

The Scholastic Year.

EDITED BY THE STUDENTS.

"Labor omnia vincit."

VOL. I.

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Editors of the Present Number :

H. B. KEELER, S. B. HIBBEN, W. R. SPALDING.

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All business Letters should be addressed to
W. R. SPALDING, Cor. Secretary,
Notre Dame, Ind.

REV. A. LEMONNIER, S. S. C., Director.

PROF. GIRAC'S 3D MASS IN B-FLAT.

We have had the pleasure of hearing many of Prof. Girac's musical compositions, both sacred and profane, all of which are composed in such a style as to render them fit subjects for the highest order of criticism, and consequently well worthy the attention of the musical public generally. The Mass which we heard well interpreted by the Notre Dame Choir on Easter Sunday, is such a master-piece of workmanship, and so fraught with the marks of true genius, that a short notice of its leading divisions will undoubtedly be interesting to the music-loving readers of THE SCHOLASTIC YEAR. In truth, no one can consider, as uninteresting, a description of a great musical work, when he regards music in its higher and nobler acceptation—that in which, like Painting and Sculpture, it is considered a representative art, representing, in its own peculiar manner, almost all the emotions which can be conveyed by the senses into the depths of the soul. If a musical criticism be interesting to an admirer of music as an expressive art, how much more interesting should it be to him who contends, that, like language, music conveys its own meaning to the mind. Listen to the grand symphonies, overtures, and concertos of the great mas-

ters; make note of all the feelings they awaken and the pictures they present to the imagination, and doubt, if you can, that it is a noble language.

As it should be, the *Kyrie* is conceived in the style of a prayer; the beautiful prelude, as it were, prepares the mind for this great and solemn duty, and then, the *Kyrie*, commencing in a quiet, earnest and thoughtful manner, gradually increases in fervidness and intensity, until the soul filled with reliance, confidence, eagerness, and love, almost demands. Then, reflecting on the majesty of God, and unable to sustain this intense application of all its powers to the work of supplication, it melts away into quiet and earnest appeals to the Merciful Throne. Thus ends the beautiful *Kyrie*.

The orchestra and full organ now commence the next movement with a crescendo, and when it arrives at its climax, the eager voices of the choir burst forth in one grand, harmonious *Gloria in excelsis Deo*; then separately, but in rapid succession, the three parts send up showers of *Glorias*, until finally they all join in a heartfelt *Laudamus te. Domine Deus*, commencing with a bass solo and terminating with a duet between the soprano and tenor, is in remarkable contrast with the preceding allegro, which however we hear again, given with redoubled vigor only to be admired the more. In the *Qui tollis*, the prelude, entering a minor key, shows that some mournful subject is about to be presented and the beautiful tenor aria enters upon the *Qui tollis peccata mundi suscipe deprecationem nostram*; but soon, commencing to recount the triumph of the Son of Man in the *Qui sedes*, it is joined by the soprano, and in a major key they move off in a joyous duet. After this comes the *Quoniam*, in true recitative, which is charming and effective. This being finished, the crowning glory of this genuine *Gloria* commences with the *Cum Sancto*. At one time we hear the subject carried aloft by the tenors, then the sopranos in turn tower above, finally the basses burst forth,

and assisted by pedal-organ and the double bass of the orchestra we hear them in great and majestic waves rolling their ponderous volume at the bottom of the harmony. Thus the parts are borne along with the tide, each appearing in turn on the surface, plunges again into the harmony, and works its way through the labyrinth of a three-subject fugue, and having accomplished its mission, it finds its place in the full grand and final *Amen*.

The *Credo* commences in unison, and by its vigor and solidity intimates that the belief in those articles of faith which are contained in it, is as strong and as firmly rooted as it can exist in the heart of man. So it continues unabated, until, in contemplating the love of God in the *Qui propter nos homines descendit de cælis* the parts soften into a beautiful duet between the tenor and bass. The soprano solo of the *Incarnatus* represents the alliance of divinity with humanity, not as a dread mystery, but as a mission of tenderness and mercy to fallen mankind. After this comes what is affecting in the extreme. The sufferings of Christ are related; immediately we are carried back to the mournful and impressive ceremonies of Good-Friday. While listening to the *Crucifixus*, we imagine we hear the lamentations of the *tenebræ* or the "Passion," sung on Friday, and all is solemn and sad. Presently the glory of Easter, the greatest festival of the whole year, is celebrated in the *Et resurrexit*, and the music vividly pictures to the mind the triumph of the Saviour over death on that glorious day. Proudly the music floats along and is only arrested in its progress by the contemplation of an endless eternity in *Cujus regni non erit finis*, in which, while the tenors and sopranos thoughtfully assert the fact, the basses, as if trying to fathom its length, repeat "non, non, non," until they are lost in wonder and astonishment. The *Et unam sanctam* is taken up by the bass solo, continued by the tenor, and concludes with a tenor duet. The *Et vitam* is rendered as a joyous soprano solo, and when it is taken up by the chorus, one can see the joy at the very thought of an endless life to come. The *Amen* crowns the *Credo*, and is written so that, in the manner of its expression, an unwavering belief in all the articles preceding, is positively asserted.

The music of the *Sanctus* is calculated, as are the words, to inspire that awe suggested by the presence of an Omnipotent Being; while in the *Hosanna*, praise, honor and glory are given to

Him, with whose glory the heavens are filled, and in conclusion the reason is all condensed in one word—*sanctus*,—given with all the power of chorus, orchestra and organ. The quartet, *Jesu dulcis*, may be best designated by the term *pretty*, in its nicest acceptation. Few compositions have we heard which could give more satisfaction; flowing so smoothly and so evenly, so full and so expressive of the meaning of the text. The *Agnus Dei*, like the prayerful *Kyrie*, supplicates first for mercy, then for peace, and, as if the prayer were granted, tranquilly dies away until its notes are lost in the sweet tones of the organ.

Thus ends Prof. Girac's Third Mass,—an admirable composition, a beautiful work of genuine art, a magnificent tone-picture in which we see, successively, Penance before the Throne of Mercy in the *Kyrie*, innumerable multitudes glorifying before the Throne of Omnipotence in the *Gloria*, the mysteries of faith in the *Credo*, the God of Holiness in the *Sanctus*, and the Merciful Redeemer in the *Agnus Dei*. The coloring is judiciously used, the lights and shadows managed to a wonderful advantage, and the subjects as grand as a holy religion can uphold to mankind.

C. J. R.

THE STOPPAGE IN TRANSITU.

A VERY TIGHT STORY.

(The incidents upon which the following poem is founded are unfortunately too true. We suppress names, however, from a delicate regard to personal feelings.)

One day, though angle-worms were scarce,
And fish thinned out by Lent,
A band of ardent youths went down
On angling purpose bent.

An instrument they had, whose use
Your brains might p'rhaps entangle,
For e'en where fish could never swim,
It still could take an angle.

An *amateur* had joined the group—
A youth of varied knowledge—
Of treasured wisdom gathered up
In many a distant college.

He undertakes—(ah! fatal hour!)—
The instrument to level;
He turns the screws with all his power—
He turns them like the—well, like a certain
distinguished, but disreputable gentle-

man, whose acquaintance is not generally considered desirable.

Though 'tis proverbial, "one good turn
Deserves another," lack
Of muscle forces us to own
We could not turn them back.

I've tightness seen in many forms—
I've been in tightest fixes—
I've seen folks hang-on tight in storms,
And folks as tight as "brickses."

But never yet to mortal sight,
Did fate or fortune chance it,
To witness anything so tight
As that unhappy transit.

We twisted up, we twisted down,
We twisted out the sockets,
And put the little bits of brass
Into our safest pockets.

But twist whichever way we would,
(Reluctant though to mention)
We must confess we could not loose
The unrelaxing tension.

"Go,—speed thee to the blacksmith's forge,
(We'll rectify our wrongs,)
And fetch me thence the monkey-wrench,
The anvil and the tongs."

And then I sat me down and wept
My tears did plenteous drop,
That mathematic skill should seek
Aid from a blacksmith's shop!

I thus enjoyed the sweet relief
That copious weeping brings,
And mused upon the wretchedness
Of transit-ory things.

Meanwhile our trusty messenger
(Obliging-est of fellows)
Came laden with the blacksmith's tools,
And panting like the bellows.

A vigorous application soon
Relieved us of our woe,
Restoring all the happiness
Man can expect below.

But ne'er through lengthened chains of years,
Dragged out in future view,
Shall I forget my anxious tears,
When stopped "*in transitu*."

K. L. PERIWINKLE.

BE temperate in diet. Our first parents ate
themselves out of house and home.

A Strong Sense of the Ridiculous.

Father Faber somewhere tells us that a strong sense of the ridiculous is a valuable aid to us, as by noticing the absurdities and affectations of others, we may more easily see how to correct our own. Unfortunately, however, very few who possess this gift put it to this better use, and too often it becomes the cause of keen suffering to others, who are so unfortunate as to be afflicted with personal defects.

There are those who have so indulged this propensity to seize on the ridiculous side of all they see or hear, that their perceptions of the feelings of others become entirely blunted; they lose wholly that sympathetic tenderness, which while it does not prevent the more feeling heart from perceiving and being amused by *legitimate* objects of mirth, yet never for one instant permits it to feel anything but regret for deficiencies of body or mind that cruel necessity compels the possessor to exhibit before others. There are those who can feel *amused* at the contortion of features caused by a paralytic stroke, by dreadful wounds, or horrible burns, jerk or limp in the gait caused by agonizing spine complaint, or by distortion of the limbs, by singularities of gesture or voice caused by disease; and very often these persons have allowed themselves to become so very easily moved to risibility, by what seems to *them*, but to no one else, ridiculous, that they have not self-command enough to spare the sufferers,—perfectly conscious themselves of their peculiarities,—the additional misery of seeing their misfortune thus derided.

There are others, few indeed are they, who have cultivated such a tender perception of the feelings of the afflicted, that they have acquired a delicate tact that enables them to set at their ease those whose bitter consciousness of ridiculous peculiarities makes them shrink from general society, and too often causes moroseness of mind. To such as *these* the afflicted are instinctively attracted, while by the former they are just as instinctively repelled. So be in the society of the one is a real agony, and causes lasting soreness of mind; while, only to be in company with the other is rest and comfort, even though no word of consolation may be uttered. Were these things only more considered, how many of the minor miseries of life might be averted, for observe, it is not by any wilful or deliberate unkindness, but by mere thoughtlessness of the

feelings of others, that those who have "a strong sense of the ridiculous" cause so much pain.

"Oh, the wounds I might have healed,
The human sorrow and smart!
And yet, it never was in my soul
To play so ill a part;
But evil is wrought, by want of thought
As well as want of heart."

Aeneas at the Strophades.

—(Virgil's *Aeneid*, Book iii, line 209 and following.)

Bright Isles of the Ocean!—how welcome to me,
In darkness so long on the mist-covered sea,
How verdant your hillsides!—how fragrant your
bowers!
How sparkling your streams in their valleys of
flowers!

Come furl the white sail, and we'll rest from the oar
And try the delights of this wave-begirt shore:
We'll feast and we'll revel with excellent cheer—
There's ven'son and beef in the herds that are here.

The ships are vacated and drawn on the sand,
And weary, we sailors repose upon land,
Our banquet before us, enjoying the day,
But fate our enjoyments soon snatches away.

Three horrible shapes from the Stygian shades!
With bodies of vultures, and faces of maids,
With ravenous entrails and hungering gaze,
Polluting the air with a stench that dismays!

They fly at our viands and hurl them around,
And gorge themselves, making a thundering sound,
Then spoil the remainder, destroying our feast
And leave us again when their havoc has ceased.

We find a retreat in a moss-covered grot,
Surrounded by shrubs—a most beautiful spot.
And here from the Harpies we hope to lie hid.
Ah! futile to hope when the Furies forbid!

Come rouse! we must fight them—each man to
his post—
We'll prove that our courage is no idle boast;
Concealed in the herbage we'll wait their descent,
And soon their temerity make them repent.

Fat oxen are roasted as baits to allure,
And all of our heroes their weapons secure:
The signal is made by Misenus above,
And now the foul Harpies our valor shall prove.

They come—we attack them with sword and with
axe,

But all to no purpose. The monsters have backs
That bend not nor break. Not a feather is stirred.
Unhurt far away flies each terrible bird.

But one, 'tis Clæno, sits up on a crag,
And with odious mockery lets her tongue wag,
To chant the disasters before us that wait,
Alas! thy decrees! inexorable Fate!

PETER WAXENHEIMER.

LOCAL.

Society of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart.

Messrs. Editors: Notwithstanding the number of Associations, Literary, Musical and Religious already established in the University, we have deemed it expedient to organize another, whose object and means, as you shall see, are different from those of the other Associations.

Feeling how very easy it is for young persons to contract evil habits, and how difficult it is to overcome the temptations placed in the path of youth by the evil-one, the Catholic Students of the Junior Department have unanimously determined to form themselves into an Association, under the patronage of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart, being convinced that by studying to imitate the bright example of virtue, which she has given us, and aided by her powerful intercession, we will be successful in our endeavor to avoid every sinful habit, and enrich our souls with many special blessings during life, and secure the smiles of Mary, our Mother, and her Divine Son at the hour of death. For this purpose we have resolved to recite together, on Tuesday evenings, the Rosary and Litany of the Blessed Virgin Mary, with other pious prayers, and we feel certain that we will obtain our request, and receive strength to resist every evil temptation.

The election of the officers took place on the 14th inst., and resulted as follows:

Director—Rev. Father Granger, S. S. C.

Assistant Director—Brother Florentius.

President—H. L. Eisenman.

Vice-President—A. Murphy.

Secretary—J. Wilson.

BOATING on the lake and recreation on the baseball grounds have been very active during the past two weeks.

St. Cecilia Philomathean Literary Association.

The twenty-fourth regular meeting of this Association was held on Sunday the 10th. It being the regular evening for the debate the following question was discussed:

Resolved, "That knowledge exercises a greater influence over mankind than wealth." Master F. Ingersoll, the first speaker on the affirmative, opened the debate with a very fine speech, which clearly showed that he had carefully studied the question. Master A. Murphy also spoke in a fine manner for the negative. Master J. Ryan brought in some good arguments. Master E. Baham also spoke very well. The auxiliaries for both sides did well. Master McHugh brought in some fine arguments as did also Masters Dooley and Batman. Volunteers being then called, Master M. Mahoney rose for the negative and Master D. J. Wile for the affirmative, both of whom spoke well. Master Ingersoll closed the debate. The President gave his decision in favor of the affirmative. Master J. W. Sutherland, the Corresponding Secretary, having resigned his office, Master M. Mahoney was unanimously elected in his place. Master M. Foote was also elected to the office of Monitor.

M. MAHONEY, Cor. Sec.

Second Arithmetic Class, (Junior.)

We were invited, last Monday morning, to witness an interesting contest which took place in the Second Junior Arithmetic Class, between the Euclids and the Newtonians. The Newtonians were Messrs. M. Brannock, A. Combs, W. Clarke, of Chicago, Ill., J. O'Neil, of Dubuque, C. Tierney, V. Hackman, of St. Louis, Mo., R. Staley, of Sedalia, Mo., J. McGinnis, of Alton, Ill., C. Dodge, of Burlington, Iowa, F. Clerget, J. Raggio, of Louisville, Ky., Geo. Morgan, of Marco, Ind., C. Marantette, of Mendon, Mich., H. Dean, of Kankakee, Ill. The Euclids were Messrs. D. S. Bell, of Terre Haute, Ind., R. Broughton, of Paw Paw, Mich., Jas. Ryan, of Cincinnati, O., L. Wilson, of Trenton, N. J., F. Dwyer, P. Cochrane, Jas. Dooley, of Chicago, A. Cable, of Washington, Ind., B. Hoffman, L. Schmeider, J. Schmelz, of Louisville, Ky., E. Lafferty, of Detroit, W. Dodge, of Burlington, Iowa, C. Duffy, of Watertown, Wis.

The questions were asked by the Professor from the two opposed sides, one representative of each side standing up to answer the puzzling queries

made, and explain all the wonderful transformations of the Compound Numbers in Robinson's Progressive Practical Arithmetic. It is only justice to say that all the members of the class, both the Euclids and the Newtonians, did honor to their name, and that their native cities may well be proud of such boys. During the first half hour consecrated to the questions, we doubt whether a minute elapsed in silence, for want of a ready answer; and when the order was given: "Go to the blackboard," it was caught as soon as uttered. Three Newtonians and three Euclids went to the blackboard, all the others with slate and pencil in hand, awaited the giving of an example with their eye on the teacher.

The first example was on page 178, number 8, and done first by Roscoe Broughton. The second example was number 2d on the same page, and was first done by C. Tierney, and R. Staley, a host of others coming next; on page 179, number 2d was first done by M. Brannock, F. Dwyer and P. Cochrane; page 180, number third, was done by all at once. Page 194, number 8, was done first by V. Hackman. Page 203, number 22 was done first by D. S. Bell, and M. Brannock. An original example on the famous 7-mile cigar was done first by D. S. Bell, and M. Brannock.

On page 203, number 23 was done first by F. Dwyer and V. Hackman; on page 202, number 13 was done first by F. Dwyer, C. Tierney and R. Staley.

In working a sum and resolving a problem, those above named excelled their companions, but it is our belief that the members of the class could do the examples given. We congratulate sincerely the members of the second Junior Arithmetic class for their brilliant achievements during the year; their teacher, Bro. Joseph Calasanctius, may well be proud of them; and we hope that they will reach the goal for which they are bound on the examination day—Ratio, page 269.

On the same morning we had the pleasure of visiting the Third Book-keeping Class, and we must confess that in this class there is no lack of the genuine good spirit which animates the class mentioned above. We fear to trespass on the columns of the SCHOLASTIC, and therefore will postpone to another week the report to be made on our interesting Book-Keeping classes. CIO.

A humorous old gentleman having handed a few coppers to an itinerant music-grinder, entered his disbursements in his expenses-book "organic change."

ADDITIONAL LIST OF STUDENTS N. DAME.

APRIL 20TH.

Niel Perrin, Lawrieville, Indiana.

APRIL 21ST.

William K. Roy, Palmyra, Missouri.

APRIL 23d.

Richard Campau, Detroit, Michigan.

TABLES OF HONOR.

Week Ending April 24th.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

J. W. Watts, W. Sterling, J. Gibbons, W. T. Johnson, R. Heffernan, J. Edwards, C. H. Moore, W. O'Brien, A. B. White

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

C. Dodge, J. Thompson, J. Dunn, F. Dwyer, T. Batman, G. Butsch, W. B. Small, J. Nash, D. S. Bell, W. Clarke, H. P. Morancy.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

C. Twombly, H. Bouton, R. Cure, L. Hayes, G. Lyons, E. Lyons.

HONORABLE MENTION.

Penmanship, 1st Class: (Sr.) F. Crapser, R. L. Aikin, J. Vocke, J. W. Murphy, J. Harrison, W. P. Weaver, Ivo Buddeke, J. Claffey, H. C. Boardman, F. Holeman, J. S. Gavitt, J. B. Roberts, F. Waters, J. Mullhall.

Penmanship, 2d. Class: (Sr.) A. B. White, J. B. Gaunt, C. H. Moore, W. O'Donnell, P. S. Rhodes, A. C. Anson, A. Maerhofer, M. Hite, H. Bird.

Sixth Latin, 1st Div.: F. Ingersoll, J. Costello, A. Wetherbee, R. Staley, H. Pape, P. White, J. McHugh, J. Dunn.

Seventh Latin, 2d. Div.: F. Cousins, J. Zahm, R. hort, G. Haynes J. Wilson, F. Kaiser, L. Botto, R. Broughton.

Latin, Fifth Class: Improvement in Translation: Wm. Spalding, J. Campbell, T. Johnson, Mark Foote, D. Clarke, P. Michaels.

Improvement in Theme: J. Campbell, D. Clarke, Wm. Spalding, P. Michaels, F. Heitman.

Latin, 4th Class: Translation. W. Waldo. M. Mahoney. Theme: J. Edwards, W. Waldo, M. Mahoney, A. Murphy.

Sixth Latin, 2d Div.: H. Eisenman, J. H. Leconte, J. Dickinson, J. W. Watts, H. Pape.

Latin, 7th Class: J. B. Gaunt, F. P. Dwyer, T. Cunnea, J. Gibbons, W. B. Clarke, D. Egan.

Greek, 2nd Class: James O'Reilly.

3d Greek Class.—Wm. McClain, Wm. Walker.

Fourth Greek: Wm. Waldo, J. C. Keveney, J. McHugh.

Greek, 3d Class: Translation: C. K. Hibben, M. Mahoney, T. Johnson, F. Heitman.

Theme: C. K. Hibben, T. Johnson, M. Mahoney.

First Reading: J. Mulhall, C. Fuhrer, M. S. Ryan, J. Garharstine, J. Klar, Wm. Stace.

Reading, 1st Class: (Jr.) J. Schmeltz, L. Wilson, C. Walters, J. McGinnis, V. Hackman, L. Schmieder, C. Hutchings, J. Dooley, A. Cable, J. Burns, W. Clark, J. Nash, S. Dessuer H. W. Dean, T. Batman, J. E. McGuire, J. Lewis, G. Fletcher, T. Duvall, G. Butch.

Reading, 2nd Class: (Jr.) J. Ryan, E. Lafferty, W. Smith, C. O'Neill, G. Hurt, G. Tobin, J. Campbell, C. Humbert, J. Murray, J. Krauth, J. Thomson.

Reading, 1st Class: (Min.) L. Haynes, G. Lyons, E. Lyons, G. W. Trussell.

Reading, 2d Class: (Min.) Harvey Bouton, Eddie Haydel, John Murphy, Martin Smyth.

Reading, 3d Class: (Min.) W. Byrne, H. Holeman, W. Stewart, D. Walk.

Reading, 4th Class: A. Bader, C. Trivombly, O. Tong.

Catechism, 1st Class: J. F. Ryan, J. Wilson, F. Nicholas, P. O'Connell, J. O'Neill, C. Tierney.

THE Honorable mention will be made next week, in the classes of Surveying, Calculus, Geometry, Algebra, Arithmetic and Book-keeping.

IN a recent number of THE SCHOLASTIC YEAR an article appeared applauding very highly a certain Society in the College. Was the article meant—as many have inferred—a very ironical piece, or was it written in real earnest and good feeling towards the Society in question? This has been asked of me a thousand times.

The writer was in a joking humor when he wrote it, and, not at all meaning to offend any one, thought to have a little fun at some one's expense. He is very sorry to be obliged to conclude that, any person who will take offence at a joke must either be very inconsistent or quite an egotist.

E. B.

Importance of Punctuation.

Properly punctuated, the following nonsense becomes sensible rhyme, and is doubtless as true as it is curious, though as it now stands it is very curious if true :

I saw a pigeon making bread ;
 I saw a girl composed of thread ;
 I saw a towel one mile square ;
 I saw a meadow in the air ;
 I saw a rocket walk a mile ;
 I saw a pony make a file ;
 I saw a blacksmith in a box ;
 I saw an orange kill an ox ;
 I saw a butcher made of steel ;
 I saw a penknife dance a reel ;
 I saw a sailor twelve feet high ;
 I saw a ladder in a pie ;
 I saw an apple fly away ;
 I saw a sparrow making hay ;
 I saw a farmer like a dog ;
 I saw a puppy mixing grog ;
 I saw three men who saw these too,
 And will confirm what I tell to you.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—The following question has been sent me by a friend ; perhaps some of the students of Mathematics will be able to give a satisfactory reply, through the medium of your paper.

Query: *Who* was it that invented the division of the circle into 360° , and *why* did he or she adopt neither more nor less than 360° ?

SIMPLICIUS.

NOTRE DAME, Apr. 23d, 1868.

MESSRS EDITORS:—A very interesting match game of Base Ball was played on Wednesday, April 23d, between the first nine of the Washington Base Ball Club (Minims) and the second nine of the Fashion (Junior). The game was very well played by both nines. The batting and fielding of the Fashion might have been better, but the catching was very good. Masters Duval, Tobin and Campbell, of the Fashion, especially distinguished themselves by their catching ; and Masters Hilsenlegen, Jevne, Tobin and Duval, by their batting. Of the Washington, Masters Haydel, Hays, G. Lyons and Walk for good batting, Masters Walk, Haydel, G. Lyons, Hays, Mier, E. Lyons W. Raggio, held the ball exceedingly well for boys of their age and size. After playing a full game of nine innings, the score stood ; Washingtons 22 and the Fashions 17. The Fashions took their defeat with pleasure, and they hope one day to have the fortune of beating the Washingtons. Umpire, Master Lau-

rence Wilson, of the Excelsior Base Ball Club ; Scorers, Masters V. Hackman and H. Bouton.

AN EYE-WITNESS.

SAINT MARY'S ACADEMY.

ARRIVALS.

April 15th.

Miss Lillie Jones, Columbus, Ohio.
 " Harriet Craul, Lyons, New York.

April 17th.

Miss Frances Morse, Marshall, Michigan.

April 19th.

Miss Jennie Walton, Ypsilanti, Michigan.

April 20th.

Miss Leonora Sherburn, Pierceton, Indiana.

TABLES OF HONOR.

Senior Department.—Misses M. Forrester, Agnes Ewing, K. Graham, Josephine Greishop, M. Sterling, Martha Noel, N. Taber, C. Wolfe, B. Millington, L. Bicknell, Mary Gordon, Winifred Corby.

Junior Department.—Misses M. Toberty, Amelia Boyles, H. Niel, J. and M. Walker, M. Sherland, Helen Sprochnle, Mary O'Meara, A. Byrnes, K. Foreman, Agnes Longley, Ida Furbish, M. Nash.

HONORABLE MENTION.

Graduating Class.—Misses Mary Tripp, K. Doran, C. and L. Plimpton, H. Brooks, B. Walton, J. Schutt, L. Murray, Florence Alspaugh.

First Senior Class.—Misses K. Livingston, L. and L. Tong, K. Cunnea, Laura Lewis, E. Longsdorf, E. Crouch.

Second Senior Class.—Misses S. Rooney, Mary Caraher, Anna Cunnea, L. Lyons, Anna Adams, F. North, C. Davenport, Alice Carmody, Rosanna Munkautz, Virginia Brown, Anastasia Darcy, L. McManman, M. Walton, Frances Gittings, H. Lill, Emma Conan, Christina Thomson, S. Gleeson, T. Stapleton, Ophelia Brady, E. Carr, E. Howard.

Third Senior Class.—Misses L. Ingersoll, N. Thomson, Leonena and Louisa Leoni, N. Simms, K. Connor, Mary McColly, E. Longwell.

First Intermediate Class.—Misses Mary Simms, Josephine and Esther Lonergan, Julia and Rose Gittings, Mary Hally, Mary Oechtering, Clara Casteeter, M. Moriarty.

Second Intermediate Class.—Miss Anna Clark.

First Junior Class.—Misses S. Woods, Mary Sissons, Mary Clark, A. Metzger, C. North.

THE OCTAVE OF EASTER.

The entire week after Easter Sunday, in the first ages of Christianity, was kept as one uninterrupted festival. All labor was suspended, and joy was the supreme occupation of every heart. The spiritual regeneration resulting from the Resurrection of our Saviour, responded in the souls of all, to the new and vigorous life of nature unfolded in this most auspicious season of the year.

Indeed the Paschal time, including the period from Easter to Pentecost, was one long happy holyday, the "antetaste" of that heaven whose portals were opened to man by the mysteries *then* so fervently celebrated. Labor was permitted until Low-Sunday, or Sunday in white, but the spirit of rejoicing, the incessant cry of "Alleluia!" did not cease till Trinity-Eve, nor does it now in the hearts of the faithful.

Saint Augustine said that "the Festival of Easter had not only an Octave, but an Octave of Octaves," for it is in reality celebrated for seven successive weeks. The resuscitation and luxuriant unfolding of nature, is but the inspiring emblem of our immortality. The glory and splendor with which the physical world is crowned, is but the reminder of our royal destiny as Christians, the inheritors of eternal bliss.

THE SUPPER IN HONOR OF EASTER.

The above inspiring reflections constituted the burden of the instructions to the Children of Mary in the Chapel of Loretto on Monday morning, and formed an explanation of the reason why the sumptuous entertainment of Wednesday, April 15th, was in fact a timely celebration of Easter-day.

This supper was given for the enjoyment of the young ladies, and was very gracefully served by the committee in the large room adjoining the Study-Hall. Very Rev. Father Provincial, Rev. Father Letourneau, Chaplain, Professor Ziegfeld, Mrs. Phelan of Lancaster, Ohio, Mrs. Blane of Elizabeth, Pennsylvania, and Mrs. Jones of Columbus, Ohio, honored the young ladies by their presence. After the supper, choice music was given in the large parlor, and all adjourned to the Recreation-Hall where the remainder of the evening was spent in pleasant dancing.

OUR LADY OF THE SACRED HEART, }
March 30th, 1868. }

The following young ladies deserve honorable mention for excellence of conduct during the past week:

Ella Cady, Alice M. Muldoon, Eliza Meehan, Veronica Deppeler, Louisa Deppeler, Ida Adams,

Lula Adams, Hannah Haines, Ellen Bland, E. Algie Haines,

In the first class of History, Ida Adams, Ella Cady, Lula Adams.

A FROLIC WITH SPRING.

Keep on at your gaming, O merry young Spring,
And Bo-peep with Winter or roseate wing!
Light the fringe of his robe with a torch from the sun,
And laugh him to scorn till the bright day is done.
Let him lay his chill hand on the earth in the night,
But lash him with sunbeams, at morn, out of sight:
Call the warm soothing Winds from the tropical sea,
To meet ice-bound Dew-drops, and set them all free;
To follow the wake of the stern northern gale,
And hush with their music its beggar-like wail.
Then bo-peep with Winter, O frolicsome spright;
Set flame to his robes with your torches of light,
And laugh merry Spring with your "might and your main,"
For the flowers are waking all over the plain.

I will tie on my "Sun-down," and run out to see
What gifts in long roaming, you've brought back to me.
I'll bound in my mirth to the river's high bank
Where hair bell and violet used to grow rank.
The sun is dim-shining, and clouds half asleep,
Are at loss o'er the earth, if to smile or to weep,
And dead winter leaves that have shrouded the land,
If to flee or to stay, are alike at a stand.
Yestereve a warm shower sped up from the South,
And leaf-buds exulting, each opened her mouth,
While their pretty green shoulders, now crowding the brown
Of the rusty on-hangers, look softer than down;
Then bo-peep with Winter, O frolicsome thing,
And burn with your torch the white plumes of his wing,
And laugh merry Spring, with your "might and your main,"
For flowers are waking all over the plain!

The trees with their bark of a warm russet hue,
Are full of bright blood that is sweeter than dew;
And buds of the maple, the linden and rose,
Smile forth like fair eyes from their bed of repose,
They wait wayward Spring, but a shower of tears,
A *fete-dry* of sunshine, to banish all fears;
Your pleading and weeping, your smiles and your song,
Will keep tardy flowrets from waiting too long,
So haste with the golden light broad on your wing,
And warm tears swift flowing, O fanciful Spring,
For sky and the Sun, with the Earth and the Air,
Await but your mandate to offer their share;
So bo-peep and laugh with your "might and your main,"
For grasses are springing all over the plain.

Ride on, merry Spring, and outstrip the rude blast
That stole round the corner just now as I past;
Dispute his dominion, and throw in his face
The envious tricks of his cold-hearted race.
I'll join in your triumph, while glad on my ear
Floats music of birds from the apple tree near;
It woke me this morning ere break of the day,
And told me, sweet Spring, that *your* sceptre bore sway.
Like odor of flowers I cherish the strain,
My heart all day chanting the joyful refrain;
Then bo-peep with Winter, O frolicsome spright,
Set flame to his robes with your torches of light,
And laugh, merry Spring, with your "might and your main,"
For joy, music and sunshine have come back again.

ST. MARY'S, April 20th, 1868.