

# The Scholastic Year.

EDITED BY THE STUDENTS.

"Labor omnia vincit."

VOL. I.

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*Editors of the Present Number:*

WM. P. McCLAIN, A. M. OWEN.

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## EASTER SUNDAY AT NOTRE DAME.

With feelings better suiting the festival of Christmas than that of Easter, I drew back the curtain from my window on Sunday morning last, and gazed out on the scene. All nature was wrapped in one endless sea of whiteness; the snow was falling thick and fast around.

Yes, the appearance of the weather was much better suited to the 25th of December than the 12th of April, and many were the apprehensions that this sudden change would throw a damper over the anticipated pleasures of the day. We shall see whether these fears were realized or not. Every preparation had been made at Notre Dame, to celebrate with all due pomp and solemnity the joyous festival of Easter. The choir, under the direction of the able and proficient Professor of Music, Max Girac, LL. D. had for weeks been preparing the Mass for the occasion, and Dame Rumor said, that if no accident happened, it would be the grandest Mass ever sung at Notre Dame. Passing over the usual morning routine, then, let us proceed to the Mass.

Come with us in spirit, gentle reader, to the venerable church of Notre Dame. Hold tightly your hat upon your head, for old Boreas is playing many a mad freak around the college build-

ing, and ere you are aware of it that appendage may be playing over the snowy surface.

How beautiful the flower-garden looks as we pass. See the cedar trees how they bend beneath their heavy weight of snow. Listen to the deafening sounds of the "Big Bell," accompanied by the chimes. How sweetly the combined sounds ring out on the pure morning air! Pass on with us, in single file, for in such order we are marching, and enter the east wing of the church, taking the seat allotted us by Brother Benoit, who stands waiting at the door.

The church is crowded. In the left wing are seated the Brothers of Holy Cross and the students of the Junior Department; in the one directly opposite are the students of the Senior Department; behind the grand altar, the Rev. Fathers, Seminarians, Apprentices of the Manual Labor School, and the members of the choir and band; in front, the congregation. Scarcely have we been seated five minutes, when suddenly bursts forth a joyous strain from over twenty brass instruments. How grandly, how magnificently do those soul-stirring strains vibrate throughout the time honored building. Professor O'Neill's band never did better; and all the members seem to have caught up the spirit of the piece they play. But stop: the procession has left the sacristy, and is advancing towards the sanctuary. See!—there comes the cross-bearer carrying aloft the emblem of eternal salvation, while immediately behind him follows the thurifer with smoking thurible. Next comes the second master of ceremonies, followed by thirty acolytes; then two by two, come the Seminarians and Rev. Fathers, and, lastly, the celebrant preceded by the deacon, subdeacon and first master of ceremonies.

The acolytes, forming a kneeling semi-circle in front of the altar, the Rev. Fathers and Seminarians retire to their seats, and Mass begins. What is that which now sends a thrill of pleas-

ure to the hearts of all present? What is it that makes us tremble in our seats with delight! Ah! 'tis the *Kyrie eleison* pealed forth in rippling numbers from the grand organ. O, gentle reader, words are inadequate to express the feelings that crowded upon me, as I listened to those never-to-be-forgotten strains. The last notes of the *Kyrie eleison* have scarcely died away in the vaulted church, than the *Gloria in excelsis* begins with joyous harmony.

List! the soft voice of Master Vincent Hackman, ripples off the *Et in terra pax*, with that wonderful sweetness which his voice commands! Hear the deep-toned voice of Mr. Lauth, as he sounds forth, as it were from the heart, *Deus Pater!* and the full sweet notes of the *Qui tollis peccata mundi* in a rich melodious tone. Who is he that now startles us with the *Quoniam tu solus sanctus*? There are but few voices like that, and we easily recognize it as the property of Professor McNally. Anon are blended all in one the voices of the choir, in the concluding strains of the *Cum Sancto Spiritu in gloria Dei Patris*;—"Full, round, rich-colored as the bursting pomegranate," is that *Cum Sancto*, floating off from the throats of the singers and filling the church with its harmony, followed in its turn by the voices beginning *Amen*, while the Tenors splendidly catch up a second time the *Cum Sancto*, and they roll along harmoniously together. High above the whole choir and orchestra rises undimmed the superb tenor voice of Prof. Corby. Now high, now low, the singers throw all their strength of feeling and pathos into the last *Amen*, the rich tones die away in the sacred building, are caught up by the Angels and borne to Heaven.

Shall I continue, gentle reader, to follow the ceremonies of the Mass, and attempt a description of the beautiful manner in which the *Credo* was executed? Shall I tell you with what grandeur the choir sung the *Et resurrexit tertia die* of the *Credo*, or how sweetly the *Veni Creator Spiritus* resounded throughout the precincts of the church? or the feelings that thronged us as we listened to the beautiful sermon delivered by our beloved President? No, gentle reader; such a task would be far too great, and I would only fail, should I attempt it. But I must say that I never had heard before, and perhaps never shall hear again, such music as that which was sung on last Sunday, and that the two hours spent while assisting at the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, shall ever be treasured up in my memory among the happiest moments of my life.

But Mass is over, and the *Regina Cæli* recited. The procession is leaving the sanctuary; once more the chimes begin. Professor O'Neill's band, meanwhile, thunders forth the *Shepherd's Quickstep*. In silence we quit the church, the crystal snow now sparkling in the sunshine, and we wend our way to the refectory. And now, kind reader, as I bid you adieu, take a look into the refectory and see what a jolly time we students have over our Easter dinner! Don't you think we are the happiest set of boys you ever saw? Yes, we are happy. And why should we not be happy, surrounded, as we are, by all the pleasures and comforts we could desire.

W. R. S.

### Easter Sunday at St. Mary's.

MESSRS EDITORS:—Those who are blessed with an abundance of good things, are apt to become a little indifferent both to the poverty and prosperity of others. This may be the reason why we at Notre Dame, accustomed to the magnificent productions of Prof. Girac so tastefully executed by our excellent choir, and to the inspiring strains of our noble Cornet Band and accomplished Orchestra, seem to forget that our sister Institution, St. Mary's, furnishes music, if not so grand and imposing as our own musical associations produce, at least as beautiful and inspiring, and far more sweet and delectable. I do not of course propose to make any comparison between these Institutions in reference to their musical skill; for, while both display a high degree of taste and cultivation, their talent in this department is of a different order, and it may be safely assumed that each excels the other in its own way. Nor do I intend to speak of the musical abilities of the young ladies at St. Mary's, in general, as this would require more time than I can devote to the subject at present, and more space than you could well afford to concede to any subject, however interesting in itself. I wish simply to speak now of the choir as they performed on last Sunday.

At about half past eight, all being ready for the opening of the service, the officiating clergyman approached the altar, and, after the usual preliminary prayers, intoned the *Gloria in excelsis Deo*, the hymn of praise and joy, first sung by the angels of heaven and now re-echoed by those whose beautiful destiny it is to be angels on earth. Sister Elizabeth, whose reputation as a musician could not be improved by any eulogy I might

attempt to write, presided at the organ, and the rich harmonious tones elicited from the inanimate servant of religion, chimed beautifully with the sweet melodious voices of the singers as they sent up to the throne of Majesty this hymn of joyful praise to our triumphant God. The *Credo*, *Sanctus*, and *Agnus Dei*, were performed in the same tasteful style, while the quality of voice employed by the singers admirably expressed the sentiments which should accompany these different portions of the Mass. During the *Gloria* our hearts bounded with gladness and rejoiced with our arisen Saviour; at the *Credo*, our souls assumed an earnest mood and silently confessed that holy doctrine whose divine truth the Resurrection placed beyond all doubt; at the *Sanctus* we bowed in reverence and adoration before the "Holy One;" and at the *Agnus Dei* we stood in spirit on the banks of the Jordan, beside the Baptist, and humbly asked that the "Lamb without spot" would cleanse our souls from every stain, and render us worthy of a triumph similar to his own on the last day.

The music of the Mass was in itself more remarkable for its simplicity than for any operatic flights and "warbling trills," but the manner of its execution rendered it more pleasing and inspiring than the most elaborate compositions, rendered with less taste and less truthfulness to the sentiments which they were intended to express.

The voices which I recognized as most cultivated and best adapted for solos, were those of Sister Lucretia, Miss Plimpton and Miss Ellen Poole.

I would be glad to mention the names of all those who took part in the singing on that day, but my very slight acquaintance with the young ladies of St. Mary's renders this impracticable at present; yet I feel that it is due to them to say that in the parts which they took in the singing, they were not, in my opinion, inferior to those whose names are mentioned, in point of accuracy and sentiment, though a little more time may be necessary to bring their voices up to that standard of cultivation already attained by the others.

I would like to speak of that old but ever grand hymn for Easter, "Strike the Cymbal," etc., which was most beautifully sung by the Choir, after Mass, and which called up so many pleasing recollections of a happy childhood and of friends now far away or long since departed for a better world, but I have already presumed too much upon your kindness and space.

In conclusion I would express a sincere wish

that the young ladies who compose the Choir at Saint Mary's, may live many years to give real pleasure and inspire true piety by their excellent voices, and hereafter be admitted into the choirs above, to continue with their sister angels their hymns of praise to Him who is worthy of all honor and glory.

PHILAULETES.

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## LOCAL.

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### ARRIVAL OF STUDENTS AT NOTRE DAME.

APRIL 13th.

Tompkins H. Fosdick, Laporte, Indiana.  
Henry Jones, Columbus, Ohio.

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## NOTES

Taken from a Naturalist's Memorandum-Book.

(Spring of the present year.)

*March 3d.*—First fine, spring-like, day of the season. The air is mild and balmy; the fields are inviting; the ice on the lakes is very thin and porous, and is, along the borders, entirely melted away. All nature seems anxious,—impatient, to cast off its hibernal robes,—to clothe itself with verdure, sunshine and beauty. Every thing and every body forebode an early spring. Gaiety and mirth appear on every countenance. Students look longingly through the windows of the class-rooms or study-halls; professors desert their rooms; invalids, whether with blooming cheeks or with pale faces, are emerging into the open air—all in jubilating mood, basking in the soft and balmy rays of the fickle, but most beneficent god, *Sol*.

*March 5th.*—First signs of vegetation observed: stemlets an inch or two inches long of the mint (*Mentha Canadensis*, var. *Glabrata*) were noticed along the borders of the St. Mary's brook; also a tuft of Daffodil leaves (*Narcissus Pseudo-Narcissus*) were seen shooting forth in a somewhat sheltered place of the College Garden.

*March 8th.*—First Bluebirds (*Sialia Sialis*) appeared, after a short absence of not quite three months. The Crow Blackbird (*Quiscalis Versicolor*) were seen in large numbers a week later.

From the 1st day of March to the 8th inclusive, the weather was very mild, with short intervals of sharp and cold winds or breezes and oppressively warm sunshine. It rained frequently and

abundantly during the week. Rain and heat combined caused a rapid and general thaw, so much so that the snow and ice quickly melting away, the river St. Joseph overflowed its banks on the 6th; all the flood-plains were submerged. The bottom lands belonging to Notre Dame and St. Mary's on this side of the river, and the low lands, or rather marshes owned by the Bros. Mc-Carthy, on the opposite side, presented for several days one grand sheet of water. Our beautiful river was never seen, in the memory of the oldest settlers of this region, (*i. e.* for full 35 years back) so high as it was on the 6th of March last. From the 8th to the 15th, the weather continued mild and pleasant, but the roads were dreadfully sloppy.

To-day (March 15th), the lake is clear of ice.

House flies (*Musca Domestica*), meat flies (*Musca Vomitoria*) and two or three different species of gnats of the *Culicidæ* family, were seen in swarms during the first two weeks of the month.

March 15th.—Caught the first butterfly (*Argynnis Myrina*). The following day the same kind of butterflies were seen flying with the greatest swiftness, in every direction. A perfect gala-day for them, for it was a most lovely day, although rather oppressively hot.

March 15th and 16th.—High winds. From early in the morning of the 16th it blew a *regular* raw sou'-wester, which culminated on the following day in a perfect hurricane, without causing, however, any damage around Notre Dame, except demolishing a few head-dresses, scattering sand, chips, and such light materials, "all over creation." Next day, the daily papers reported many serious accidents caused, by that fearful storm in various places of the Middle and Western States, such as houses unroofed, bridges blown down, trees uprooted, chimneys, steeples, etc., demolished, etc., etc.

March 17th.—St. Patrick's Day, *all over the world!* Cold and dreary day, this year, at Notre Dame; no Mass, no speech, no play, "no nothing!"—hardly a recreation!!

March 19th.—St. Joseph's Day. Weather raw and forbidding. Mass at 10 o'clock (A. M., of course), characterized by splendid music, both vocal and instrumental, and by an interminable \* \* \* sermon!

March 20th.—Cray (or Craw)-fishes (*Astacus Communis*), Bait Shrimps (*Crangon Septemspinus*) Frogs, of three species (*Rana Clamitans*, *R. Pipiens*, *R. Palustris*) commenced to emerge from their deep, muddy, wintry holes.

March 21st.—Caught a very young mud-turtle (*Thyrosternum Pennsylvanicum?*) Was this little "fellow" hatched this year, or did it come out of its egg late in the fall of '67? We have no means of ascertaining.

March 25th.—The Minims—the most indefatigable, enthusiastic, intrepid and successful bug and reptile hunters, stone and shell collectors, bird's-nest robbers in all Indiana, except a certain individual well-known to us, found a bird's-nest, lying on the ground, and containing three eggs. It is probably the first nest built this year on our isothermal line (41° 42' north latitude). These little ones (the birds, we mean—not the Minims,) were hatched three days later, on the 28th.

March 28th.—We were presented by one of the Senior students with a striped snake (*Coluber, Eutania Sirtalis*), commonly called Garter snake. A few hours afterwards, on the same day, saw—*proprio visu*—a young Water snake (*Nerodia*) lazily crawling out of a hole, close by the Lake St. Joe. A few days later, the Apprentice-boys found a Blue Racer, full 5 feet long. Half a dozen boys were selected to form a Presentation Committee; in due time they appeared at the door of the Museum, triumphantly bearing his Snakeship on a long pole—alive!

April 2d.—Found the first flower in full bloom, in the open air, on a sheltered and advantageously-situated slope on the north bank of the St. Mary's brook, a liverwort (*Hepatica Triloba*). The following day, plucked one or two flower-blossoms of the crocus (*Crocus Vernus*) for the use of the Botany class.

April 4th.—Snowed the whole day, so that the snow, towards evening, was fully four inches deep.

April 5th. (Sunday).—Snow covers the ground everywhere; 'tis cold and windy; everything *looks* like winter again. Butterflies, gnats, etc., which were a few days before so numerous and so lively, have surely found a premature niveous grave, and must now be counted among the insects that *were!* And the migratory birds that already have left the sunny south for a more bracing air in our regions must have been sadly disappointed at such a cold welcome, North. For once, their wonderful instinct and meteorological knowledge have forsaken them! Indeed such days are Lent-times for them, for hardly can they find shelter and food sufficient to preserve life. Well, they'll no doubt profit by that very severe *cold* lesson, and will not venture, in future, to revisit us so very early in the year.—But, alas! for the poor mother Snow-bird (*Fringilla Hiema-*

lis) and her three new-born little ones, cold was too severe for the latter, and no food could be got for them; the earth being all the while enshrouded in a mantle of snow! They perished!!

On the afternoon of Sunday, we went to ascertain what had become of the little brood, but our worst anticipations were to be (how sadly) realized! There the three poor, featherless, little ones were huddled together in the embrace of death! Their nest was, however, quite free of snow, although it was built, as we have already stated, on the bare ground; their little naked bodies were yet somewhat warm, and not at all rigid, proving thereby, conclusively, that the mother had protected them by covering them with her wings during the entire snow-storm and part of Sunday, and had abandoned them only when she perceived that life was extinct; and, furthermore, that she had done so but a very short time before we reached the place. It is more likely that they died of starvation than of cold. Henceforth, they shall live . . . . in spirits!—bottled up and sealed. "TYRO."

#### Philodemic Literary Association.

The twenty-ninth regular meeting of this Association was held on Tuesday evening, April 14th. After the usual preliminary business, Mr. R. M. Short read his excellent essay, entitled, "Christmas Eve." The gentleman pictured a Christmas scene beautifully, and deserves much credit for his fine production. The question—

*Resolved*, "That the Crusades had a beneficial influence on Europe," was then debated. Mr. J. Grogan, the first gentleman on the affirmative, took the stand and made an elegant and lengthy speech, making use of all the arguments which a serious study of the subject could suggest. H. D. Rodman, on the negative, then answered his opponent at some length, and expressed his arguments in a concise and powerful manner. S. L. Moore then spoke in favor of the affirmative, and deserves much credit for the new arguments which he brought forward. R. S. Aikin, one of those appointed on the negative, being absent, W. T. Johnson volunteered to take his place, handling the subject with great skill and credit to himself. After the closing remarks by H. D. Rodman, the criticisms were read. The President made a few remarks on the subject of debates in general, after which he gave his decision in favor of the affirmative. Having transacted all the miscellaneous business, the

*Gazette of Two-Penny Club* was read and the meeting adjourned. W. A. W.

#### Two-Penny Club.

We have observed with gratification the constant endeavor and eminent success of this Club, in producing each week a written paper of twelve pages. This paper is read before the members of the Philodemic Literary Association every Tuesday evening, when time permits, and never fails to elicit the laughter and praise of the members. Of what the matter contained in this paper consists, was correctly stated in a short piece signed "L," which was published in the last issue of the SCHOLASTIC. Although many of the articles in the *Gazette of Two-Penny Club* are critical, yet they are generally, at the same time burlesque, but contain nothing of a spiteful or malignant character. We deem it necessary to make this last remark on account of a prejudice that exists in the minds of many, as to the object which the Club has in producing its *Gazette*. This prejudice, in one case, nearly effected the ostracism of a member of the Club from another association, on the ground that the *Two-Penny Club* was a "*backbiting concern*." This seems to us to be a sudden, unprovoked, and entirely unnecessary attempt on the part of *some* to oppose the Club. Further, having been a member of the Philodemic Association nearly the whole year, and having read or heard read the *Two-Penny Gazette*, we can testify that we have never seen the least ill-will towards any student, or any unjust policy manifested in any of the articles of the *Gazette*. In this statement we will be borne out by all who have read the *Gazette*, or who have heard it read. In conclusion I may say that *all* the members of the *Two-Penny Club* are gentlemen, in every sense of the word, and would not, under any circumstances, be guilty of such practices as they have been charged with.

We may appear to be taking considerable interest in an organization of which we are not a member; but we know we shall receive the thanks of the Club. Hence, knowing that our undertaking will be sanctioned by those in whose behalf it is made, this knowledge, and our regard for the Club and its productions, are a sufficient excuse for the article. A. M. O.

THE Honorable Mention for next week will be made in the classes of Greek, Latin, Reading, Penmanship (Senior), and Catechism.

### St. Cecilia Philomathean Association.

The 23d regular meeting of this association was held Sunday evening, April 4th. After the usual appointments by the president, the literary exercises, consisting of essays and speeches, commenced. As the want of space will not permit me to notice all that participated in the exercises, I will content myself with merely naming the best. They are as follows, Masters Geo. Bower, Asa Wetherbee, J. F. Ryan, J. Dooley, J. Wilson, L. Wilson, J. Raggio, Mark Foote, F. Ingersoll, M. M. Mahoney, James McGinnis, Wm. Reynolds. Master J. M. Flanigen closed the exercises by reciting in a very fine manner "Longfellow's Launching of the ship of State." D.

Most Rev. Archbishop Spalding is expected at Notre Dame some time during May. There are rumors of another 31st,—of the Big Bell to be blessed, etc. We hope that we will be enabled to give full and reliable information to our readers within a few weeks.

We regret to be compelled, for want of space in this week's paper, to postpone to our next issue the publication of some very fine articles which had been graciously written at our request. Among other articles we have a splendid criticism of the grand Easter Mass of Prof. M. Girac, LL. D. However, as the same Mass will be sung next Sunday, the article in question will find the memories of our readers quite fresh and more deeply impressed with the harmony of this beautiful composition.

"THE Combat of the Harpies and Furies," a piece of poetry by one of our popular contributors for the same reason as given above, will be delayed one week.

THE article "Raise and Rise," having no name of author, is rejected.

SHARP.—A teller in one of our — City Banks relates that one of the depositors made a practice of bringing considerable uncurrent money, on which he was charged *one-tenth* of one per cent discount. One day he gravely informed the teller that he had found a broker who changed his money into bankable at a cost of *one-eighth* of one per cent, and insisted that the bank should *do as well by him*. The teller accordingly agreed to take the terms, and the man went away perfectly satisfied.

How much did he lose on each one thousand

dollars? He was, probably, of the boys who didn't like his arithmetic at school.

### Washington Base Ball Club.

The Minims, not at all behind time in their field sports as well as in their studies, have re-organized their Ball Club, under the high sounding name of the Washington Base Ball Club.

From the host of classical authorities recently furnished for the better appreciation of the Minims of Notre Dame, we feel certain, that, for the coming season, at least, they will not be in, but decidedly ahead of, the "Fashion."

The following list of officers, elected at the first regular meeting held on the 13th ult., will show that the Minims will put forth to their *Fashion-able* balling friends, a staunch club:

*Director*—Bro. Albert.

*President*—George Lyons.

*Vice-President*—E. Lyons.

*Rec. Secretary*—D. Cooney.

*Cor. Secretary*—J. Hays.

*Treasurer*—M. Smith.

*Field Captain First Nine*—E. Hydel.

*Field Captain Second Nine*—James Murphy.

### Base Ball.

The first regular meeting of the Excelsior Jr., Base Ball Club was held Sunday April 5th 1868, for the purpose of electing new officers. The election resulted as follows:

*Director*—Bro. Florentius.

*President*—James Dooley.

*Vice-President*—M. Foote.

*Secretary*—Henry Beakey.

*Cor. Secretary*—Francis Nicholas.

*Treasurer*—John Alber.

*Censor*—Spencer McCurdy.

*Field Captain 1st. Nine*—John Dunn.

*Field Captain 2nd. Nine*—Wm. Small.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—The second regular meeting of the Star of the West Base Ball Club, was held on March 15th, for the purpose of electing officers for the ensuing session, resulted as follows:

*Director*—Brother Florentius.

*President*—James W. Sutherland.

*Vice-President*—James W. Ryan.

*Secretary*—F. Kaiser.

*Treasurer*—John J. Raggio.

*Censor*—J. H. Burns.

*Field Captain 1st Nine*—John M. Flanigen.

*Field Captain 2d Nine*—Asa J. Wetherbee.

H. Benoist, } *Directors.*

M. Hackett, }

J. W. SUTHERLAND, President.

F. KAISER, Secretary.



## CORRESPONDENCE.

## SAINT MARY'S ACADEMY.

## HOLY WEEK.

A very small proportion of the young ladies passed this important season of the ecclesiastical year with their friends at home, but those who remained, beside the advantage of continuing their usual classes up to Holy Thursday, had the great happiness of visiting the church at Notre Dame, on Good Friday and Holy Saturday. The storm on Easter Sunday prevented them from going on that day, but the beautiful Mass sung by the choir at St. Mary's compensated in a great measure for their disappointment. The spirit-stirring music of the Paschal Time was rendered with great earnestness and perfection, and made all happy who listened. The singers deserve great praise for the interest and skill manifested in their performance.

The Catholic pupils went to confession on Saturday evening to prepare for their Paschal Communion, which they received on Sunday morning at early Mass.

## EASTER BOXES.

The young ladies are enjoying the kind remembrance of their friends at home, and Easter Boxes are the very fruitful topic of conversation and the centers of pleasant little parties in the recreation rooms at four o'clock. The rain of last Christmas seems to be revenged by the snow of Easter Sunday, and some of the younger members of the Academy looked sharply out for Santa Claus.

At present the aspect of the weather has changed, and we trust that the final good-by has been given to the snow.

## Music.

Music is one of the elegant or fine arts. It is a combination of harmonious and melodious sounds, and is produced in many ways. God loves music, and this is shown by the music of nature, and the musical powers He has imparted to the birds and to human beings. Man loves this art and has invented various instruments by which this love may be gratified, but as God's works are so infinitely superior to those of man, and as nature is always more beautiful than art, we will consider God's musical instruments before those constructed by His creatures.

Nature employs music everywhere, and her mu-

sicians are always busy, but the birds compose her principal and choicest orchestra. There is a wonderful musical instrument in their little throats, and they pour forth such charming melodies, and twitter away so sweetly all during the summer months, in order to increase God's glory, and men's happiness, that it is a matter of great surprise that the *prima donnas* of the human race do not become absolutely jealous of their complete execution. The Canary bird is the most universally prized for its powers of song, and is a prisoner, to pay him for the favor he bestows on the family of man. Is this little charmer like the poets we read of, who

"Learn in sorrow, what they teach in song?"

In the United States the Mocking-Bird ranks high as a singer, but the Robin Red-Breast, the Bluebird, and the Wild Canary, or Yellow Bird are very agreeable musicians. In Europe the Skylark and Nightingale are the distinguished singers of the feathered race.

From these aristocrats we descend to the contemplative doves, and pigeons, who make little music except with their wings, and if we will not offend the fastidious tastes of those who never saw domestic fowls except at the table, and then dressed in butter-sauce, we will presume to mention Chanticleer, and even the cackling chickens, the screaming geese, the ducks, the turkeys, and hastening down the incline plan of animal existence, will draw your attention to the myriads of insects which fill the air with a continual hum in autumn time; and though we must confess that some of them do not make music according to the present accepted standard, yet there is great cheerfulness in their voices, and we have not the heart to scorn them.

Many of the lower animals, and even reptiles, are susceptible to music, and sounds produced by a good performer on musical instruments have sometimes charmed serpents.

A love for music is natural, and implanted in every human heart, as we see in the universal taste which little children seem to have for this branch. Nothing more delights a child than to get his chubby little hands on the piano. He will pound away at the keys as hard as he can, and although the sound produced may not be very pleasant to us, no doubt it is highly interesting to him. Perhaps it may be a love for music which causes children to take pleasure in having a rattle, whistle, horn, or any plaything that will make noise. The savage has his music,

and delights in the war song peculiar to his race, which he takes pleasure in singing, or rather shouting.

If even the untutored Indian and the little child delight in music, how much more is it appreciated by the enlightened and refined. The various styles are enjoyed by most cultivated nations, but there are some musical instruments, or some airs which, by their associations, become particularly endeared to the respective countries.

Every nation has its own national music. The French regard the "Marseilles Hymn" with the greatest enthusiasm because it is a national air, although there may be other songs much more beautiful to other ears. The Scotchman delights in the sound of the bagpipe, and, no doubt, believes the music issuing therefrom most beautiful, although to others it is hardly tolerable, because to them the suggestions of association are in another direction, and they are reminded of chanting, executed when the singer is afflicted with a severe cold in the head.

The Alpine Horn is peculiar to the Swiss, and the effect of the "*Rans des Vaches*" executed on this national instrument, so overpowers the Swiss soldiers with homesickness, that in foreign armies where they are employed, it is found necessary to forbid the performance of that touching air.

The American, if he be a true American, is more impressed and prefers more to hear "Home, sweet Home," or "Three cheers for the Red, White and Blue," than to listen to the best Italian opera.

The ancient Greeks were such admirers of this art, that their dramas were sung, not spoken. The Chinese too have their musical instruments, the most common of which are the "*Ko*" and the "*Che*," and though despised by some, they are capable of producing some very sweet sounds. But if we were to attempt the consideration of all the musical instruments, we should write a book before we knew it, and our composition would be too long to read in the Study-Hall; hence we forbear.

Besides national airs, there are also other melodies for which we have a particular affection. They belong to the mind, and are produced by tender recollections of the past. The songs we remember to have heard our mother or a loving sister sing to us when we were children, especially if that mother or sister be now dead, will always hold a place in our memory, and will, through life, be preferred to all others. We will close with the words of Plato, that great and wise philosopher: "Would'st thou know if a people

be well governed; if its manners be good or bad, examine the music it practices."

ELLA EWING.

ST. MARY'S, April 14th, 1868.

ST. JOSEPH'S ACADEMY, April 1, 1868.

The following are the names of the pupils of the several classes deserving of Honorable Mention for punctual attendance, perfect lessons and excellent deportment:

*First Senior*.—Misses M. Logan, M. Wagner, S. Baker.

*Second Senior*.—Misses M. Hooper, F. Weaver, E. Keys.

*Third Senior*.—L. Ritter, H. Talbot, M. Kelly, J. Coquillard.

*First Intermediate*.—A. Massey, E. Deming.

*Second Intermediate*.—H. Knoblock, M. Periam.

*First Junior*.—Emma and Ida Faigly.

*Second Junior*.—E. McCormack, B. Lester.

*Third Junior*.—M. Fury, A. Elbel.

*Minims*.—H. Tuohy, E. Gillen.

*Music, First Class*.—Misses Ida Duey, S. Baker.

*Second Class*.—Misses M. Logan, L. Vanwinkle.

*Third Class*.—Misses Clara Schultz, H. Talbot.

*Drawing*.—Misses M. Logan, M. Hooper.

CANTON, OHIO, March 10th, 1868.

MR. PRESIDENT—*Dear Sir*: Please send me one of your circulars. I think I can send you several young men from this place, who wish to spend this summer at college. I told them of your place and they seemed to be well pleased with the description.

I will do all I can to persuade them to come to your college; I do this for their own good, and I may thereby partly repay you, for the benefit I received during the few months I spent with you.

Respectfully yours, J. L. WOLFE.

PALMYRA, MO., March 20, 1868.

REV. P. DILLON, NOTRE DAME, IND.

*Dear Sir*: Being assured, from past experience, that your Institution is possessed of everything essential for the mental and physical advancement of young men; and feeling grateful for the kind treatment received at your hands, I have ever felt a desire to show, by actions, the sincerity of such thankfulness.

One or two young men of our little city are desirous of receiving an education at some distant school. I have persuaded them to wait until the Catalogues of your Institution can be received. Please send two, one of 1866 and one of '67.

Wishing yourself and that for which you work a lasting happiness, I remain most respectfully, yours,  
E. LOUTHAN.