

The Scholastic Year.

EDITED BY THE STUDENTS.

"Labor omnia vincit."

VOL. I.

NOTRE DAME UNIVERSITY, JUNE 6, 1868.

No. XL.

Editors of the Present Number :

J. MCBRIDE, J. EDWARDS, T. EWING.

THE "SCHOLASTIC YEAR" is devoted to the Interests of the Students, and will be issued weekly, at \$2 50 per annum, payable in advance.

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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.

✓ Progress and Improvement.

Notre Dame is thoroughly awake, and pushing on the work of improvement with a steady hand. The little garden plot in front of the main building, which formerly presented the outline of a heart surrounded by a picket fence in the form of a square, has been considerably enlarged, and, under the skillful direction of Brother Peter, has taken the shape of a monstrous balloon, indicative of Notre Dame's intention to rise ever higher and higher, and bear her precious freight of youth up into the higher regions of science and refinement. The neat little *kiosk*, or summer-house, which stood in the center of the original garden, obstructing the view down the main avenue, has been removed to some distance farther from the College building, and a little to the right, thus leaving the avenue open to observation, while it still serves the same beneficent purpose as formerly, that of affording a delightful retreat from the heat of the midday summer sun. The basin of the beautiful little fountain in front of the main entrance to the College, which had been somewhat injured by last winter's frost, has been thoroughly repaired, and the play of the water, as it falls in showers into this basin, gives a cool refreshing appearance to the surrounding scene. The walks in the garden are not yet completed,

but Brother Peter is determined to have them all *au fait* before the Annual Commencement, and when *he* has made up his mind to do anything, it is just going to be done.

We will now leave Brother Peter standing by his *transit* and calling out his orders to the men, who all, believing firmly in his good taste, seem as anxious to execute his directions as if their very happiness depended on making that little garden the "Dearest spot on earth to me," and passing out through the front gate we are in the main avenue. As we emerge from behind a clump of tall poplars and shady maples, our attention is attracted to the left, where, perched upon their scaffoldings, two or three painters are busily engaged in giving a new coat to Washington Hall, to make it correspond, in color, with the lately finished Manual Labor School, to the right. Down the graveled walk we go, admiring the as yet partially successful efforts of the young grass to make the extensive park look like a "sea of wavy green!" Good gracious! What is all that uproar about? O, yes, I see it now; the Thirty-First of May, a *big day* at Notre Dame, fell on Sunday this year, and the students, wishing to keep up old memories, have asked and obtained permission to celebrate it to-day by an extra recreation, and they are now giving "three cheers" for Rev. Father Lemonnier who, in the absence of Rev. Father Superior, granted their request. Well, I am sure the recreation will do them good; for those extra compositions which they are required to write for examination, are beginning to make some of them look a little pale, though they all seem determined to "push the matter through," and they will, no doubt with more energy and success after a day of healthful sport. But here we have arrived at the Post Office, or, as the boys call it, "Brother Stephen's Palace;" the little space in front, just four feet wide, is neatly swept and looks quite inviting, but I see you are not inclined to "wait

a little longer," so, across the way. This is the Porter's Lodge, and Brother Louis has saved himself the trouble of sweeping his little yard every morning, by just going to work and sodding it all over. Now just stand here in the center of the avenue and take a look up to the College; you see right into the large parlor. This is Brother Peter's contrivance. I suppose he wished to have the "coast clear," so that, while working in the park, he may just step out into the avenue, put his little pocket glass to his eye, and see if there are any visitors in the parlor who require his presence. (It will be remembered that he is chief usher as well as gardener, and I dare say no one can show off the *elephant* to greater advantage than he).

Well, we have made a circuit of all the curiously shaped walks in the park, (we can scarcely call it "swinging around *the circle*," as there are so many circles, and ellipses, and ovals, etc.,) and have just got back to the parlor. Here I must leave you for the present, as the Boating Club is just starting for a sail, yet, I hope I may have an opportunity of showing you some other improvements ere long, and justify the expectation which you have, no doubt, conceived: That Notre Dame will continue to advance in the road of progress, not only in her literary and scientific departments, but also in external beauty and attractiveness.

THE following addition to the play, "The Recognition," was written by the author at the request of those who were interested in the parts of Leonardo and Stephano. (See Nos. 23, 24, etc.)

"THE RECOGNITION."

ACT FOURTH.—[SCENE III CONTINUED.]

Duke.—All to the rescue!—follow me!

[*All leave hurriedly.*]

Leonardo.—(Raising up his hands, astounded)
—San Petrucchio! what a misfortune!

Stephano.—(Entering amazed)—What is to do? Do you all go crazy, in this awful uproar? Where are they all going?

Leonardo.—Going? why, man, I thought you were captured! Do I behold you here?

Stephano.—(Looking at himself)—To be sure! what else could I be?

Leonardo.—A corpse, sir!!

Stephano.—A corpse!!! And why so, sir?
(Apart)—The man's mind is gone up sure.

(Looks out in the direction of the city)—But see the duke. Aye! hearken to the trumpets!

Leonardo.—(Sneering)—Hearken to the trumpet, don't you? Some one must have unearthed you this moment, for the trumpet's-blast is deafening us the last three days. (Looks towards the city)—But oh! see the Duke on his grey charger, springing on the foe!

Stephano.—O, good heavens! what rashness! Did you ever see? (Sees Riccardo brought in wounded)—O, horror! my lord Riccardo wounded.

Riccardo.—Lay me here, men, and go back to protect the Duke. The day is won! Go, go!!

Leonardo.—(Looking sadly on Riccardo)—Can I assist you, my Lord?

Riccardo.—All help is useless. Do not stay idle around me. Go to the ramparts; there, work is in plenty. Julio is not rescued yet!

Stephano.—(Astounded)—What, Julio! not rescued! What does he mean?

Leonardo.—(Forcibly)—He means that whilst you were dreaming in some corner of the camp, Julio was captured while he was fighting bravely at Balthazar's side. Cowardly old pedagogue!!

Stephano.—(Oppressed by emotion)—Julio, my poor boy, is captured! Oh! let me go—what can I do to save him?

Leonardo.—(Taking off his sword)—Here is a sword, man.—There, you see the enemy; there are the walls. . . . You must kill the first, and storm the others!!

Stephano.—*I must!*—you say. *Well, I challenge you, Leonardo. Follow an old man.*—(Stephano leaves hurriedly.)

Leonardo.—(Sees him gone)—Indeed he is gone! Poor man, what can he do for Julio, except to share his fate? (Looking at Riccardo)—My Lord.—(No answer.) My Lord—alas, he too is dead. (Takes Riccardo's sword.) 'T would be cowardice not to avenge so many woes. I swear I will not be the last on the breach. (He goes.)

[*Enter Pacifico, the messenger of Bartolo.*]

Pacifico.—(Looking on)—What do I behold? Is not this the Ducal escutcheon? Yes . . . *deserted!* (Sees Riccardo.) No.—A dead man here. Unfortunate! Thy hour, too, has come.—But the Duke: where is he? (Aloud.) Ho! some one, here.—No one comes.—Here I shall leave my message.—(Goes to place it on a table and finds there the letter of the Duke to Bartolo.)—What is this?—(Reads.)—"I, Duke of Spoleto, pledge myself to retire from the walls of Macerata in case of the fatal issue of the single combat to

which I challenge Bartolo," etc.—No doubt it was intended to be sent to its destination.—Joyously will I carry it, Duke of Spoleto; for, thanks to heaven, 'twill be thy doom.—(He leaves.)

END OF SCENE III.

Vacation.

Now the holidays are coming;
Those Vacation long'd for hours,
When boys as free
As the blithesome bee
That gambols 'mid the flowers,
Now cast away
Dull care, to stray
Within mirth's sportive bowers,

With the golden plumes of science
Plucked from the wings of time,
We bid farewell
To the college bell
That oft called with its chime,
From sports and all
To the study-hall,
Up Science hill to climb.

To our teachers we now offer
For their long and anxious care,
Our thanks sincere,
And we'll cherish dear
Through life the happy share
Of pleasant smiles;
Oh! each beguiles
The scholar's sad despair.

And to our schoolmates greeting,
Who have shared each joy and woe,
We must not part;
But in friendship's heart,
Shall mem'ry's vision glow;
As on each scene
We fondly lean,
Of joys we now forego.

For the smile of lov'd ones meeting,
We are longing now for home;
To mingle sweet
In that fond retreat
Made dearer when we roam,
In other lands
To seek the hands
Of friendship fleet as foam.

BR. A.

MR. JAS. BONNEY, a well-known artist of South Bend, is just now taking beautiful views of our grounds and of the Societies and Classes of the University. Mr. Bonney is a first-class artist, and we sincerely hope that every student will bear away with him some dear *memento* of the friends whom he has met under the roof of his *Alma Mater*, and also of the spots and places which daily life has endeared to him. In years coming such souvenirs will be prized above gold.

LOCAL.

Additional Students at Notre Dame.

JUNE 6th.

James Ford,
John McCall,

Peoria, Ill.
Detroit, Mich.

Tables of Honor.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Week Ending May 29th.

J. Fitzharris, J. Grogan, S. Teats, J. Gibbons,
A. B. White, W. T. Johnson, F. Rosier, S. L.
Moore, A. Owen, F. Cousins.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

H. P. Morancy, V. Hackman, M. Brannock, A.
Murphy, E. Lafferty, F. Clerget, G. Morgan, J.
Coppinger, P. Cochrane, C. Walters, J. Klein.

Week Ending June 5th.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

J. S. Gavitt, R. L. Aikin, J. Cunnea, W. H.
Sangster, D. Clarke, J. W. Watts, P. McKeon, P.
Rhodes, J. H. Lecomppte, F. Crapser.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

H. Benoist, J. Schemlz, R. Staley, M. Brannock,
J. Rumley, F. S. Ryan, D. S. Bell, C. Tierney, J.
Nash, J. Raggio, H. Dean.

St. Cecilia Philomathean Association.

The thirtieth regular meeting of this Association was held Monday morning, May 18th. After the usual preliminaries, a Session of the High Court took place. In our last report we gave the names of those connected with the trial of the "Queen vs. M. Mahoney," which was now concluded. As space will not allow us to give a complete report of the trial, we will content ourselves with merely giving a synopsis of it, with the speeches of the Attorneys and the Judge. The trial opened at 10 minutes past 8 (rather earlier than in Dublin—usually), for owing to the excitement of the friends of Mr. Mahoney, an early hour was thought best. Just as the prosecuting attorney was proceeding to examine Prof. J. O'Neill's Cornet Band serenaded the court with some of its best music. There was a great deal of sensation in the court when the prisoner was brought in: his appearance indicated his innocence. He looked perfectly serene. The attor

neys for the defendant displayed great critical acumen and forensic eloquence. Attorney Ingersoll in his cross-examination, so bewildered the witnesses, that they contradicted themselves in nearly every statement, while Lawyer Reynolds displayed great subtlety, and convulsed the court with laughter by his rich sallies of genuine Celtic wit. The prosecuting attorney, Mr. Wile, being indisposed, the conduct of the prosecution devolved on Counselor Foote, assisted by Attorney Page. These gentlemen displayed so much ability that for some time it was feared that Mr. Mahoney would be convicted. The sharp and close reasoning of the Counselor was particularly observable. The witnesses for the defense showed great coolness under cross examination. After the examination of witnesses, Lawyer Reynolds arose and addressed the court:

My Lord, and Gentlemen of the Jury:

You have heard the evidence given by the witnesses on the prosecution and by those on the defense:

Yours is an important duty, for on your decision depends, not only the life of the prisoner at the bar, but of those of the future generations of the Celts. You have seen how the witnesses on the prosecution endeavored, by their untruths, to take the life of their own countryman. You have seen how their first witness, Mr. B—, a renegade Celt, not only proved himself to be a falsifier, but to lack the wit to support his false testimony. You have seen how Mr. M—, (or rather he does not deserve the name of Mr.,) took the stand, and, by his own evidence, contradicted that of the first witness in nearly every word that he uttered. Mr. S— was the next to take the stand, and though his evidence did not agree with the others, yet he showed that he had more wit than they, as he did not get entangled in his own evidence. The fourth witness seems to have remembered the old proverb, "A wise head keeps a closed mouth," and to have acted accordingly.

My lord, and gentlemen of the jury, here are four witnesses, Celts at that, endeavoring to convict a fellow-citizen whom they know to be innocent. Should they not be ashamed to appear before this bar, and to be caught in their fallacious words? What was their motive for this? It was their cruelty, in desiring to see a fellow being suffer, and that they might fill their pockets with the blood-money which they expect to gain. Look at their meanness; they seized a moment when they knew their would-be victim was sunk in grief at the loss of a dear relative, to carry out their wicked design of implicating him in a conspiracy against the government.

It is needless for me to speak on the evidence of the witnesses on the defense. Suffice it to say, that in no place was their evidence proved false by their contradicting it, or in any other way.

Now, my lord, and gentlemen of the jury, with this evidence before you, you are to pass the sentence on the prisoner before the bar. Think, I beseech you, of the great responsibility which rests upon you. Be merciful, I entreat you, to the prisoner, and do not be influenced by any other motive save the voice of your conscience.

"So shall inferior eyes
That borrow their behavior from the great
Grow great by your example."

And you will ever after be blessed by the sons of Erin, who will look on you as their savior, because you will have showed such an example to the judges and jurymen who will in future time occupy the places which you do now occupy. Yes, my lord, and gentlemen of the jury, this will be the reward which you will gain,

and is it not a sufficient one to live thus in the minds of our countrymen? Our hearts have been chilled by the atrocious sentences of corrupted judges and jurymen who have preceded you.

Oh! my lord, and gentlemen of the jury, let not the saying of the "Bard of Avon," that

"Man, proud man,
Dressed in a little brief authority,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven,
As make the angels weep."

Be verified in this instance as it has been in others. Think how your memory will be despised if it be handed down to posterity stained with the blood of the murdered sons of Erin. Oh! my lord, and gentlemen of the jury, by the hope of the glory to come; by the hope of gaining the love of your countrymen, and by the hope of ever entering heaven, I conjure you to act in a just way towards the prisoner.

Now I will conclude by charging the witnesses on the prosecution—those base calumniators,—with the crime of perjury and conspiracy against the life of one of the Queen's subjects; and hoping that those false witnesses will not go without their just punishment, I have done.

This speech was received amidst great applause.

After this the prosecuting attorney rose and closed the case in a warm but brief speech, saying that the jury had heard the evidence, and it now remained for them to decide whether conspirators against the public welfare should live, or not.

Judge Flanigen then arose with gravity, and addressed the grand jury as follows:

Gentlemen of the Jury:

You must look with care to the responsibilities which now rest in your hands. Beware of partiality, for now you are on your oath, both to do justice to the prisoner and to the English Government. It is almost a matter of life and death to you and also to the prisoner. You must not side with either party. You must go according to the voice of your conscience. I take it for granted that you have paid strict attention to the questions of the attorneys and to the evidences elicited, and thereupon have made a resolution to act honorably to both parties. You must remember that the life of the prisoner, or it may be liberty, is at stake, and on the other hand you must think of the Government. If swindlers and spies are permitted to run at large, there would be neither law nor government. Remember, once more I say, avoid partiality. The laws and Government must not be abolished to satisfy the whims of any party. Remember, justice must be done.

His speech was received with loud bursts of applause. The Grand Jury under their foreman John J. Raggio retired to deliberate, and after half an hour returned a verdict of "Not guilty."

The Judge, addressing the prisoner at the bar, spoke as follows:

Mr. Mahoney, I pronounce you discharged. You can all see from the evidence that the life of the prisoner has been devoted to the cause of his country. He has been a brave soldier in the United States, and has served his time honorably. Although he was nearly convicted of the crime of conspiracy, yet you can see in him an air of nobility. He does not bear the countenance of a traitor. This is a timely warning to all of you never to enter into a conspiracy against the Government, for you know the old saying is: "Murder will out," and therefore beware of such rebellious tendencies. Beware of bad company. Take the advice of those who are older than yourselves. The Jury are supposed to have acted honorably, and the verdict which they have ren-

dered is just, and therefore the prisoner is honorably discharged, and the press will carry the joyful tidings to his friends on next Saturday.

This speech was received with prolonged cheers, and the court adjourned for this term. The prisoner was borne out in triumph on the shoulders of his friends. Thus ended the great trial of "The Queen *vs.* Mahoney," having been very ably conducted, and having afforded the young members of the St. Cecilia Philomathean Society great scope for the exercise of their elocutionary powers. We hope to have the happiness of witnessing many such. Those who wish to see a more complete report of the trial, can consult the records of the Association.

W. R.

Derivations.

Our friend TYRO, of whose lucubrations we never tire (oh!) has been somewhat hard on us. We suppose he is a descendant of the ancient Tyrians—perhaps from Pygmalion himself,—and knowing the cruelty of those worshippers of Moloch, we are not surprised at the sanguinary onslaught upon our tongue. We do object to some of his etymologies, however. "America," we think, has a much more simple origin. The sailors of Columbus, wearied out with the length of their voyage, and despairing of ever seeing their homes again, had for a long time sung nothing but melancholy dirges in *B-flat minor*. But when they first caught sight of land, they all burst forth together, singing a nautical chorus in *A merry key*. This derivation of America is musical, poetical, and creditable to the memory of Columbus, whereas TYRO's merely glorifies an Italian adventurer.

Sic transit gloria mundi—"Such a transit is the glory of the world."—Words first used by Archimedes on inspecting the surveying instruments of Messrs. Gurley & Co., Troy, N. Y.—(N. B. This must have happened before the siege Troy).

Mors est communis omnibus—"Death is a common omnibus."—That is, death is the ordinary vehicle by which we are conveyed to another world. Another translation is: "Death is common in an omnibus," alluding to the time before springs were invented, when the roads were so bad and the drivers so ill-paid, that travellers, before they arrived at their journey's end, were generally found to have reached the "bourne from which no traveller returns;"—in short, they were usually jolted to death. The latter translation is not considered the most correct.

We demur also at TYRO's derivation of "Australia." There is no need of going off to the dead languages for what is a mere cockney corruption of *'orse-trail-here*. It is well known that the inhabitants of Australia are continually on horseback and have no roads. Hence their only means of getting on the right track is by following the *horse-trails* in the words. *'Orse-trail-here!* is the ordinary formula for showing the way.

PANGLOSS.

A DEPLORABLE ACCIDENT has cast gloom and consternation over the city of South Bend. On the evening of Tuesday, 2d inst, two young men, Messrs. SEIXAS and WATERHOUSE, and two young ladies, Misses SEIXAS and MILLER, all belonging to respectable families of the city, were accidentally drowned in the St. Joseph River. It appears that they went out to take a boat-ride, and that they were drawn by the rapid current over the falls of the dam and there disappeared. The bodies of the victims were successively recovered and have since received the honors of a decent burial. The whole community of South Bend and its surroundings have manifested the extreme grief which they felt, by taking a unanimous part in the ceremonies attending the funerals, and by expressing their sympathy to the sorrow-stricken parents.

Card of Thanks.

The captain and crew of the "Tub" present their compliments to the social rowers, with many thanks for their kind offer of assistance. At the same time the dictates of humanity prompt them to decline that offer, and to warn them to keep as far from the "Tub" as possible, lest the latter—not having a microscope on board—might run them down without observing it.

A CARD.—We, members of the Mutual Base Ball Club, gratefully acknowledge the receipt of a very fine bat from Brother Urban, our respected Director and prefect, and fully realize this manifestation of the interest that he has taken in us during the past year. Hoping that we may merit his interest in the future as well as in the past, we humbly subscribe ourselves

THE MEMBERS OF THE MUTUAL B. B. C.

THE Programme of the Annual Commencement will appear next week, so that the parents and friends may be informed in due time.

A Vision of Charity.

The-day star sank behind the western wave,
And balmy breezes wafted o'er the plain
The soothing odor of the fields, which gave
A charm to pleasure, and a balm to pain.

All nature felt th' enchantment of the hour,
And every creature seemed replete with joy;
The cricket peeped out from the ancient tower,
And sang his merry song, none to annoy.

I heeded not the pleasure stealing round,
Nor listened to the cricket's merry chime;
Till sable shadows thickened o'er the ground,
And warned me, this was nature's breathing time.

I closed the ancient tome, that open lay
Upon my desk, and ceased my daily toil;
Then drank the cooling breeze of parting day,
Which through the open casement flowed the while.

Just then the virgin goddess of the night
Appeared in regal pomp upon the scene;
While darker shadows took to instant flight,
And left the world a sea of silvered green.

Sweet nature, charmer of the youthful mind,
Now lured me on to seek the lonely grove,
Where poets lofty inspiration find—
And tune their lyres to notes of peace and love.

Then lightly I descend the winding stair,
And saunter forth into the stilly night;
My throbbing temples hail the soothing air—
My heart grows cheerful, fearless, gay and light.

On, on I go, unmindful of the time,
Nor mark the path that leads me o'er the plain;
Till on the silent air, the midnight chime
From some far steeple, rolls its lonely strain.

Then fain would I retrace my homeward way
But all is changed—strange objects meet my sight;
Thick forests, which would mock the noontide ray,
Beset my path in front, to left, to right.

I sought my path, but search was now in vain,
For darkness sudden covered all the earth;
While threat'ning heaven told of coming rain;
And distant thunders chilled my former mirth.

Still on I groped, till weariness and fear
O'ercame my strength. I sank upon the sand,
And, dashing from my eye the starting tear,
I cried in terror for some helping hand.

A chill of horror thrilled through every vein,
And weakness closed my eyes in fevered sleep,
Strange phantoms flitted round in mocking train
And scorning asked me: "Child, why do you weep?"

Then came another at whose soft approach,
The others fled precipitate in fright;
She turned on them a look of deep reproach,
Then came to me with hasty step and light.

I felt her presence, though I saw her not,
And felt her gentle hand upon my brow;
My sufferings all were for the time forgo,
An angel knew and soothed my terrors now.

Then came a voice most rapturous to my ear,
While still the gentle hand my temple laves:
"Young stranger, rouse thee there is naught to fear,
A hand is nigh that oft the peril'd saves."

My strength returned beneath this tender care,
My heart now burned with gratitude and joy;
I raised my head, (O! blessedness most rare!)
A virgin, lovely, faultless, met my eye.

When admiration loosed its binding chain,
My tongue would fain my gratitude proclaim;
But she prevented: "Hush, you'll give me pain,
If you are grateful ne'er this meeting name."

But who art thou most lovely of thy race?
Whose presence fills my heart with ardent fire;
Oh! let me hope my life you'll ever bless,
Grant this—there's nothing left me to desire.

A blush suffused the modest virgin's cheek,
Yet naught confused, she met my eager eye;
And thus she answered, in a voice most sweet,
While turned her faultless visage to the sky:

"Most noble youth, my father dwells on high,
I am his oldest daughter, cherished, dear,
When time was not, he called me Charity,
And sent me forth to dry the sufferer's tear.

"Now you would have me bless your after life?
I will—but you must do the work I do;
Aid the afflicted—calm all angry strife,
Then you shall dwell with me, and I with you."

XENOS.

A Ramble in the Country.

One of the most pleasant exercises enjoyed by the students here on recreation days is a ramble in the country.

An afternoon's walk is indeed far preferable to the violent exercise of base or alley ball; for it refreshes without overtaking, and pleases with the varied scenery that one constantly meets along his path. Beautiful Spring! the bright month of May especially, is indeed very inviting; and the excellent looks of the students now show how readily they take advantage of the pleasant walks occasionally afforded them.

On Wednesday thirty of the students, in company with Bro's Benoit and Francis, took a trip to neighbor Duey's, where they enjoyed a sumptuous feast, etc. Messrs. Watts and Hertich entertained the little assembly with beautiful music for some time; dance and good cheer indicated how truly we enjoyed ourselves. After spending the afternoon happily and giving three rousing cheers for Mr. Duey and three for our leader, Bro. Benoit, all departed for the college, happy as larks and extremely well pleased with the fine time they enjoyed.

We shall long remember that day, for perhaps it is the last time that we shall all have the opportunity of meeting at that pleasant place. What a series of happy recollections the thought of that day, will recall to our minds, when we are far

away in our distant homes and separated, perhaps, never to meet again. It seemed to me like parting with a dear friend, as I took a last look back upon that pleasant hill where so oft before we met and cheered together.

It is a matter of real gratification, on our part, to bear witness to the importance and efficiency of our book-binding establishment. To prove that this department of the AVE MARIA Office is by no means, a small enterprise, we need only to mention the fact that more than four hundred volumes belonging to the College Library, which had been much *dilapidated* by long and somewhat rough usage, have all been bound anew, in cloth covers, within the short time of one month. If, in connection with this, we take into consideration that the regular work of the office—folding and stitching the large weekly editions of both journals of the Institution, binding many volumes of the AVE MARIA, attending to private orders—has not, in the mean time, been at all neglected, we must acknowledge that too much praise cannot be accorded to the able chief book-binder, Bro. Romuald, and to his willing and intelligent aids, for the energy and skill displayed by them.

The Variation.

The observation on the Polar Star made by the Surveying Class, on the evening of the 21st ult., at five minutes past nine, resulted in showing the present variation of the magnetic needle to be $3\frac{3}{4}$ East. Of course, towards afternoon, this will decrease to $3\frac{1}{2}$ East, reaching its minimum at 2, P. M.

As it will take some time to examine the compositions now being written in all the Classes, and decide as to which ones deserve the prize,—and, moreover, as the book-binder is afraid that the time granted to him for his work will be too limited,—we take occasion of it for urging the students to a speedy completion of their compositions.

ERRATA.—We beg to rectify the mistakes committed from inadvertence to the corrections made on one of the proof-sheets of No 39, page 7. Article intitled Grand Annual Composition, 6th line—instead of *on one*—read *no one*; 7th line—instead of *indifferent*—read *indifferent*; instead of *retributed*—correct *rewarded*; instead of *their prizes*—correct *three prizes*. A. L.

WITH the permission of Professor Ivers, we take the liberty of extracting the following from a letter written to him by an old friend and fellow-student at Notre Dame, Mr. Geo. B. Collins:

“U. S. STEAMER ‘MONOCACY,’
“YOKOHAMA, JAPAN, Feb. the last, 1868.

“My Dear Friend —: Of late there has been nothing worthy of mention except the burning of the town of Kanagawa. This town lies two miles from our anchorage, and we all assisted in its extinguishing, but did not succeed until eighteen hundred houses were destroyed by the element; and sixty lives lost. Peradventure you are ruminating as to whether there were any more to be destroyed? The population is between eight and ten thousand. It must be remembered that when a fire originates in a Japanese tenement that the domicile next to it is scooped up quicker than “Jerry could write a note,” for their houses are built of very light timber—the roofs are bamboo and the sides are matting. The sun beating down on these houses, of course, has a tendency to make them so dry as to catch and communicate fire with a rapidity scarcely conceivable. It commenced immediately to the rear of a large fort, and there being a strong South-west wind, in less than two hours, there was a line of fire for a mile and a quarter on a track from S. W. to N. E. I assure you it was a beautiful sight, albeit the poor Japanese people paid dearly for the picture. It commenced at 3 P. M. and burned until 8 A. M. of next day, totally clearing away the number of houses above mentioned. The newspapers, the next day, gave the officers and sailors of the ‘Monocacy,’ quite a compliment over our daring in entering the town and endeavoring to save property. If the truth of the matter was known to the editors, it should be added that some American ‘blue jackets’ from the steamer ‘Monocacy’ displayed great gallantry in surrounding, capturing and wringing chicken’s necks. Most all the sailors left the ship, armed with axe and bucket, and returned *minus* the axes, but the buckets *plus* number of dead chickens, which, after a course “*a la cuisiniere*” multiplied the number of pans on the mess cloth.”

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE Examination will begin on the 18th inst. The lists of excellence should be prepared and sent in to the Director of Studies before the 12th inst. These lists will include the names of all the students who have attended Class during the greater part or the whole of the session.

SAINT MARY'S ACADEMY.

THE CLOSE OF THE MONTH OF MARY.

The interesting and beautiful ceremony of closing the month of Mary, was this year surrounded by a literally four-fold charm; Sunday, May 31st, being not only the last of May, but the Feast of Pentecost, the Feast of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart, and likewise the Festival of St. Angela, the patron saint of our beloved Mother Provincial.

This accumulation of pleasure has occurred most opportunely, as without it the cessation of the delightful May-devotion would be more deeply felt. Vespers were sung at the usual hour, but after supper the procession was formed in front of the Chapel of Loretto, and proceeded, singing the Litany, to the Shrine of "Our Lady of Peace," where the *Regina Cœli Latere* was sung when the line of march was resumed. The ringing of the joy-bells, and the music of the *Ave Maris Stella* were as sweet to the ear as the picturesque beauty of the lighted tapers and varied aspect of those who walked in the devout cortege were to the eye. From the windows of the third or fourth story of the Academy the scene presented was remarkably lovely. Those who have visited St. Mary's in the spring-time, and have beheld the fair landscapes spread around the place, and more especially those who have witnessed the religious processions of the festivals, can well imagine the graceful panorama.

After reaching the large Chapel, the Children of Mary bearing bouquets of flowers ascended the steps of the Sanctuary, and knelt before the Altar. The President read an "Act of consecration to the Sacred Heart of Mary," and after an appropriate instruction, followed by the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, each member of the Association deposited her floral offering at the feet of the statue of her to whom they had just consecrated their hearts. The little Children of the Holy Angels imitated this worthy example.

To the worldly wise, and to those unacquainted with the momentous truth, that if not absorbed in innocent and ennobling employments and pastimes, the active young mind will seek out and indulge in guilty and degrading, or at least dangerous occupations and amusements, to such we say the above described devotion may seem insignificant and trifling; but to those who acknowledge that the impetuosity and inexperience of youth must be guided, directed and taught to rise above mere animal inclinations, the salutary results of attractive devotional exercises are self-evident.

"The closing of the May," has left many a heart hungering for the coming of another

"Month of Mary," and through the whole year will impart strength to good resolutions, and will stimulate many a soul to the resistance of temptation.

THE FESTIVAL OF ST. ANGELA.

The quadruple feast fairly entitling St. Mary's to three more holidays, the Feast of St. Angela by general consent was transferred to Monday. The last of May and the first of June, the Bridal of Spring and Summer, represents also the radiant link between the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary, for this is the Month of the Sacred Heart: a fitting *fete day* for the Mother of happy St. Mary's.

At about eight o'clock in the morning, the young ladies invited Mother Provincial to the Study-Hall, where festival congratulations were presented by the various classes, and in return she gave to each, as they saluted her, a printed number with the Office of the "Guard of Honor to the Sacred Heart." The sentiment expressed on each was instructive and beautiful.

In the evening, after a sumptuous supper, all repaired to the Exhibition Hall, where the day was duly celebrated with addresses, music, plays and tableaux. The principal play was entitled "Ambition," and was designed to impress the deplorable effects of this passion when it masters the human heart. It was interspersed with many amusing incidents and beautiful tableaux. Several young ladies distinguished themselves by their excellent personation, and when all was over, Rev. Father Superior, of Notre Dame, on the part of Mother Angela, presented thanks to the young ladies for the pains they had taken to render her festival a happy one, and, in her name, gave them permission to disregard the usual hour for rising in the morning, and to sleep an hour longer, as also to enjoy recreation for the entire day.

THE SINGING DURING MAY.

St. Mary's has to congratulate itself upon the spirit and fervor of the singers who through the month just past have successfully competed with the joyful birds in honoring the season. The beautiful hymns appropriate to the time have been admirably sung, and the House of Loretto will retain the echoes as long as Memory shall remain mistress of her enchanted realm.

EXAMINATION AND EXHIBITION.

Reviews, Commencement-Day and Vacation, are the three absorbing topics of conversation, thought and effort. The diligent are becoming more diligent, and the slothful are arousing themselves, while every child is counting the days and hours to the moment when she shall see "the loved ones at home" and bid farewell to study for a few weeks.

ST. MARY'S, May 25th, 1868.