Pio Nono.

THE PRISONER OF THE VATICAN.

Read at the Entertainment of the St. Cecilia Philomathean Association of the University of Notre Dame, held in Honor of the Golden Jubilee of Pope Pius IX., Tuesday, June 5, 1877.

A marshalling of hosts
Throughout the Russian posts;
While dark-browed Asian bands.
And Bedouins from Sahara's sands,
Hover along the Turkish coasts.
The cannon's brazen mouth
Welcomes the surgins: foe from north or south;
And wily scimitar and good broad-sword,
Are wielded by a countless dusky horde
Scouting along the Caspian's southern shore.
The Titans are abroad; and, as of yore.
Nations must reel. Millions are in the field;
Yet who shall say Sultan, or Czar, will yield?
And Roma? Hark! the steady tramp.
To fife and horn, of thousands from their camp
On bristling Quirinal or Esquiline!
Their plumed helmets shine
As they step-to martial air,
And now their trumpets blare
As they march across the square,
—Saint Peter's vast piazza—and before
The very palace door
Of Peter's own successor. But no sign
Of fealty is given from the line;
No "Viva il Papa," as in those days
When Pio Nono's praise
Rang through the great piazza and was caught.
Like some exultant thought,
From street to street, until Saint Peter's dome.
Toward which the nations turn as to their home.
Seemed, in its beauty and its might, to bear
Upward to heaven his grateful people's prayer.
Now, they turn without salute:
The Vatican's own walls are not so mute:
Till the loud "Halt!" or "Wheel!"
From a brute leader, makes a pilgrim feel
How tyrants on thy neck, O Rome, have set an iron heel!
But hark, once more!
Above the battle's roar,
Above the blare of trumpet, shriek of sife,
Above the world's ignoble hate and strife,
A voice is heard—a voice as clear
As if a silver flute,
With throat of gold,
From some far summit spoke,

Vain is a tyrant's yoke;
Ye piping hordes, keep mute;
And all ye faithful, hold
Your breath to bear;
For lo! from Peter's fold,
The one Good Shepherd calls unto his own
Of every race and zone—
"Peace to you, O my children; peace and joy!"
The thief comes but to plunder and destroy;
But he whose brow, full fifty years, has worn
The mitre's rim;
Whose fair tiara's fairest gem grows dim
Before his virtues; who was born
To baffle, by his meekness, wrath and scorn;
Yet so as to exalt that Wisdom's worth
Which is not of this earth;
Who from his prison rules the world; will keep
His title of Good Shepherd of Christ's sheep:
While they who live to catch the last bright ray
Of his pontificate, exceeding Peter's day,
Will see,
The glory of this Golden Jubilee
Turn to an aureole, and thus surround
His venerable head; as they are crowned
Who with their Prince, Saint Peter, have been bound.
Bound with Saint Peter; bound with Peter's chains
We well may say!
Methinks I see it still
The old Basilica which crowns the hill
Called Esquiline. The Caesars, and their claims,
Whatever be their names,
Titus or Trajan, step aside to-day.
The Pontiff and his Patron keep their feast
With glowing faces turned towards the East;
For as the angel smote thy double chain,
Saint Peter, will he say again:
"Rise, Pio Nono!" and men yet shall tell
How the strong fetters from their Pontiff fell;
And how he who wore
Saint Peter's chains, stood free before
The world and all its scoffers, and could say:
"Behold how Christians for their Shepherd pray!"

Rabelais.

It reflects little credit on poor human nature that the works of Rabelais should for three centuries have been admired and read, and that even now they are praised. Nothing could escape his gross and ribald wit; things sacred and religious were not respected by him, and his life was one shocking to all morality. You may urge that he excites us to laughter. Ah, but the soul does not laugh; and, as Fénelon says: The heart hardly laughs. It is therefore a false idea to say that laughing, as we understand it, comes from
a highly glorious source. Thomas, the man crowned with aca-

demical praises, said of Voltaire that he came only to laugh, as the devil does, at the misery of mankind. It is of

this kind of laughter that we speak; and it is this infernal laughter that Rabelais provokes. This kind of laughter, like vitriol, is an acid that consumes, dissolves, and kills—that has destroyed many things, but has never been able to pro-
duce anything, not even the least. What is it that remains to you and to the world after you have laughed at the gross-

ness so highly embellished by Rabelais? Nothing, unless it be contempt of yourselves that you have read, and of the

author that he has written.

You urge also the grace and beauty of his style. But the devil himself has had the time to learn, and he is acute enough to inspire his adepts with seducing and deceptive formulas. The disciples of John Huss, Luther and Calvin were clever writers. It is neither by this seductive style, nor by that spirit of a serpent, that Bossuet and Bossardau have elevated the morals and formed men—that is, Chris-

tians. Malice is filled with unlimited copiousness, which it gives to all; and in your visits to a common village tavern you are sure to find some one babbling in drolleries, whom people will style a phenomenon of wit, and who is a Rabelais on a smaller scale, honored to a certain extent, yet interiorly held in contempt.

Take a glance at the life which biographers have written of Rabelais. They have exhibited him as a kind of Tyll

Bulzeniggen, half rogue and half fool; and the narra-
tive of his life is nothing but the reflex of the cunningness of his book. They say that Francis I made use of and pro-
filed by his writings. If so, then they were worthy of the habits of Francis I. Rabelais, unhappy, was at first a monk, then a physician at Montpellier, afterwards curé of Meudon, at a time when the clergy chosen by the civil power gave itself entirely up to the so-called Reform. He can be numbered among the miserable men who were dragged along by Luther and Calvin. His excesses caused his exile from Rome, where there is more leniency than in other countries, and the Christians who read his works must not forget that they compromise their souls in such bad companion-

ship as his.

It may not be out of place, however, to give one anec-
dote related of Rabelais. It shows fully the low state to

which he fell. When driven from Rome, his finances were so low that he was only able to reach Lyons. Arriving

there, he entered one of the best hotels and ordered a good supper, which, as was consistent with his nickname of

"the Drunken Philosopher," he moistened well with wine. After he had satisfied himself, he retired for the night;

but the next morning, being unable to pay his expenses, a

situation which after him has been called le quart d'heure de Rabelais (the quarter hour of Rabelais), he made use of a stratagem worthy of Lazarillo of Tormes and other

scamps of that time. He made several small packages of

ashes, which he tied up in papers after the manner of drug-
gists; then calling for the boy of the hotel, and, saying that he himself was ignorant of the art of writing, he persuaded him to inscribe on one of the packages: "Poison for the King"; on another: "Poison for the Queen"; and on a third: "Poison for the Dauphin." Then cautioning the

boy to say nothing about what he had done, Rabelais sent him off. The boy very naturally went immediately to his

father and related the affair to him. Horrified at the

thought of the great murder which he supposed was to take place, the father without delay summoned the magis-

trates. Rabelais, as he had expected, was arrested, taken

to Paris under a strong escort, and on the way was well

served, because they expected him to make some startling

revealing. The king, having been notified of his arrival, desired to see the prisoner, who, coming into the presence of his majesty, swallowed before his eyes the pretended poi-

son, thus exciting the laughter of the whole court.

This is attributed to Rabelais as his last will and testa-
mont: "I have nothing, I owe much; the rest I give to the

poor." ———

M. P. F.

Youth, and American Literature.

(From "L'Echo des Deux-Mondes," New York.)

We frequently complain that we do not know what Eng-

lish reading to give our French and American youth. The

fact is that our young people of both sexes, Protestant as

well as Catholic, have good reason to complain of the little

respect shown for them in view of the periodical literature

prepared for them. There is certainly no country in the

world where they write so ill for youth. What can be

more nauseating than the weekly productions circulated by

the million under the captivating titles of "Boys' and Girls' Weekiy," "Muuro's Boys and Girls of America," "Our

Boys and Girls," etc., not to speak of those unclean dime

novels which destroy every year more juvenile constitu-
tions than the scarlatina or smallpox have ever done? We

ask with anxiety what will be the future of a nation whose

youth can thus recklessly poison both its soul and its

heart? We ask ourselves, moreover, to what species of

bipeds can such ink-spillers belong who fill all these mur-

derous sheets with whatever is most vulgar and most slangy

in the language, without even redeeming the ignominy of

form by the purity and form of conceptions and ideas?

Woe to them, for they will walk on the great accounting

day at the head of those through whom scandal walks with

head erect throughout the world!

One of the gravest consequences of this abominable abuse

of the freedom of the press is the materialization of the infant

soul and a premature disgust for all healthy reading. Open

one of these weekly sheets that I have quoted above: you

will find there on the first page the worst species of ro-

mance with which a young imagination can be inoculated,

—mean adventures, in which the actors are young heroes

and heroines, among whom the author exhibits in embryo

all the vices, passions, eccentricities, insanities of advanced

age,—all this, I repeat, in an impossible language to which

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all the vices, passions, eccentricities, insanities of advanced

age,—all this, I repeat, in an impossible language to which

all classes of young America addict themselves so thor-

oughly that twenty years hence we shall recognize no

longer the idiom of the ancient mother-country. It is on

this point beyond all others that we may say that American

institutions have sunk below the democratic level. Nothing

is more deplorably uniform here than vulgarity of lan-

guage, vulgarity such and so deeply engrained in our youth

that in spite of continual calls to order we cannot attain

even in the most severe schools a correction of this mass of
defective or inelegant phrases which are the despair of pro-

fessors for whom the word "education" is not altogether

meaningless.

However, for Catholic youth, excellent weekly journals

published in English are not wanting. Every week our

editorial table is covered with publications which those

parents who are solicitous for the future and the salvation

of their children ought to introduce among them to the
formal exclusion of all others. We find in each a very interesting tale, painting life such as it is, and not that fantastic and impossible existence which deludes the youthful imagination, without speaking of the immense wrong done to family ties, to social relations and to the rights of our fellow-beings, which are at almost every moment trodden under foot or deformed at in the detestable sheets which we have stigmatized above.

Everyone here knows the New York Tablet, the Freeman's Journal, the Catholic Review, and that periodical, McGee's Illustrated Weekly, whose success is so gratifying. This indeed is excellent current literature. Well! mention this to our young persons of to-day, and they will tell you that they would not read them even if they were paid for it. Why? They aren't spicy enough; their literary palate is already vitiated by the red-pepper of sensational journals,—written for youth of their age, if you please—to the shame of the enlightened century of which we boast so much.

I have under my eyes at this moment one of the most remarkable of weekly publications, the name of which is the Notre Dame Scholastic, and which is published at Notre Dame, Indiana. It is the organ of a University, edited, I believe, by the more advanced students, but in any case a model of its kind, which every parent can place in his children's hands for their profit. Every week we find articles of the highest interest on the important events of our epoch, education, the arts, and religion, as well as choice poetry—something, in short, suitable to supply excellent reading to youth and to furnish their minds with a mass of information and useful knowledge, the whole presented in clear and elegant language. Why not have several of these reviews within the reach of all? Why not react against that immodest press which sullies the minds, the imaginations, the hearts of our children? Truly it is a strange problem, this modern indifference to the prohibition or permission of literature to youth. It is truly one of the most lamentable signs of the times, because it anticipates in a future not far removed the disappearance of one of the greatest safeguards of American society, I mean of purity in daily education, without which liberty becomes a future not far removed the disappearance of one of the greatest safeguards of American society, I mean of purity in daily education, without which liberty becomes the pallid form with which nations effect their own destruction.

An Old-Time Trip.

We lately came across an account of a trip to Chicago, made in 1865, by the Field Band connected with the St. Cecilia Philomathean Association. At that time great the Northwestern Sanitary Fair was in full blast at Chicago, and the boys took advantage of the occasion to pay a visit to the city. The Band comprised thirty-four instruments, and the boys were from the age of twelve to sixteen years. They were dressed in full zouave costume, and played with great accuracy and precision. The boys arrived at Chicago in the morning of June 10th, and repairing to Union Hall, they played for some time, their performances being rapturously applauded by the thousands assembled.

After executing this field music in the hall, the Band recited in concert the following imitation of Tennyson's "Charge of the Light Brigade," written especially for the occasion, and entitled:

RUSH OF THE MILLION.

All for the Northwestern Fair
Rush near a million.
Forward the soldiers' aid!
Crowd in the good things made,
All for the Sanitary Fair
Rush on, ye million!

After the soldiers' aid!
When can their toils be paid?
Not though the Fair should flow
More than a billion.
They have defended us,
Bied for the Union cause,
Saved for us homes and laws,—
Haste to the Soldiers' Fair!
Rush on, ye million!

Treason had threatened us,
Europe had laughed at us,
Good men despairsed of us—
Up rose the People!
Sherman and Grant were there,
Sheridan's sabre bare,
Rosecrans fought for us,
Mulligan died for us,
Bied all the Nation.

Fought well the Eastern men,
Fought well the Western men,
Fought well the Celtic men,
Fought well the Teuton men,
All the world mocking;
Plunged in the rebel smoke,
Soon the backbone they broke.
Wounded and dying
Pale from the prison woke—
Treatment foul, shocking!
Aid for the prisoner!
Aid for the suffering!

Hearts are disconsolate,
Homes rendered desolate,
Strong men disabled,
Fruit of rebellion!
Haste ye to answer them!
Empty the purse for them!
They are deserving,
Noble souls ask of you,
Gentlest ones plead with you,
Help those who bled for you,
Roll out your millions!

Far from Atlantic's shore,
Far from Pacific's shore,
Good things to right of us,
Good things to left of us,
Good things all round us.
Gifts from kind stranger lands,
Gifts from our native land.
Precious mementoes!
They are deserving.

Aid for the prisoners!
Roll on, ye million!

Honor to those who planned
Feast like to this so grand;
Honor these pleaders,
Wives of our heroes ask,
Greet them, ye million!
Aid their brave soldier task,
Roll them a billion!

The boys spent the day, it seems, in a very pleasant manner; and at four o'clock they assembled in front of the Tremont House and gave a serenade to the hero of the hour, General Sherman. The General appeared upon the balcony, and in highly flattering remarks thanked the boys for the compliment they had paid him. After this, the Band visited the various newspaper offices and were well received by the different managers. All the journals gave highly complimentary notices of the Band the following day, from which we infer that the young gentlemen created quite a sensation in the city and were the recipients of many attentions from the citizens.

For the information of the present members of the St. Cecilia Philomathean Association, though they no longer have their field band, we will state that during the scholastic year of 1864-5 the members of the Association had four famous rides. 1st. A sleigh-ride to Niles on the 18th of January, 1865, Prof. J. A. Lyons and Stace accompanying the Association. The supper was taken at the Bond House, which then, as now, set a good table. 2nd. A ride to Mishawaka on Washington's Birthday, Feb. 22d, 1865, Mr. George O'Brien accompanying. Supper was eaten on their return, at the National Hotel, South Bend. 3d. A great ride to South Bend, under the auspices of Prof. J. A. Lyons. Serenades at various residences. Supper was taken at the Deming House. 4th. The ride to Chicago on the 10th of June, Prof. J. A. Lyons, T. E. Howard and M. T. Corby accompanying them.

The Triumph of David.

Guido Reni was one of the most brilliant representatives of the Bolognese school. He was born in the year 1575, at a moment when art had arrived at its complete development. The earlier portion of his life was nothing but continued happiness. His father, Daniel Reni, a clever musician, made him enter the studio of the master Denis Calvain, a Flemish painter, whom the Bolognese regarded as a restorer of good taste; the young man, however, did not remain there for a long time; he sought for masters that could better suit the ardor of his genius, and he found these in the Carrachis. When twenty years old he entered their studio and immediately distinguished himself not only by the good qualities which make the great artist, but by the merits which constitute the sweetness of private life. He pleased at the same time by the elevation of his ideas and the modesty of his character. Such was his rapid progress that the Carrachis, his friends and masters, perceived some shadow of his growing reputation. This knowledge gave rise to a feeling which, however, did not degenerate into enmity, though it might have caused some jealousy. Masters and students remained always on the terms which fitted their name and their character. The Carrachis rendered Guido an inapprreciable service: they deferred him from associating with and imitating Carravagio, who, notwithstanding his dark and haughty manners had almost seduced the young man.

Guido Reni was already celebrated at an age when many artists try to make themselves known. Powerful friends protected him; the Pope loved him, the kings and great lords contended for the productions of his brush, and paid for them with their weight in gold. Happy would he have been had not a hideous vice taken possession of him and spoiled these noble qualities, dashing his cup of happiness to the ground. Guido became a gambler, and his passion for play wasted his life and warped his genius. He died at the age of sixty-seven, in the year 1642, in a condition of almost utter poverty, pitied by his nearest friends, despised by his neighbors, and almost forgotten by his contemporaries. He had exhausted the remains of his talent by unceasing productions necessitated by the course of the terrible life he had embraced. These last compositions are generally feeble and careless; everything bears the stamp of an excessive rapidity both in the conception and in the execution.

"The Triumph of David," however, shows on the contrary all the good qualities combined which we admire in Guido: richness in composition, correctness in drawing, tender and delicate coloring, and especially grace and nobility of expression. The picture represents David after he had severed the head of Goliath from the body. He stands holding the head of his antagonist, resting on a small pillar. This head is frightening; not even in death is it quiet. The features, which are still contracted, have preserved their ferocity. What a contrast with David, who, negligently and carelessly, has placed his hand over this terrible head! How his whole body breathes the calmness of strength, and how serious is his countenance! not even the pride of triumph can be seen there; his fixed eye does not look at the bloody trophy, it tends further. We can see that this is not a human victory; man has but been the instrument, the cause is from on high.

Scientific Notions.

Our Divine Creator willed to employ four elements in His marvellous work of creation, viz., fire, water, earth, and air; and in all of them, with the exception of the element fire, animality is infinite and ubiquitous.

Water swarms with various living creatures, from the mammoth whale down to the tiny minnow gliding amongst myriads of its fellows. To form a conception of the natures, the forms, the varieties, and the number of these within the oceans, seas, rivers and lakes, already known to geographers, is impossible, because of their infinitude; yet how much of this element, water, may there not be which the civilized explorer has not yet seen!

The extent of animality in this element is wonderful. The destruction of the creatures of the deep by man, and the intercencion of the smaller ones by the larger, appear not to make the slightest diminution as regards number, so prolific of life are they. According to Leeuwenhoek, the roe of a single codfish contains millions of eggs.

The conception of all the oceans, seas, etc., and their inhabitants, may be deemed a too extensive task; then reduce the subject to one of the lowest of its details—a glass of water, for instance—and survey it through a microscope, and astonishment increases. Therein are seen creatures of various forms and dimensions—some fearfully constructed; some with furious looks hastily pursuing and destroying others; all wonderfully and perfectly formed; all with parts, proportions, instincts; all with faculties, organs, fully commensurate to their requirements!

Hardly inferior to this phenomenon of vitality in water is another also connected with it, namely, coral-reefs, rocks, and islands, and which are the forerunners of living animalcule.
The earth is all life: living things are ever moving on it or issuing from it. There is nothing on the earth but possessors either actual vitality or the germs of vitality. Pulverize the rock, granulate the iron bar, scatter the residue to the winds, and what will they not eventually become? All vegetation lives; not a tree, a plant, a flower, a blade of grass without vitality. All eat, drink, sleep, have arteries, lungs, heart, digestive faculties complete. Each has been generated; has had its infancy, its maturity, and assuredly will have its decadence. Wound any of them, does it not bleed?—not crimson drops, mayhap; crush any, and does not its individuality become extinct? May, if you but touch some, do they not shrink back, terrifed, as it were, by the contact? This fact appears to demonstrate that these possess something more than mere animality. Observe the slender and bending tulip when moved by the zephyr: it appears to motion the beholder away, graciously and modestly, from the contemplation of its stainless beauties. Then the trees, when the wind is rude—how piously they moan! How the cadences of their sorrows rise and fall!—now low and prolonged,—now high, fierce, and clamorous, as the angry wind drives ruthlessly through their outspread branches. They seem Nature's cries whilst in travail.

Plants impregnate, and thus their propagation becomes assured: this fact establishes the presence of life and sympathy. Undoubtedly all substances possess the principles of vitality. The decline and the death of the particular individual certainly takes place, but the utter disconnection of life with it never occurs; that which actually ensues is but a mere transition—a transition as regards both form and number.

Life conducts to death, and death conducts to life. Possibly the fabled renovation of the phoenix has had its origin in this fact. Variety in form, and frequently an increase in number, are the results of what is vulgarly termed the privation of life. The germs of death attend the germs of life, even in the most robust or the most beautiful. Concurrently with life commences death, and concurrently with death commences life. These are some of the great mysteries of creation and of the wonderful ways of God. They are philosophical facts, and physical science demonstrates them. The microscope reveals animalcule in the plant, and the selfsame microscope reveals animalcule living and generating in the human body. And, notwithstanding the destruction of human life constantly occurring, and notwithstanding the immensity of animal life consumed by man, by beasts, by birds, by fishes, by reptiles, throughout the cycle of the existence of each, yet the number of living creatures diminishes not, but, on the contrary, increases.

The air above us, around us, and which we inhale, is full of insect life—it is charged with them. These atmospheric infusoria are the bearers of sickness or health; life or death to man always, and to animals generally. Man's well-being, physically considered, is directly influenced by the atmosphere, and the atmosphere itself is directly influenced by the nature and the number of animal life with which it is impregnated. A ray of the sun forcing itself through a chink into a dark apartment, reveals innumerable atomic insects. All nature is animated—all nature reproduces. Life in no instance is subject to annihilation; it rejects annihilation in common with all other things in creation. The polypus or hydra reproduces itself when cut into pieces; every part soon becomes a perfect animal. This fact was first discovered by Leeuwenhoek. The polypues are of the order of zoophytes; they partake of the animal and vegetable nature, and therefore are placed in the link which unites the animal to the vegetable world. Two polypues cut aunder, and joined at either end, become one; the one species may be turned inside out and live as before. Herein lies a clear proof that life cannot be annihilated.

Man stands superior to all the elements and all they have given birth to only in one respect, in the possession of a soul and an understanding. To him only has wisdom been communicated. He only, of all animals, knows the purposes, the uses, the value of things, and to him only are all things subservient. They have been created for his use and the greater glory of God, the supreme Creator. But man should ever remember that his body, of which he now is so vain, will one day be food for worms; in fact, it is so already, for decomposition begins long before people are aware of it, long before the breath leaves the body. At the best he is but a living, moving mass of corruption, and some can tell to what purposes his body may yet be turned, or what form or forms it may yet assume. Many a one now decked out in all the pride and pomp of fashion would droop his head were he to consider what his poor body may yet become. Shakespeare's Hamlet considers this matter, and well worthy of perusal is what he says upon it. Whilst creation endures, no nobler destiny awaits man's body than that of other animals. The earth devours her offspring, but gives them life again in other forms and for other purposes. Herein is a cause for the observance of humility—hence an overwhelming argument against human vanity.

But the soul, the soul of man, owns no transition; it is immutable, unchangeable, immortal. It is the only thing associated with the creation that frees itself from nature's laws. On the cessation of man's vitality, it breaks away from all the influences of this earth, and wings its flight to the judgment-seat of Him to whom it in all justice belongs; whilst the body, that frail, sinful body, which it occupied, and which, alas! had so often arisen in rebellion against its Creator, reverts to earth, to the worms, whence it originally sprang.

This universality of life is evident; its infinitude cannot be doubted. The subject furnishes in itself the clearest notion that can be found of positive infinity; for who can count the drops of water in the ocean, and yet we know that each drop teems with life? who can number the innumerable mysteries of creation and of the wonderful ways of God. They are philosophical facts, and physical science demonstrates them. The microscope reveals animalcule in the plant, and the selfsame microscope reveals animalcule living and generating in the human body. And, notwithstanding the destruction of human life constantly occurring, and notwithstanding the immensity of animal life consumed by man, by beasts, by birds, by fishes, by reptiles, throughout the cycle of the existence of each, yet the number of living creatures diminishes not, but, on the contrary, increases.

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Mr. W. F. Gill announces his intention to publish shortly his life of Edgar A. Poe, for which he has been collecting material through several years. There will be several illustrations, among them a fac-simile of the original MS. of "The Bells."

Fran Marchesi on the twenty-fifth anniversary of her appointment as professor of singing at the Vienna conservatoire, received orders and decorations from the sovereigns of Germany, Italy, Saxony, Weimar, and from the burgomaster of Frankfurt-sur-Main.

A fac-simile reprint of the "Original Letters of Sir Fulke Greville and His Friends," by James White, is about to appear from the press. It is known to the present generation only by the praise of the author's schoolfellow and early friend, Charles Lamb.

The opera which M. Offenbach is composing to the book of M. M. Chivot and Dura for the next winter season at the Folies Dramatiques is called "Madame Favart," and it deals with three distinct epochs in the life of the famous favorite of Marshal Saxe.

In the course of a few weeks the brilliant journalist, Miss Marie T. Courcelles, will give to the public a translation of Dr. de Cemar's charming and valuable work, "Beauty and the Art of Human Decoration." The book will be published in this country by Hall & Chase.

The widow of the Duke de Galliera has given the splendid collection of pictures and objets d'art which were in her husband's Parisian home to the Museum of the Louvre. The collection is so fine that a special apartment, bearing the words Sallo Galliera, will be assigned to it.

The Adriatcso describes a beautiful statue which is to be raised to Titian this year, the 400th anniversary of his birth, in the little town of Pieve di Cadore, his birthplace. The head looks toward the house where he was born, on the walls of which, tradition says, his earliest efforts appeared.

The recent festival of the Handel and Haydn Society in Boston was the first successful affair of the kind—in a pecuniary sense—given by that association. Miss Fannie Kellogg was the principal vocalist, and is referred to as having been particularly successful in the oratorio of "Samson."

Rev. H. Quigley, D. D., author of "The Cross and Shamrock," and other valuable Catholic and national works, is about to issue a book of great interest to every Irishman, especially those on the Pacific Coast. The forthcoming volume will be entitled "The Irish Race in California and on the Pacific Coast."

A Hopkins county Kentuckian has a Straduarius violin 188 years old. It was bought of a strolling troupe of Italian musicians at Evansville, Ind., in 1809, for $25, and it is thought to be worth a hundred times that sum. Upon the inside is carved the inscription, "Antonius Straduarius Faciebat, A D. 1801."

Pupils of the French Archaeological School, while pursuing their studies at Melos, have disinterred the arm of a statue of which the hand holds a mirror. There is reason to believe that the arm is that of the famous Venus of Milo in the Louvre, and at last accounts it was to be sent to Paris for verification and adjustment.

One of the Cincinnati papers suggested that at the Cary-Thomas concerts there, the Wagner music be placed first, and the grand opera second, as the "flamboyanz and shuffling of feet by late comers may not be noticed.

General Meredith Read, the American Representative in Greece, has obtained a copy in plaster of a most ancient statue of which the hand holds a mirror. There is reason to believe that the arm is that of the famous Venus of Milo in the Louvre, and at last accounts it was to be sent to Paris for verification and adjustment.

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The American conference this summer in New York, there is talk of holding the Irish Race in the midst of a group of soldiers, one of whom is posed for a portrait.

Another Dame Europa pamphlet, "Dame Europa's Remonstrance and Her Ultimatum," is attracting attention in England.

The proposed conference of English librarians, suggested by the conference at Philadelphia last summer, will be participated in by representatives of most of the large libraries throughout Great Britain. It is to be held at London, in October or November. There is talk of holding the American conference this summer in New York.
—The death is announced of M. Thos. Sauvage, the doyen of French dramatic authors. He was born in 1794, and produced his first play, "Mademoiselle Hamilton," in 1814. He wrote over fifty pieces, including "Le Cald," his first play, and many others. He was born in 1794, and died in 1875.

—The Philharmonic Society, of New York, at a private meeting Friday afternoon, elected Theodore Thomas as its new conductor. The Society will dispense with the services of the Marquis Costa de Beauregard, has just been issued in Paris. It contains a number of unpublished documents relating to the Paris revolution in the time of Louis XV, the revolution in Savoy and Piedmont, the first campaign of Bonaparte in Italy, and the taking of Turin by Souvoroff; also some curious letters of Joseph de Maistre.

—According to Mr. Arber's researches, the name of Shakespeare appears first in the registers of the Company of Stationers on the 33d of August, 1599. He begins Reprints of the works of the greatest English authors, which he had in hand for many years, but which is now at last to be published. Before it was given to the printer many of his literary friends were desirous of hearing some of the most effective portions of the poem from his own lips.

—The Commission of Historical Monuments has voted the necessary funds for the purchase of five tombs of the Grand Masters of the Knights Hospitallers of St. John of Jerusalem, which have been preserved to the present time in Rhodes. Four of these belonged to as many celebrated French Grand Masters—namely, Dieudonne de Gozon, Peter de Coruillou, Robert de Jolhao, and James de Milly. The fifth tomb is that of John Baptist des Ursins.

—The German Chamber of Bookselling, which has its headquarters at Leipzig, has decided to publish a general history of the trade in Germany from its beginning in the sixteenth century. In 1840 the number of booksellers in Germany was 2,500; in 1840 their number had doubled. This includes dealers in both new and second-hand books. In 1864 the number was 2,800. It is now estimated to be 5,000. Among the booksellers is the name of Calv, who in 1760 had 862 copies, in 1760 it was 1,000, in 1840, 7,000, in 1875 12,516, and last year 13,556. The projected history will contain interesting particulars in reference to the gradual growth of the trade, with special reference to that of Frankfurt, which was its first centre in Germany. Its transfer to Leipzig took place in 1765.

—A volume containing as many as one hundred and six-teen translations, literal and free, of the celebrated dyed address of the Emperor Hadrian to his son—beginning: Anima vagia blandia—collected and arranged by David Johnston, has been printed for private circulation at Bath, the editor having taken pains to bring together from every possible quarter a variety of opinions on the much contested meaning of the words, in question, which have been regarded by some as of small merit, while by others—as by Alexander Pope, whose well-known piece, beginning Vital spark of heavenly flame, paraphrased them with a Christian instead of heathen atmosphere—they have been esteemed as among the most interesting relics of antiquity.

—The Italian prize for a work on Oriental history, in honor of the coming Orientalist congress at Florence, amounts to five thousand lire, which will be awarded to the writer of the best work on "The Vedas and Aryan Civilization in India." Learned men of all countries are invited to compete, and their manuscripts, in Latin, Italian, French, English, or German, may be sent through any of the Italian consulates. The work shall commence with a historical and critical essay on the primary constitutive elements of the Punjab civilization before its emigration toward the Punjab, as revealed in the language, mythology, religious beliefs, and customs of the race; and it shall then be devoted to a distinctive examination of the history of that civilization in India, tracing the elements which have modified it in the various localities in which it became established.

—A cable dispatch to The New York Herald, dated London, the 26th of May, says: Herr Richard Wagner celebrated his 64th birthday on Tuesday last. A banquet was given him in the evening by the London liederkranz. Wagner responded to the toast of his health in a speech extraordinarily financial success to his opera "Taunhauser," and returned home disgusted with the wretched performance but delighted with the exquisite rendering of the part of Elizabeth by Mlle. Albani. Mme. Jane Schumann, the Brunhilda of the concerts, returns to Vienna on the 3d of June. She has created a furor here by her wonderful dramatic singing.

Books and Periodicals.

—We have received the Supplement to the Popular Science Monthly, and think we are justified in saying that the Popular Science Monthly and its Supplement are the best scientific magazines in the world. In support of this assertion we appeal to the staff of their contributors. Are not the names of such regular and occasional contributors remarkable throughout the world? Asagray, Wagner, who had the first $10,000 of the receipts secured him, turned that amount over to cover the losses after the two succeeding concerts. There is still a deficit of $3,000, mainly because of the fifteen hundred hundred dollar tickets for licencing 'Mutch Doo about Nothinge, and the second parte of the history of King Henry the 111th'; but several years previously the fees had been paid for a "newe ballad of Romeo and Juliet.""
The St. Cecilians.

As we announced in the last number of this paper, the celebration of the Pope’s Golden Jubilee was, for local reasons, celebrated at Notre Dame on the evening of the 5th of June, instead of the 3d. It is true that on the 3d Solemn High Mass was sung and a panegyric of the great Pontiff preached, but beyond that there was at Notre Dame no celebration on that day, but all was transferred to the Tuesday following.

As at all the Entertainments given this past scholastic year, a large crowd filled Washington Hall to witness the Exhibition given by the members of the St. Cecilia Philomathian Association. The Hall itself had been tastefully decorated with wreaths of evergreen, ribbons, flags, national and Papal, and other ornaments. Above the stage, in evergreens, was written the legend “Pius IX,” and a bust of the Pope stood on the table just in front of the President’s table. During the first part of the Entertainment the stage itself was not without its extra decorations. The national colors were displayed, and among these many flags stood the beautiful silk banner of white and yellow, the Pope’s colors, with the great seal of the Pope painted thereon. But enough about the decorations, let us to the play.

As we have already said, there was a large audience in attendance, eager to behold the youthful St. Cecilians. They were not kept long waiting, for promptly at half-past seven the Band began to play, and we have no doubt but that this fact made every one feel so very jolly that on its conclusion there was generous applause and patient waiting for the curtain to rise.

The music of the Orchestra and Band need not be dwelt on at length here, for, with the exception that with each Entertainment there is visible progress manifested, what we would say would be a repetition of what we have time and again said of these organizations. We would, however, chronicle the fact that the Orchestra favored us with music of a sort that is usual for it to do.

The Choral Union treated the audience to two choruses: the “Jubilee Hymn of Pius IX,” and “Angel of Peace,” by Keller. Both choruses were sung very well, and do the young singers great honor. We doubt not that His Holiness, had he been in Washington Hall, would have given the young singers his benediction in reward for the gusto displayed by them in singing his praise. Keller’s National Anthem, “Angel of Peace,” was sung very well, and we hope it will be repeated at the Commencement. We believe that at the end of the year the Choral Union will prove a credit to itself and to the place.

There was one address only read, and it was given very nicely by Master A. Widdicombe. The declamations of Masters Cavanaugh and McGrath were both well given. We did not like the selection spoken by the first named, but we have nothing but praise for the manner in which it was spoken. Master McGrath gave “The Blue and the Grey” charmingly, and followed it with a comic selection which caused much merriment. “Pius IX, the Prisoner of the Vatican”—a poem written for this occasion, and which may be found on our first page,—was recited by Master A. J. Buerger in a most creditable manner, adding new beauty to the lines by his excellent rendition of them.

After the Prologue, spoken by Master R. J. Golsen, a short comedy, entitled “The Midnight Intruder,” was put on the stage. The characters in it were all well taken, even those back of the stage doing their parts well. The dogs were essentially necessary to bring out the farce, and so those who took the parts of the dogs seemed to feel. As far as barking goes, these young men may consider themselves successful. The characters in the play, besides the dogs, were: “Mr. Aspen Timid,” M. B. Kauffman; “Zeb. Fergaun,” Nattie Vanneman; “Knock-Kneed Sam,” John Phelan; “Dark-Lantern Bill,” George V. Sampson; and “Bob,” James Hagerly. The audience thank them for numberless merry laughs.

The farce was followed by an historical drama, in five acts, called “Major John Andre.” We had read the play, (it is published by Murphy & Co., of Baltimore,) and must confess that as a work we did not like it; but it is needless here to point out its many defects, for what we have to do with is the acting. At times there was some tediousness, but whether this was the fault of the actors or the author, who put long speeches in the play without any provocation whatever, it is difficult for us to say; perhaps it was the fault of both. Nevertheless there were many passages brought out with great fire and warmth, and on the whole the play was, because of the general good acting, received with great favor by the audience. The parts of “Washington,” by C. J. Clarke; “Greene,” by S. D. Ryan; “La Fayette,” by G. F. Cassidy; “St. Clair,” by Jno. Mosa; “Putnam,” by F. W. Cavanaugh; “Hamilton,” by G. Crawford; “Knox,” by John Phelan; “Stevens,” by C. Faxon; “Parsons,” by C. Walsh; “Col. Clinton,” by C. V. Larkin; “Col. Jameson,” by G. Sampson; and “Major Talmage,” by Ralph J. Golsen, were taken naturally, truthfully, and excellently. B. R. Mayer (Paulding), W. F. Hake (Van Wert), and Otto Lindberg (Williams), assumed the roles of the “Captors of Andre” excellently. Master Lindberg, by his good acting, kept the audience in very good humor. Masters A. Widdicombe (Sir Henry Clinton), A. J. Buerger (Major John Andre), W. O’Hman (John Andre, Sr., Major Andre’s Father), M. B. Kauffman (Gen. Knyphausen), T
Nelson (Gen. Robertson), G. Sugg (Admiral Graves), T. Fischel (Col. Carleton), C. Hagan (Benedict Arnold, the Traitor), J. E. Hagerty (Hezekiah Smith, a Tory), and F. McGrath (Sylvester, Page to Sir Henry Clinton), all did excellently well. It would take us too long to notice each one in particular, and it is sufficient to say that all entered well into the spirit of the play and portrayed the characters with fidelity. The remaining characters were taken by Masters J. Rothert, E. Moran, A. Hatt, C. Orsinger, A. Bergck, N. Vannanee, J. Perea, J. Healy, F. Carroll. The grand tableau was very beautifully got up and made a very pleasing effect on the audience. All the characters in the play appeared in the tableau, and the blue and buff of the American officers—contrasting with the red of the British was beautiful.

The closing remarks were made by Rev. President Colvin, thanking the young Celucians for the pleasure given by their acting, their music, etc. Everybody was well pleased with the Entertainment, and join with us in congratulating Prof. Lyons on the success which crowns all his efforts in bringing out the talent of his boys.

—The Chicago correspondent of the Tribune, J. E. Hagerty (Hezekiah Smith, a Tory), and F. McGrath (Sylvester, Page to Sir Henry Clinton), all did excellently well. It would take us too long to notice each one in particular, and it is sufficient to say that all entered well into the spirit of the play and portrayed the characters with fidelity. The remaining characters were taken by Masters J. Rothert, E. Moran, A. Hatt, C. Orsinger, A. Bergck, N. Vannanee, J. Perea, J. Healy, F. Carroll. The grand tableau was very beautifully got up and made a very pleasing effect on the audience. All the characters in the play appeared in the tableau, and the blue and buff of the American officers—contrasting with the red of the British was beautiful.

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Personal

—Mrs. Widdicombe, of Sturgis, Mich., spent several days at the College this last week visiting her son.

—We had the favor of a visit on Tuesday last from Rev. Father Noll, pastor of St. Vincent's, Elkhart, Indiana.

—Among the visitors last week were Mr. and Mrs. James Colvin, of South Bend, Mass. We were delighted to see our old friends, and hope they may find it convenient to visit us frequently.

—We see by the New York Herald's account of the ceremonies on Decoration Day at Calvary Cemetery, New York, that Rev. Paul E. Güleue, C. S. C., Chaplain of the Corcoran Legion during the late civil war, was present at the celebration, and gave Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

—The Cincinnati Enquirer mentions Edward M. Brown, of '85, "who narrowly escaped the nomination for that office two years ago" as a good candidate for Attorney General of Ohio. Were the convention made up of Notre Dame boys he would be nominated for the office by acclamation.

—Mr. Alfred Kemmer and wife, of South Bend; Mr. J. A. Kiinnmeaux and wife, of Dunkirk, N. Y.; Mrs. George Hanon, of Akron, Ohio; Mr. E. Carqueville, of Chicago; Mr. A. Mayer, of Cleveland, Ohio; Miss Walsh, of Chicago; and Mr. M. Kauffman and wife, of Cincinnati, Ohio, were among the visitors to Notre Dame lately. Mr. and Mrs. Kauffman and Mr. Mayer came especially to see the St. Cecilians' Entertainment, in which their sons took part.

—The Chicago correspondent of the Cincinnati Enquirer, in speaking of the newspaper men of Chicago, says of James B. Runyon, of '80, now connected with the Chicago Tribune: "The chief editorial writer is James Runyon, in honor to the Tribune. He is, first of all, a gentleman, and a descendant of one of the best and oldest families here. He has written many plays, a few of which the public have not failed to appreciate. Who would forget Mignon, as he dramatized it for Maggie Mitchell? Running a Corner had an immense success at McClyker's. He is a man apparently about forty years of age, slight in figure, a striking face, a finished linguist; he has made some charming translations. He is a brilliant writer, and, as Mat Angel says, "Mr. Runyon can turn out more copy in an hour than any other man in Chicago." His translation of 'Mignon,' from the German, and 'Graziella,' from the Italian, have met with the success they richly deserved. Runyon is a great writer, and his sun shall shed its warmth and light long after he is dead and gone; however, for the sake of humanity and the Tribune, let us hope Runyon may live long and add new lustre to his name." Of course, our readers know that "Graziella" was translated from the French of Lamartine, and not from the Italian. The book is for sale by Jansen, McClurg & Co., and we can recommend it to our old students.

Local Items

—The Chicago correspondent of the Tribune, J. E. Hagerty (Hezekiah Smith, a Tory), and F. McGrath (Sylvester, Page to Sir Henry Clinton), all did excellently well. It would take us too long to notice each one in particular, and it is sufficient to say that all entered well into the spirit of the play and portrayed the characters with fidelity. The remaining characters were taken by Masters J. Rothert, E. Moran, A. Hatt, C. Orsinger, A. Bergck, N. Vannanee, J. Perea, J. Healy, F. Carroll. The grand tableau was very beautifully got up and made a very pleasing effect on the audience. All the characters in the play appeared in the tableau, and the blue and buff of the American officers—contrasting with the red of the British was beautiful.

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—The audience at the St. Cecilian Entertainment was quite large.

—The members of the different societies are getting their badges ready for Commencement-Day.

—Everyone at Notre Dame is preparing for the Examinations and the Commencement exercises.

—It is said that the fencing at the St. Cecilian Entertainment was the best ever seen at Notre Dame.

—There was Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament every evening during the Octave of Corpus Christi.

—The members of the Band and Orchestra had a very pleasant drive to St. Joe Farm on last Wednesday.

—The St. Cecilia censors, G. Sugg, C. Hagan, R. J. Gol­len, and H. Maguire, performed their duty well at the last exhibition.

—Our young artist has been doing good work during the week. The drawing of his chum, S., has been admired by all who examined it.

—There will be a meeting of the standing committee of the Associated Alumni to­mor­row afternoon at 3 p. m. All are requested to attend.

—Master A. J. Buerger's recital of the poem in commemoration of the Golden Jubilee of Pio Nono on Tuesday evening, was praised by all.

—An inquirer would like to know how it is that some boys walk about the baseball grounds pulling and blowing their fingers every time they make a hit.

—After their Exhibition, the St. Cecilians went to work like men. They will no doubt exhibit their talents to advantage at the coming examinations.

—Last Sunday, the Pope's Golden Jubilee, Solemn High Mass was sung by Rev. Father Letourneau, assisted by Revs. G. Kelly and T. E. Walsh as deacon and subdeacon.

—The St. Cecilians had the Papal colors flying over Washington Hall on the day of their Entertainment in honor of the fiftieth anniversary of the consecration of Pius IX.

—Vespers to­mor­row are of St. Barnabas, pages 38 and 39 of the Vesperal, with Commemorations of the third Sunday after Pentecost, the Octave of the Sacred Heart, and St. Margaret.

—The new Polish Catholic c:urch, on Monroe street, Rev. V. Czayzewski, C. S. C., will be dedicated in form, on Sunday, the 17th, Very Rev. Father Sorin officiating.

—South Bend Tribune.

—On the day of the Pope's Golden Jubilee, June 3rd, Rev. President Colvin preached a glowing and eloquent panegyric of His Holiness in the Church of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart, Notre Dame.

—A soldier being asked how the fare was in the army, replied: "Well, to be candid about the thing, 1 have eaten so much pork within the last six months that I am ashamed to look a hog in the countenance."

—The youthful anglers were again in luck. They started from the College at 2 p. m. last Monday, and returned at 6 with a large string of fish. Lee reports the number forty caddies, sixty-three bass, and one large snapper.

—The two choruses sung at the St. Cecilian Exhibition by the Junior Choral Union under the direction of Br. Leopold, were excellently rendered and much admired. The members who took part in the choruses were about thirty in number.

—The decorations in Washington Hall on the night of the St. Cecilians' Entertainment were very tasty. They were made under the supervision of Messrs. Schmidt and McHugh, who may pride themselves on the fact that never were the decorations in the hall equal to their decorations.

—At the 35th regular meeting of the St. Cecilian Philo­mathean Association, held May the 6th, the members ten-
dered a unanimous vote of thanks to Prof. Howard and Edwards, Bros. Leander, Paul, Leopold, Philip Neri, and Wilfred—also to Rev. Father Lilly—for favors received at the last exhibition.

—On account of our going to press the day after the festival, we are unable to give a detailed description of the ceremonies on Corpus Christi. The procession around the lake was larger than ever before formed at Notre Dame. There were fully twelve hundred people in line, and four or five thousand witnessed the scene. Arrived at the Hall, the Association also returns thanks to Masters Wm. P. Breeu and Carl Otto.

—We would call the attention of the young men who take part in the processions to the fact that it is entirely out of place for them to introduce local "gags" into their plays. They may be understood by the "boys" here, but they should remember that there are many others to whom they are utterly incomprehensible. Better far to leave them out.

—EDITOR NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC:—The singing of the Te Deum at the conclusion of Corpus Christi procession at Notre Dame made a beautiful effect. It reminded us of our dear native land. There is a beautiful custom in Northern Germany observed at Corpus Christi processions, which is that the boys in the upper class of the parish school and those who have made their First Communion march before the procession singing their hymns alternately with the singing of the boys is accompanied by a band. We would suggest the same for next year.

—We are glad to see that some persons have adopted the laudable custom of cultivating small gardens of flowering plants in order to furnish means for decoration on Corpus Christi. On account of the Feast falling so early in the season this year, the usual natural flowers were not yet in bloom but their place was supplied by artificial ones. A more plentiful supply for the decoration of the little oratories in the College and elsewhere can therefore now be had. Anyone needing such can obtain them by applying to Br. Hippolytus or Br. Hilario, at the Manual Labor School.

The jolly Juniors of the University held their annual pleasurable excursion to Angel's Island; on arriving there they were disappointed in their expectation of finding a beautiful custom in Northern Germany observed at Corpus Christi processions, which is that the boys in the upper class of the parish school and those who have made their First Communion march before the procession singing their hymns alternately with the singing of the boys is accompanied by a band. We would suggest the same for next year.

—The Entertainment given May 30th at St. Mary's Academy in honor of the Mother Superior, and to which we alluded in our last number, was in every respect an excellent one. The exhibits at the Academy are always enlivened by excellent music, and on this occasion the vocalists and instrumentalists seemed to surpass all former students. Besides H. and M. Julius, A. O'Connor, J. Bennett, J. Nunning, B. Spencer, H. Hawkins and E. Pleiss played charmingly as many of duets, which were enjoyed fully by the large audience assembled to witness the Exhibition. The singing was so pleasant that all the choirs were given with a volume and at the same with a sweetness which to us was a perfect surprise. The solos of Misses Foste, O'Connor and Spencer, and the trio by Misses O'Connor, Spencer and Hopkins, were exceptionally well rendered. All of these young ladies are possessed of voices at once sweet and powerful, and they give every evidence of thorough and skilful training. The addresses were read in a very praiseworthy manner, the modulation of voice perfect. The German address was read by Miss Faxon, the Senior address by Miss Craven, the French address by Miss Beal, the Junior address by Miss McManus. The Minims paid their respects to their Superior in dumb eloquence. There was a French address from three young Misses, but as their names were not down on the programme we cannot give them. The five tableaux representing scenes in the life of St. Angela were highly artistic and we were the admiration of all. We do not know who has charge of the tableaux at St. Mary's, but we feel called upon to compliment her for the faultless manner in which she has her scenes upon the stage. The prologue to the play was read in excellent style by Miss Faxon—after which we were treated to a original drama entitled "Matilda of Tuscan." We had a programme with the names of all those who took roles in the play, but we lost it, hence if we omit the names of any we beg pardon in advance. All acquitted themselves with eclat. The actors entered into the spirit of the play with great earnestness, and the rendition was excellent. The parts, as far as we remember, were taken by Misses Faxon, A. McGrath, N. McGrath, A. Walsh, L. Walsh, G. Breeze, Wilson, Caveor, Byess, Russell, Morgan, Ewing, Thompson, and others whose names now escape us. The Exhibition over, highly complimentary remarks were made by Very Rev. Father General, Rev. Fathers Shortis and Walsh.
THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC. 635

Roll of Honor.

[In the following list are the names of those students who during the past week have by their exemplary conduct given satisfaction to all the members of the Faculty.]

SENIOR DEPARTMENT


JUNIOR DEPARTMENT


A. Widdicombe, as “Sir Henry Clinton”; J. Hagan, as “Benedict Arnold” ; of A. Widdicombe, as “Sir

Henry Clinton”; J. Hagercy, as “Hezekiah Smith, the

Hunchback Tory”; C. J. Clarke, as “George Washing­

ton”, and the young gentlemen who represented his gener­

als. But why make this particular mention, when all did so well? The play is long, but who took note of time,

as scene after scene of thrilling, pathetic interest was un­

folded? The character of “Major Andre,” the star of the play, was sustained in a manner which reflected the high­est credit on young Buerger, who had that part; and we may speak, in the highest terms of commendation, of E. S. Gray, as “Angel of Peace,” F. McGrath; Prologue, Ralph J. Golen; music, by Band. The second part was an amusing play, “The Midnight Intruder,” which took well, being very happily rendered. Then came the play of the evening, “Major

John Andre,” an historical drama in five acts, recently

written and prepared for the stage, by a Catholic priest,

and played for the first time at Notre Dame, last evening.

Right faithfully has the author acquitted himself in weav­
ing into his play, with fidelity to history, the spirit of 8. G. Sugg, F. Gray, G. Saxinger, W. Dodge, F. Keller, J. Beck, J. Ingwerson.

Saint Mary’s Academy.

Corpus Christi at St. Mary’s.

Every year at Saint Mary’s we see the procession of the great Litanies on the Feast of Saint Mark and the Rogation Days winding its way among the groves and orchards of this charming retreat; while on the 21st of June, by the “free light procession, in honor of the Blessed Virgin under her title of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart, has been one of such singular beauty that it may be called unique; possible, even, only in such an atmosphere as sur­

renders Saint Mary’s.

Still one procession was always lacking, that of Corpus Christi. The fall of one many years ago lingered among the traditions of the old students at St. Mary’s; but this was all which could be said in the way of pre­

cedent for the procession of the Blessed Sacrament on the afternoon of Sunday, June 3d—the “first one,” as almost everybody insisted, upon being told so sooner was it decided that the procession was to take place than all minds and fancies, all hearts and hands were engaged; and only upon such an occasion can the varied resources at Saint Mary’s be comprehended. There were reproductions to be prepared, arches, mottoes—for these could not be drawn from some accumulated store of successive
years; and not only these, but a canopy; and not only a

repository, this repository, which they proudly called their own

would be richly rewarded by Him who said “Me ye have not

always.”

From the Academy steps the procession took the wind-

ing way which leads before St. Joseph’s Cottage and

at Saint Ann’s, under the blooming arch of the Minims, with
decorations on either side the way, to Loreto, whose whole

front represented a repository in white and gold, and hold-
ing forth its arms as if inviting all to the fold of peace.

On one side of the road was a repository, and on the other side of the road was a

repository, above it the picture of the Holy Father, Pius IX;

on the other side the statue of Blessed Margaret Mary

Alacoque, and above this the picture of Saint Joseph; and

this bower of whitest ferns and lilies, this repository of the

cathedral, which they proudly called their own

THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

Tablet of Honor.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.


JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses A. Ewing, E. Kirchner, A. McGrath, A. Morgan, C. Wingert, D. Gordon, the roses which touched the repository were as delicate as roses could be; the

whole relieved against the recess of the portico richly

draped, and enclosed, as it were, by the two large chestnut
trees near by, of the richest green. We could not but be-
happy that the youthful hands which had done so much for

For politeness, neatness, order, amiability, and correct
department, the following young ladies are enrolled on the

Tablet of Honor.
**The Two Foremost Popular Scientific Magazines.**

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Conducted by E. L. Youmans.

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2 25 a.m., Chicago and St. Louis Express, over Main Line, arrives at Toledo 9 50; Cleveland 2 20 p.m.; Buffalo 8 05. 10 37 a.m., Mail, over Main Line, arrives at Toledo, 5 25 p.m.; Cleveland 10 10 p.m.; Buffalo 4 a.m. 12 30 p.m., Special New York Express, over Air Line; arrives at Toledo 5 40 p.m.; Cleveland 10 10 p.m.; Buffalo 4 00 a.m. 1 12 p.m., Atlantic Express, over Air Line. Arrives at Toledo 2 30 a.m.; Cleveland, 7 19 a.m.; Buffalo, 1 50 p.m. 4 38 and 4 p.m., Way Freight.

GOING WEST.
2 43 a.m., Toledo Express. Arrives at Laporte 8 35 a.m., Chicago 6 6 a.m. 5 05 a.m., Pacific Express. Arrives at Laporte 5 50 a.m.; Chicago 8 20 a.m. 4 38 p.m., Special Chicago Express. Arrives at Laporte 5 30; Chicago, 8 p.m. 8 02 a.m., Accommodation. Arrives at Laporte 9 a.m.; Chicago 11 30 a.m. 8 45 and 9 25 a.m., Way Freight.


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CONDENSED TIME TABLE.

MAY 20, 1877.

TRAITS LEAVE CHICAGO DEPOT, Cor. Canal and Madison Sts. (West Side).

On arrival of trains from North and Southwest.

GOING WEST.

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Trains Nos. 3 and 6 run Daily. Train No. 1 leaves Pittsburgh daily except Saturday. Train No. 4 leaves Chicago daily except Saturday. All others daily except Sunday.

For rates or information not attainable from your home ticket agents, apply to


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