

Notre Dame Scholastic.

Devoted to the interests of the Students.

"LABOR OMNIA VINCIT."

VOLUME IV.

UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, JUNE 3, 1871.

NUMBER 20th

Subterranean Rome.

FATHER MULLOOLY'S DIGGINGS.

One of the notabilities of the Eternal City is the Reverend Joseph Mullooly, of the Order of Preachers, whose name has for some time past become a household word to all students of ecclesiastical antiquities, in consequence of his highly interesting discoveries beneath the modern basilica of St. Clement. Being myself rather fond of archaeological pursuits, I paid a visit to the Irish Dominican Monastery, of which establishment Father Mullooly is the superior, in order to see the artistic treasures which have been recently unearthed, after having lain buried and forgotten for nearly a thousand years. One of the brethren, attired in the habit of the order, which, from its color, led to its members being called "Black Friars," answered my knock at the gate, and bidding me pass through the modern Church of St. Clement, directed me to go up stairs, where I should be sure to find the Reverend Father Superior.

MEETING THE LEARNED FRIAR.

Up stairs I accordingly went, and found myself in a long corridor with whitewashed walls, adorned with a few portraits in oil. Not a soul was visible, however. I knocked at the door of every room or "cell," but got no response, and I was about to descend to the Church again, when I chanced to look through a window, when I saw in the grounds below a middle-aged friar busily engaged in directing the operations of some half-dozen sturdy laborers, who were wheeling barrows full of earth and rubbish up a plank. I at once jumped to the conclusion that this could be no other than the individual I was in search of, and, sure enough, I was not mistaken, for the Reverend Father, on ascertaining whom I wanted to see, replied in a rich Irish accent that he would join me in the corridor in an instant. He conducted me into his "cell," which contained ample evidence of its occupant being a zealous antiquary, as it was filled with a most miscellaneous collection of books and archaeological objects which were scattered about without the least regard for order. Extricating a chair from this confused mass, Father Mullooly invited me to sit down, and proceeded to give me a history of his researches in Subterranean Rome.

FATHER MULLOOLY'S NARRATIVE.

The Reverend Father promised that some knowledge of the history of St. Clement was necessary in order to be able to appreciate fully the value of the discoveries which he had been fortunate enough to make. Clement was the immediate successor of St. Peter in the See of Rome, but this opinion is contradicted by several fathers of the early Church as well as by the canon of the Mass; and ecclesiastical historians generally maintain that the prince of the apostles did actually ordain Clement to be the second Pope, but that the latter, either through humility or divine inspiration, did not accept the dignity until after the martyrdom of Linus and Cletus, the two immediate successors of St. Peter. Peter, Linus, Cletus, Clement, such is the order of the succession of the Popes, as asserted by the tra-

dition and offices of the Church; and, indeed, the authorities which assign to Clement the third place after St. Peter are so grave and satisfactory that little or no doubt can remain regarding it. Clement succeeded to the Roman See in the year 92 or 93, and governed it with great prudence and wisdom until A. D. 100, when by order of the cruel Emperor Trajan, he was thrown into the sea with an anchor fastened to his neck. History informs us that Clement, shortly after his conversion to Christianity, erected near his palace at the foot of the Cœlia Hill, an oratory which was replaced by a basilica of great size and magnificence, at the beginning of the fourth century. St. Jerome, in his catalogue of ecclesiastical writers, distinctly refers to this, for he says that "the name of Clement is kept up to this day by the Church in Rome raised to his memory." After the lapse of several centuries, however, probably about the year 896, when an earthquake visited Rome, this ancient basilica was abandoned and filled up with rubbish, and the modern Church built upon it whilst its walls were yet in a highly decorated state. In a word, the old building disappeared, and was so entirely forgotten that in spite of the industry of Roman archaeologists every record and tradition of it was referred to the comparatively modern Church erected on its ruins. This is by no means surprising, because the upper Church is simply a production of the old one, though on a somewhat smaller scale.

WHAT LED THE FRIAR TO DIG.

"I was led, nearly five-and-twenty years ago," remarked Father Mullooly, "to study the topography of this part of the city very carefully, and to inspect with great minuteness the marbles in the choir, and in 1848 I began to entertain strong suspicions that the church spoken of by St. Jerome, Pope Leo the Great, Symmachus, and Gregory the Great, could not be the same as that described by Ugoni, Rondinini, and other modern writers. I was just about to test the accuracy of my conjectures, when, unhappily, the revolution broke out, and I was compelled, with great reluctance, to abandon my plans; but at length in 1857 I commenced my subterranean researches by opening a passage through a chamber containing some remains of ancient walls, and thence through another, quadrangular and vaulted. Here I made an aperture in the wall. I caused a quantity of rubbish, to the depth of fourteen feet, to be removed, when I had the satisfaction of finding three columns standing erect, and some fragments of fresco paintings, representing the martyrdom of St. Catherine. From that time to the present I have been making excavations, but the works have sometimes had to be temporarily suspended owing to a want of funds. You will easily understand that the works are very expensive when I tell you that it was necessary to construct brick vaults and arches to support the modern church, and that more than 130,000 cartloads of rubbish had to be removed. If you will be good enough to come with me, I will show you over the ancient basilica of St. Clement."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Tricks of the Types.

From the *Lakeside Monthly*, which, we believe, hath gone the way of many other Magazines that began with great hopes, we take the following, which shows the awful trials of one who puts his trust in his chirography and proof readers.

A western critic wrote a report of one of the Nilsson concerts, and this is the result:

FACTS CONCERNING THAT CRITICISM.

I had been comparing Nilsson, among other impossible things, to musical instruments, which, if well made, are sure to give out harmony under all circumstances, in spite of themselves.

"Mlle. Nilsson is a magnificent insentiate creation. She evokes not melody of her own free will, but is played upon by a higher power than any of any mortal guidance. In this she affiliates to an unearthly Straduarus, or, mayhap, to some grand organ in the buildings of the New Jerusalem, whose dulcet keys are swept by the inspired fingers of an archangel."

That struck me as being as neat a thing as was ever ground out of a human noddle; and as I walked home I gloated over the dismay of the chaps connected with the "Corona," the "Asteroid," the "Comet," and the "Spectrum," when they should arrive at that particular paragraph.

I ate my breakfast next morning before looking at the paper. I wanted a cheerful topping-off to my meal, and I got it. If those impenitent and time-serving apostates in the composing and proof-readers' rooms had deliberately planned my eternal ruin, they could never have succeeded better. My beautiful images were knocked into the thinnest smithereens; and as for the lovely rhetoric, that was pulverized finer than any of Tyndall's atmospheric germs.

I stood it all with the grit of an honest citizen, until I reached my pet sentence.

One good square glance was enough. I arose sadly, walked out into the back yard, and drove my head into the water-tank. After soaking my dazed caput about ten minutes, I started back into the house to try it again. But it was no use. There lay the accursed sheet, its hideous abominations grinned at me in fiendish joy.

Most of you remember that paragraph. If you do not it is no fault of the wretched hirelings of the "Corona," "Asteroid," "Comet," or "Spectrum." The way they went for that article as a whole, and that one sentence as a specially toothsome tit-bit, was scandalous. For the benefit, however, of anyone who has not heard of that delicious fragment, or of the European war, I transcribe it as it read that morning in the boldest type of the *Meteor*—former circulation 100,000:

"Mlle. Nilsson is a munificent insensible creature, all tears. She enters not malady of her own free will, but is flayed upon by a buyer of flour. Than any of martial guidance, in that she is afflicted with an unearthly strabismus. Or, mayhap to some grand ourang in the boilings of the New Jerusalem, whose dulcet fringes are dirtily swept by an inspid archangel."

I strolled, in a frame of mind approximating to

what I imagine must be the reflections of a gentleman who is about to attend a select hanging party at which he is to be the principal performer, down to the office that afternoon.

I had gone but a short distance when I met Carp, the news editor. Said he, "I don't believe I would go to your business haunt this morning if I were you, sweet child!"

"And wherefore should I not do so, my brother?"

"Oh! go by all means!" was his comforting reply. "Strakosch is sitting on the fire-plug in front of the building, with a gun in his hand. His face weareth an air of melancholy, as though he was pensively awaiting the appearance of one who has done him grievous injury."

Carp is not a man of genius, but his judgment is singularly accurate. I flanked the front entrance to the office by sliding around another block, through an alley, and slid into the building by a rear door.

I then sent a man down to entice away the enemy. My messenger was a fellow of infinite resources; but it required all his genius to draw Strakosch off that fire-plug. The announcement of a row at the hotel among the amiable members of his troupe, and the information that Brignoli had smashed Vicuxtemp's fiddle, was what did the business.

"Donnerwetter unt plue plazes!" howled the poor manager, at this announcement, as he shot down the street, his gun trailing over his shoulder and his general *ensemble* being not unlike that of a lunatic private in Von Moltke's body-guard.

The exchanges began to come in in a few days, and I saw that my adorable article was not likely to be improved in its reprint phases. It was mutilated enough in the *Meteor* to shatter all my chances for extreme longevity, but the way it suffered in its foreign reproductions made me blush to call myself a man. And as if all this were not warm enough, the miserable paragraph was garbled into "Current Notes," and "Jottings," and "Pointed Items," and "Sunbeams," and made the subject of cold-blooded editorial paragraphs up and down this broad land.

"The *Meteor* outrageously affirms that the peerless Nilsson is cross-eyed."

"The would-be critic of a puny sheet in a neighboring bucolic retreat, calls the glorious Swedish songstress an 'insensible creature.'"

"We understand that Strakosch has sued the proprietors of the *Meteor* for libel, damages fixed at half a million, for having compared Mlle. Nilsson to a buyer of flour."

"No one but a malicious demon would ever think of applying the phrase 'insipid' to a cantatrice of Nilsson's genius."

"What the immaculate idiot of the *Meteor* meant in referring to 'the boilings of the New Jerusalem' in his comments upon Nilsson, we do not know; but it is evident that the blackest of malice was hiding behind that expression, and we hope to see the vile sheet made to answer for its ugliness to a judge and jury."

"The writer who can discover any affinity between the divine Nilsson and 'an insipid archangel,' must be a perspicuous ass."

Things arrived at such a stage at last that I approached and exchange paper as cautiously as Joe Jefferson's ideal dog "Snyder" must have nosed up to the Van Winkle family mansion when "der vile cat" was at home. And the men at our office did go for me shamefully, while, as I was soon pleasantly made aware, all my fellow scribblers on the other local journals installed me in their esteem as a healthy fool of remarkably extensive and symmetrical proportions.

The thing at last grew wearisome. My hair was assuming the sable-silvered tinge; my digestion grew capricious, my circulation feeble; my eyes began to "purge thick amber," my disposition to show signs of weakening on its well-known ami-

ability, my nails to loosen, and I felt badly besides. I was tired, and sent up my orisons for a change. But I never did have any luck in praying for change, as my pocket-book can dyspeptically testify.

The Solemn Pontifical High Mass and Laying of the Corner-stone of the Church of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart.

The religious ceremonies at Notre Dame on the 31st of May were unusually interesting and edifying. Our University has often been favored with many of the hierarchy of the United States at one time. Most of the readers of the SCHOLASTIC remember the imposing ceremonies of the 31st of May, 1866, when the Archbishop of Baltimore blessed the statue of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart, which is placed above the dome of the College.

The ceremonies on Wednesday, May 31st, were performed by the Most Rev. Archbishop Purcell, of Cincinnati, Rt. Rev. Bishop Luers, of Fort Wayne, Rt. Rev. Bishop Ryan of Buffalo, Rt. Rev. Bishop Toebe, of Covington, Rt. Rev. Bishop Borgess, of Detroit, and Rt. Rev. Bishop Mrak, of Marquette.

At six o'clock, A. M. Edward Lilly, S.S.C., was raised to the rank of Subdeacon in the Holy Catholic Church, by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Luers. This was the only ordination of the day, though we understand that Orders will be conferred on other young gentlemen in a short while.

At ten o'clock, A. M. Bishop Toebe administered the Sacrament of Confirmation to forty persons, some of whom were adults. At the conclusion of the ceremony, the Bishop addressed the confirmed in a few but earnest words of counsel.

After the Confirmation, Solemn Pontifical High Mass was sung. The sacred mysteries were celebrated by Rt. Rev. Augustine M. Toebe, Bishop of Covington, Kentucky, in the presence of the Most Rev. John B. Purcell, Archbishop of Cincinnati, Ohio, the Rt. Rev. John H. Luers, of Fort Wayne, Indiana, the Rt. Rev. Stephen V. Ryan, of Buffalo, New York, the Rt. Rev. Casper H. Borgess, of Detroit, Michigan, and the Rt. Rev. Ignatius Mrak, of Marquette, Michigan.

The Very Rev. Edward Hannin, Administrator of Cleveland, *sede vacante*, was the Assistant Priest; Rev. M. O'Reilly, of Valparaiso, Indiana, and Rev. E. B. Kilroy, of St. Mary's, Canada, were the Deacons of Honor; Rev. L. J. Letourneau, S.S.C., Deacon of the Mass, and Rev. D. J. Spillard, S.S.C., Subdeacon.

Rev. Dr. W. J. Quinn, S.S.C., was the Master of Ceremonies and filled his office to the satisfaction of everybody. He was assisted by Messrs. Bigelow, S.S.C., and Hudson, S.S.C.

We noticed in the stalls of the sanctuary a great number of old familiar faces and some quite new ones—but welcome. As far as we could learn the following is a list of the Rev. clergy who were in the choir:

Very Rev. E. Sorin, S.S.C., Rev. T. Quigley, of Danville, Ill.; Rev. T. Farrell, of Mendota, Ill.; Rev. P. Guilfoyle, Newport, Ky.; Rev. M. Howard, Galesburg, Ill.; Rev. J. Toohey, S.S.C., New Orleans; Rev. J. Ford, Notre Dame; Rev. D. Duchming, Avila, Ind.; Rev. J. Cappon, Niles, Mich.; Rev. T. O'Sullivan, Laporte, Ind.; Rev. A. Oechtering, Mishawaka, Ind.; Rev. J. Oechtering, Laporte, Ind.; Rev. P. Gillen, S.S.C., Lucerne, Iowa, Rev. J. M. J. Graham Cincinnati, Rev. V. Bonner, of Cincinnati Ohio.

Very Rev. W. Corby, S.S.C.; Rev. A. Granger, S.S.C.; Rev. A. Lemmonier, S.S.C., Rev. J. C. Carrier, S.S.C.; Rev. M. B. Brown, S.S.C.;

Rev. T. Vagnier, S.S.C.; Rev. T. Maher, S.S.C.; Rev. P. Lauth, S.S.C.; Rev. John Lauth, S.S.C. Rev. Jacob Lauth, S.S.C.; Rev. F. Demers, S.S.C.; Rev. F. Chemin.

The sermon was preached by the Right Rev. Dr. Ryan, Bishop of Buffalo. The Right Rev. Doctor was most happy in his sermon, dwelling on the devotion always exhibited at Notre Dame to the Immaculate Mother of God and especially shown to her as the mistress of the Heart of Jesus. It would be impossible to give a synopsis of this very eloquent sermon. It is sufficient to say that everybody was pleased and edified with the masterly manner in which he handled his subject—the love of Mary. We hope that he will again favor us with a sermon such as that which he preached last Wednesday.

The music sung during the ceremony of the Mass was Palestrina's *Missæ Brevis*. This is, we believe, the first time that one of the Masses of Palestrina has been sung in the West. It was sung by the choristers in very fine style and we know that the members of the St. Gregory's Society won a great meed of praise from all; first, on account of the fine manner in which they rendered the Mass; and then on account of their tasty and religious appearance around the altar of God.

What with the ministers in costly vestments, the Bishops in purple, the clergy in surplices and the members of the Sodality of the Holy Angels and of the St. Gregory's Society in red cassocks and cottas, the scene in the sanctuary was really grand. There were almost one hundred persons in the sanctuary in front of the altar at one time.

At three o'clock P. M. the Most Rev. Archbishop Purcell solemnly blessed the corner-stone of the new church of our Lady of the Sacred Heart. He was assisted by the Rev. Fathers O'Reilly, Kilroy, Letourneau and Spillard, The Right Rev. Bishops whom we have mentioned above assisted also at the ceremony as did all the Rev. Clergy—many of whom came from great distances to see this ceremony. Dr. Quinn, S. S. C., was the master of ceremonies assisted by Messrs. Bigelow, S. S. C., and Hudson, S. S. C.

A procession was formed in the old church, in the following order:

Acholyte	Cross-Bearer	Acholyte
Banner of the Holy Angels' Sodality		
Members of the Holy Angels' Sodality		
Banner of St. Gregory's Society		
Choristers, or members of the St. Gregory's Society		
Clergy		
The Rt. Rev. Bishops of Detroit, Marquette, Buffalo, Covington, and Fort Wayne		
Masters of Ceremony		
Deacons of Honor		
Deacon and Subdeacon.		
The Most Rev. Archbishop of Cincinnati		

In the above order the procession moved to the foundations of the new church, where with imposing ceremonies the corner-stone of the new church was laid. After the ceremony, the procession returned to the church, where His Grace the Most Rev. Archbishop preached a long and most eloquent sermon in that pleasing manner so natural to him. Everybody was pleased to hear this venerable prelate—who has seen so many years pass by while he has worked in the vineyard of the Lord, but who is still young, at eighty years in zeal and energy.

At the conclusion of the sermon, there was Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, at which His Grace officiated, after which all retired. E.

It is rude to refuse indiscriminately all sorts of praise: We ought to accept thankfully that which comes from good men, who praise sincerely what is really commendable.

Etchings of a Tableau Witnessed at St. Mary's Academy, on St. Angela's Day, 1871.

DEAR SCHOLASTIC:—Although with artful earnestness, you advise the reading public to take notice that you are *Devoted to the Interests of the Students* of Notre Dame, nevertheless your innate sense of gallantry betrays itself most cavalierly in your invariably closing your literary issues with a ladies' postscript, which, by the way, is always *au bon droit* the pith and quintessence of the story. I am simply pandering, therefore, to your sympathies in soliciting a small corner in your next for remarks on the *entertainment* afforded us, the *favoured few*, by the young lady pupils of the Academy—*remarks*, be it observed, suited to a small corner-notice, because made, as an Irishman would naïvely say, with the "corner of his eye."

And to begin with strict rhetorical precision, viz., by launching at once *in medias res* so as to hit the mark, I must declare that if the verdict of an unartistic judge avail aught, I hereby tender my delight at the thorough and joyful success of the choice and pleasurable programme of St. Angela's celebration. Of course as I am not an authorized reporter of the day's proceedings, I furnish no items of news, or points of accountableness. As an irresponsible looker-on, I can speak with frankness, and being somewhat cosmopolitan in my experiences, I may venture to pass a qualified opinion. To evade all jealous shoals of critique, I have made an open profession of my faith in the general proficiency of all the fair exhibitors.

The programme as it appeared in print presented a handsome and enjoyable repertoire, not differing in form perhaps from similar well-apportioned and artistic selections of a recherché style and elegance, but by an adroit and fitting intermingling of gracious felicitations, now to the ecclesiastical dignitaries present, and next to the esteemed Mother Superior, whose patron day was the subject of many a pretty theme, an air of pleasant *abandon* and variety was imparted to the scene. The several addresses in English, French and German were not alone pretty *bijoux* of ornamental finish and artistic appearance, but moreover presented in choice of expression and sentiment most happy allusions, and appropriate thought. I would like to particularize, out fear to become invidious; perhaps I will merit pardon, however, if I venture to notice the French address, owing to a slight and fortunate exceptional feature attached to it, that is, its recital by a young lady Miss Hattie Niel, who, while manifesting at times her non-Parisian origin, presented nevertheless a very satisfactory and laudable specimen of good French tuition. One was the high opinion entertained by all of the music both vocal and instrumental, offered for general enjoyment, that of well-merited encomium; here indeed I will not dare to select or compare, 'twere presumptive even for Angels to tread on such dangerous ground of criticism; one would like to say a word, but heaven forbid, here if ever comparisons are decidedly odious.

But the principal subject of watchful remark and special attention to the scrutinizing observer is, as is customary on such occasions, the rendering of some historical drama by young lady amateurs. With so many disadvantages to impede or even mar the chances of success want of all proper stage apparatus, and a certain lack of necessary excitement, it is difficult to hope for a suitable presentation, but despite unavoidable halts and obstacles, the play given at the Academy, recalling the important and noble memoirs of "Isabella of Castile," was, without doubt, a gratifying and well-executed performance. The scenes it revoked of gone by Spanish glory, the accurate personifications of famed historic characters, the zealous interest to preserve throughout distinctiveness of part and

corresponding acting, threw a peculiar attraction upon the various *Dramatis Personae*, and thereby rivetted attention notwithstanding the untheatrical appearance of the place.

'Twere scarcely credible that in the midst of so unpoetical a region as the toilsome, busy West, in the broad prairies of Indiana, a vision of truly Oriental romance could be called forth so readily, as to present even to the view of a connoisseur, a faithful delineation of a once exciting drama of chivalry and religious war. The tales of Moorish adventure, as told so graphically by Washington Irving in his "Conquest of Granada," came crowding fast upon our memory, at the sight of these would-be daughters of the Moslem, bearing proudly their fanciful turban and glittering crescent, and brandishing avengingly their Turkish dirk, muttering menacing words of implacable scorn against the ever hateful Giaour. For awhile you could fancy yourself witnessing a scene enacted in one of the famous Alhambra, where dark-eyed Pêris transformed by religious frenzy into cruel furies re-echoed the wrathful sentiments of their tyrant lords and instinctively breathed destruction and death on every Christian foe. Dreams of Byron's Giaour or the adventurous scenes from the Bride of Abydos floated rapidly before us, and with the apt personifications of Mahometan maidens, given in the beginning by Miss A. Borup and Miss J. Forbes, we felt transported once more to the land.

'Where the light wings of Zephyr oppressed with perfume,

Wax faint o'er the gardens of Gül in her bloom;
Where the citron and olive are fairest of fruit,
And the voice of the nightingale never is mute;
Where the tints of the earth and the hues of the sky,
In color though varied, in beauty may vie."

There too we recognized the familiar attendant of all oriental palace abodes in those turbulent times—the spy, so ingenuously portrayed by the quick-souled Miss Randall in her befitting Eastern attire; and who would not be pleased with the spirited representations of haughty Oriental Sultanas given by Miss L. Marshall and Miss C. Foote. Along with them, her Turkish attendants, Miss B. O'Neill and companions, one and all so truly characteristic in their imitations of the originals, seemed to bear our thoughts roaming through scenes of romance so artistically traced and marvelously depicted by the impassionate author of "Lalla Rookh;" and at the sound of Hinda's name, or the cry of the Arab's *Teebir*—"Alla Ackbar!" *God is mighty*, who would not awake to thoughts of Iran the blessed, Nourmahol vale of pomegranites, or perhaps tempted by a casual association of names, think of combining in fancy the verdure-clad banks of the South Bend river with the far-famed

"Bower of roses by Bend-emeer's stream,"
and say with the poet,

"That bower and its music I'll never forget."
And memory drawing from delight ere it dies
An essence that breathes of it many a year."

So will it be with the recollections scenes like these ever evoke.

But again the transformation from Moorish life and costumes to the stately pomp and grandeur of Spanish royalty, soon brought a change over the spirit of our dream. The court of Queen Isabella, presided over with appropriate dignity by the calm and elegant Miss N. Millard, presented an imposing spectacle. It was difficult for a moment to realize the fact of Republican or Democratic daughters of America donning so eagerly the *haut-ton* and majesty of European Queendom and lofty noblesse, but be it as you will, there could not be found in the ranks of aristocracy more imposing *Infantas* than Misses H. Niel, G. Hurst, M. Tuberty, and H. Tinsley; or again more exquisite court ladies than Donna Henrietta, Miss J. Hogue, Donna Maria, Miss A. Locke, Donna Mercedes, Miss A. Radin,

Donna Agnes, Miss A. Rhinehart, and Donna Francesca, Miss K. McMahon. The historical episode of Columbus' discovery of America, and its representative specimens gave a picturesqueness to the entire, while the crowning angel's appearance in the person of Miss M. Shanks at the grand throne scene, cast around a brilliancy of ancient Seigniorial grandeur, and made us feel the awe and reverence that breath around royalty. But enough of these impressions, or my etchings will leave few blanks to be filled up by the tints and shades of the inevitable *chiaro-oscuro*. If I were to look for a frame to complete this tableau, I would naturally choose, I *admiringly* admit, the variegated handiwork of the merry Juniors, it was a pretty, gilding and ornamental finish to the whole proceedings. Such scenes are always grateful to

Yours, SPECTATOR.

The Boat Race.

The long expected race between the "Pinta" and the "Santa Maria," took place on Wednesday, May 21st, in the evening about six o'clock. Promptly on time the boats left the boat-house on the south side of the lake with the judges on board, and were rowed to the places appointed for starting.

The crew of the "Pinta" is composed of the following students of the University:

First oarsman—R. Finley.
Second " —T. Dandon.
Third " —P. O'Connell.
Fourth " —J. McCormick.
Coxswain—M. Keeley.

The following is the crew of the "Santa Maria:"

First oarsman—W. C. Stillwagen.
Second " —H. Hulbert.
Third " —E. Sweeney.
Fourth " —J. Murphy.
Coxswain—J. A. Fox.

Rev. A. Lemonnier, Bro. Francis de Sales, Prof. Baasen, T. O'Mahony, and F. C. Bigelow were chosen as judges of the race. On account of the small room for training on the lake, it was agreed that the two boats should leave opposite points, rowing from one end of the lake and back again to the starting points. Father Lemonnier was stationed at the boat-house to give the signal for starting. Bro. Francis de Sales and Mr. T. O'Mahony stationed themselves at the west side, while Prof. Baasen and Mr. Bigelow occupied positions on the pier at the east side.

Father Lemonnier gave the signal for starting which were repeated by the Judges, and the boats started at full speed up and down the lake, fairly darting through the green waters of St. Joseph's Lake. Both crews were lustily cheered by their friends, and as the boats were each holding their own, the excitement was very great. The "Pinta" past the turning point but very little ahead of the "Santa Maria," and it appeared as though the race would be very close; as the "Pinta" passed the turning point the first oarsman changed places with coxswain, and came skimming along the water. When the crew of the "Santa Maria" perceived this change in position of the crew of the "Pinta," they ceased rowing in race and made their way to the boat-house, claiming that the "Pinta" lost the race. The "Pinta," however, reached the starting point, making the course in five minutes and twenty seconds. The decision has been reserved—on account of the action of the two crews—it will be made known when competent authority has passed judgment in the case.

The race was witnessed by a large number of persons, students and guests of the College. We noticed a number of purple soutans on the hills bordering the lake. The ladies were out in full force, and made the scenery around the lakes—always beautiful—to-day the least, charming.

The day was lovely, and just the right kind for boating. It is a pity that the race terminated as it did; however, it was introductory to the race of the 21st of June, when we may all expect some fine sport.

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

PUBLISHED AT

NOTRE DAME UNIVERSITY.

All communications should be sent to Editor SCHOLASTIC, Notre Dame P. O., Indiana.

TERMS:

One year..... \$1 00

Copies of the publication can be obtained at the Students' Office.

Letter from Rev. Father Champeau.

We were greatly rejoiced to receive the following letter from Father Champeau who was imprisoned by the communists:

"LE MANS, May 9, 1871.

"My dear Rev. Father: At last I have recovered my liberty. After being hidden in our own cellars, under or beneath the bombs of the two armies, which had suddenly blockaded Neuilly, I was made prisoner, with five Brothers, by the National Guards, and immured in the Conciergerie, together with a number of the Clergy, Regular and Secular, of Paris. Our Father Le Cointe (the Director of Studies) being then hidden in the cellar of an adjoining establishment, they seized with me but Bros. Gregory, Bernard, Heliodore, Mary-David, and Ernest; the other Rev. Fathers had not yet returned from the Provinces, although we had already commenced to receive our old boarders. We were about fifteen days in prison, each one in a cell—without knowing why, without seeing a judge, but free from every other violence. We were liberated by the influence of some of our Republican personal friends, and especially by one of our own lay-Professors.

"Neuilly is half destroyed by the projectiles of the two armies, and our house is seriously damaged from the top—but we know not what may become of it when the assault takes place."

The Thirty-First.

The presence of six Prelates of the Church, and a great number of clergy, give a distinguished tone to the festival of the 31st of May.

The occasion of the festival was the closing of the devotions the month of May, the commemoration of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart, and the laying of the corner-stone of the new church.

Special reports will be found in this number of the SCHOLASTIC, to which we call the attention of our readers; we may be allowed to add a few words.

The day could not have been more beautiful; though the weather was warm, a breeze that penetrated everywhere rendered it pleasant so long as one did not exercise with too much vigor.

In the morning, at ten o'clock, everything was ready, and all the clergy and attendants were in the sacristy. The procession to the sanctuary was a pleasing sight. It was formed of the members of the St. Gregory Society, or choristers, in cassock and surplice, proceeding first, the crowd of acolytes following, also in cassock and surplice, then the clergy, to whom succeeded the bishops and archbishop, and finally the celebrant, Rt. Rev. Bishop Toebe, accompanied by the ministers of a Pontifical Mass.

The Mass, in harmonized Gregorian, was well executed by the choristers, and was admitted by all, especially of the bishops and clergy, whose idea of church music were tolerably well realized in the chant of some fifty male voices—soprano, alto, tenor, and bass.

The sermon of Rt. Rev. Bishop Ryan was such as we expected from him: we would like to have a full report of it to present to our readers, though

we know it would lose much of its strength and beauty when not accompanied by the winning, sympathizing, persuasive voice of the Bishop.

After Mass the students partook of dinner; then the invited guests.

We think hospitality a good thing, and having so frequently experienced it from others our hearts warm to all who come to Notre Dame, and we feel assured that all belonging to the establishment endeavor to do their utmost for the comfort and well-being of guests. Yet we think that in such a great concourse of people as that on the 31st a certain order should be preserved not only for the protection of the College property from "bummers" who intrude, but also to secure more comfort and enjoyment to our friends whom we invite and who do us the honor to come, many from a distance, to add to the *clat*, the pomp and ceremony of religious festivals, or to encourage students and professors by their presence at our College exercises.

We hear, therefore, with pleasure that the authorities of the College have determined to adopt a plan that will, we hope, prevent our halls from being filled by persons, who may be worthy persons in their proper place, but who take up the space in the halls to the exclusion of the friends who have been specially invited.

Our friends are hereby requested to preserve with care the tickets which will be enclosed in the invitations sent them for the coming Commencement day, the 21st of June. They will readily understand that the presentation of these tickets at the door is not so much to admit them as it is to exclude those who have not tickets. In case a ticket should be lost, the loser should apply to Bro. Edward, at the General Office.

At about three P. M. the corner-stone was laid with the full ceremonial of the Roman Pontifical.

Here again the scene was grand, especially when the Most Rev. Archbishop, having intoned the opening *Kyrie Eleison* of the Litany of the Saints, all fell on their knees—bishops, priests, and people,—and in two choirs uttered that almost inspired prayer of supplication which manifests so wonderfully the Catholicity of the Church—the Church militant of earth, still struggling, still striving against perils and dangers, calling on the Church Triumphant in heaven, calling upon all the members of that glorious portion of the Church, and addressing many of them by name.

We may here be allowed to say, not by way of criticism on what is past, but as a remark that may be profited by in the future, that on such occasions when large crowds are brought together, not only should the programme of the different things to be done be well determined on in all their details beforehand, but the programme should be printed, and not only plentifully distributed through the crowd, but also pasted up in three or four conspicuous places.

Ordination.

The evidences of a vocation to the service of God in the priesthood are frequently disregarded by young men, who have not the courage to take up the yoke and burden which they consider bitter and heavy, though One, who is Truth, has declared the former sweet and the latter light and easy. It is a sight to bring tears to the eyes of friends and to make even angels weep, to see young men who were destined by God to do great things for Him on earth, deceived by the glamour of pleasure, refusing to accept the high destiny which was to be theirs, and lavishing the gifts of God upon unworthy objects—to see them imitating foolish Esau, and selling their birthright for a mess of pottage.

It is in like measure a sight to bring joy to men and angels, to see a young man, especially in this country, with particular talents of the highest order,

overcoming obstacles not only from within, but also from without, and resolutely, steadfastly keeping his eye on the goal, pressing forward to it, never allowing himself to be turned to the right or to the left. And pleasanter still it is to see him attain the object of his desires. This pleasure was given to us, and to his many friends, by Mr. Edward Lilly, well known to all, who know anything of Notre Dame, for his excellent musical talent, and who has been for some time past, Director of the College Band. He was ordained subdeacon, on the morning of the 31st, by Rt. Rev. John H. Luers, D. D., Bishop of Fort Wayne. May this first step be soon succeeded by the others which will open to him a life of still greater usefulness, and may our Lady of the Sacred Heart, on whose glorious festival he received the first of the Sacred Orders, obtain for him the grace of being a worthy priest of her Divine Son.

Prizes.

If premiums *must* be given to stir up emulation among the younger students, do, for the sake of good taste, let the books be good ones, and few. We are in favor of rewarding the most deserving; but we do not think the giving of a book to every body for some reason or other is according to the eternal fitness of things; and to pile book upon book, to be carried home by some student more successful than his mates in several classes, is not in good taste. Of course we do not criticise what has been done, in years gone by, nor do we claim to regulate matters this year; but we would submit that premiums and medals amount to very little and fall much further below par than the most ragged paper currency, when everybody gets a premium, or when the only distinguished student is some inveterate idler who may escape the infliction of a book at the end of the year after undergoing a course of detention-room-exercises for the past two terms. Premiums, when thus profusely awarded, become as common, and as of as little meaning, as the title of Doctor.

Again, to the really deserving student; to the one that stands first in all his classes, and in all the studies of his course, is it not much better to present him with one valuable book than to load him with a number of comparatively useless ones?

So great has been the rush of affairs since our return, and the pressure of preparation for the festival of the 31st of May, that we have not had time to acknowledge the kindness that was shown to us, and hospitality extended so generously to us by our friends whom we met in the course of our late trip through a part of the great Northwest. We now thank them for the courteous reception they gave us, and though we cannot name them all on paper, their names are engraved on the tablets of our heart.

We were gladdened by the presence in our sanctum of several of our old friends, who took occasion to drop in while at the College for the festival.

REV. FATHER GUILFOYLE showed his appreciation of the AVE MARIA in a most generous manner. Long may he be spared to continue the good works he has so successfully commenced.

We had almost given up all hope of seeing Rev. Father O'Sullivan at the festival as he had not put in an appearance the evening before the day, but early in the morning he arrived with a delegation of his acolytes. We hope the youngsters enjoyed themselves. What with looking after them and getting them a view of all that could be seen, Father O'Sullivan, we fear, lessened his opportunities of spending some hours in pleasant chat with old college friends—and he likes to chat with old college friends; who doesn't?—after the religious ceremonies of the day. Make up for it next 21st!

THE ever welcome countenance of Rev. Father Eustace beamed upon us, and made several hours pass pleasantly away. We are happy to count him, as well as Rev. Father Guilfoyle, among the life subscribers to the *AVE MARIA*. We hope to see him again on the 21st.

A TRIP to Europe, an escape from France and a prolonged tour through Ireland, have contributed vastly to the good health of our *Canadian* friend, the Rev. Father Kilroy. We rejoice in this, and prayerfully hope that he may have many years to enjoy the bitter cold and burning heats of his Northern Parish.

Tables of Honor.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

May 26.—J. D. McCormack, W. Roberts, J. Wilson, J. Shannahan, J. Zahm, J. Sterling, J. E. Hogan, W. Stillwagen, M. S. Atkins, F. Healy.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

May 26.—J. Goodhue, H. Quan, M. Moriarty, J. Ireland, E. Newton, J. Buehler, T. Selby, H. Ackhoff, F. Livingston, F. Joseph, T. Stubbs.

M. A. J. B., Sec.

Book Notices.

AMERICAN COLLEGES AND THE AMERICAN PUBLIC. By Noah Porter, D.D. New Haven: Charles C. Chatfield & Co., Publishers. 1870.

In a previous number of the *Notre Dame SCHOLASTIC*, we referred briefly to this work as "a handsome volume on a great subject." We have since examined the book carefully and find that its typographical beauty is far surpassed by the beauty of the thought which it embodies, and that the "great subject" is treated in a masterly manner by one well qualified to handle judiciously the important questions involved.

The author starts out with an "Historical and Introductory" paper, in which he traces the rise and progress of that vague mistrust of collegiate education now largely manifested, and reviews the various experiments made, in obedience to public sentiment, in new methods of college study; from the failure of which, generally, he deduces the conclusion that these innovations upon the traditional system of college education were injudicious.

This is followed by a special inquiry into the studies of the American colleges. In this paper the author maintains the superiority of classical studies (Latin and Greek) over all others as means of intellectual development and refinement, and supports his views by examples showing that in proportion as these studies are neglected, so does college education fail to attain its highest and legitimate success.

In the next paper, the propriety and necessity of having a fixed curriculum or course of studies, is insisted upon in opposition to the "elective system," so extensively introduced within the last few years.

The next question discussed is the method of giving instruction, in which the author argues in favor of the use of text-books in preference to the lecture system, at least until the student has attained a sufficient degree of mental development, by previous class drill, to be capable of profiting by instructions given in lecture form.

Another paper is here introduced, and may be considered as supplementary to the preceding, on the importance and best means of enforcing fidelity to study on the part of the student.

Then follows an inquiry into the evils of the "college system" and their remedies. In this the author displays a thorough acquaintance with the workings of a college, and makes valuable suggestions which, if followed out judiciously, would reduce the evils of college life to a minimum.

Having disposed of these general topics, the author takes up the more special questions connected with colleges, examining those features of college life which have been most generally criticised. These are, "The Common Life of the College;" the "Dormitory System;" the "Class System;" "Laws and Supervision;" the "Religious Character of Colleges;" the "Guardianship and Control of Colleges." This inquiry is followed by another into the "Relations of Colleges to one another;" the "Relation of Colleges to Schools of Science;" "Educational Progress and Reform."

Throughout this work, Dr. Porter has conducted his inquiry with that calm and dignified logic which ever characterizes the writings of a man who is thoroughly acquainted with his subject, and is at the same time conscious of his power to express his views clearly and forcibly. His book is generally free from expressions of an offensive nature, though we regret to say that he has allowed himself, inadvertently we trust, to make one or two assertions, prompted by early prejudices which his more mature studies have not been able to stifle entirely. We will note but one of these, which appears to us the most objectionable.

On page 198 he says: "One class of critic contend for the constant and minute supervision of a Jesuit Seminary, every rule and provision of which is founded on suspicion and distrust." It is not a little surprising that Dr. Porter, who, in the very same book in which he makes this assertion, gives ample evidence of broad and generous views, with no ordinary appreciation of motives and special purposes, should be unable to find a more noble and justifiable reason for that "constant and minute supervision of a Jesuit Seminary" than "suspicion and distrust."

However, we are not of those who would condemn a man for one fault, when he is otherwise deserving of praise, and hence we do not hesitate to recommend Dr. Porter's book on American Colleges and the American Public, as a work of high merit and utility, which cannot be read by anyone without profit, and which ought to be read by all interested in the cause of education; for, whether or not one agrees fully with him in all particulars, his book will unquestionably furnish much useful information, and many valuable suggestions which may be turned to good advantage, even by those who maintain or hold different views.

THE *Musical Times* for June contains, besides the usual amount of reading matter about music and musicians, a Romanza for Cornet, Flute or Violin and Piano, by Renzi. Published bi-monthly, by G. W. Stratton, 375 Washington St., Boston.

The Evening of the Thirty-First.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC ENTERTAINMENT BY THE STUDENTS OF NOTRE DAME, IN HONOR OF OUR DISTINGUISHED GUESTS.

The long religious ceremonies incident to the blessing of the corner-stone of the new church of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart, an account of which is to be given by one well qualified for such a task, were finally over, and we were soon practically informed that pleasure and amusement of a proper character, are by no means inconsistent with the highest development of the religious spirit.

During the morning and a great part of the afternoon, we had seen our venerable and venerated Prelates, and a large number of our most esteemed Rev. friends of the clergy, in all the solemn dignity of their sacred calling, while performing the sacred rites of religion; we had listened to the words of truth and piety as they came from the lips of the Right Rev. Dr. Ryan, Bishop of Buffalo, and later, from those of His Grace the Most Rev. J. B. Purcell, D.D., Archbishop of

Cincinnati, our souls were hushed into silent worship by all that we saw and heard, but now we are to be gladdened by seeing those same apostolic men whose earnestness and recollection exerted such an influence upon us, smiling delightedly upon the efforts of our youthful entertainers, and even condescending to applaud the success which attended these efforts.

The heat, which during the day had been very great, had moderated considerably, and at half past seven we found ourselves in Washington Hall listening to the excellent music executed by the Band and Orchestra as a prelude to the exercises of the evening. While the members of the Orchestra are tuning their violins and other instruments, permit me to introduce you, kind reader, to as many of our guests as time will permit.

That gentleman who occupies the center seat, as guest of the evening, whose fatherly countenance throws a veil over his dignity, and to whom, though an entire stranger, if you were suddenly called to a post of danger, you would unhesitatingly hand your purse, saying: "Please, sir, keep this for me till I return—never mind a receipt." That gentleman is His Grace, the Most Rev. Archbishop of Cincinnati. On the right you observe a modest, retiring gentleman whose very countenance says: "Oh, keep honors and dignities for others, only let me work quietly and I will never grow weary or complain." That gentleman is His Lordship, the Right Rev. Bishop of Marquette, the earnest, silent worker, who bears rather than wears his dignity, and never uses it but to attain a good which would be unattainable otherwise.

You have no doubt already remarked that other gentleman with the good-natured face who has a pleasant word and a smile for everyone within conversing distance. In this gentleman you see His Lordship, the Right Rev. Bishop of Fort Wayne, whose genial and condescending manner renders his visits to Notre Dame not only a great honor, as they would be in any case, but also a great pleasure and delight to every inmate of the institution. Close to His Lordship of Fort Wayne you notice another noble and good natured face—just such a face as you would confidently look to for sympathy in all your joys and sorrows, victories and defeats. Yes, such a face as belongs only to one whose benevolence is universal—who can kneel and weep beside the dying criminal, or rejoice with a child who has succeeded in some childish enterprise. The owner of that benevolent face is His Lordship, the Right Rev. Bishop of Covington. You see that gentleman a little to the left of His Lordship of Covington; his face expressive of calm dignity accompanied by a touch of humor, and on his brow you plainly read "justice tempered with benevolence"—such a countenance indeed as you would look for in a man who *can* be severe, but never cruel, and who greatly prefers to rule by kindness yet can use the rod if occasion require it, or when forbearance ceases to be a kindness. That gentleman is his Lordship, the Right Rev. Bishop of Detroit. Next to him you observe a gentleman whose features tell that it is the mind which sustains the body and that the physical form is controlled and kept active more by a determined will than by its own vital force—such a face belongs exclusively to the martyr of charity—the one who can say: "I have devoted my life and my energies to a great and noble cause and I shall not rest while the breath of life remains." That gentleman is the Right Rev. Bishop of Buffalo. That other gentleman, whose erect, wiry frame indicates no ordinary energy, and whose finely marked features plainly say: "I must have work, I cannot stand by, looking on;" is the Very Rev. Father Hannin, Administrator *ad interim*, of the diocese of Cleveland.

I fear we must hasten a little, as the Orchestra will soon be ready, so taking for granted that you already know the Rev. Fathers of Notre Dame, I shall simply present you to our Rev. guests as we

walk rapidly along. First let me introduce you to Rev. Father Cappon the good-natured, unassuming pastor of Niles, Michigan. Rev. Father Graham of Cincinnati, the modest man of letters, whose delightful writings you have no doubt read, without knowing to whom you were indebted for the pleasure which they afforded. Rev. Father Kilroy, of St. Mary's Can., whom you have seen at every commencement at Notre Dame for the last twenty-six years, and whose affability so much delighted you. Rev. A. B. Oechtering, of Mishawaka, whose earnest labors are equalled only by his unbounded good humor and sprightly wit. Rev. Father Eustace, of Lockport, Ill., so widely known for his zeal and benevolence. Rev. Father O'Reilly, of Valparaiso, Ind., the energetic worker who sees the great importance of early education as a means of forming good Christians and good citizens, and devotes his time and abilities to the glorious cause. Rev. Father Howard, of Galesburg, Ill., the practical worker, who can give as good advice to his people in their temporal as in their spiritual affairs. Rev. Father Bonner, of Cincinnati, the genial gentleman who takes a broad view of all things, and is peculiarly adapted to lead his people to virtue more by encouragement than by severity. Rev. Father J. Oechtering, of Laporte, Ind., the careful student whose conversation is calculated to instruct, elevate and improve. Rev. Father O'Sullivan, B. D., whose sound and solid teaching brings conviction, while his sprightly wit delights you. Rev. Father O'Farrell, of Mendota, Ill., the generous, hospitable priest who will at any time make you feel perfectly at home in his house after you have been there five minutes. Rev. Father Quigley, of Danville Ill., the generous minded priest, who can be sociable or even familiar without losing a particle of his proper dignity. Rev. Father Guilfoyle, of Newport, Ky., so widely known for his labors in the cause of education; whose thoughts are evidently always occupied with God and the good of his people. Rev. Father Duchmig of Avilla, Ind., the pastor missionary who not only attends sufficiently to the wants of his immediate parishioners, but also carries the truths and consolations of religion to the people of several small places where, as yet, there is no resident pastor. Rev. Father Toohey, S.S.C., Assistant Superior of the House of the Congregation of the Holy Cross in New Orleans.

I should be glad to introduce you also to our many esteemed lay friends from South Bend, Mishawaka, Laporte, Chicago, St. Louis and other places, but the Orchestra have actually begun their performance, so we must, of course, take our seats in silence and give our attention to the music and afterwards to the general details of the evening; permit me, then, to note down for your future remembrance the following particulars.

The Band had already done its part nobly, and the Orchestra displayed a skill and taste which might well surprise anyone not acquainted with the musical abilities of Notre Dame. The curtain then arose to the sound of the little signal bell, and revealed to us a noble band of vocalists, numbering about sixty, thoroughly drilled by Professor M. T. Corby, A. M. They remained quietly seated, while Mr. David Wile, of Laporte, a former student of Notre Dame, and who, though a visitor this evening, cheerfully acceded to the request of Prof. Corby, to preside at the piano, executed a beautiful introduction to the vocal display which was to follow. After this introduction our sixty vocalists arose and rendered with telling effect the opening chorus of the Cantata (The Pic Nic). Then followed a beautiful solo, "Merrily over the Waters," by Master Alfred Filson, of Grand Rapids, Michigan. Master Filson has received from nature a magnificent soprano voice which, with proper care and cultivation, will undoubtedly rival that of our most celebrated singers. The natural development of this voice should be into

a high, clear-timbred tenor. This solo was followed by another chorus, given with equal effect as the first; indeed the six choruses which occur in this Cantata were very well rendered. The solo and chorus, "Under Shady Boughs," in which Master Robert Staley took the solo, were also very fine. Master Staley's naturally good and well trained voice is already familiar to all who have attended the entertainments given at Notre Dame for some time past. The duet "Lily Bells and Roses," by Masters G. Riopelle and V. Hackmann, was listened to with real pleasure by all. Master Riopelle possesses a rich, high tenor, which, though well cultivated, requires a little more confidence on his part to bring it out in all its fullness. Master Hackmann's voice, although not yet entirely set after the period of change, is rapidly approaching, under judicious culture, to what it was some two or three years ago, when his singing was truly delightful. This young gentleman's best effort during the evening was in the solo part of a "A jolly good hearty Laugh." The trio, "Over cool and Velvet Mosses," by R. Staley, A. Filson, J. Rumely, and T. Foley, was highly appreciated; and the duet, "Sunshine after Rain," by Masters Staley and Filson, the acknowledged star soprano of the College, was delightful. The trio, "Ye Mountain Lands Farewell," by Masters Stillwagen, Riopelle, C. Hutchings, Mitchell, and Hackmann, was rendered in quite a satisfactory manner. Indeed, the Cantata was a decided success, and, beyond all question, the best vocal display given at Notre Dame.

At the close of the Cantata, Mr. T. O'Mahony came forward and read a welcome address from the Students to our venerated and esteemed guests. The sentiment of this address was both delicate and lofty, the style simple and appropriate, and the reading manly, yet the tone of voice was not sufficiently deferential, considering the dignity of those to whom it was specially directed.

After the address, Prof. Corby, whose abilities as a vocalist had been in a measure reflected by the successful efforts of his pupils, came forward and gave a practical illustration of the beautiful effects which may be attained in the vocal art, by judicious culture. His rendering of a tasteful selection from the Italian opera, in which occurred several difficult runs, roudades, and chromatic passages, was certainly a feat in vocal gymnastics never equalled at Notre Dame, and scarcely, if at all, inferior to the efforts of our best professional singers. The Professor retired after this piece, but was not allowed much time to rest. In response to a loud and prolonged encore, he reappeared and gave a beautiful ballad, displaying a new variety of vocal powers which did not come into play in the first piece. I should expose myself to the charge of flattery were I to express fully my appreciation of Prof. Corby's singing, yet I cannot refrain from mentioning one victory in this delightful art seldom attained by a tenor voice, it was the trill, which the Professor executed with perfect facility in a variety of pitch, and in both *crescendo* and *diminuendo* passages. This one success alone is a sufficient evidence of the complete control of the vocal apparatus attained by Prof. Corby. During these two songs, Master V. Hackmann presided at the piano with that exquisite taste for which he is so remarkable.

When the Professor had concluded his second song, Master C. Dodge appeared and read an address from the St. Cecilia Philomathean Association, followed by the prologue to the play. The prologue was very fine and well read. The address was also very well read, but we take the liberty to give it as our opinion that a great portion of its matter was out of place for the occasion. We like to hear a good sermon or listen to a moral essay, at a proper time and in a proper place, but we do not go to an entertainment to listen to a metaphysical discussion or a controversial sermon.

We say this much without any intention of casting blame upon the young gentleman who certainly did his part in the affair very creditably.

After the address and prologue, the Band and Orchestra executed some excellent pieces which filled up very agreeably the time occupied in setting the scenes and making other necessary preparations for the play. The curtain then arose and the enterprising Philomathians brought out the "White Knight" in good style. As the cast of characters with an analysis of the play has already appeared in the SCHOLASTIC, I refrain from repeating these particulars here. The leading characters were personated by Masters Staley, Hackmann, Roth, McHugh and Ashton. The secondary parts were presented by Masters C. Hutchings, Dodge, Ortmyer, Foley and Scott. The less prominent parts, which, however, were just as important as the others to the success of the play, and scarcely less difficult, were well taken by the young gentlemen named in the cast of characters given in last number. Those who presented the leading and secondary characters manifested a keen perception of their respective parts, and a facility in rendering them with precision and truth, really wonderful in persons so young. Where all did so very well, it would be difficult as it is unnecessary to particularize and point out slight shades of difference, so we will make no further observations on the acting.

The following "synopsis of the scenes" will serve to recall the plot of the drama, and at the same time indicate the order in which the vocal and instrumental parts followed one another during the progress of the play.

ACT 1—Scotch farm house. Meeting of mountaineers to celebrate the baptism of farmer Dickson's son. Obstacles in the way. Arrival of George. He will be the Godfather. The story of his adventures. Superstitious credulity of the mountaineers. The ballad of the White Knight. Fidelity of the tenants of Avenel. A message from the White Knight. Consternation of Dickson. George will meet the phantom in his stead.

During this Act the following music is sung:—1 Mountaineer's chorus—"Assemble"—full chorus. 2 Solo—"Ah what delight a soldier knows"—R. Staley. 3. Duet—ballad "See yonder tower"—C. Hutchings, A. Filson. 4 Chorus—from Cantata—Brass Band.

ACT 2.—Castle of Avenel. Malcolm's longing for the return of Julian, Heir of Avenel. Donald, the orphan, relates the story of his absence, and hopes for the return of Julian, whose inheritance he must save from an unjust spoiler. He relies on Dickson, whom he expects at midnight. Steward Gaveston's calculations to buy the Castle of Avenel. Midnight arrival. George appears in the Castle. Gaveston's jestings concerning the White Knight. Apparition. Pledge given by George. Gaveston no wiser. Sale of the Estate of Avenel. George outbids Gaveston. Joy of the farmers. Discomfiture of Gaveston.

Music by the N. D. U. Cornet Band.

Music—Martha—(Flotow),.....Orchestra.

During Act II the following music will be sung:—1. Solo—"I am old and very lonely"—J. McHugh. 2. Solo—"Come gentle Knight."—R. Staley. 3. Duet—"O sweet hope."—V. Hackmann, R. Staley.

ACT III.—The gothic hall. Donald and Malcolm, mutual joy. The disappearance of the statue. Congratulation of the farmers to their new master. George's recollection freshened. Gaveston and George interviewing each other. Judge McIrton's important news of Julian's return. Malcolm finds the statue of the White Knight, which is a foreboding of Julian's return. George's disinterestedness. George must pay for the purchase or go to jail. Appearance of the White Knight. George found to be Julian himself. Joy of Avenel's tenants.

During Act III the following music will be sung:— "Long Life"—Solo and Chorus. R. Staley and full chorus. D. Wile, piano accompaniment.

Epilogue,.....R. Staley.
March for retiring,.....N. D. U. Cornet Band.

The following pieces will be performed by the Notre Dame University Cornet Band during the evening:

Overture—"Montecchi Capuletti"—(V. Bellini).—
Quickstep—"Bobbin' 'Round"—"Tyrolenne." Pollack

—"Would I were a boy again." Notre Dame Quick-step. Firefly Waltz. "Mocking bird." Natalie Waltz. Schutzen March.

It will be unnecessary to say that the singing was well done, if we remember that those who sang during the play are members of the vocal classes, and were of the number of those who rendered the Cantata so delightfully.

At the close of the play, Master R. Staley spoke the epilogue in good style; the Band struck up a lively march and all retired delighted by the performance, though somewhat weary in consequence of its great length. It would indeed be difficult to say which part of the entertainment we would be willing to have omitted, yet some portion should have been omitted, especially as the ceremonies of the day had been quite fatiguing, and a short entertainment would have been far more acceptable. We sincerely hope that the patience of the audience may not be exposed to so severe a trial in future—too much enjoyment is as wearisome as too much labor.

The play itself was an excellent one; of a high moral tone and very interesting. If it was not fully appreciated on this evening, the fact was due to the lateness of the hour and the exhausting heat; not to any lack of interest in the play itself or to any deficiency in the rendering. We would be glad to witness the same under more favorable circumstances.

Our notice, though already long, would still be incomplete without a word about the scenery. The entire scenery for the play was the finest beyond comparison that we have yet seen in Washington Hall, and the audience, I am sure, felt indebted to Prof. VonWeller, to whose artistic taste and skill those beautiful scenes, which added so much to the play itself, are due.

Rev. Father Lemonnier, of course, who, as Director of Studies, has the general supervision of all public exhibitions, deserves the highest praise for the excellent taste displayed in the entertainment, whose tone throughout was of a high and refined character. We hail with pleasure this evidence of real improvement in this respect.

Prof. Lyons' interest in the St. Cecilians and his efforts to bring them as near perfection as possible on all occasions are so well known that a compliment to him, though richly deserved, would be superfluous.

All things considered, the 31st was a day of real pleasure, and the evening entertainment a remarkable success, notwithstanding the inconvenience already mentioned of its great length. All those who took parts in it deserve very high commendation and may feel satisfied that they won the admiration of the large, appreciative audience who witnessed their performances on the occasion. The students also who were unoccupied during the evening deserve commendation for their excellent behavior and their politeness in resigning their places to lady visitors and taking inferior accommodations themselves on the gallery. All in fine have reason to congratulate themselves on the orderly, pleasant, and successful manner in which the evening passed. "M."

No report has been sent us from St. Mary's this week. The reason, we presume, is that both teachers and pupils are busily engaged in important duties.

We give, however, an account of the celebration of the 31st at St. Mary's, written by one present.

THE side entrance to Washington Hall, from the Seniors' recreation ground, is a great accommodation. It should be borne in mind that the platform out side the door is not a good place from which to see the stage. "Keep off the Platform!"

Rehearsals.

We were invited by the Rev. Director, and Professor Lyons to attend the rehearsals of the Play and Cantata, and we enjoyed ourself and the rehearsals a great deal. We enjoyed ourself in recalling some of the old plays that were rehearsed on the same boards years ago; and picturing to ourselves the *Dramatis personae* of the grand tragedies of the "Iron Chest," "Columbus," and others. And while the Nash and Charley Hutchings and Filson stood boldly to the front, and Reub with his slouched hat seemed more occupied in holding up the wing against which he carelessly leaned, to our mind's eye there appeared Chamberlain and Runnion and Solomon, who again were superseded by students of later years.

We enjoyed the rehearsal, too, for through all the apparent want of order, the missing of parts, the failure of some in getting the catch word, the comical scenes not down on the programme, and the by play that wasn't to be reproduced before the general public, we could perceive the spirit of genuine order, and the enthusiasm of the real player.

Bathing.

In this warm weather every one seems to be drawn towards the cool waters of the lake, and to plunge into the limpid bath which nature offers gratuitously.

Towards evening the bathers disport themselves in the northern lake, and no doubt, add much to the enjoyment of a good night's rest by their aquatic exercises. Care should be taken, however, not to bathe too often, as that would weaken the body; and all should avoid the water of the lake in the middle of the day, for they would not only run the risk of being brought up standing by the College authorities, but would also expose themselves to sickness, and would most probably not feel well besides.

WE met a party of civil engineers on our secluded walk, and were happy to be informed that they were "leveling the lake." Prof. Ivers has every reason to be satisfied with the labors of his class, and though we have not yet seen the result of their peregrinations around the territory of Notre Dame and the adjacent country, we do not doubt that there are many drafts to be enjoyed on sight by the examiners during the approaching examination.

THE change made in front of the stage, which gives spacious room both to the Orchestra and Band, is greatly to be commended. We believe it is due to the exertions of the Rev. Director of Studies, who frequently expressed his regret that the instrumental music had not, in our exhibitions, all the accommodations due its excellence.

THE Annual Commencement will take place on Wednesday, the 21st of June, at the College, and on the following day, Thursday, the 22d, at St. Mary's. The Exercises at the College will begin at 8½ A. M.

Next week a complete programme of the Exercises will be given.

A CAPITAL story used to be told of the late David Roberts. An art critic, who was his personal friend, published a sharp attack upon certain pictures of his just exhibited.

"My dear Roberts," wrote the critic in a private letter, "you may have seen my remarks on your pictures. I hope they will make no difference in our friendship. Yours, etc., —"

"My dear —," wrote the painter in reply, "the next time I meet you I shall pull your nose. I hope it will make no difference in our friendship. Yours, etc., D. Roberts."

A Fish.

As we passed on our way to our sanctum we met a friend of ours who was triumphantly carrying a curious fish; of him we asked a description, which he kindly sent, and we consider it a matter of record, not only for the benefit of the present dwellers in Notre Dame who like to fish, and who might be frightened out of their wits, were they to draw up such an animal without previous notice of the probability of their doing so, but also for those who may years hence fish in the same waters. The description runneth thus:

Div.—Vertebrata. Cl.—Pisces. Ord.—Abdom. Malacopterygii. Fam.—Sauridae. Gen.—*Lepidosteus*. Spec.—*Leptorhynchus*, Grd. Synonym.—*L. Oxyurus*.

Etymology—*Lepis*, scale; *osteon*, bone. *Leptos*, slender; *rhynchus*, snout.

Com. Name: English.—Gar-Pike. French.—*Orphie-brochet*. German.—*Hecht*. Italian.—*Luccio*, *orfia*.

Habitat—North American lakes and rivers. Sex—Male. When obtained—June 3d, 1871.

Where procured—St. Joseph Lake, Notre Dame, Indiana. Collector—Mr. Bulla. Determiner—Joseph C. Carrier.

EDITOR SCHOLASTIC:—This is the first fish of the kind ever caught, I believe, in our little lakes. It was captured June 3d, 1871, by means of hook-and-line (minnows being the bait used). It measures thirty-five inches from tip of snout to extremity of the *somewhat* heterocercal caudal fin, nine and one half inches at the pectorals, and seven at the ventrals. Body almost cylindrical; snout much elongated, narrow, depressed; jaws somewhat unequal; rasp-like teeth, conical and acute. There are two series of such teeth at the lower jaw, the innermost of which is more slender than the other. The body is protected by rhombic-shaped scales of a bony nature, enameled, smooth, firmly united to one another, and resembling an impenetrable coat of mail, etc., etc.—The trivial, or common name of this curious fish is *Gar-pike*; its Scientific name, *Lepidosteus Leptorhynchus*, Girard.

This is one of the very few living representatives of the earliest of fishes—the Ganoidei—an order which essentially characterized the Devonian Age, or the Age of Fishes. Most genera and species of this strange class of fishes are extinct; they lie imbedded, in immense numbers, in the rocks of the earth's crust. We owe the specimen to our kind neighbor, Mr. Bulla. C.

FREDERICK the Great was very fond of disputation; but as he generally terminated the discussion by collaring his antagonist and kicking his shins, few of his guests were disposed to enter the arena with him. One day, when he was more than usually disposed for an argument, he asked one of his suite why he did not venture to give his opinion on some particular question.

"It is impossible, your majesty," was the reply, "to express an opinion before a sovereign who has such strong convictions and who wears such very thick boots."

It is insolent as well as unnatural to trample upon the venerable decays of human nature. He who laughs at the infirmities of old age, only laughs at himself in advance.

WHEN you let the secret of your friend go out of your lips, believe that friendship, fidelity, honor, honesty, wisdom and justice, go out of your soul at the same time.

Our bad deeds do not expose us to so much persecution and hatred as do our good qualities.

Record of the Star of the West Base Ball Club.

Presuming that some of our friends would like to know more concerning the champion nine, we give the following short sketch of the players:

Scott Ashton, pitcher, captains the nine, and is very effective in his position. Scott comes from Leavenworth, Kansas. "Jimmie" McGuire of Chicago, plays catcher and has no superior at the University. "Sam" Dum is undoubtedly the best player at Notre Dame. W. Dum plays first base to perfection. They both come from Amanda, Ohio. E. Gault, third base, D. Hogan, centre fielder, and J. Taylor are excellent players, and hail from Chicago. P. Rielly is the "crack" second baseman of the Juniors. Leo McOsker reigns in right field. He has made some of the best catches of the season and is a lion at the bat. C. Dodge left fielder, is a sure catch, and does not *dodge* many balls. C. Berdel, first baseman, met with an unfortunate accident which prevented him from playing during the latter part of the season. While playing he was considered the best first baseman in the College. There remains now but one more thing to be noticed in their fielding. It is their perfect knowledge of the game and the unity of their playing. One especially must be noticed,—Scott Ashton, in backing up the basemen, has stopped many balls, which if let pass would have probably lost the game. We must now say a word about the Director, Bro. Aloysius. To him much credit belongs for his brilliant management of the club. Long may he be the leading spirit of the Juniors; and surely while a Junior of '70 and '71 is alive the Director of the Club will be remembered, and deservedly so.

The champions have played twenty-one games this season and have not lost one. We doubt if any club in the State can show such a record. The following is the batting score which proves they can wield the "ash" with effect:

Names	No. Games	No. runs	No. outs	Averages
Ashton, p.	20	89	41	2 7-41
Dum s.s.	21	109	54	2 1-54
McGuire, c.	21	101	59	1 42-59
Riely, 2b.	19	92	53	1 39-53
Gault, 3b.	18	68	47	1 21-47
Dodge, lf.	21	89	58	1 31-58
McOskar, r.f.	21	84	55	1 29-55
Hogan, c.f.	12	45	35	1 2-7
Berdel, 1b.	12	51	41	1 10-41
Taylor,	4	8	12	2-3
W. Dum,	5	12	22	6-7

In Mr. V. Hackmann they possess an efficient and willing scorer. He deserves much credit for his untiring attention to the games. The nine were confident of championship this season, but did not boast of it before they obtained it. They look forward to the parting with joy, tempered with sadness: joy at the thought of meeting their friends and relations—sadness at the thought of parting with their kind Director and fellow-members of the champion nine. God speed them and all the members of the Star of the West. Mr. Editor, the champion club formally bid you farewell, and thank you for your kindness. They also bid farewell to the base-ball players of Notre Dame, and to all friends of the old *Star of the West*.

M. M. MAHONY, Sec. pro tem.

A SHARP student was called up by the worthy professor of a celebrated college, and asked the question:

"Can a man see without eyes?"

"Yea, sir," was the prompt reply.

"How, sir," cried the astonished professor, "can a man see without eyes? Pray, sir, how do you make that out?"

"He can see with one, sir," replied the ready-witted youth; and the whole class shouted with delight at the triumph of metaphysics.

Scientific Association.

On Sunday, May 28th, a meeting of this Association was held, as usual, in the College Library, at which a very elaborate and entertaining essay on the "Utility of the Sciences" was read by Mr. T. O'Mahony. We will, however, refrain from passing any lengthy criticism on this production, as we hope at no distant day to see it in the SCHOLASTIC, when everyone can have an opportunity of judging for himself. When all the regular business of the Association had been transacted, a few well-timed remarks were made by the Rev. President, Father Carrier, after which the meeting, on motion, adjourned. J. A. ZAHM, Cor. Sec.

JEFFERSON'S TEN RULES.—Never put off till tomorrow what you can do to-day.

2. Never trouble another for what you can do yourself.
3. Never spend your money before you have it.
4. Never buy what you do not want, because it is cheap.
5. Pride costs more than hunger, thirst and cold.
6. We seldom repent of having eaten too little.
7. Nothing is troublesome that we do willingly.
8. How much pain the evils cost us that have never happened.
8. Take things always by the smooth handle.
10. When angry, count ten before you speak; if very angry, count one hundred.

A STRANGER went into a church at Middletown, Conn., on a Sunday recently, and sat down in a pew, when just as he was getting interested in the sermon, a rough-looking, pious church member came in and took him by the collar and threw him in the vestibule. He thought he would stay there and hear the rest of the sermon, when the sexton kicked him off the steps. He went to the side of the church to listen to the sermon through the window, when one of the brethren said "Amen" to something the minister said, and then spit tobacco-juice out of the window into the listener's eyes. He says a man can't enjoy religion much at Middletown.

At a recent sale of pictures at a public sales-room, two amateurs obstinately disputed the possession of a beautiful picture by a celebrated painter. Each made biddings against the other. The picture represented an ass. At last one of the gentlemen said:

"It is of no use; I will not yield. This picture once belonged to my uncle, and I will give anything for it."

"In that case," said his adversary, "I will not go on. You shall have it, as it is a family picture."

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" " 9 17 p. m.	" " 2 00 p. m.
" " 12 35 a. m.	" " 5 30 p. m.
Way Freight, 3 20 p. m.	" " 6 50 p. m.

GOING WEST.	
Leave South Bend 3 53 p. m.	Arrive at Chicago 7 20 p. m.
" " 3 13 a. m.	" " 6 50 a. m.
" " 5 00 a. m.	" " 8 20 a. m.
" " 4 53 p. m.	" " 8 20 p. m.
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