all—and what looks very much like adding insult to injury—is the statement made by the Eastern press that Colorado, together with a few other of the silver states, is about to secede from the Union and annex herself to Mexico. The fallacy of such a statement is too apparent to require refutation, and too absurd to merit entertainment. As a citizen of Colorado, I can state intelligently that the glorious sun in the zenith of heaven casting his brilliant rays from ocean to ocean smiles upon no more patriotic and loyal people than the citizens of Colorado. They have many grievances to be adjusted, they are the victims of tyrannical legislation and unjust laws; but while the dark cloud of adversity hovers o'er their vales and hamlets, they are patient and hope for brighter days. Colorado is as truly American as ever, and will always keep the Red, White and Blue waving triumphantly o'er the palace of the Rockies.

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J. JOSEPH COOKE, '94;
FRANK MCKEE, '94; M. J. MCGARRY, '94;
M. P. MCFADDEN, '93.

—Those who are desirous of playing tennis and cannot obtain membership in one of the regular clubs should form special organizations and have their own courts. There is enough room for all. It is unjust to use another's court, and those so doing place the owners under the disagreeable necessity of ordering them off.

—A noteworthy error crept into the account of the changes in the football rules contained in our last issue. For a touch-down, failing goal, only two points can be scored. There is one more rule to be discussed by the Executive Committee which was to have met on the 14th inst. It is to be hoped that all the colleges will insist upon the enforcement of the new rules, and thus remove from football the stigma of disgrace that at present rests upon it.

—The Rt. Rev. Joseph Rademacher, Bishop of this diocese conferred the sacrament of Holy Orders upon several members of the Congregation of the Holy Cross in the college church. The ceremonies were of a solemn and impressive character, and will be long remembered by those who witnessed them. The three newly ordained priests will celebrate their first Masses next Sunday—Father Cavanaugh in Leetonia,

Ohio; Father Ill in Cincinnati, and Father Truczinski in South Bend. The two former have been connected with the Faculty for the past two years and have met with great success in their classes. The Rev. President Morrissey has accompanied Father Cavanaugh, and will preach at his first Mass. We extend our congratulations to the Reverend gentlemen and to the Rev. Messrs. Houlihan and Corbett, who received Minor Orders.

—The evening walks, which in past years were sources of so much pleasure, will, no doubt, be resumed now that good weather is an assured fact. As long as the boys use them merely as means of enjoyment and recreation there need be no curtailing of privileges; but if the depredations upon birds' nests, which some unfeeling naturalists contemplate, are carried out, there should be a cessation of favors. The groves near the lakes are filled with songsters whose sweet lays are heard the live-long day, and contribute much to the pleasure of our leisure hours; and anyone who is barbarous enough to rob them of their eggs in order to form a collection, which will be cast aside as soon as the owner tires of it, should be given drastic punishment. It is to be hoped that good sense and humane feeling will prevent a species of vandalism as cruel as it is foolish.

—A celebrated writer, who was remarkable for delicacy and refinement of expression, when asked how he refrained, even in conversation, from the use of words in the least approaching coarseness, answered that he had made it a rule, when a boy, never to make use of language he would be ashamed to repeat in the presence of his mother. At present when so many men, and even boys, are almost habitually profane and vulgar, clean speech is a jewel all the rarer from the contrast. Conversation comes nearer to reflecting the inner life of a man than even his familiar letters. It is the true index to a man's character; for in his letters he may be as artificial and as nice in his choice of words as he pleases; but when he is talking the expressions that he uses daily will come, unbidden, to his lips. If he thinks nobly he will speak nobly; if his thoughts are not pure, they will, unnoticed by him, color his speech. Foul talkings, like the taste for tobacco and liquor, is an acquired habit, and the most disgusting one of the three.

A Premier's Opportunity.

WHEN Lord Roseberry succeeded to the premiership, among the many prerogatives that accompanied the office was the privilege of filling the position of poet-laureate made vacant by the death of Alfred Tennyson. Whatever he may do for the political betterment of England and her people, he certainly has the opportunity of pleasing the literary world by crowning one of the few worthy English poets as an encouragement to genius and art.

Judging from the *official* work of past laureates, a talent for rhyming and a taste for doggerel is sufficient to answer the demands made upon the laurel bearers. But it is not the intellectual opportunities of the position that I would consider; for there is little chance for the poet to give the expression of his muse on the marriage or death of some member of the reigning royal family. Looking at it only from that standpoint, with all due respect for poets, and little for the laureateship, we would heartily advocate the abolition of an office which has never contributed a genuine laurel to the crown of poesy. But the work of genius is at most a thankless task, and the reward of art is neglect. Viewing the position in the light of its remunerative qualities, "a tierce of malvoisie and £100," the poet readily sees in the office a desirable honor and reward.

In the long list of poet-laureates there were few great poets. Probably Gladstone had this in mind when he presented Ruskin's name for the place. Well, the great word-painter deserved the honor and income of the position; but undoubtedly Queen Victoria wanted a poet who wrote rhyme.

Now should Roseberry treat the matter seriously he could, with a little discernment and far-sightedness, discover that there exists in Ireland a real poet, by the name of Aubrey de Vere, who could wear the laurels with real grace; but perhaps his religion would be a hindrance to his enjoyment of a tierce of malvoisie every year. Well, there is Coventry Patmore, another poet of genuine merit; but there exists the same objection to him—he is unlucky enough to be a Catholic. How he must regret it when he thinks of the "malvoisie"! Then, Algernon Swinburne has the rare old Grecian flavor in his poesy, and enough *color* to it to make it *fin de siècle*. But then, Grecian

flavor and malvoisie don't mix well, and Algie might be a little off color with a whole tierce at his command. Again,

"The idle singer of an empty day"

is a very sweet, clear poet, and he certainly could fill up his leisure moments, if he had a few extra pounds at his disposal. But probably Roseberry is sensitive about taking up for consideration the discarded aspirants on Gladstone's list, and, therefore, I would call attention to Watson, whose work is full of promise. Who can tell what a wreath of laurel may do in coaxing out the immortal fire that burns imprisoned in his intellectual brow? But there is still another possible laureate, for the world has been agitated recently by the report of a new star in the firmament of poesy—Francis Thompson. Some good monks rescued him from a life of debauchery in time to save his muse from drowning in the flowing bowl. Well, a word on the quiet to Roseberry—"Keep the 'malvoisie' from Thompson, should he be the favored one."

In all likelihood the new premier will wisely overlook the vacancy, for he is thinking of entering the royal family; and however open his position may be to newspaper comment and criticism, he could bear with little grace an ode to any member of his prospective relatives-in-law by a poet busily keeping guard over a tierce of malvoisie.

Some one suggested that the poet-laureate be elected by universal suffrage. Capital idea, isn't it? It would introduce politics into poetry, and the successful candidate could pay his campaign debts with the latest edition of his books of poesy. It would be very agreeable to the government to have a man of rank democratic tendencies elected. He would write in such a beautiful strain of the genteel corruptions of royalty and the antiquated theories of monarchical government. The anarchists might set up a candidate who would have a natural tendency to write a eulogy on good Queen Victoria rather than an ode on the birth of the latest grandchild. India could send on representatives for the office, as the native tribes have their poets. Australia has her Zulus, but it is doubtful whether they have degenerated sufficiently to write poetry. British Columbia might have a native or two with aspirations for the office, or Canada might unearth a good honest Canuck who would forget his annexation ideas at the sight of the "malvoisie." Then again, the government might leave the appointment to the civil service commission who would

subject the aspiring poets to a competitive examination on the history of their country, and allow the successful candidate to remain in office as long as his muse steered clear of poetry subversive of old institutions.

Perhaps the women of England should be given the right of selection. How lucky it would then be for the good-looking poet, the dreamy-eyed genius, the long-haired rhymster! How important it would be if his eyes were the color of Mrs. So and So's gloves, and Miss Influence's tailor-made gown, or his wavy locks matched the hair on the poodle dog of Lady Shabbygenteel—so many votes would be at his command. It would also be a good idea to make it an essential requirement of the office that the candidate serve two years as missionary in the Fiji Islands or some other exciting place near the antipodes, just to cultivate and intensify his imagination; for a great poet has told us that "poetry is imagination at a white heat." Many more suggestions could be made to relieve the premier's present anxiety. He could use wisely any of the means herein mentioned; but it is my opinion that he will use good judgment if he allows the position to rest on its laurels.

J. J. F.

The Gymnastic Exhibition.

ON Wednesday morning the Gymnastic class gave their annual exhibition which closes the class term. Professor Beyer deserves much credit for the time and labor he devoted toward making the entertainment a success, and considering that the majority of the class were members of St. Edward and Carroll Halls their performance was entitled to the generous applause it received.

The programme was opened with a wand drill by the Minims, under the leadership of master Lohner. The ease and grace with which they went through their different movements testified to the constant practice that was necessary to attain the proficiency exhibited. Between the first two numbers, Master Gimble, who attracted attention during the wand drill, gave an exhibition in club swinging. The many and difficult motions that he performed excited the admiration of the audience, as was evidenced by their liberal applause. The ladder pyramid was a pretty exhibition and showed the amount of muscle stored up in the little bodies

of the Minims. It was followed by the rooster fight which was thoroughly enjoyed by the audience. The idea of this fight or encounter is that the two opponents should fold their arms and hop about on one foot, and when one of the contestants touches the ground with both feet he is defeated. The fight was most comical, and the dexterity of the little fellows' retreats and dodging was surprising. The two last combatants were Masters Robb and King, each being about five years old. It was hard to tell which was the better; but after a short but sharp struggle Master King came out victorious.

The Juniors' exhibition on the rings was very good; but the smallness of the stage prevented them from doing their best. Prof. Beyer opened the exercises on the parallel bars with some very difficult feats. Mr. Flynn was probably the best of the performers, but all showed lack of ability, or rather, their efforts did not appear to the best advantage when contrasted with the professor's. The next number was club swinging by three of the Juniors. Master Frank Cornell excelled in this, and his ease and dexterity were much admired.

The Seniors' exhibition on the side and long horse was not all that could be desired. They appeared to be tired, and omitted the difficult feats. Most probably this was due to the limited space of the stage which was entirely too small for an athletic exhibition. Vaulting the buck and the horizontal bar contests proved to be quite interesting. With the exception of the Minims, these were the first performances in which either the Juniors or Seniors showed much spirit. Mr. Campbell proved himself to be more agile than his competitors, although some of them succeeded in equalling his performance.

The exhibition closed with Indian club and lantern swinging by Professor Beyer. It is seldom we have the pleasure of witnessing such an artist with clubs, and the feats he performs are at times marvellous. He did some clever juggling, although in this he showed lack of practice; but in swinging the clubs he more than gratified the wishes of his audience. The lantern swinging was not so well appreciated as it would have been if the hall had been sufficiently darkened.

Professor Paul and his orchestra played between the different numbers and did much to increase the pleasure of the entertainment of the evening.

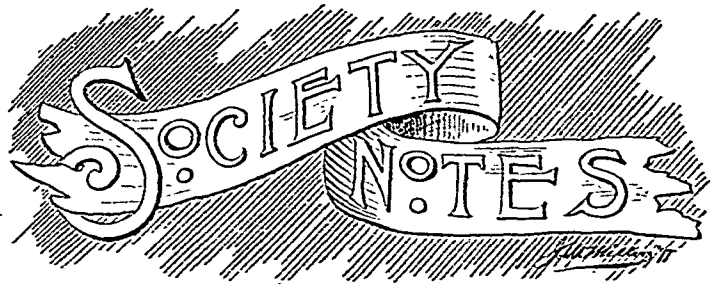
Athletics.

THE fair weather has brought the contestants for positions on the 'Varsity nine out on the field for practice. The men show an earnestness in their work, and are given every opportunity to display their abilities in different positions. They field well, and are quick to return the ball, but show poor judgment in running, and are weak with the stick. Not one seems to have the slightest idea of sliding to a base. However, it may be that the men have a wholesome regard for their bones; for the suits are unpadded and offer little protection on the new diamond. The Athletic Association would do well to consider this matter, as an improvement in base-running is absolutely necessary. We have always been unfortunate at the bat, and if there is to be any change in our present condition, some means better than practice during set games must be found to strengthen the team. It is likely that Captain Flannigan will not give out the names of the members to compose the nine for two weeks to come.

We suggested, some weeks ago, the appointment of two or three competent coaches for the base-runners. Now, a coach needs as much training as the runner; and although the team is not yet formed, those who are sure of a place in the nine and are level-headed enough to act in the capacity of "starters" should begin at once a study of the elements of the profession. The harum-scarum instructions that one hears given to our runners would confuse even a veteran player. The coach should be a good runner himself, a level-headed man who can see a chance and who knows how to take it. Just at present the coaches here fancy their principal duty is to rattle the players on the opposite side. They succeed admirably—in bewildering their own runners.

It is a mere piece of childish folly to delay a game and scour the halls for a book of rules. Why cannot we have a competent umpire, one who has made a study of the regulations and can properly interpret them? It will be to our advantage to put such a one on the field during games with outsiders.

The Executive Committee passed upon several challenges from other colleges and the secretary was instructed to arrange dates. No one has as yet learned what provision was made for the games. The schedule should be sent to the SCHOLASTIC for publication.



—The Columbians met Thursday evening April 12. As the secretary was absent, Mr. B. F. Bates was appointed Secretary *pro tem*. The critic's report was then read and adopted. The Committee on programme then reported the programme for the two succeeding meetings. The regular business of the society was then taken up. Mr. A. E. Cuneo opened with "Woolsley's Fall." Mr. Cuneo possesses elocutionary ability in an exceptional degree, and his recitation was a great treat to his hearers. Mr. J. J. Cooke then read an essay. Then came the debate. The subject was "Resolved, That inventions are detrimental to the interests of the working classes." Messrs. J. Kennedy and P. White defended the affirmative, and E. Brennan and A. Coolidge the negative. The chair decided that the merits of the argument rested with the affirmative. The meeting was then adjourned.

The debate that was to have taken place last Saturday evening was postponed. The chair gave a very interesting talk on the great benefit to be derived from reading and a facile manner of speaking.



—M. A. Burns (LL. B.), '88, has a flourishing practice in Hamilton, Ont.

—Victor J. Vurpillat (student), '92, has a pharmacy in Van Buren, Ind.

—H. Lamar Monarch (B. L.), '93, paid us a flying visit on last Wednesday.

—S. J. Craft (B. L.), '88, is engaged in a thriving business in Fairhaven, Wash.

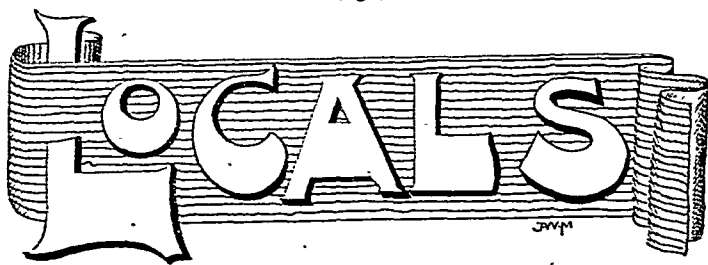
—Philip C. Jacobs (Com'l), '93, has a good position with a railroad company in Stevens Point, Wis.

—Mr. Humphrey J. Desmond, the able editor of the *Catholic Citizen*, was a very welcome

visitor at the University this week. During his short stay Mr. Desmond made many friends, who look forward with pleasure to another visit from him.

—Clarence F. Hagerty (B. S.), '90, is at the head of the Mathematics and Civil Engineering Department in New Mexico College of Agriculture, Las Cruces, N. M. He is the same genial and industrious fellow as of yore. He is one of the popular professors in the land of burrs and bronchos.

—The Rt. Rev. Joseph Rademacher, Bishop of Fort Wayne, and the Rt. Rev. M. Marty, Bishop of Sioux Falls, S. D., visited the University during the week. They were accompanied by the Rev. John Bleckman, (A. B.), '67, of Michigan City, and the Rev. John Grogan (student), '66, of Laporte. We are always glad to see our Right Rev. ordinary, and are constantly in expectation of a visit from him. The learned Bishop of Sioux Falls impressed all by his gentleness and affability. He has promised to favor us with another call next August. Fathers Bleckman and Grogan are pictures of health, notwithstanding the severe ordeals of sickness they have passed through lately.



—FOUND—A very valuable pocket knife. Loser can have same by claiming and paying for this notice.

—There will be a game of baseball played here on April 29 between the 'Varsity nine and the Elkhart team.

—The baseball games are becoming quite an attraction for city people and the roads are lined with vehicles at every game.

—There will be a meeting of the "Staff" in the Law room to-morrow at 12.30 p. m. All the members are requested to be present.

—The second drill for the gold medal in Co. "B" was held on the 15th inst. This time Wm. O'Brien was the lucky private.

—Last Wednesday evening the members of Crescent Club Orchestra gave a dinner in honor of their old leader, Mr. Lamar Monarch.

—Several interesting works on the early Spanish explorers and the Aztecs have recently been secured for the Lemonnier Library.

—The long evenings are approaching, and the different departments will soon enjoy the evening walks which give so much pleasure to everybody.

—"Spring house-cleaning" has begun at the

barracks of Company "B." W. Kegler and J. Miller provided the water, and E. Murphy and J. Lantry did the swabbing, we are told.

—The Carroll Specials have won three consecutive games, Moxley's colts being taken into camp first. They then defeated the South Bend Iroquois Club and St Joseph's Hall.

—A few of the sprinters have commenced training for the Field-day. All those expecting to take part in the events of that day should enter their names as soon as possible.

—Emil Ahlrichs was called home suddenly last week on account of the illness of his brother, Alwin, '92, who was injured in an explosion. We are glad to hear that the good Alwin is recovering.

—A game has been arranged with Albion for the 5th of May. The good showing made by the Michigan men in football last Fall gives promise of a close game; and, then, the Albion people, besides being men of mettle, are gentlemen whom it is a pleasure to meet.

—The one having in his possession the baseball indicator, the spring of which is broken, and which was used on the Carroll diamond during the Carroll-Brownson fifteen-inning game, will confer a favor by returning the same to the custodian of Carroll Hall athletic properties.

—The following names were omitted from the List of Excellence last week: *Christian Doctrine*, Sidney Corby; *Grammar*, V. Dwyer, C. Walker, S. Corby; *Arithmetic*, A. Lyons, W. Marr; *Geography*, A. Farley; *Reading*, A. Pendleton; *Orthography*, C. Montague, J. McShane; *History*, A. Farley.

—The ball field has been rolled during the past week, and now presents a better appearance than before. It is still very uneven, which fact was obvious to everyone who saw it after the recent rain. The depressions should be filled up, otherwise it will not be any better than before improvements were made.

—McCarrick and D. Wright were the winning captains in Thursday's game over their opponents, Ludwig and Benz. Score: G. McCarrick, 22; H. Ludwig, 4; D. Wright, 21; J. Benz, 19. Next week they will adopt the name of the city or club they wish to see succeed in the National League.

—The following South Bend firms have donated medals for Field-day: Samuel Livingston & Co., E. Vanderhoof & Co., Samuel, Spiro & Co., the South Bend Laundry Co., Hobbs Furniture Co., and G. Wyman & Co. They deserve our patronage, boys, not only on account of their generosity, but because they keep first-class goods. Go to them when ordering anything.

—There has been a strong interest manifested in tennis this year. Sorin Hall has three courts, and more are in process of construction. The Brownsons have two very pretty courts near the Observatory, and are looking for

desirable places to erect more. It is to be hoped that a tournament, to be engaged in by members of the two halls, will be arranged.

—Those who have made it a practice to go to the printing-office to secure advance copies of the SCHOLASTIC are hereby warned off the premises. It is a pleasure to know that there is such an eager demand for our journal, but the presence of a dozen or more in the press-room interferes with the workmen. As soon as the SCHOLASTIC is issued, copies are sent to the Students' Office for distribution.

—The boys organized a boycott against South Bend firms who refused to donate medals for the Field-day and transferred their patronage to rival concerns. They were successful in driving off a disgusted laundry-man who has hitherto worn a very bland smile at the large number of bundles he carried away every week, whilst they heaped favors and soiled linen on his more enterprising rival.

—Why do not the different teams begin to play ball earlier in the afternoon on "rec" days? This question is asked very often. There is no reason why the games should not be commenced earlier. In case then of extra inning games, there would be plenty of time to play them out, and not have them cut short at six o'clock. It is just as easy and convenient to commence the games early as late.

—The enterprising Director of our tailoring establishment was in Chicago during the past week, and the broad smile he wore on his return indicated that he had secured "the latest" for his patrons. Our reporter visited his parlors and was shown a surprising array of samples of the very best "makes." Those who are desirous of appearing in the newest fashions at rock-bottom prices would do well to pay him a visit.

—At the last regular meeting of the Brownson Hall Tennis Club officers of the coming session were elected as follows: President, L. Baldwin; Vice-President, F. Barton; Treasurer, P. Foley; Secretary, R. Slevin. Executive Committee, W. Wilkin, N. Groff, A. Rumely. In regard to new members the following rule was also drawn up: Every member, before using the courts, must pay his entrance fee and have a tennis racket at the University.

—The Carroll Specials crossed bats for the fourth time on Thursday with the St. Joseph Hall team. This time they *did not* "bite the dust" as the appended score shows. The first three runs to the credit of St. Joseph's Hall were presented to them by pitcher LaMoure, who had not been officiating in the box of late. The second inning was a Waterloo for the visitors.

SCORE BY INNINGS:—1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9
 CARROLL SPECIALS:—0 11 3 0 2 0 0 0 1=17
 ST. JOSEPH'S HALL:—3 0 0 0 1 1 0 0 3=8

—The old sacristy and the grotto of Lourdes near it are things of the past. They have been

removed to make place for more pretentious structures, and to allow for a connection with the new community house. It is reported that extensive improvements are to be made in the church—better accommodations are contemplated for the priests; the railing is to enclose the sanctuary; electric lights are to be put in, and new confessionals are to be built. Notre Dame will soon boast of the best church interior in the country. The paintings ornamenting the walls cannot be surpassed.

—The altar cross brought by Father Sorin when he came from France to found a mission among the Indians of the United States has been placed in the Catholic Historical Collections of America, established at Notre Dame. For years it stood on the altar in the old log church built for the Pottawotomies of Northern Indiana and Southern Michigan. Father Badin, Bishop de la Hailandière, Father Sorin and other priests and prelates frequently offered the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass before this precious emblem of man's redemption. The cross is of silver plated copper curiously ornamented with antique designs.

—The competitive drills for the past two weeks held in Co. "A" have been won by Privates Brennan and Wilkin; Privates McCarthy and Minnigerode have shown the best knowledge of the tactics among the Sorin-Cadets. The long-anticipated drill between Co's "A" and "B" has at last materialized, and Co. "A" continues to uphold its penant of '91, which proved that it was the best-drilled company in the University. During the contest Capts. Quinlan and Scherrer became engaged in a dispute over a technicality in the manual of arms. The former proved that he had the correct interpretation of the tactics, and thus ended the controversy so disastrous to Co. "B," and added a new crown to the laurels already won by Co. "A."

—The game of Thursday, which resulted in a victory for the "Whites," was closely contested. Stack, who has been inactive for some time, was given a chance to loosen up. He went into the box in the sixth inning and showed good head work and wonderful speed. There being neither a man to reach first, during the remaining four innings, on called balls nor a base hit. He was well supported by Schmidt. The best work at bat, was by Chassaing and O'Neill; the former making three singles and one two-bagger, the latter a two-bagger and one single. The following is the

SCORE BY INNINGS:—1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9
 WHITES:—0 0 0 0 3 0 0 4 6=13
 BLACKS:—4 1 0 0 5 0 0 0 0=10

Battery—"Whites": Clark and Sweet, Stack and Schmidt. "Blacks": Campbell and Baur. Umpires: Mott (Jr.) and Keough.

—Although but little interest was taken in the game of the 15th inst., it was, nevertheless, a most remarkable one. Capt. John Flannigan, in order to display the ability of the players,

in batting against a speedy pitcher, had the box moved fifteen feet nearer to the home plate. This gave the infield a chance to display their facility. The work of the battery for the "Whites" was very effective, and if given better support they would certainly have won. The errors made can be readily excused, when one takes into consideration the poor condition of the diamond. The following is the

SCORE BY INNINGS:—1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10
 BLACKS:—0 1 0 0 1 0 0 3 0 1=6
 WHITES:—0 0 2 0 0 3 0 0 0 0=5

Earned runs: "Blacks," 3. *Two base hits:* McCarrick. *Stolen bases:* Dinkel, McKee, McCarrick, Clark, Maynes, Cullen, Flynn, Krembs, 2. *Double plays:* Maynes to Chassaing to Flannigan; Callahan to Burns; Gibson to Burns. *Base on balls:* Maynes, 3; Clark, 2; O'Neill, 5; *Struck-out:* Maynes, 6; Clark, 3; O'Neill, 11. *Passed balls:* Sweet, 2; Baur, 3. Time, 1 hour, 55 min. Umpires: Stack, Schmidt. Official scorer: P. N. Foley.

—Our reporter on his rounds chanced upon the following bright production of an aspirant to literary fame. It is reproduced here for those who wish to know something about

BIRDS.

"Birds are sweet, cute things, and just the dearest dears that I know. They are covered with feathers to keep warm, and have real eyes and a bill. They can fly, and have just the sweetest pair of wings you ever saw. Birds lay eggs and sing and do all sorts of nice things. Boys throw stones at birds and they are bad. Johnnie Jenkins hit a bird once and I don't speak to him any more. Milliners like birds; they make hats out of their feathers. When birds are young they are nice and are called canaries; but when they grow large they are called ducks and eagles. The principal industry of birds is to lay eggs and to make nests. They also catch worms and eat flies. Some birds are put in a cage; these birds eat seeds and have salt put on their tails. The best kind of birds are those in the hand. Only hunters like birds in the bush. Cats like birds when they can catch them. These birds are called cat-birds."

—A game on the 16th between the University fourth nine and a club from South Bend was played on the Carroll campus, and resulted in a victory for the home team. The South Bend nine was composed of full-grown men, and the score was a surprise even to the confident victors. The South Bend men led until the last half of the ninth inning, when with two men out and two strikes on Davis the Carrolls batted out a victory. The game was not a brilliant one; there was much loose playing on both sides. Shillington made a neat catch and, as a result, netted a double play. Lanagan pitched fairly well; however, he seemed unable to be master of himself at critical points. Carney caught well, and Davis and La Moure proved that they were fixtures. It is doubtful if Klees can hold his position much longer; his playing was rank. Druecker showed that he is indispensable. Lohner had an easy time in left field, with but

poor opportunity to exhibit his playing abilities. The following is the

SCORE BY INNINGS:—1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9
 SOUTH BEND:—2 0 2 1 4 0 0 0 1=10
 NOTRE DAME:—1 0 0 3 0 2 0 0 5=11

Base hits: Notre Dame, 8; South Bend, 5; *Two base hits:* Davis. *Struck out,* by Lanagan, 6; by L. Cassidy, 3; B. Cassidy, 3; *Base on Balls:* off Lanagan, 6; off L. Cassidy, 3; B. Cassidy, 4. *Batteries:* South Bend, L. Cassidy, B. Cassidy and Kennelly; Notre Dame, Lanigan and Carney.

Roll of Honor.

SORIN HALL.

Messrs. Ahlrichs, Bolton, Carney, Crawley, Corry, Devanney, Dempsey, Davis, Eyanson, C. Fitzgerald, J. Fitzgerald, Flannery, Hudson, Hervey, Kearney, F. McKee, McCarrick, Murphy, McGarry, O'Donnell, Powers, Pritchard, Quinlan, Scherrer, Schillo, Schopp, Thorne.

BROWNSON HALL.

Messrs. Arce, Brinker, Baur, Barrett, Beyer, W. Bates, Burns, Barton, Baldwin, B. Bates, Cullinan, Callaghan, Cavanagh, Cooke, Chassaing, Cuneo, A. Campbell, A. Dillon, Duffield, Fagan, Foley, Galen, Grady, Gordon, Gilmartin, L. Gibson, N. Gibson, Groff, Golden, Halligan, Herman, Hennessy, Hennebray, Hesse, Kerndt, Kennedy, Karasynski, Kirby, Kelly, Kortas, Maynes, Moore, Maguire, Moloney, Mott, Murray, McHugh, Marmon, Markum, Moxley, McCord, Ney, W. O'Neill, O'Brien, O'Malley, G. Puskamp, F. Puskamp, Palmer, Ruppe, Rumely, Roby, J. Reilly, Smith, Spalding, Slevin, Sullivan, Stace, Smoger, Streicher, Vignos, Welty, Weaver, Wilkin, White, Zeitler.

CARROLL HALL.

Messrs. Alber, Austin, Bloomfield, Burns, Bacon, Benz, Clarke, Connor, Cornell, Clendenin, Chauvet, C. Cullen, T. Cullen, Chase, Carney, Corby, J. Ducey, A. Ducey, Dannemiller, Dilger, Druecker, Davezac, Davis, Dixon, Foley, Fennessy, Fox, Fleming, Franke, Falvey, Gavin, Gonzales, Gausepohl, Hurley, Howell, Hutchinson, Healy, Hoban, Howard, E. Jones, H. Jones, Krollman, Kegler, Kasper, Klees, Lanagan, Ludwig, Lantry, LaMoure, Lohner, Leonard, Lansdowne, Lowrey, Lippman, Maurer, Munzesheimer, J. Murphy, E. Murphy, Monahan, Miles, Miers, F. Morris, W. Morris, Massey, Mills, J. Miller, J. McPhillips, A. McPhillips, McShane, McDermott, McCarrick, McKenzie, McCord, Neilson, J. Naughton, D. Naughton, Ortiz, O'Mara, O'Brien, Patier, Pendleton, Phillips, Romero, Rockey, Reinhard, Roesing, Shillington, Swift, Strassheim, Stearns, Sparks, Strong, Sullivan, Swigart, Tinnen, Taylor, Teresa, Tempel, Thome, Tuohy, J. Treber, W. Treber, Wilcox, Waters, Whitehead, H. Wilson, R. Wilson, O. Wright, D. Wright, Wachtler, Wagner, Weitzel, Wigg, Ward, A. Yglesia, L. Yglesia, York, Zoehrlaut.

ST. EDWARD'S HALL.

Masters G. Abrahams, Allyn, Brinckerhoff, Byrne, Bullene, Breslin, B. Clark, R. Clark, L. Clark, Croke, Cross, Christ, Catchpole, Caruthers, Corry, Cressy, F. Campau, A. Coquillard, J. Coquillard, Corcoran, Clune, Crandall, Coolidge, Davidson, Devine, G. Dugas, Durand, Dalton, Englehardt, Elliott, Everest, Egan, Feltenstein, Flynn, Freeman, Fortune, Finnerty, M. Garrity, L. Garrity, Gimble, Green, Goff, Healy, Ralph Higgins, Roy Higgins, J. Higgins, Hershey, B. Hess, R. Hess, F. Hess, Ives, Jonquet, A. King, K. King, Kilgallen, Kelly, Langley, Lyslé, Lawton, McElroy, McIntyre, Eug. McCarthy, G. McCarthy, J. McCarthy, R. McCarthy, E. McCarthy, McGushin, Morehouse, Minnigerode, Moxley, Noonan, B. Nye, C. Nye, O'Neill, Ortez, Perea, H. Pollitz, W. Pollitz, Peck, H. Rasche, L. Rasche, Romero, Robb, Ryan, Shipp, G. Scherrer, W. Scherrer, Simm, Shillington, Swan, L. Thompson, U. Thompson, Terhune, Thomas, Taylor, Wagner, York.