

THE SCHOLASTIC.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE STUDENTS.

Volume VII.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, JUNE 6, 1874.

Number 41.

Geysers in the Distance.

No. VIII.

MY FRIENDS: I once more greet you from the C. R. I. and P. R. R. I have exhausted the supply of interest derived from morning papers—have tired of the monotonous sameness of the view from the car windows, and, for the sake of a pleasant occupation will, in imagination, leave these velvet cushions, and once more resume my journey through Wonderland. The morning we broke camp at Yellowstone Lake, between five and six o'clock, we were awakened from a sound sleep by the long deep whistle of Steamboat Springs, sounding clear and loud in the keen frosty air. When the noise died away, there was a general tumbling from robes and blankets, a hasty ablution in the fresh waters of the lake, and a contented gathering in the neighborhood of the mess-tent to satisfy the first desire we had on awaking. After this the usual bustle ensued before the numerous camp equipage was mounted on the hurricane-deck of the pack-mules, and our fair companions assumed a like position on their gentle hackneys; but about nine o'clock the last anchor in the shape of a picket-pin was pulled up and our party of tourists was once more *en route*. We all greatly regretted leaving the lovely neighborhood of the lake; and had it not been for the magic cry: "To the Geysers!" doubtless many of us would have experienced 'low spirits' of another kind than we had of late been lamenting. But as the pines re-echoed our shouts of enthusiasm, we youngsters dashed *forward* on the backward trail, and left six miles behind us with an easy indifference that was charming. We arrived at the Mud Volcano in forty minutes from the time of leaving the lake, and I am sorry to say we were again disappointed in our expectation of witnessing an eruption. Bearing our ill luck as best we could, we waited until the sedate elders of the party cantered up; then, turning to the west,—our guide in the lead,—we entered a '*terra incognita*.' This last statement is on the authority of a 'tourist'—I thought it was only a strange country. Our day's travel was about twenty miles—through a rolling country comparatively free from timber and intersected by numerous mountain creeks flowing into the Yellowstone. The crossing of some of these latter was rather difficult, the banks being three and four feet high and very abrupt. Our young ladies, after dismounting two or three times, considered it rather 'monotonous,' so when arriving at the next rivulet they evinced a degree of courage which quite surprised a number of their elders. Having confidence in their own horsemanship, they galloped up with the young gentlemen of the party and with a leap of *nine* feet reached the opposite bank in safety. Let it be remembered these were the young ladies who held on to the horns of their saddles the first few days of their trip, and the flattering improvement is apparent.

About three in the afternoon we reached Alum Creek and selected a camp under some grand old pines on the green bank of the stream. As our guide was helping one of the ladies from her horse, he espied a young bear sitting on its haunches about a hundred yards off, and complacently gazing at the whole performance; but before he could get his rifle, it had dropped on all fours and displayed a numerous agility in getting into the woods. Three of us started off in different directions, but a couple of hours' hunting failed to secure any fresh meat for the mess. I was the only one of the party who visited the "Alum Springs," about two miles below camp, and I was fully repaid for my evening walk. This thermal group is situated on either bank of the creek, and displays the greatest activity within a circumference of a hundred feet. Four beehive-like structures rise above the surrounding surface about four feet, and from the funnel-like cavities in the apex boiling water is spasmodically ejected and flows down the sides into the creek. The craters, evidently built by mineral deposits, are very beautiful, being variegated by brilliant colors, and the ever-increasing crust assumes the most fanciful shapes. The greatest curiosity to me, however, was a powerful steam-jet situated in the centre of the bed of the creek, and about midway between the largest cones on either side. The subterranean engine here is worked on high pressure, and what is apparently the 'scape valve'—opens and shuts with a rapidity that is astonishing—probably five times in a second. The steam rises to the surface of the water in a beautiful fountain of silvery bubbles, and produces a strange, unusual sound. No life exists in the waters of the creek below the springs, but above they are filled with 'mountain-brook trout,' the delicate flavor of which I had the pleasure of testing at two different meals. After our delicious evening repast we reclined on robes spread on the ground around the cheerful fire, and in songs, story-telling and laughter the hours passed rapidly until bed time. The melody of many a home-ballad floated off in the shadowy aisles of the "forest primeval," to find a grave in unknown solitudes and repose in a wilderness of silence. As the last strains of the *Ave Sanctissima* were wafted into the darkened pines, chased by the softening echoes, the moon rose out of the eastern gloom and held steadily her brilliant course, while we, entering our tents, quickly fell into a peaceful sleep, which knew no waking—until breakfast time.

The sun had been engaged in his daily occupation several hours next morning before our party was again on the trail, but we were well protected from the heat by the thick timber through which we travelled during the day. Towards noon, when we were descending to the East Fork of the Fire-Hole River, we were surprised by a rapid gathering of rain-clouds, and ere we reached the valley a drenching shower compelled us to halt and stretch some tent-flies for the protection of the ladies. This was a new

experience for us, but one with which we became familiarized during our stay in the Geyser-basins. During our forced halt, the youngest of the party suggested luncheon as the means of passing the time, and it is my honest conviction he never made a proposition that was so favorably received, or so promptly acted upon—except others of the same nature during the remaining days of the trip. Luncheon disposed of, and the rain over, we once more resumed our march, and after some tedious travelling through swampy lowlands reached the lower end of the Lower Geyser Basin about four P. M. Selecting a camp on the bank of the East Fork, all of the party were soon engaged watching with evident interest the cook's movements in the neighborhood of the mess-tent, and I think, when the time came, enjoyed more keenly their own movements in and about the same place. During the evening our camp was enlivened by a visit from a party of tourists who were encamped two miles farther up the basin. They had "done the Geysers," and were homeward bound. There were two ladies in the party, one of whom was Miss Mollie C—, of Chicago, formerly a pupil of St. Mary's. The time passed very pleasantly and was truly enjoyable. Miss C— kindly sang a number of songs, and so sweetly and effectively that even the echoes were music. The evening was much too short, and we all regretted the departure of our visitors. We stood near the tents waving the ladies good-bye as they galloped across the moonlit valley, and our party dispensed with a unanimous sigh as they disappeared in the shadowy forest beyond.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Wolves in the Street.

BY T. A. DAILEY.

DEAR MR. EDITOR: I have been requested by numerous friends here to have republished the following poem, which appeared a few years ago in one of the Eastern Magazines.

Prowling about in the cold, dark street,
Are the hideous wolves one dreads to meet;
Skulking away in the alleys and lanes,
Feasting on sin and ill-gotten gains;
Drinking great draughts from the potent bowl
And luring to Demons some trembling soul.
Again we meet, in the noontide's glare,
The wolves from another hated lair;
Gloaming so blandly through the day,
For their fiendish meals the purest prey.
Here and there through the haunts of men
They become the themes of the Poet's pen.
* * * * * The city lay in the twilight dim,
Like a spectre serpent, dark and grim;
And the shadows had wrapped it in a cloak
Reeking with odors of filth and smoke;
As we stroll through the streets in a dreamy mood
And track the wolves to their dark abode,
A child glides by with a look of woe
And seeks its home in the town below,
While a hungry wolf, with fangs laid bare,
Is following greedily from his lair;
There's a hungry look in his fiendish eyes—
O, God! will he grasp that precious prize?
We hurry along on the slippery pave,
Yet we dread our coming too late to save.
We pause, in the vilest street of the town,

And tremble to see the wolves crowd down
And dash at the doors of woe and pain,
Retreating to rally and charge again;
But the walls are light, and the door is old,
And the wolves of famine and death are bold.
There are wolves of falsehood, deceit and crime,
Prowling about on the shores of time;
And see with what mocking soulless smile
They lure their victims to sin and guile,
Aye! even within the house of God
The feet of wolves hath sometimes trod;
Their steps are light and their presence still,
But "their name is legion," and fierce their will.
There are wolves of lust in our palace halls,
And demon shadows are on our walls;
They rear their temples, to mammon high
Beneath the dome of God's pure sky;
And their worship is pleasure, pomp and show,
While their countless myriads come and go;
Yet they little heed the wolves who fight
For a famished soul this dreadful night.
Just beyond is the house of prayer,
And hundreds will shortly assemble there;
But can the wolves gain admission here?
O! ask the angel who sheds a tear
While he records the one day given
To aid the soul in its flight to heaven.
Aye! look on those faces of mute appeal,
And see the wolves of passion steal
Back and forth, as the shadows play—
The self-same wolves we see by day
Crowding the street of the busy mart,
Draining the blood from brain and heart.
There are hungry wolves on the field of fame,
And their glance is death to a wounded name.
They prowl in the path the sage doth tread,
And over his grave they seek to spread
The shadow of black and foul disgrace,
And the laurel wreath of fame displace.
Their mission is hatred. Their hearts are ice;
But will God permit the sacrifice?
There are social wolves who watch and wait
At the doors of the humble, the rich and great;
They follow the steps of tender youth
And their specious tones have the ring of truth,
And their step is soft, as their dress is fine,
While as lords in the drawing-rooms they shine,
But when to the lower ranks they descend,
Their garb with the rags of the outcast blend.
The darkness of night pours its demons down,
And grasps at the heart of the quivering town;
Yet the world glides on in its mobile state,
Regardless alike of our love and hate,—
Regardless, alike of shout or wail,
Of heart, of mirth, or cheek grown pale,
From the ceaseless struggle of might and right,
From the pain and gloom of this sin-cursed night.
While thus through the shadows, or light of day,
The demons marshal their dread array,
And clutch at the pure with that hated glow
Caught from the depths of the realm below;
And youth, and wealth, and beauty shine,
And fritter God's time with song and wine;
We pray, and our prayers' pure, pleading tone,
Must rise to the Supernal Throne,
That our promised friend in holy love
Will guide our souls to our homes above;
Where the mind has reached its perfect sphere;
And with Guardian Angels hovering near,
We can know that no storms will ever lower,
And the Demon wolves have lost their power.

Bar-Room Education.

In an address, delivered before the Pioneer Association of Western New York, a few years since, ex-Governor Seymour eulogized an institution of the past, and regretted that the advance of civilization had driven it to the far West, if not to oblivion. He spoke of the village bar-room in something like these words: A grand old educational institution of other years—the village bar-room—has gone from our midst. In those days the landlord was usually a man of means, and was looked up to by the people as one of the most important men in the town; and thither used to resort the minister, the doctor, the lawyer, the merchant and the artisan, to discuss the leading topics of the day; and there the young men learned lessons of practical utility from those who were competent to teach, and at the same time sterling lessons of honesty and manly integrity which all the colleges in the Union might fail to inculcate, and there they too learned to debate from men who were required to have more ability than was required to sit in the legislative halls then or now.

What a disagreeable satire on their rural predecessors are the bar-rooms—city or village—of to-day! How long do you think you can remain in a bar-room now without hearing one good sensible idea advanced? I fear you would find yourself weary with waiting, and retire to your room in disgust (as the writer has done many a time). You will no doubt hear a great variety of sporting matters discussed in sporting phraseology, which to save your credit we will assume you do not understand, and you will hear men's characters assailed in the most ribald manner imaginable, and you will no doubt hear the boastful nonsense of some unfortunate suicide who has been indulging his depraved appetite too lavishly at the bar; but never the wise, instructive discussions of former years. The rapidity of motion of the present age has carried us beyond that point, and we have been silently conquered by the enemy, who have taken possession of one of our very best educational institutions; and the minister goes there no more, the doctor finds it is no place for him, and one by one concluded that it is only to be tolerated as a disagreeable necessity, an incumbrance to the progress of society. But there is one class who should have been the very first to discover this; and yet, owing to the perversity of human nature, they—I mean the *young men*—have not made the discovery at all, but you will find them in the modern bar-rooms in, at least, as great numbers as at any former period.

The question has been often asked: Why do they go there? And there are many reasons. We hope it is not because they know that they have been abandoned by the better class of society; but we think, rather, that they are frequently driven there from homes where no effort is made for their entertainment; and the restless desire for amusement prompts them to wander down to the bar-room in the hope of having—as they express it—a little fun, and this very act is the foundation of half the drunkenness and crime that fills every city and village in our land. We cannot restore the old-time bar-room, and I fear the efforts which are being made to reform the modern one must necessarily meet with failure; then what remains but to do what should have been done at first—reform the young men who frequent them. If the women, who are so insanely urging this modern crusade, had only been half as much

in earnest in the education of their sons, showing them the folly and blindness of those who drink the poison, which can be so readily obtained, we think there would be but little need of liquor laws to-day, and it is the knowledge of their own dereliction of a solemn duty to those sons which prompts them to such violent and absurd attempts to remedy the evil for which they are often very much to blame. But is it too late? We think not. The children of the present generation can be taught to shun those places of temptation, and taught to execrate the very name of liquor; and a few years hence you would see the temperance question wearing a very different aspect, for then you would have men in office who were earnest in their labor and who would show by their example and practice that they regarded intemperance as the worst curse with which a people can be afflicted. T. A. D.

A Confirmed Grumbler.

Some time ago there lived in Edinburgh a well known grumbler, whom we will call Sandy Black, whose frequent fits of spleen produced some amusing scenes of senseless irritability relished by all except the brute's good patient little wife. One morning Sandy rose bent on a quarrel; the fish and eggs were excellent, done to a turn, and breakfast passed without cause for complaint.

"What will you have for dinner, Sandy?" said Mrs. Black.

"A chicken, madam," said the husband.

"Roast or boiled?" asked the wife.

"Confound it, madam, if you had been a considerate and good wife, you would have known before this what I liked!" Sandy growled out, and, slamming the door behind him, left the house.

The dinner-time came, and Sandy sat down to the table. The fish was eaten in silence, and, on raising the cover of the dish before him, in a towering passion he called out.

"Boiled chicken! I hate it, madam! A chicken boiled is a chicken spoiled!"

Immediately his wife raised a cover from another chicken, roasted to a turn.

"Madam, I won't eat roast chicken!" roared Sandy, "You know how it should have been cooked!"

At the instant a broiled chicken, with mushrooms, was placed on the table.

"Without green peas!" roared the grumbler,

"Here they are dear," said Mrs. Black.

"How dare you spend my money in that way?"

"They were a present," said his wife.

Sandy, in desperation, rose from his chair, and rushed from the room, with clenched fist, shouting:

"How dare you receive a present without my leave?"

The exercises of the St. Cecilia Philomathean Association of Notre Dame, on Tuesday evening, complimentary to Very Rev. A. Granger, were a success, the performances were of a high literary character and the performers acquitted themselves with honor to themselves and credit to the institution that conducts their mental training.—*South Bend Register*.

"Why does man go about organizing systems, when he himself should be reorganized?"

Smirkins looked at a painting of a pig, and pleasantly asked: "Who is that pigment for?"

The Scholastic.

Published every Week during Term Time at
NOTRE DAME UNIVERSITY.

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

TERMS:

One year.....\$1 00
Single copies (3 cts.) of the publication can be obtained at the Stu-
dents' Office.

SOME complain of the hot weather.

WE had a letter from Tom Ewing, now at home in Lancaster, and we hope to see him at the Alumni meeting.

Who is to orate at the Alumni meeting? Rev. Eugene O'Callaghan has gone, we hear, to Europe, and can't very well do it himself.

THE Secretary of the Alumni Association has received replies from several members; but he is righteously reticent in regard to names.

As the busy time of the end of the term is drawing near, we call the attention of our friends to the courteous and obliging proprietor of the College 'bus, who is always on hand at the Lake Shore depot to convey visitors to the College. Mr. Shickey has the most stylish, and at the same time most comfortable, establishment that South Bend can afford.

The Month of May ended last Sunday evening with appropriate services for the termination of the May devotions. At the College, Fathers Granger, Lemonnier, Brown, Carrier, Toohey, and Louage shared the burthen and the honor of preaching during the month. At St. Mary's, Very Rev. Father General preached several times before leaving for Europe; and after he left, Father Toohey filled his place several evenings. There was a beautiful torchlight procession at St. Mary's to close the month with full honors.

It is with deep regret we learn of the death of Mr. James Conahan who departed this life last week in Chicago. Mr. Conahan was an excellent Christian, a splendid workman at his trade, and though suffering from all the inconveniences that deafness for a number years must have caused, he was always in good humor, and was a pleasant companion. Mr. Conahan established the stereotyping business in this office, and remained with us for about a year. We sympathize with his brother and his many friends in their loss.

WE particularly and urgently request both friends and foes to keep away from the printing-office. We are busy, the office is small, and the weather is hot. Galleys and locked-up forms are lying around perfectly safe as long as no outsiders get inside; but an enormous amount of "pi" may be made in the shortest possible time by an awkward in-comer, without the least intention on his part of getting into that line of business. Our office is small—we've remarked that before—and elbow-room is scarce, and there is just room enough for our foreman and typos to navigate around the cases and imposing stone and job-press without colliding, and there isn't room for another one. Besides, we are busy. We mentioned that before, but it is good to repeat it. We are busy. Foreman, pressman, typos and stereotypers,—upstairs and downstairs and in the base-

ment. Sometime hereafter, when we get a big office, and the weather is comfortable, and we have *nothing* to do, we will give notice, and will be glad to see our friends around us in the printing-office.]

THE Rt. Rev. Bishop of Detroit did us the honor to pay us a short visit on the 4th inst., on which occasion he administered the Sacrament of Confirmation to twenty-nine of the faithful, chiefly students of the College.

The Rt. Rev. Bishop was accompanied by Very Rev. Father Schutjes, V. G., who took all hearts by storm with his kind and unaffected manner. He found among the students several whom many years ago he baptized in his first missions in Michigan. We hope to have the pleasure of seeing the Rt. Rev. Bishop and his worthy Vicar-General here on Commencement Day.

WE are drawing to the close of the scholastic year, and who's afraid?

There are bright anticipations of Vacation pleasures and joys, many of which will be realized,—some will, we know, wind and weather permitting,—but others, alack! will be all anticipation, and no realization or else the realization will fall far short of the brilliant colors that fancy painted anticipation with.

But before Vacation and its pleasures comes Examination with its doubts and shivers.

Some there are who tremble in their boots, and keep reading up that book, or worrying over certain knotty questions and difficult points which they feel sure will be asked them—and most probably those questions, like the men in the parable, will pass over the other way.

It is at this time of year that students see the advantage of "keeping up with the class" the year round, and not allowing any matter to go by unstudied. Those who have been negligent on this point may "coach" with eight-horse power and not succeed in making up for lost time.

Besides, this weather isn't good for coaching—unless you take a Pullman's sleeping coach.

Then after Examination comes Commencement Day. There will be the conferring of Degrees, and we congratulate beforehand the young students who are to come out victorious.

There is to be a distribution of prizes—of premiums—too, and medals, and such. The less we say about the matter, the better. If the students of Notre Dame as a rule are not content—fully satisfied—with their success in their classes, their promotion to higher ones, and their gradually but surely drawing nearer to the end of their course, then to receive their Degree—if they are not satisfied with this, unless forsooth they receive a gilt-edged book with "reward of merit" writ in it, or a gold medal with a bit of ribbon attached thereunto,—the worse for them and for real study.

But then comes Vacation with its splendid roasting days, when it is grand to know that the only thing incumbent on you is to do nothing and try to keep cool. That goes well for the average boy, about a week or four days; and then there flashes up the want of doing something; then is the time to learn a deal, if good friends, professors perhaps, have told you how to occupy the major part of your leisure hours. Several hours of study a day, without interfering with your pleasures, but adding zest to

them, will give you an amount of fresh knowledge that will surprise you next September.

Just now, however, we sympathize with and compassionately commiserate those that are going through the Examination mill this hot weather.

Courage and pluck will put them through.

Personal.

Will "A Friend" please call on the one to whom his note was addressed?

CONFIDENTIAL.

The Honors.

In consequence of the festival on Thursday, which prevented the meeting of the faculty, the Roll of Honor and Class Honors cannot appear this week.

The Cecilian Exhibition.

The evening of June 2nd was made memorable this year by the annual summer exhibition of the St. Cecilia Philomathean Association, being complimentary to Very Rev. Alexis Granger, Provincial C. S. C., our venerated pastor, his patronal festival, which falls properly on the seventeenth of July, being anticipated to bring it within the limits of the scholastic year. In fact, anticipation is no unusual thing with our friends the St. Cecilians, who have been known to keep their own patronal festival (Nov. 22) in the middle of May, when in fact it would puzzle a mathematician to know whether to call it anticipation or procrastination. So it is with all truly great minds. Instead of allowing themselves to sink to the level of slaves of circumstances they boldly strike out new circumstances to suit themselves, overleaping such paltry impediments as time and space. But to particulars.

On reaching the hall at early candle-light, we found it beautifully festooned with garlands and flags, among which were conspicuous the beautiful silken binner of the Association and the Papal colors on either side of the proscenium, while aboved appeared the well-known Jesuit motto "A. M. D. G.," which we have been assured, by one who knows lots of things, are also the full initials of the Very Rev. guest of the evening. The N. D. Cornet Band, upon our entrance—(a mere coincidence)—struck up a triumphal march in their best style, and a programme was furnished us by the gentlemanly usher, Mr. B. Baca, whose genial smile of welcome gave a new zest to our anticipations of coming enjoyment. The Orchestra then treated us to a rare specimen of musical tapestry where melody and harmony were cunningly interwoven in one soul-entrancing whole. The Address followed, read by Master J. P. McHugh, who made the best of a very poor composition, in ill-chosen metre and defective rhyme, which it was almost impossible to read without falling into a sing-song drawl. He had a better field for the display of his declamatory talents in the neat prologue which succeeded, and then the play began.

"Filial Love" having lately formed an interesting serial in your columns, I need not take up any of your space with the plot of the drama, and will simply state that the *mise en scène* was satisfactory, and the performance commendable. Mr. Beegan, as the "Duke of Mantua" bore

out his character of a true and princely knight; and "Labrisse" was more of a villain than we supposed Mr. Campbell capable of becoming. His fencing with "Bois Robert" (Mr. Breen) was very good, and exhibited great variety of graceful posture. "Bellarosa," the hero of the piece, was taken to admiration by Master A. K. Schmidt, whose dramatic gestures and clear utterance called forth frequent bursts of applause from the audience. Our gay and festive pages also won their share of praises—"Gensano" (*utrum de gente sanā, an ab ingenio sano, nominatus?*) was bright and energetic in the hands of Master J. P. McHugh, while Master Norris made a bold and jolly "Amitus," and Master Smyth a gentle and courtly "Servilius."

Our old men falsified the proverb that you cannot put grey heads on young shoulders. "Theodebert," a character on whose rendition most of the pathos of the drama depends—was rendered by Mr. Mooney in a manner that made us feel that the hardihood and self-restraint of the old archer and the gravity formed by the serious occupations of well-spent life, were constantly operating to check any too wild ebullitions of passion, while they did not hinder him from evincing the deep and tender sentiments called forth by the peculiar circumstances in which he found himself. And Mr. Ewing, as the old Preceptor, "Gusman," was just as cross and affectionate—just as affectedly shrewd and as pompously absurd as old professors are apt to become. Come we now to our courtiers, of whom Mr. Meyer "Gontrand," was the embodiment of a Spanish grandee, and Messrs. Marks, "Lafere," Soule, "Albrantiu," and Ratigan "Herman," might also be quoted as models of deportment. A comic streak is introduced, very refreshingly in the character of "Bois Bien," the butler, and its impersonator, Mr. Baca, did justice to it and to his own genial soul. The great and unavoidable trouble with all the Cecilian plays is, there are so many characters in them, but we cannot refrain from noticing the true and faithful "Bois Robert," Mr. Breen,—the friend in need, who is a friend indeed to "Theodebert," and his trusty band of Archers, among whom "Quivala," Master Nichols, was conspicuous for his soldierly bearing. Mr. Wood, too, as the dogmatic genealogist, "Reginald," and Mr. Loser, as his controversial opponent, "Attivo," deserve honorable mention. For further particulars "see small bills,"—the programme will be found further on. The drama is interspersed with several vocal pieces, of which, in our humble opinion, the pages' song was the best.

PROGRAMME.

Grand Entrance March	- - -	N. D. U. C. BAND
Overture	- - -	ORCHESTRA
Address and Prologue,	- - -	J. P. McHUGH
Music—Quickstep,	- - -	N. D. U. C. BAND

FILIAL LOVE,

A DRAMA OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

Written for the St. Cecilia Philomathean Society, by the

Rev. A. Lemonnier, C. S. C., Director.

Dramatis Personae:

Bellarosa, a youth of fifteen, son of Theodebert.	A. K. SCHMIDT
Duke of Mantua, a true knight.....	J. M. F. BEEGAN
Theodebert, an old man of seventy, father of	
Bellarosa, an Archer.....	N. J. MOONEY
Bois Robert, a soldier about fifty years old, friend	
of Theodebert, an Archer.....	W. P. BREEN
Labrisse, Officer of the Duke.....	J. F. CAMPBELL
Gusman, old Preceptor of the Pages.....	J. G. EWING
Gontrand, First Courtier.....	W. S. MEYER

Lafere, Second Courtier.....	J. E. MARKS
Albrantin, Lord of the Court.....	J. F. SOULE
Herman.....	E. L. RATIGAN
Leone, Courtier.....	D. J. O'CONNELL
Gensano.....	J. P. MCHUGH
Servilius.....	F. M. SMYTH
Amitus.....	R. B. NORRIS
Montreal.....	C. HAKE
Bois Bien, Chief Butler.....	B. J. BACA
Tristan, Captain of the Archers.....	C. J. O'CONNOR
La Rovere, Officer of the Duke.....	L. P. BEST
Godfrey, Marshal.....	M. BURGE
Ferrand.....	J. F. CULLEN
Brisban.....	F. MILLER
Quivala.....	C. NICHOLS
Raymond.....	J. W. MINTON
Montalto.....	C. BURGER
Bataglia.....	J. D. O'HARA
Siegfried, Burgomaster.....	J. L. PEREA
Attivo.....	L. J. LOSER
Reginald.....	E. J. WOOD
Gonslan.....	W. C. GREEN
Sesmond.....	C. G. FURER
Rudolphe.....	C. A. CAMPEAU
Hoel.....	L. J. BUSCH
Geronimo.....	B. LEFEVRE
Favorito.....	T. B. T. SOLON

Musicians, Chanters, Villagers.

The epilogue contained a well-deserved tribute to Rev. Father Lemonnier, to whose talent for dramatic composition and fostering care the St. Cecilians, as well as all the Societies in the University, owe so much. Very Rev. Father Granger, whose health has been delicate since his severe attack of sickness, retired after the third act of the drama, and the Rev. President, after a few apposite observations of his own, called upon Prof. Ivers for the closing remarks. That gentleman warmed up into an enthusiastic, though eminently well-bestowed eulogium, on the Very Rev. gentleman whose patronal festival was celebrated, and whose absence afforded him the opportunity of characterizing as a truly saintly man. He concluded by offering the thanks of the audience to their young entertainers; after which all retired, apparently well satisfied with the instruction and amusement afforded them.

The St. Cecilians, still under the active presidency of their kind and energetic friend, Prof. Lyons, continue to keep up the hard-earned fame of their ancestors. Long may they wave.

-BOA CONSTRICTOR.

Mutuals vs. Excelsiors.

The third and game for championship of the Junior Department took place June the 4th. The playing was very good on both sides and the game was very close, but on the 8th inning the Excelsiors put in their best licks, made eight tallies, and came out victorious. We give the full score, for the satisfaction of all interested.

EXCELSIORS.	O.	R.	MUTUALS.	O.	R.
Perea, 3rd b.....	2	3	Hayes, 1st b.....	4	2
Campbell, c.....	2	4	Frazee, 2nd b.....	6	1
Busch, s. s.....	4	2	Gross, c.....	2	2
Campeau, 1st b.....	3	3	O'Connor, s. s.....	3	4
Meyer, l. f.....	4	2	Downey, c. f.....	3	4
Loser, p.....	4	2	Kelly, r. f.....	1	3
Soule, 2nd b.....	2	2	Beegan, l. f.....	4	1
Furer, c. f.....	2	3	Thalman, 3rd b.....	2	2
Baca, r. f.....	4	1	McCormack, p.....	2	2
Total.....	27	22	Total.....	27	21

INNINGS:

Excelsiors.....	3	0	9	1	1	0	0	8	0	-22
Mutuals.....	4	0	3	7	2	1	0	0	4	-21

Umpire—T. Culliton (Sr. Dep't.) Scorers—A. Crunkilton, D. J. O'Connell. M.

SAINT MARY'S ACADEMY.

ST. MARY'S ACADEMY, June 2, 1874.

Since the last report, the young ladies have been favored with two interesting lectures—one on "Innate Ideas," by Rev. J. C. Carrier, C. S. C.; the other on "Modern History," by Professor Howard, the gentlemanly author of "Excelsior, or Lectures on Politeness." The great event of the past month, however, has been the festival of our beloved Mother Superior, who, on the 29th ult., returned in good health and spirits from Baltimore, where she has just opened a "Home for Friendless Children," and at the special request of the Most Rev. Archbishop of Baltimore has taken the preparatory steps towards the erection of a *Normal Institute for the thorough training of efficient teachers*. She has purchased beautiful grounds in Lafayette Square, in that city, and the buildings are to progress without delay. A significant closing to the May has this been for our dear Mother, in initiating two such noble enterprises,—one for the sheltering of poor little wandering waifs, deserted by the world, and who need but ring the door-bell to obtain admittance to this "Home for Friendless Children," the other for the supply of one among the most pressing wants of the day—efficient, prudent, devoted teachers of the young. Our Lady of the Sacred Heart has given in advance a happy festival to one who labors so energetically for the good of souls.

A most admirable concurrence of remarkable festivals rendered Sunday, the 31st, one of the bright days in the already fair calendar of the season. Springtime, the Month of our Holy Mother Mary, and the Paschal Season, hand in hand, gave their unique and graceful parting to the shrines of devotion, the waters and skies, and to the oving human hearts of St. Mary's.

There is no chance in the order of an All-wise Providence, and we may well be pardoned if we discover a special appropriateness in the coincidence that Trinity Sunday, the Festival of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart, and that of St. Angela, foundress of the teaching Orders, should give their united welcome to June, the regal Month of the Sacred Heart. We may be excused also for thinking of the first American Pilgrimage just landing on European shores, with our Bishop of Fort Wayne and our revered Father General engaged in offering prayers for us while we celebrate these feasts so far away from them.

When, after the sultry air of Saturday, a fresh breeze sprang up on Sunday morning, we felt that it was our Blessed Mother's benediction on the day.

The celebration of the festival of Mother Superior was inaugurated by the reception of Holy Communion for her, at the six o'clock Mass, on the part of all the members of the Community and of the children in the Academy. Congratulations from the various departments of the Community, and from the several classes of young ladies in the Academy, couched in the touching language of gratitude and affection, were offered to Mother Superior after the high Mass.

Subsequently came preparations for the procession and illumination of the evening.

The wind subdued its force as the sun went down, and falsified the prediction that the procession would be interrupted; and at nightfall every window in the Academy, Music Hall, Convent, and Novitiate, was alive with light. The trees, the river-bank, the beautiful parterre in front of the Academy, and the very grass, were sparkling in golden beams.

As the Convent bell gave the signal for the procession to form, the various religious Societies of the Academy, headed by the Cross, fell into order, followed by the white-veiled Novices, and by the Professed Religious, the Choir and Chaplain. From Loreto they passed down to the Shrine of Our Lady of Peace, chanting the Litany of the Blessed Virgin. Arrived there, the "*Salve Regina*" was sung, when the procession filed back to Loreto, still singing hymns to the Blessed Virgin, the light in the hands of all giving a remarkably beautiful effect to the scene as they wound around the river bank to the front of the Academy. Passing over the various lovely oratories which adorned the line of the procession, we cannot omit that at the close, in front of the Academy, in honor of St. Joseph. Here the Hymn to St. Joseph was sung, and the cool plashing of the fountain and the sweet breath of innumerable flowers seemed to join in the harmonious hymn of praise to the guardian of the purest of creatures.

Bathed in music and light,—if we may be indulged in the expression—for the air was filled with them,—the gentle procession repaired to the chapel, where a fervent Act of Consecration to the Blessed Virgin was made at the feet of her statue, which was crowned with fresh flowers by fair young hands.

After this followed the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, and the purely religious celebration of Mother Superior's feast was ended.

Monday, June 1st, a less stately but deeply interesting commemoration was made, in a programme of considerable length given by the pupils, in the Exhibition-Hall. Tableaux of St. Angela, St. Luke and St. Cecilia, with an original drama, "THE DELUGE," interspersed with choice and admirably-rendered vocal and instrumental music, entertained the audience for several hours. Addresses from the various classes and departments were presented, with excellent taste and unusual clearness. Some more skilful pen, we trust, will give the readers of the SCHOLASTIC a full description of the various performances, and will not fail to do justice to the charming grand tableaux which closed the fine programme, and which no doubt was designed to typify the crowning bliss which her devoted children would invoke upon the arduous labors of our beloved Mother Superior.

The following is the programme carried out on the occasion above referred to by our correspondent, which we copy from a neatly printed sheet distributed in the Exhibition Hall.

Overture to "Der Freischütz,"	- - Misses Foote, Smith and West
NO JUNIORS ON THIS PROGRAMME!!!	
Vocal Trio—"Dans la Prairie, parmi les Lis,"	- Misses Hagerty, Wicker and J. Kearney
Accompaniment	- - - Miss Smith
Address from the Senior Department,	- - - Miss L. Niel
Chorus—"Inflamatus est"— <i>Rossini</i> ,	- - - Vocal Class
Accompaniment,	- - - Miss J. Walker
Address from the Children of Mary	- - Miss Bradford

TABLEAU OF ST. ANGELA,

Felicitations Françaises.....Misses Quan, Gross, West and Clarke
Quartette—"Greetings to Spring," - Misses Miller, Hagerty,
Black and Quan

TABLEAU.

Overture to "Mignon"—*Thomas* - Misses McEwen and Spiers
Prologue, - - - Miss M. Brown

TABLEAU—"GUARDIAN ANGEL."

German Address - - - Miss M. Kengel
Prologue - - - Miss E. Black

TABLEAU—ST. LUKE.

Song—"Forosetta"—*L'Arditi*, - - - Miss L. West
Accompaniment - - - Miss J. Walker
Prologue. - - - Miss N. Foote

TABLEAU—ST. CECILIA.

Nocturne—Opus 62—*Chopin*, - - - Miss J. Walker

THE DELUGE.

AN ORIGINAL DRAMA.

ACT I—Scene I.

Prologue, - - - Miss E. Richardson
Ada—a Bride, - - - Miss M. Walker
Leah—Wife of Noe, - - - Miss A. Lloyd
Zelpha, - - - Miss E. Hagerty
Sella - - - Miss M. Letourneau
Cetura, a Native of the land of Noe, returned from a dis-
tance, after an absence of one hundred years, - Miss L. Dent
Tamar—Wife of Sem, - - - Miss M. Wicker

Scene II.

Melcha—a Witch, related to Achsah, - - - Miss L. Ritchie
Noemi—Wife of Japhet, - - - Miss V. Ball
"El Cocoye"—Fantasie Descriptive—*Gottschalk*, - Miss E. Black

ACT II—Scene I.

Leila, - - - {Scoffers} - - - Miss J. Locke
Lurza, - - - {Scoffers} - - - Miss K. Finley
Song—"With Verdure Clad"—*Haydn*, - - - Miss N. Foote
Accompaniment, - - - Miss E. Black

Scene II—Tent of Noe.

Achsah—Wife of Cham, - - - Miss E. Boyce
Angel - - - Miss L. Wyman

Scene III—In a Cavern.

Agar, - - - Miss A. Curtin
Children, - - - Misses E. Simpson, and E. Meirs
"Sonata"—Opus 27, No 2—*Beethoven* - - - Miss J. Walker

Scene IV.1

TABLEAU—ANGEL REVEALING TO LEAH THE FUTURE OF
God's Church.

Scene V.

GRAND TABLEAU.

"Te Deum"—*Haydn*, - - - Miss E. Black
Closing Remarks, - - -
"Welcome to Spring"—Trio, - - - Misses R. Devoto, N. Gross,
M. Kearney

"AND so they go," one of the late Portland school committee is reported to have said; "our great men are fast departing—first Greely, then Chase, and now Summer—and I don't feel very well myself."

SOMEBODY says, there are two things about which we should never grumble; first, those things which we can prevent; and secondly, those things which we can not prevent.

THE OLD "RELIABLE" DWIGHT HOUSE, SOUTH BEND, INDIANA.

MESSRS. KNIGHT and MILLS having become managers of the above popular and reliable House, renovated, repaired and furnished it with new, first class furniture. The travelling public may rely on finding the best accommodation.
Ladies and Gentlemen visiting Notre Dame and St. Mary's will find here all the comforts of home during their stay.
JERRY KNIGHT, } Proprietors.
CAPTAIN MILLS, }

nov 15-1f

CANDY! CANDY!

THE LOW PRICES STILL CONTINUE AT

P. L. GARRITY'S CANDY FACTORY,

100 Van Buren Street, Chicago.

Broken Candy	-	-	-	15c.
Fine Mixed Candy	-	-	-	25c.
Choice Mixed Candy	-	-	-	35c.
Caramels	-	-	-	35c.
Molasses and Cream Candy	-	-	-	25c.

Proportionately Low Prices to Wholesale Cash Buyers.

WANTED—For Cash—Five or ten tons of Maple Sugar

Cross-Town Cars Pass the Door.

apl 25 -tf

A Great Offer to All!

\$1.00

WORTH
SEEDS

AND
Vick's Guide
GIVEN
AWAY.

Young Folks'
Rural
AND
TWO
Lovely Chromos.

The **Young Folks' Rural** is pronounced the "handsomest and best paper for Young People published." It is for city or country, combining numerous features not found in any other periodical, and has proved a wonderful success. For every subscription received before May 1st, at the regular single subscription price for one year, only **\$1.50**, we will give (in addition to the paper) two lovely landscape chromos, "*Morning on the Mississippi*," and "*Sunset on the Sierras*," mounted and postpaid; Vick's *Floral Guide* for one year, and an order on Mr. Vick for **One Dollar's Worth** of Flower or Vegetable Seeds (such as you may select) to be sent by him, postpaid! Inclose the money to H. N. F. LEWIS, Publisher, Chicago, saying what you wish.

Sample of paper, 10 cents, postpaid.

Apr. 18—6t.

Michigan Central Railroad

Time Table.

From and after March 1st, trains on the Michigan Central Railroad leave Niles as follows:

TRAINS EASTWARD.	
Night Express,	12.22 a.m.
Mail,	9.10 a.m.
Day Express,	11.59 a.m.
Accommodation,	7.35 p.m.
Way Freight,	8.09 a.m.

TRAINS WESTWARD.	
Evening Express,	2.20 a.m.
Pacific Express,	5.10 a.m.
Accommodation,	6.50 a.m.
Mail,	4.20 p.m.
Day Express,	5.20 p.m.
Way Freight,	1.45 p.m.

AIR LINE DIVISION.	
EASTWARD.	
Mail	9.15 a.m.
Three Rivers Accommodation	7.40 p.m.
Atlantic Express	9.00 p.m.
Way Freight	10.30 a.m.

WESTWARD.	
Three Rivers Accommodation—Arrive	6.45 a.m.
Mail	3.50 p.m.
Pacific Express	5.05 a.m.
Way Freight	5.05 p.m.

SOUTH BEND BRANCH.

After May 25, 1874, trains leave South Bend daily on this road going north:

8.15 A. M., arriving in Niles at 8.55 A. M.

11.10 A. M., arriving in Niles at 11.50 A. M.

3.00 P. M., arriving in Niles at 3.40 P. M.

7.00 P. M., arriving in Niles at 7.40 P. M.

Leave Niles daily for South Bend:

6.30 A. M., arriving in South Bend at 7.10 A. M.

9.20 A. M., arriving in South Bend at 10.00 A. M.

12.45 P. M., arriving in South Bend at 1.25 P. M.

4.35 P. M., arriving in South Bend at 5.15 P. M.

The Sunday trains leave South Bend at 9.00 A. M. and 7.00 P. M., and leave Niles at 8.00 A. M. and 5.00 P. M.
Depot in the Fourth Ward. S. R. KING, Passenger and Freight Agent.

J. S. HOPPER, General Agent.

L. S. & M. S. RAILWAY.

On and after Sunday, May 24, 1874, trains will leave South Bend as follows:

GOING EAST.

2.35	A. M. (No. 8), Night Express, over Main Line. Arrives at Toledo, 10.30; Cleveland, 2.45 P. M.; Buffalo, 8.55 P. M.
10.38	A. M. (No. 2), Mail, over Main and Air Lines; Arrives at Elkhart, 11.15 P. M.; Toledo, 5.35 P. M.
12.27	A. M. (No. 4), Special New York Express, over Air Line; Arrives at Toledo, 5.50; Cleveland, 10.10 P. M.; Buffalo 4.05 A. M.
9.11	P. M. (No. 6), Atlantic Express, over Air Line. Arrives at Toledo, 2.40; Cleveland, 7.05; Buffalo, 1.10 P. M.
7.54	P. M. (No. 10) Michigan Accommodation. Arrives at Toledo 2.30 A. M., Cleveland 7.05 A. M., Buffalo 1.10 P. M.

GOING WEST.

3.20	A. M. (No. 3), Express. Arrives at Laporte, 4.15; Chicago 6.50 A. M.
4.50	A. M. (No. 5), Pacific Express. Arrives at Laporte, 5.40; Chicago, 8.50 A. M.
5.55	P. M. (No. 7), Evening Express, Main Line. Arrives at Laporte, 7.00; Chicago, 9.30 P. M.
4.51	P. M. (No. 1), Special Chicago Express Arrives at Laporte, 5.45; Chicago, 8.20.
8.00	A. M. (No. 9), Accommodation. Arrives at Laporte 9.00 A. M., Chicago 11.30.

NOTE. Conductors are positively forbidden to carry passengers upon Through Freight Trains.

J. W. CARY, General Ticket Agent, Cleveland, Ohio.

F. E. MORSE, General Western Passenger Agent.

J. H. PARSONS, Sup't Western Division, Chicago.

W. W. GIDDINGS, Freight Agent.

S. J. POWELL, Ticket Agent, South Bend.

CHARLES PAINE, Gen'l Sup't.

Passengers going to local points West, should take Nos. 7, 9, and 71; East, Nos. 2 and 70. Warsaw Express (connecting with No. 4) leaves Elkhart at 12.30 P. M., running through to Wabash. Through tickets to all competing points in every direction. Local Tickets, Insurance tickets, R. R. Guides, etc., will be furnished upon application to the Ticket Agent.

PENNSYLVANIA CENTRAL DOUBLE TRACK RAILROAD.

PITTSBURGH, FORT WAYNE AND CHICAGO.

Three daily Express Trains, with Pullman's Palace Cars, are run between Chicago, Pittsburgh, Philadelphia and New York without Change.

1st train leaves Chicago 9.00 p. m.	Arrives at New York 11.30 a. m.*
2d train " " 5.15 p. m.	" " 6.41 a. m.*
3rd train " " 9.00 p. m.	" " 11.30 p. m.*

Connections at Crestline with trains North and South, and Mansfield with trains on Atlantic and Great Western Railroad.

J. N. McCULLOUGH, Gen'l Manager, Pittsburgh.

J. M. C. CREIGHTON, Assistant Superintendent Pittsburgh.

D. M. BOYD, JR., Gen. Pass. and Ticket Ag't, Philadelphia.

F. R. MYERS, Gen'l Pass. and Ticket Ag't, Pittsburgh.

W. C. CLELLAND, Ass't Gen'l Pass. Agent, Chicago.

* Second day.

CHICAGO ALTON AND ST. LOUIS LINE.

TRAINS leave West Side Union Depot, Chicago, near Madison Street Bridge, as follows:

	LEAVE.	ARRIVE.
St. Louis and Springfield Express, via Main Line	*9:30 a.m.	*8:00 p.m.
Kansas City Fast Express, via Jacksonville, Ill., and Louisiana, Mo.	*9:45 a.m.	*4:30 p.m.
Wenona, Lacon and Washington Express (Western Division)	*9:30 a.m.	*4:30 p.m.
Joliet Accommodation	*4:10 p.m.	*9:40 a.m.
St. Louis and Springfield Night Express, via Main Line	*6:30 p.m.	*4:30 a.m.
St. Louis and Springfield Lightning Express, via Main Line, and also via Jacksonville Division	*9:00 p.m.	*7:15 a.m.
Kansas City Express, via Jacksonville, Ill., and Louisiana, Mo.	*9:45 p.m.	*7:15 a.m.

* Except Sunday. † On Sunday runs to Springfield only ‡ Except Saturday. § Daily. ¶ Except Monday.

The only road running 3 Express Trains to St. Louis daily, and a Saturday Night Train.

Pullman Palace Dining and Smoking Cars on all day Trains.

JAMES CHARLTON,

Gen'l Pass. and Ticket Agent,

CHICAGO.

J. C. McMULLIN,

Gen'l Superintendent,

CHICAGO.

LOUISVILLE N. ALBANY & CHICAGO R.R.

On and after Sunday, Nov. 12, 1873, trains pass New Albany and Salem Crossing, as follows:

GOING NORTH.

Pass.....	7.29 P. M.
Freight.....	2.48 A. M.
Freight.....	8.57 P. M.
Pass.....	9.24 a. m.

GOING SOUTH

Pass.....	8.23 P. M.
Freight.....	10.47 A. M.
Freight.....	4.45 A. M.
Pass.....	11.23 A. M.

H. N. CANIFF, Agent