UNTIL THIS DANCED MIN'S POOR SOUL'S AFFAIRS;

(Seize the prisoner.)

MY LAD! OFF!

CHORUS:—EVERY LADY LOVES HIS LASSIE

AND THERE IS REASON WHY,

BUT EVERY COLLEGE-FELLOW KNOWS

SQUINTZ DEARLY LOVES HIS EYE.

THE BOYS THAT DRINK COLD WATER PURE

ARE SOUND IN HEART AND SOUL,

AND NEVER TROUBLED WITH BAD DREAMS,

WHEN THEY DRINK THEIR RYE.

A TRAGEDY.

A TRAGEDY.

THE POPE'S BRIGADE.

A TRAGEDY.

A TRAGEDY.

THE POPE'S BRIGADE.

A TRAGEDY.

THE POPE'S BRIGADE.

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A TRAGEDY.

THE POPE'S BRIGADE.
Ortred Sadoe drqal of the faithful few

From the vile world. Our cause, ye know full well,
Is God's own cause. To-morrow think of this!
For I shall have a work for you, noble soul.

The privilege is given of the palm
Which martyrs wear. Are the despatches come?
Charette. They are, General.
Gen. K. Are the men paroled?
Charette. They are.
Gen. K. Then, let us go. (Ecclesiastic)

SCENE V.

(Enter Gen. Kanzler, and all his OffiGers. The
Soldiers drawn up in line with three banners—the
Pope's, the Tricolor and the Green.)

Soldiers! Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!
Gen. K. Sons of our Holy Mother Church, I come,
To greet ye in the name of noble Pius,
Our glorious Pope, and Victor of Our Lord.
To-morrow, we shall meet the enemy;
To-morrow, soldiers, we shall do or die,
Strengthened by grace and our Pope's benison.

Soldiers! Hurrah!
Gen. K. I see your flashing eyes, and almost hear
The thronging of your eager hearts to meet
The robber foe! They come, the vile, the base,
Oculists and drogs of faithless Italy,
Led by a mad adventurer, who boasts
His impious purpose 'piaist the Church of God.
Who fears to meet this ragamuffin foe?
Who doubts that when they feel our holy blows
The dogs will prove their poltroon currish blood
And howl for mercy! Shall we not, my boys,
Those hounds of Crete back to their kennels whip.

But who are those enemies? Gaunt banditti
Of what ye gain in conquering those foes:
Let him kill me a dozen cardinals.
For such accident!
A thousand scudi—may fire St. Peter's dome.
A proud tradition of the faithful few

A couple of ill-looking banditti fixed on me, so I was chased ten miles by some morose cavalier.

That's all.

All:—he—he! Enough, we should think.

The sound of cannon is heard. Garibaldy rushes on.

Garibaldy. The vanguard of the enemy is in sight!

O'Reilly. (To the Officers.) Comrades! raise up your swords and swear. (They all do so.) While there is one chance, let us stand, immovable as the mountains of our native land, and hold back this tide of dastardly invasion! (Clearing outside heard.) Away! The soldiers cheer! Destin to the wretch when I shall in this hour of trial prove unworthy of the Pope, or tarnish the laurels of his brave ancestors! (They rush out. Cannon, trumpet sounds, alarms.)
SOLDIERS. Hurrar! God and the Pope! We'll conquer or we'll die!

(After Soldier Barricaded)

SOLDIER. The enemy! They come! I heard but now the heavy march of men. (Guns open.)

Hear ye the guns?

KANZLER. So much the better—I would have preferred it.

SOLDIER. On—on—brave hearts! Behold God's bitter foe! To your post, gentlemen—the batteries advance!—To it, brave sons of Erin and of France! Lash the vile carrion off this sacred soil.

G. KAN.تها pridit are killed, or scattered like chaff. Our troops are destroyed or scattered like chaff. Our troops

PAUL and JULIUS. (together.) General, are we victorious?

KANZLER. We are.

Borrrr. Thank God! Farewell! We die in a good cause!

TUR. (Catching Paul's hand and kneeling.) O Paul! Paul! (Dies his hand.)

COL. CHARCETTE. (gathering Julius's hand, and kneeling.) Jules, son of my ancient friend! must I tell you your mother is dead.

JULIUS. One request, dear Colonel. I would hear, "Parcourt pour la Sirène" once more.

(O One stanza is sung. Prof. Monsignor.

PAUL. And now, for poor old Ireland's sake—

One song.

(Pause.)

(Jules comes forward.)

(Pause.)

PAUL. God guard and bless you.

PAUL. Why, Tim, you are a man!

TUR. Musha then, I—oh, Master Paul, Master Paul, to hear you so.

PAUL. Comrade, let us go home.

PAUL. Do you suffer much pain, Jules? Jules. No, Paul, I am well.

PAUL. Tim, be a man! You give up! If those worms are not afraid to die for a bad cause, should I not fear death for a good one?

TUR. Oh! Master Paul dear, I know—

TUR. The Government, the market, 300,000 batonnets look to.

PAUL. Are you brave, Jules?

JULIUS. A little. Comrade. How long is it since I left you?

SOLDIER. Do you suffer much pain, Jules?

PAUL. Did you speak of my mother?

TUR. Ahh! listen to the poor dear. His mind's wandering. He is far away from your kindred. Oh, Mother of God! pray for him that he may not die! (Enter Soldiers, bearing in a young French Soldier. (Time.)

SOLDIER. Are you better, Jules?

JULIUS. A little. Comrade. How long is it since I left you?

SOLDIER. Do you suffer much pain, Jules?

JULIUS. That, like the Tarpeian bracelets, mighty Rome shall crush the power that dares defy the truth. I can no more.—Oh it is right and meet

TUR. Why should we have fear to meet grim death. When he is master of our life's last breath.—Long live the Pope! Down! With his enemies!—Let traitors learn the day will surely come,

PAUL. We die, my brave Jules, for our God.

TUR. Therefore, listen to the poor dear. His mind's wandering. He is far away from your kindred. Oh, Mother of God! pray for him that he may not die!

ORIGIN OF TINTED PAPER. —More novelties are the result of accident than is generally supposed. The origin of blue-tinted paper came about by a most fortunate accident. In the hands of an English paper maker, once upon a time set his hand to work, and went away on business. While the men were at dinner, Mrs. East accidentally let a blue-paper fall into one of the vats of pulp. Alarmed at the occurrence, she determined to say nothing about it. Great was the astonishment of the workmen when they saw the peculiar color of the paper, and great the anger of Mr. East when he returned and found that a whole vat of pulp had been spoiled. After giving the paper made from it warehouse-room for four years, Mr. East sent it up to his agent in London, to be sold for what it would fetch. "For what it would fetch" said the agent not understanding the meaning; "well, it certainly is a novelty, but he must not expect too much." So he sold the whole at a considerate advance upon the market price, and wrote to the mills for as much more as he could get. The surprise of Mr. East may be imagined. He hastened to tell his wife, who found courage to confess her share in the fortunate accident and to claim a reward, which she received in the shape of a new cloak. Mr. East kept his secret, and for a short time supplied the market with the novelty. The demand far exceeded the supply, and other makers discovering the means used, competed with him,—Prinster's Circular.
Feast of Corpus Christi at Notre Dame.

The Feast of Corpus Christi was celebrated at Notre Dame with great splendor. Solemn High Mass was sung by Very Rev. Father Provincial, Rev. Father Carrier assisting as deacon, and Rev. Father Tohey as subdeacon. In the afternoon, solemn Vespers were sung by Very Rev. Father General, Rev. Fathers Carrier and Tohey assisting. At the close of Vespers, Rev. Father O'Rourke preached an excellent sermon on the Blessed Sacrament. Over a procession, under the charge of Rev. Father Letournel, was formed in the following order:

Banner. 

Ministers. Students. 

Banner. 

Junior Students. 

Banner. 

Senior Students. 

Manuel Lamp Students. 

Novices.

Brothers of the Congregation of the Holy Cross. 

Churches. 

Acolyte. 

Cross. Acolyte. 

Seminarians. 

Chaldes with flowers. 

Thurifers. 

Subdeacons. 

Celebrant. 

Deacon. 

Pupils of St. Mary's Academy. 

Sisters of the Congregation of the Holy Cross. 

The procession started from the church and moved along the front of the College, past the Infirmary and Ave Maria buildings, to St. Joseph's lake. Thence around the shore of the lake to the Novitiate, where the first repository was built. Benediction was there given, and the procession then moved along the shore to the west side, where a magnificent repository was erected by the Sisters of St. Mary's Convent. After Benediction the procession proceeded to the Scholasticate and thence to the Church, having walked a good mile and a half. All along the route the picture procession, statues and tapestry were displayed, flags and ribbons and garlands fluttered in the breeze. The repositories erected by the Sisters, and at the Scholasticate by Mr. D. E. Hudson, S.S.C., were particularly beautiful—though they were beautiful in different ways. The Sisters' repository was grand and showy—the Scholastic's was smaller, yet arranged with consummate taste and skill.

The acolytes were twinned and made a very pretty and tasteful appearance, and were the objects of much favorable comment. The boats, at anchor in the lake, were tastefully ornamented with flags and streamers. At intervals the cannon was fired and the bells in the church pealed merrily, the big bell joining in as bass.

We have never heard the Band play so well as they did while they moved around the shore of the lake; the echoes of their music still ring in our ears. For the benefit of our readers in years to come we will mention the names of some of those who took part in the procession:

The Master of Ceremonies at the head of the procession was Rev. Father Letournel. The first banner was carried by Joseph Deming, the second by T. A. Ireland, the third by T. F. O'Mahony. The Master of Ceremonies for the middle of the procession was John A. Zehn, S.S.C. The banner of the Holy Angels' Sodality was carried by William Dolger. Rev. Fathers O'Brien, C. McKinnon, Beck, Clarke, S. McMahon, H. Porter, E. O'Brien, E. Mahonion, H. Faxon, Morton, Deneen, Kinzie, Shank, and W. Campbell. D. Tighe, S. G. O'Hara, the cross, with Misses Herbert H. Hunt and William Myers acolytes. The acolytes who swerved flowers were Misses Hockert, Kenefick, Breck, Wilde, Jedegoc, Dore, Egan, McCormick, McKinnon and J. Campbell. The thurifers were Michael M. Mahoney and Jas. E. Crumey. The lanterns were carried by Misses James McGlynn, Nathaniel S. Mitchell, John D. Hogan and Thomas Murphy.

The order preserved as the procession moved was most truly excellent; and though there were more than a thousand persons walking, yet there was not the slightest confusion from the beginning to the end. Rev. Father Superior arranged the procession, and to him is due the credit of arranging and directing it successfully one of the finest processions ever gotten up at Notre Dame.

We feel, when beholding such a sight as we witnessed on Thursday, as though we were in a Catholic country, and it is really subliming the thought that outside of the lands belonging to the Church, there is seldom to be seen such an imposing procession in honor of the Most Blessed Sacrament.

E. Theespian Reunion.

A CARD OF INVITATION.

We take pleasure in informing the old members of the Theespian Association that a reunion will be held on Tuesday, June 23, 1872, at 4:30 p.m., at the college. Though we have met numerous times since that last reunion, yet our memories are beginning to fade, and we are in no shape to do justice to the occasion. We have therefore decided to give the old members an opportunity to meet and renew acquaintance. We therefore invite you to attend the meeting, and we promise you a most enjoyable evening. We hope to see many old friends present, and we are confident that the evening will be a great success. We trust that all who are able to attend will do so, and we look forward to seeing you there. We are certain that you will not be disappointed.

T. F. O'Mahony, B. G. Baneher, T. A. Ireland, T. Watson, P. E. Cocroarke, Committee.
The 31st of May at St. Mary's.

Many invited guests participated in the literary and musical entertainment given by the pupils of St. Mary's in honor of the patronal feast of the Mother Superior. We have no time this week to give an extended account of the entertainment, but hope that "Stylus" will give a full account of it next week.

An idea of matter can be had from the programme, which we give:

**PROGRAMME.**

Entrance Overture—"Don Giovanni," (Mozart)

Misses Kinwin, Sherland, Dorsey.

Chorus from Mozart's "Don Giovanni." (-)-Vocal Class Address from the Senior Dep't—Miss M. Letourneau

"Flower-Girl." (-)

Miss L. West

Fantastical Address from the Children of Mary—Miss E. Kirwin

Spanish Bolero song—Miss J. Hynds and Miss Tertby. Accompany, Miss E. Flomondon.

Pardon, address the Grandmothers, and Miss E. Tertby.

(from programme)

**CANTATA—La Fete Champetre.**

"The Four Seasons." (Haydn)

Solo Miss G. Kellogg

Trio—"Skipping Song," Misses L. West, J. Hynds and Miss Tertby. Accompany, Miss E. Flomondon.

FRENCH FAYET.

"Our Mothers' Feast."

ESTELLE—Miss Marshall

MADONNA—Miss E. Kline, Miss L. Lytton

MADONNAD—Miss A. B. Bertha

"The Seasons." (Eucott)

Solo Miss G. Marshall


Chorus from "Miss in EKillo," Vocal Class

MERRILY OVER THE WATERS—Accompaniment, Miss E. Plamondon.

"Our mother's Feast." (J. Hynds and Miss Tertby.)

TO Rev. Father Lemonnier.

(from programme)

**Names.**

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.


JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.


D. A. C., Sec.

The Seasons.

"The Seasons," a play played by the Juniors of St. Mary's, was one of the finest little plays we have ever seen. The argument of the play itself consisted of pretty keen arguments between the Juniors who represented the months, and the Mother Superior, who represented the Winter season. The Old Winter, by Adele Byrnes, was accompanied by Snow, Media Halter, Jack Frost, Mamie Ware, Santa Claus, Minnie Boots, Ice, Katie Lloyd. The other seasons were also beautifully represented and accompanied, as will be seen by the following summary of programme:

Spring—Maime Faxon; March, Laura McKinnon; April, Sallie Qass; May, Maudie DeLong.

Summer, Lizzie Niel; June, Sallie Honeyman; July, Josie Dufeld; August, Frankly Lloyd.

Autumn, Annie Clarke; September, Nellie Gross; October, Julia Kearney; November, Lula Tinsey.

The conceit of the play was excellent, and was all in the pleasant style and witty repartee, and not a bit in the unaffected representation given by the young pupils. We think it well worthy of being again brought forward, any next 31st of June, on Exhibition Day. In hopes that it may, we reserve our words of eulogy for the first vacation number of the Scholastic.

Tables of Honor.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.


JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.


D. A. C., Sec.

To Rev. Father Lemonnier.

(from programme)

"The Four Seasons."

Closing Remarks.

San Souci Gallop, (Eccentor) for retiring Misses Flomondon and Todd.

The "Play by the Juniors," which occupies such a modest space in the programme, was one of the features of the evening, as the number of Juniors who took part was very large; but we confess ourselves incompetent to pass judgment on the manner either of Juniors or Seniors.

Can anybody write an essay on Neurogia, and give it first?

Mr. Goues, of Philadelphia, was present at the entertainment given on the 31st ult. at St. Mary's.

The Minims (at St. Mary's) had an address on the 31st which was not down on the Programme.

We were quite surprised at the general correctness of the pronunciation of the young ladies who took part in the French Play.

With willing hands we row our boats

All o'er our bounded sea.

No favored crew on ocean grand

Are favored more than we,—

For bear we not the noble mind,

Across the tiny wave

That first conceived the happy thought

That all these pleasures pay!

The happy thought that first transformed

This drear and lifeless shore

Into a place of sweet resort

And life for everyone!

'Tis such, my friends, the freight we bear,

Then proud we will be may

To carry such a burden load

Across our tiny sea.

Once more we bid thee welcome back

To honest friends and true,

Wherever you may meet on your path

Has ever won for you;

In hopes that health may crown your days,

Your life be blest and long,

Your happy sailor friends now and

Their sincere welcome song.

St. Cecilia Philomathian.

The St. Cecilia Philomathian Society met on Saturday evening, May 30th, and after transacting all regular business a committee was appointed to invite Rev. Father Lemonnier to attend. He came, and kindly consented to take the seat of honor. Mr. G. A. Dodge then read an address of welcome, from the Society, congratulating our kind Director upon his safe arrival, improvement in health, and expressing our happiness in once more having him with us. We copy the address, which is as follows:

Rev. Father: For the past month there has been a number of conflicting reports regarding when you would return. Mr. Stickey's railroad was watched by the icy-cold Juniors most closely, and you not come during the night you may be sure upon your arrival you would have been greeted by the welcoming huzzas of at least one hundred and seventy-five Juniors. On Thursday morning, May 24th, when it became known that you had at last arrived and were once more amongst us, Reverend Father, it would have done your heart good, and have made your heart feel proud, to have seen the many bright and happy faces congregated in our playgrounds, and particularly your St. Cecilians, who presume to lay claim to a large share of your great heart, all watching to catch a glimpse of your well-remembered and much loved form. Dear Father Lemonnier, we, the St. Cecilia Philomathian Society, welcome you back in our midst with an affection increased tenfold by your absence. We rejoice to see you looking so much better, and sincerely hope that your trip may have been most beneficial to your health, and that it may have given you renewed vigor and strength. Much beloved Father, that the God of heaven and earth may grant you health, strength, and happiness, together with innumerable other blessings, is the heartfelt prayer of yours Sincerely.

D. C. O. Sec.
Charles Dodge, (as prompt as ever), delivered "Parrhasius and his Captive."

Having an advanced notion of the night for Notre Dame sports, all adjourned to that interesting locality (dormitory) where the favorite god, Morpheus, could be more conveniently worshipped.

W. D. 

Characteristics.

Happening one day last week to stroll leisurely around the shady walks of St. Joseph’s lake, I saw, not far from the boat-house, thin columns of smoke ascending in beautiful curves through the balmy atmosphere, contrasting favorably with the bright blue sky sparsely interlaced with fleecy clouds, and the limpid waters of the lake surrounded by green flowery banks. The odor of the occurrence arrested my attention and attracted my steps towards the spot, where, to my surprise, I beheld a jolly crowd of Juniors surrounding and almost smothering a large fire. It being a warm summer afternoon, I was somewhat at a loss to account for the blazing phenomenon. Upon a nearer approach I quickly discerned its objects. Old rusty tin kettles and oyster cans, which had long since been condemned and thrown away as unfit for further use, had been collected and partly filled with water, in which upon close inspection one might see a couple of eggs or so. These kettles and cans were delicately poised upon the end of sticks and held over the fire. - The eggs had been discovered in some out-of-the-way nest, by the wide-awake Juniors, during one of their many ramblings over the surrounding country, and, with an eye to business, confiscated by the fortunate explorers. It is needless to say that these Juniors were making an experiment in the culinary art,—an art so much neglected and looked upon with disdain by the fastidious of the nineteenth century. Some held in their hands long poles with which they occasionally stirred the fire, having taken the previous precaution of attaching to the end of said poles some fish or frog-legs; others had caught diminutive specimens of turtles, and these they sacrificed upon the burning altar and fireside, in the vain hope of extracting from them turtle soup. One Junior especially, whose taste seemed to be more cultivated and fastidious than that of his companions, and who appeared to superintend the whole department on account of his skill and superiority in laboring under difficulties, had in his possession a snake, which he spared not, but placed it on the end of sticks and held over the fire. Having tdken the previous precaution of attaching to the end of said sticks some fish or frog-legs, which he spared not, but placed it on the fire, and the young embryo cutis a full glimpse towards the setting sun. Quiet and solitude again reigned supreme.

Mr. Enron: No doubt you have long ere this concluded that the American Tennis Club was either very selfish or had ceased to exist. But we are still alive, and as good-natured as ever.

The first meeting of the Club, after "navigation had opened on the lakes," took place on March 24th, for the purpose of electing officers for the present session. The election resulted as follows:

Rev. A. Lemonoller—Director.
Prof. A. J. B. J. McCormick—Secretary.
J. D. McCormick—Recording Secretary.
T. J. Dunson—Treasurer.
M. Keeley—Commodore.
F. J. O’Honey—Capt. of the Pinta.
J. M. Rourke—
" " Santa Maria.

The club at present numbers sixteen active members, including the Director and President.

Respectfully yours,

J. D. McCormick, Sec. Sec.

The Amalgamated Society.

Smoke rises from the lighted flame: So it is with the pipe of fame.

Mr. Enron: As this is the first report that has been sent you of this Society, we trust it may find a place in the columns of the SCHOLASTIC.

The Society has been sometimes organized; its meetings have been many, and as the meeting I am about to chronicle was an important one, and as the Society is noted for its modesty and does not believe in self-praise, I, an outsider, will venture to tell the world something of it by sending this to you. It must not be expected, however, that I will give anything but a cursory view of this time-honored Association. The meeting:

The President was in the chair; the preliminary business gone through, came the regular business for which the Society was organized: the pipe of discussion was lit; the words of the spokesmen (7) waxed warm, and their very breath showed itself on a cold, frosty winter morning. The discussion became so loud at times that the most dignified President was obliged to call upon them "to let up and not (speak) so loud," or rather, I should say to remember where they were, and that he (not the President) was not blind.

But there happened to be in the room a stranger, who, having in the way become conscious of the meeting and knowing that it was not their association room, approached the door; here he stopped, for he plainly saw that the President was speaking, and, as is his custom "here and there," could not restrain his natural wit. But this stranger was quite amusing; for when the President had made a fun of his joke, he would laugh, and one of the other members would rise and ask "his highness"—"I mean Bedel," the President of the Amalgamated Society—to be kind enough to tell them when to laugh. "Now," the President would puff out. The stranger rapped; the "chair" in a loud yet modest voice cried "Come in!" and he did; but alas! at this moment the modest President of the Amalgamated Society had given him a fun, and the smoke which he gave out, the warm blood rushed to every part of his body and drove the perspiration from his brow; the whole Society, in fact, became so warm that, as the saying is, "they fairly smoked."

The good stranger seeing the condition he had thrown the Society into by his unexpected arrival, took his departure. After a few moments’ silence, the President, raising his eyebrows with a grunt, in a trembling voice, said the Treasurer to report, who, in a still more excited condition, replied that "four cents" remained. It was then moved and carried that the Society adjourns to meet sine die.

More derived from the discussion: Never smoke when it is contrary to the rules of the institution to which you are a member, and especially when you are a time-kill or a brick-yard.

The American Game.

It has been our good fortune to have read several ably-written articles in the SCHOLASTIC in which the "dark side" of base-ball was painted in the most vivid colors, and it is because one has, as yet, noticed the "bright side" of our national game, that we submit to the gentle readers of the SCHOLASTIC this humble essay, in which we will endeavor, so far as we are able, "to set wrong right."

It is a noteworthy fact that fault finders are at all times and on all occasions ready to give their views; and it often happens that they know little or nothing about what they criticize, and especially in this case in regard to base-ball. You do not hear an experienced player finding fault with the game; and why? because he finds pleasure and exercise in it. If players found no pleasure or exercise in playing match games, it is evident that they would not participate in the game are not allowed to be in any way connected with the game, but rather an occupation; and it is on account of this abuse of the game by outsiders that some one has been so unjust as to speak of the game as closely allied to gambling. We should further remark that among both professionals and amateurs, those who participate in the game are not to be allowed in any way to be connected with the game, nor to employ the term "dead letter," as can be proved by the many occasions on which persons have been "ruled out" for this; and, furthermore, in the history of the game it is impossible to find one in which it has been taken to prevent its becoming a gambling affair. It is, of course, impossible to rule outsiders; if they wish to bet, they will, and there is no preventing them. But in this case, which is the case?
with all base-ball outside of the "professional amusement," neither the game nor the players are to be held responsible for what the bystanders say or do. If they bet, the players or game cannot hinder them; all they can do is to prevent themselves from taking part in the game.

In playing all games, the contending person or persons play for what? To "beat," and it is the desire of victory that urges them on to make themselves victorious. It is the desire of victory which causes them to exert every muscle of their bodies; and although they may be defeated, they have found pleasure even in it; and when they have recovered from the fatigue of the game, they feel that new vigor has been infused into their bodies and limbs. So then we see no reason why players, because they strive for victory in this manly, healthy, life-giving game, and because this victory does, under certain circumstances, receive the name "champions," should be stigmatized by placing upon it a level with paganism; for if anything it must place all kinds of ball games on this same level, or below it. For base-ball is the most highly developed of them all, and great care has been and is taken to improve it and make it as near perfect as possible. As proof of its general development we have only to remember that it traces itself back to "Two old cats." No one will presume to deny that there is work in playing a game of base-ball; but show me an outdoor game in which there is no work. We cannot hope to find any game so perfect as to find in it no imperfections or labor; and, generally speaking, it is the labor part of a game that experience is found; but while there is some labor, there is also much sport in a game of base-ball. The assembled crowd are "ever and anon" amused by a "brilliancy" in his playing quicker even than in the class-room; for a person who understands the game can reserve, and know at a glance where to throw the ball. The person who would make such assertions only shows his ignorance, or else he would feign a poetic flight of the imagination. Base-ballists do not consider their "teams," "pairs of tight-rope dancers," &c., as a rule, better able to appreciate a good game. The fact is, did players not find any amusement in playing match games, they would not be very apt to play them spontaneously as they do. There is no amusement in playing when the game is all on one side, and the other has no show at all. Such a game is discouraging to the one side, and demeaning to the other. Such are the kind of games that first and third nines play. The players feel no interest in it, nor do the by-standers. The only games that are interesting and pleasing to both parties are those of amateurs between different clubs who play a "close game," and there are the only games in which a player can be induced to do his best. Some have gone so far as to say that if a base-ball player wants to get off in regard to the dress of base-ball players when on the field, one speaks of a "pair of tights, a skin-fitting shirt," and says they are dressed like "tight-eyes dandies." The person who would make such assertions only shows his ignorance, or else he would sign a poetic flight of the imagination. Base-ballists do not wear their overcoats in hot weather, it is true, like some one we once saw, but dress in the way they will be most comfortable.

As for their early dinner when they are going to play early in the afternoon, we admire their good sense. For it is a well-known fact that the digestive organs are not active when the body is being exerted, and it would be foolishness on the part of the player to load his stomach if he is to begin a game four moments. And now let us turn our attention to base-ball as an exercise. Base-ball is not perfect, and no one has so far forgotten himself as to call it so; still we do not hold that it is perfect of all exercises; if not, all games in which physical exercise is embodied. In all the muscles of the body are brought into action: throwing and catching strengthen the muscles of the arms; running and batting strengthens the muscles of the body and chest—running, those of the legs; and, in fine, the whole body is brought into action. We often hear base-ball spoken of as being too violent exercise. To the casual observer this seems to be the case; but the practitioner will tell you that it is a mistake to call the exercise very violent exercise: either "hand-ball" or "foot-ball" is more so. Here it must be borne in mind that base-ball is far from being as violent as it was some years ago, when it was affected by the introduction of the "dead ball," and changing some of the rules and adding others; the rule which allows a base-runner to overrun first base as well as second base is what is alone practicable in regard to self-defending. So that running balls and strikes, have exerted a powerful influence on the game in this respect. It is difficult and dangerous for a person to be obliged to stop short when at full speed, as he was obliged to do under the former rules of the game; and it became a noted fact that most of the accidents happened at first base; and it was owing to this that the rule was made which allows to successive and return without being put out. We do not now see practiced nines running their scores into the twenties and thirties; the rule has had the desired effect. And again, the game is now played in about half the time it used to be played when the "lively" ball was used and the pitcher was obliged to pitch almost "to the left" for the striker. In base-ball a pitch is not called upon continually to exert himself; even the pitcher has his rests. The game does not now depend upon main strength, but rather upon skill and "hand-work," there is now a science in the game. It is also seen that base-ball matches occasion on the part of the players a great mental excitement. This may be true in regard to those who are just commencing to play matches. But every player knows that no matter how cooler he is the better he can play; and hence he takes care to keep cool and ward off this excitement, and the consequence is that after a few times he entirely overcomes it. The great majority of those who play in the present contesting nines of the University do not suffer from anything of this kind. A person when in this state will invariably make "wild throws," "snuffs," and bat poorly; and it is here, if nowhere else, that we would claim a great benefit arising from the game, for we should learn to keep cool under all circumstances, and we know of no game which is more exciting and at the same time demands more coolness on the part of the player. It does not follow that a person must undergo a great mental excitement in order to score which sides. A person in order to play well must use "hand-work," and in order to do this he must be cool and reserved, and know at a glance where to throw the ball. Simplicity, that a person will show itself in his playing quicker even than in the classroom; for a person who understands the game can catch and bat, will, if stupid, show it in the manner he fields the ball, plays his position, or even bats. Let then, the American youth not despise from this healthy, virile, and manly sport, because some one who knows nothing about the game raises a cry against it because he has read of some one being injured while playing.

A RETIRED BASE-BALLIST.

Leavenworth city, Kansas, May 28, 1872. To the members of St. Cecilia: Many times have I wished myself once more a member of your Society, and under the protection of the walls of Notre Dame. Those years of enmity, of sordidness, of unrestrained joy, are gone; but I am sure the Society will never more -return; happy years of enjoyment were they! In my imagination I often see you gathered together, discussing questions of debate, reading compositions, and listening with delight to the speeches of the eloquent members of the Society, which will ever be the pride and flower of Notre Dame. I know full well that hereby will 'ever look to and consider the Cecilian, theigs of Notre Dame. May the Society in the future, as it has in the past, be represented by each and every State in the Union, and may the boys who will grow stronger and stronger in intellect and understanding, until they obtain the confidence of, and be respected and honored by, the mass of the people. Hoping, trusting, and praying that you will close this year as gloriously as that of 70 and 71, I remain Truly yours, Scotty Ashton. An old Cecilian.

Base-Ball.

Star of the West vs. University Nine. The latter Handsomely Defeated.

[From the Philomathean Standard.]

The first game this season between these Clubs for the Championship, was played in the "Juniors" yard, on May 8th, and was won by the "University Nine" by a score of 17 to 11. The second game was played on May 10th in the Seniors' yard, and was also won by the "University Nine," playing a creditable game, won by a score of 14 to 7. This left each Club the winner of one contest, and the result of the third was naturally looked forward to with much interest; the friends of the "Star of the West" confident in their ability to defeat the "University Combination Nine," and by remarkable coolness and confidence on the part of the Juniors, won them on this occasion their most creditable victory of the season. The "University Nine" were, apparently, too nervous and anxious to win, and in consequence, they failed in what has hitherto been their forte, viz. fine fielding, as error after error was made on the part of their side. The game opened well, both clubs being "white-washed," but after the Juniors made ten runs in the second innings they undoubtedly had everything their own way; they however made thirteen runs during the last four innings, while the Seniors contented to six "goose eggs," and their few runs were made in the 3rd, 4th and 5th innings. It may be well to state, owing to the absence of one of the principal players of the Junior nine, C., they were as well placed as could be to play. And to show the wonderful, and often puzzled ploch of the "plucky Juniors," they went it, confident of victory, and by the assistance of "Little Mark," at second, gave them the worst "beating" they have yet sustained this season.

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The following is the score:

Leavenworth City, Kansas, May 28, 1872.

To the members of St. Cecilia:

Many times have I wished myself once more a member of your Society, and under the protection of the walls of Notre Dame. Those years of enmity, of sordidness, of unrestrained joy, are gone; but I am sure the Society will never more return; happy years of enjoyment were they! In my imagination I often see you gathered together, discussing questions of debate, reading compositions, and listening with delight to the speeches of the eloquent members of the Society, which will ever be the pride and flower of Notre Dame. I know full well that hereby will 'ever look to and consider the Cecilian, theigs of Notre Dame. May the Society in the future, as it has in the past, be represented by each and every State in the Union, and may the boys who will grow stronger and stronger in intellect and understanding, until they obtain the confidence of, and be respected and honored by, the mass of the people. Hoping, trusting, and praying that you will close this year as gloriously as that of 70 and 71, I remain Truly yours, Scotty Ashton. An old Cecilian.
Indeed it would require a clever florist to decide pains to make their garden quite equal to any. It would seem to the Rt. Rev. Bishop that the Juniors were highly delighted with the attentive interest he showed the Rt. Rev. Bishop that the Juniors were highly delighted with the attentive interest he manifested in, and are quite proud to believe that he actually knows each one of them by name. This part of the programme was followed by a vocal and instrumental musical entertainment, in which the performers gave great pleasure by their excellence of singing and playing.

At the conclusion, the Rev. Bishop thanked the pupils for the very pleasing addresses presented and the musical treat they had given, congratulating them on their success in the cultivation of their musical talents and on the beautiful, cheerful surroundings of their academic home. He also spoke to them words of good counsel and kind encouragement. All were delighted with his benevolent manner, and will long remember this visit of our Rt. Rev. Bishop.

The well merited praise bestowed on the garden of the Junior Second Seniors has excited such a lively competition among the Third Seniors of the same department that they are taking the greatest pains to make their garden quite as good. Indeed it would require a clever florist to decide which of the two gardens is the better.