

The Scholastic Year.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT NOTRE DAME. DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE STUDENTS.

Editors of the Present Number:

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MEMORY.

Memory is rich and instructive, whether it be joyous or sad. It brightens, deepens, and cultivates the affections, exciting or calming, shrouding or gilding the imaginative mind, dignifying or melting the noblest heart. The heart, too, has memories, that can never die, the rough usage of the world can never obliterate them! they remain in the heart through all trials and tribulations. They may for a time be torpid, but will soon, by some means or other, spring up again. Often times they flock to the mind, after they captivate the soul and charm the listless moments in their flight. Feeble age, trembling on the brink of the grave, has them, when all else has fled, or been forgotten. They are memories of an early home; of old places, where first he was borne in loving and tender arms, and doted on by eyes that never more shall glisten. They are memories of acts of kindness performed to our fellow beings. They are memories of old friends, of old love, and the pride of friend's conquests. They are memories of kind parents whom he loved to behold, whom he doted on; all these tend to please his memory, when far away from those scenes. The traveller, climbing the mountain of a land not his own, will, amid all his trials and all his changes, revert, ever and anon, to the time when a youth or school boy, he roamed over the hills and fields of his native home. And gazing down on fields, streams, and towns, his ardent soul pants to realize the fond hopes which have long inspired his heart. The trials of our young days, although at the time, may seem hard, still after we have ad-

vanced in years they appear to be the happiest of our lives. We often experience a momentary pang of fruitless joys, of marred hopes, and intimacies of broken vows, of fickle favors, foolish fancies, unrequited love and treacherous faith; yet the sunshine of memories, pure, chaste, and good, the choice moments of a life we have learned to spend well. Neither change, nor time, neither age nor years, neither distance nor disease, neither quiet nor passion, can ever efface or blot from the heart those memories of the spring-time of life, thoughts, such as will reproduce, on the verge of eternity, the freshness of emotions, of life, and desire.

MESSRS. EDITORS: "The Jolly Philharmonics—oh the jolly—jolly boys"—made another grand display last night. Perhaps you didn't hear it! we did—"that's so." The exhibition of vocalism last evening was for the benefit of the Juniors and distinguished visitors, among whom we are numbered. Oh you doubt it do you? you need not, for we were there—everywhere and elsewhere. That's for us Now for the Philharmonics. The first intimation of any musical treat we had, was the witnessing of the departure of the Chickering Grand Piano from its usual place in the parlor, destined for the Junior's Study-hall. It went with a will; it seemed to be aware of the grand doings about to take place during the evening and almost went by its own volition. After partaking of our evening meal we determined to see what was up, and therefore accidentally, on purpose, of course, fell in Prof. Corby's way, who very politely insisted upon our accompanying him and taking a front seat, so that we could

have a good view of the performers and could notice the execution of the instrumentalists. The concert was opened by a duet for Piano and Violin—*Fraume auf dem Ocean Walzer*—Master David Wile managing the Piano, while Mr. J. Watts took charge of the Violin part. Every one who ever heard these waltzes must admit, that they are beautiful when well performed. They were very tastefully executed last evening. Master Wile is gifted with a great deal of musical talent and by proper cultivation he can yet be a No. 1 artist; Mr. Watts brings out very clear tones from his violin, his bowing is very good, his judgement and tact are excellent and our individual opinion, is that he is in a fair way of becoming an excellent violinist. The only objection that could be found with his playing last evening is timidity. At first he seemed to be somewhat abashed, but when he did get warmed up by his subject he did it justice. The students say that he is quite an institution among them. When they wished to “trip it on the light fantastic toe,” he’s always on hand, and any “toe” that can withstand his invitation to trip it—has no music in it—that’s all. The Philharmonics opened by the “Greeting Glee,” after which came the solo of Mr. J. Sullivan, which was rendered very well. A little sharpening now and then would not have hurt him very much. His voice and ear are both good however, and his improvement is evident. Mr. J. Dickinson’s Medley solo was done very well, so well that Juniors and distinguished visitors alike insisted upon a repetition. He sang well. A grand universal cry of “fire” was raised, but when everything was explained it was only “Scotland burning” and ever a premonitory warning to “look out,” they “cast on more water” and the thing was squenched,—no body hurt. “Laugh, boys, laugh,” created quite a furor and every body agreed that to laugh at a shocking bad hat was what was desired, and they laughed, this distinguished visitor included. The duet, for Violin and Guitar, by Mr. Watts and Mr. E. Hull was very agreeable, and if strings only had sense enough not to break during a performance it would add to their utility. Mr. H, though, did not seem to care for his accident, but went on—to his former seat. Mr. Georges and Mr. Hoffmann played two duets, for Clarinet and Piano. They pleased every body. Mr. Hoffmann is an excellent Piano player, and Mr. Georges makes his clarinet speak—no “squeaking” about it. The Philharmonics then called for “a boat to cross the ferry,” declaring

their intentions “to be merry,” and to quaff good sherry. We hope they did, but intimate that we should have been with them. The feature of the evening in our estimation was the selection from the “Harvest Home.” The voices blended well together, and all the parts showed off well. The first tenors had some tall climbing to do, and they did it gracefully. All the parts were perfectly distinguishable throughout,—whereas, in some of the other choruses that effect was not produced. However, we do not wish to criticise. Considering that the members of the Philharmonics are students, who have four or five classes each day to attend to, and that four months ago the majority of them had absolutely no knowledge of music, they did well—remarkably well. Some credit is due to Prof. Corby for his zeal in their regard; and the effect of his method of training voices, and of imparting musical information, is now plainly evident. There never was such fine singing here. The Philharmonics, under Prof. Corby’s excellent management, have popularized vocalism,—and next session, we are sure the Philharmonics will be the favorite Association. Long may they wave.

A DISTINGUISHED VISITOR.

THE PRINCE OF PORTAGE PRAIRIE;
OR,
The Burning of Bertrand.

[CONCLUDED.]

ACT THE SECOND—SCENE I.

A STREET IN GOSHEN.

Enter the Duke, followed by his Bugler, who imitates all his gestures.

Duke.—At length is consummated my revenge!
My hated rival, Portage Prairie’s Prince,
Is fallen from the almost royal power
He exercised, and I am in his place;
My schemes have all succeeded, and I think
I’ll take a pinch of snuff.

(Takes snuff. Bugler takes snuff also. They sneeze alternately.)

(Enter the Marquis of South Bend.)

Duke.—Why, who is this?
The Marquis of South Bend! my noble colleague!
I’m glad to see you? What’ll you take to drink?

Marquis.—Talk not of drink! We have no time for that!
To arms! To arms! The Michigan barbarians
Are down upon the frontier. They have seized
And fortified the city of Bertrand!
The Prince of Portage Prairie is their captive.

Duke.—The Prince? So much the better. He’s my foe.

Marq’s.—But must we then abandon fair Bertrand?
South Bend will suffer next, and I’m undone!

Duke.—That’s very true! We’ll hasten to the rescue,
Drive out the savages, and if the Prince
Should perish in the scuffle, very good!

So much the worse for him! I have a band
Of veteran Zouaves now here in Goshen,
Who will assemble at the bugle's summons.

(Bugle blows. Enter the Drill-Sergeant and Regiment of Zouaves. They draw up in line, and present arms to the Duke.)

Duke.—My gallant men, I've summoned all your band,
To lead you to the rescue of Bertrand.

Zouaves.—*(shout)* To the rescue! *(They wave their caps.)*

Duke.—Your readiness to go I cannot doubt;
You prove it by that hearty, ringing shout;
That—that alone the Indians would scare!
The steam propeller will convey us there
As quick as winking. *(To the Bugler.)* Go, and bid
them haste

To make it ready. *(Exit Bugler.)* Now, we will not
waste

The intervening time; but, if you will
We'll show the Marquis, here, our Zouave drill.

(Grand Review.)

Enter a Sailor.

Sailor.—My lord, the steam is up.

Duke.—Then, let's embark!

We'll rout the savages before 'tis dark.

Marq's.—But first a hornpipe I should like to see;

After this drilling 'twill refreshing be.

(Sailor dances a hornpipe. Scene closes.)

SCENE II.

A DARK CELLAR IN BERTRAND. PRINCE LYING CHAINED
IN FRONT.

(Enter Alexander, running down stairs, with a drawn sword and a lantern.)

Alex.—My uncle! Oh! my uncle! *(Drops sword and lantern.)*

Prince.—*(rising)* Dearest nephew! *(They embrace.)*

Alex.—I've come to break thy chains.

Prince.—Devoted boy,

Your kindness touches me! How did you pass
My captors? Do they not maintain a guard?

Alex.—Their guard is drunk—dead drunk. Asleep they lie
Upon the doorstep like ungainly swine;
I kicked them from me as I entered in.

Prince.—Then break these chains. We'll flee before they wake.

Alex. takes off the chains.

Alex.—*(aside)* Now, I'll secure the knife. I hope it's safe.

(Enter the Barber, running down stairs.)

Barber.—Oh golly! what'll we do, now? De Duke of Goshen
'm here, wid all him Zouaves. Dey say dey've come
to save Bertrand, and dribe out de Injuns, but if dey
cotch the Prince, dat'll be de last ob him.

Prince.—The Duke of Goshen! Ah! thrice perjured traitor,
This hour shall be his last—give me that sword—
(snatches sword)

Or one of us must die. I fear him not. *(Exit up stairs.)*

Barber.—Stop! whar ye gwan?

Alex.—Stay! where's my knife? *(Exit, running.)*

Barber.—Oh! my sakes alibe! Dey 'm boff gone up now, sure
enough! De Duke'll set all dem yar Zouaves on
'em, and chop 'em up to little pieces; and den, he'll
hang me, if he cotches me. But I'll run away. Fust
I'll stop de fun ob all dese Injuns, dough! Wonder
wedder a little fire wouldn't wake 'em up. Here 'm
a pile ob wood. I'll set fire to it and burn down de
house on 'em—yah! yah! yah!

(Brings the lantern over to the wood-pile, to set fire to it.)

Enter the Arkansaw Traveller, above.

Barber.—Oh golly! Here'm somebody coming. I must wait
awhile.

Trav.—Holloa! There is some one awake at last in this infer-
nal hole. A nigger, by Jove! Say, friend! is this
the way you keep hotel up North? And what are
all them dirty Injins lying around upstairs for?

Barber.—Wake 'em up and ask 'em, massa. Dey'll tell ye, pret-
ty soon.

Trav.—You impertinent nigger. What d'ye mean?

Barber.—Nigga! Who'em you callin nigga? I'se a cullud
pusson.

Trav.—Well, then you ought to know how to keep hotel.
Can I have a bed here to-night?

Barber.—As many beds as you please, massa. Jess go up
stairs and take all you want.

Trav.—Well, aint you the clerk of this here hotel?

Barber.—Not much, massa!

Trav.—Who are you, then?

Barber.—Why, I'm de Barber ob Mishawaka. You don't seem
acquainted 'round here yet. Whar do you cum from?

Trav.—Come from? Why, I'm the original Arkansaw Trav-
eller.

Barber.—De Arkansaw Traveller! I can dance dat!

Trav.—Pitch in, then.

(They dance a jig. The traveller pokes at the barber with his umbrella during the dance. The barber finally snatches the umbrella, and drives the traveller up stairs. Throws the umbrella after him.)

Trav.—*(Putting his head in.)* Take care, now. That's my
grandmother's new gingham umbrella. *(Exit.)*

Barber.—Now, I got rid ob dat coon. I'll light de fire.

(Takes out the lantern candle to set fire to the wood. Red fire. Exit.)

SCENE III.

A PLAIN NEAR BERTRAND.

*The Duke. The Marquis. Bugler. Drill-Sergeant,
and Regiment of Zouaves.*

Duke.—So far, so good, my friends. The steam propeller
Has brought us to the plain before Bertrand.

We'll reconnoitre ere we nearer go,

Why keep our foes so silent?

Marq's.—Can it be

That they prepare an ambush? I have sent

Two spies to find out what they're doing. Hark!

I think I hear one coming back. *(Enter First Spy.)*

1st Spy.—My lord,

Bertrand is all on fire!

Duke.—Then put it out!

Zouaves, I wonder what you're all about.

Enter Second Spy.

2d Spy.—My lord, Bertrand is burning! See the smoke,

Rising on high above yon woods of oak!

Our savage foes, awakened from their sleep,

Are coming down upon us like a heap.

Duke.—Arm! Arm! Zouaves! Resist our savage foes!

Expel the fierce invaders! *(Hits the Marquis acci-
dentally.)*

Marq's.—Oh! my nose!

*(Enter the savages, who join battle with the Zou-
aves, and fight till everybody is killed, except
the Duke and Marquis. Then, enter the Prince,
with a drawn sword.)*

Prince.—Come forth, vile Duke!

Duke.—Nay, keep your shirt on, Prince!

Prince.—For that rash mockery I'll make thee wince.

*(They fence for some time. The Prince kills the
Duke.)*

Prince.—Take that, and die! And now my work is done!

Marq's.—(*Rushing on him.*) Not yet, proud prince! for here's another one.

(The Prince and Marquis fight till they kill each other. Enter Alexander, followed by the Barber.)

Alex.—Oh! scene of blood, of carnage, and of strife!
What cruel—wanton waste of human life!
Could those who cause dissension see this field,
Would they not surely *some* compassion yield?
Experience *some* remorse for needless woe,
And seek to make a friend of every foe?
My noble uncle, too, has lost his life,
And now, at last, I'm sure to find my knife.
(Searches the body.)

Barber.—Oh golly! De Prince am dead, sure enough! an' de Duke, too, an all on 'em. What an ornery lookin' critter dat 'ar Marquis ob Souf Bend is! (Kicks the Marquis's body.)

Alex.—Oh! destiny abhorred! Oh! cruel fate!
'Tis found indeed!—but found in what a state!
Six of the blades are broken! Only one
Remains untouched. Now mis'ry's work is done—
This seventh blade my earthly woes shall end. (Stabs himself.)

Farewell to Portage Prairie and South Bend! (Dies.)

Barber.—Oh! he's killed himself! Stabbed himself wid de knife. I allus thought he was crazy, and now I'm sartin ob it! And dey'll cotch me here, and say I done it, and hang me! I hear somebody comin' now. Oh! massy, what'll I do. I'll cut my trofe and den dey can't hang me.

(Cuts his throat with the razor.
Enter the Hermit of the Valley.)

Hermit.—What, everybody dead! How very funny!
I would not lose this sight for lots of money.
Taking, for once, a social point of view,
Since dying is the fashion, I'll die too.
(Picks up a sword and kills himself.)

(Enter the Arkansaw Traveller, with his umbrella up.)

Trav.—Holloa! There's been some fighting here it seems. I thought it was coming on to rain; I heard so much thunder, so I put up my umbrella. Well, I wish I'd stopped down in Arkansaw! Everybody dead!—no hotel to stop at,—no nothing! No use in my living any more!

(Stabs himself with the umbrella.)

(Music plays, and the principal characters rise and form a quadrille. The Zouaves and Indians rise also, and stand in a semicircle behind, while the others dance.)

After the dance, Alexander speaks the—

EPILOGUE:

And now, dear friends, we've done our best
To please and entertain you;
We wish you all a good night's rest,
With no bad dreams to pain you.
Don't dream of Indians, and knives,
Of barber-ous conflagrations,
Or bloody wars, with loss of lives,
In slumber's habitations.
But dream of merry, laughing friends,
In this still happy nation;
And as our entertainment ends,
We ask your approbation.

POSITION OF CHARACTERS DURING THE EPILOGUE:

Marquis,—Barber,—Prince. Duke,—Hermit,—Indian Chief.
Alexander.

Curtain falls.

WE accidentally overheard one boy ask another if they examined him in the *pernicious* examples!

NILES.

Niles seems to be the favorite resort of the students this session, when they wish to enjoy a day of recreation. The Philharmonics and Thespians made an excursion to this thriving little city on Wednesday, accompanied by their respective directors, Profs. M. T. Corby and E. A. McNally. Rev. Father Superior, Profs. J. A. Lyons and Ivers were the only invited guests who favored us with their company.

The party, numbering in all about thirty, took their departure from the University immediately after breakfast, and arrived in Niles about ten o'clock. They proceeded at once to the Bond House, where the kind landlord was in readiness to administer to our wants.

Dinner was prepared at twelve, and it is unnecessary to say, that we were prepared for it. Having done ample justice to the eatables, which were scattered profusely about the tables, we repaired to the spacious parlors of the hotel, where the Philharmonics "ever ready to respond to every call," favored the company with a choice selection of beautiful airs, prepared expressly for the occasion.

This performance having been executed, in truly *Philharmonic* style, Rev. Father Corby complimented them highly, and informed us all that the proprietor of the skating rink requested our presence at three o'clock. We then separated to seek the various amusements which the city affords.

Having derived all the pleasure which time would allow, we repaired to the skating rink where we witnessed the graceful and difficult feats of an excellent skater, whom the proprietor had engaged.

It was amusing to see the boys relinquish the arena upon the appearance of this accomplished skater, and how, at intervals, when she disappeared, they swarmed upon the ice, and attempted to imitate her evolutions.

So fascinated were we with the performance of this accomplished *artiste*, and so engrossed were we with the exhilarating sport itself, that the time for departure arrived before we were aware of it. Wishing to arrive home in good season, we returned to the Bond House, where the spirited horses with their dashing plumes, were pawing the earth, plainly manifesting a desire to depart.

Being snugly ensconced in the conveyance, the Philharmonics, with their usual suavity, favored

the *habitués* of the hotel with one of their beautiful farewell glees.

Amidst their reverberating notes, the waving of handkerchiefs, and the ringing of the air with shouts, we slowly moved off, and in a few moments, the fair little city of Niles was left in the distance.

THE NATIONAL HOTEL, in South Bend, is one that we recommend to our friends; it is but a minute's walk from the Railroad Station-House; and visitors to Notre Dame or St. Mary's will find there the omnibus that runs between South Bend and those institutions. The accommodations are the best that can be found in any hotel in the city. The National is located on the east side of the Depot, and Messrs. P. Whitten and T. J. Slick are the gentlemanly Proprietors.

EVERY SATURDAY is the name of an eclectic periodical, which in general makes very good selections from English Magazines. As an eclectic, it deserves praise, for the Editors are judicious in their selections, if we except some pieces of so called poetry, which are remarkable only for weak verses rendered readable by being very bigotted against the Catholic Church. The Catholic Church, of course, can stand it, and much more. Still it seems odd that a professedly Literary Journal, like *Every Saturday*, should select some articles that contain false assertions against the Catholic Church—that is, against the Church which is more progressive and more enterprising than all the Churches of America.

Its Foreign Notes may be considered as a kind of Editorial, and the Sapient Collector of Foreign Facts, takes delight in showing his utter ignorance of Catholic truth, and of the system of Catholic Education. It requires all the real merit, of the pieces selected from English Magazines, to enable a Catholic reader to stomach these bigotted notes of native production.

CHRONICLE.

Among the notable events of the past month, is the removal of the shops from their old position to the new site lately selected as the permanent location for the Manual Labor School. The one who engineered the "movement" displayed considerable skill, and a decided improvement in execution is evident in the way he wheeled the houses through the orchards between the apple trees. The removal of the Manual Labor School

will give room for great improvements in the college grounds, which next Spring will be laid out according to a regular plan, and beautified with flowers, shrubbery and trees.

The Philharmonics and Orchestra have given several very entertaining soirees.

The Thespians intended giving a dramatic performance on Friday, the 31st ult., but they have postponed it to next Tuesday night.

The Examination is over, and all—except the Editors of THE SCHOLASTIC and the chronicler—are enjoying a well-earned recreation day. Our next number will contain the official announcement of the result of the Examination.

Professor Griffith is expected next Monday to give his yearly course of Elocutionary reading. Those who had the pleasure of hearing him last year, remember the efficient manner in which he drilled his class. We anticipate a great improvement among our readers, some of whom already read remarkably well.

The weather has been cold, decidedly so. Sleighing up to present date does not amount to much. Yet the students did a large business in that line on very small capital; the snow barely covering the ground. Nearly all the Juniors and a select band of some thirty or forty Seniors, took a ride to Niles on Wednesday, the 29th ult., and report tolerable sleighing and a pleasant time.

ASSOCIATION.

We have received the following sketch of the Constitution of the Association lately spoken of in our columns. We publish it as a reminder to our graduates, and to encourage remarks, and not as a plan already decided upon.

ARTICLE I. This Association shall be known as the [name not yet decided on]. Its object shall be to draw together the graduates of the University of Notre Dame and to keep up the social spirit of members which began when "they were boys together."

ART. II. All graduates of the University of Notre Dame shall be members of this Club.

ART. III. The officers of this Club shall be a President, Vice-President, Secretary and Treasurer, who shall perform the duties usually required of such officers, and shall hold their offices for one year.

ART. IV. The officers shall be elected at the annual meeting of the Club.

ART. V. The annual meeting of the Club shall

take place on the evening of the last Wednesday in June of each year.

ART. VI. There shall be a resident executive committee at the University whose duty it shall be to make arrangements for the annual meeting, supper etc. of the Club.

ART. VII. At the annual meeting the President of the Club shall appoint one Orator and Poet, with alternates, for the next annual meeting.

ART. VIII. There shall be a committee on publication appointed by the President, whose duty it shall be to arrange and publish each year the Oration and Poem, with a list of officers and members of the Club, in a neat pamphlet form.

ART. IX. At the regular annual meeting each year the members shall be assessed a reasonable fee for the purpose of defraying the expenses of the Club.

ECHO DE LA FRANCE.—We call the attention of all our students to this sterling publication. It contains pieces from the best European periodicals, especially the French one, and gives a monthly treat to all who can appreciate the beauties of good French writers. We do not know whether the literary societies have this periodical on their list of papers. If they have not they certainly should send on for it to Louis Ricard, Directeur, Montreal, Canada.

Among other pieces they will find in it selections from the speeches and writings of Monseigneur Dupanloup, Père Felix, Montalambert, Berryer, Thiers, Michel Chevalier, Veuillot, Père Hyacinth, Lamartine, etc., and sometimes from Figaro and the Charivari.

ST. ALOYSIUS-PHILODEMIC.

MESSRS. EDITORS: The eighteenth regular meeting of the St. Aloysius-Philodemic Society, was held Jan. 23d. First on the programme were essays. An essay upon "Perseverance" was read by Mr. William C. Nelson, of Louisiana. The essay "aforesaid" was very good, but the manner of reading was labored, and his position rather picturesque. The following question was then debated: Was the "Feudal System" beneficial to society? Mr. James Cunnea supported the affirmative with an elaborate speech, which left little doubt in the minds of his hearers that the "Feudal System" was beneficial to society.

Mr. Walker then came forward in behalf of the negative, and threw doubt upon some of the

statements of the first gentleman. Mr. Moore next took the stand and produced some striking and peculiar arguments in favor of the affirmative, insisting especially on the many beneficial effects of the Salic law. Mr. Owen, who was last on the negative, discussed the subject in an energetic manner, and, by refuting many of his opponent's arguments, showed that he had studied the question. The President awarded equal praise to both sides, refusing to give a decision. It being the last meeting of the term, the Society proceeded to elect its officers for the next five months, and with the following result:

Vice-President—John Grogan,
Recording Secretary—James Cunnea,
Corresponding Secretary—J. D. Murphy,
Treasurer—A. M. Owen,
First Librarian—S. L. Moore,
Second Librarian—H. D. Rodman,
First Censor—Wm. Hayden,
Second Censor—Wm. McClain,
First Critic—W. T. Johnson,
Second Critic—James O'Reilly.

All business having been transacted, after a few remarks from the President, Rev. Father Lemonnier, the Society adjourned.

REPORTER.

THESPIAN.

This association, one of the time-honored institutions of Notre Dame, and the medium through which she has ever been well represented by her accomplished and talented sons, held its semi-annual election of officers Jan. 26th, its able and proficient director, Prof. E. A. McNally presiding. A ballot having been cast, the following named gentlemen were unanimously chosen to form the official corps for the ensuing session:

President—John Keveney,
Vice-President—James E. McBride,
Secretary—Roger A. Brown,
Treasurer—Alfred B. Whyte,
Prompter—John Fitzharris,
First Stage Manager—Michael S. Ryan,
Second Stage Manager—Nathan S. Wood,

SIR RAZTIF.

PROGRESS.—The St. Edward's Literary Association, ever advancing and always in the right direction, have lately made an important addition to their library, namely, the New American Encyclopedia, with the Annual, up to 1865, making in all, twenty-one volumes.

When it is remembered that the members of the

St. Edward's scrupulously exclude from their library all works of fiction, and all works not of a high and acknowledged merit, it will be seen that their present library, consisting of 80 volumes of select literature and history, furnishes a good and wholesome supply of reading matter to all who have the good fortune to be members of this energetic association. Rex.

St. Cecilia Philomathean.

The fourteenth regular meeting of the above association was held Sunday evening, Jan. 26th, when the following essays were read: "Christianity," by Master R. H. McCarthy. This was an excellent composition. It was traced from its commencement down to the present day. "Courage and Perseverance," by Master O. S. Walker, was an excellent allegory, conveying a good moral. It was well personified, and the reading of it was all that could be desired. "Farewell," a poem by Master Jno. M. Flanigan, showed considerable ability in the writer. "Public Entertainments," by Master D. J. Wile, was the last essay. It was well written, and read in an easy style. All the essays read this evening, gave proof of the improvement of the members.

Declamations were given by Messrs. James W. Sutherland, J. Wilson, H. B. Moody, A. Wetherbee, Geo. Bower, M. Mahony, R. Staley, James J. Page, James F. Ryan and Edward Walker. Those deserving special mention are: James Sutherland, James Wilson, H. Moody, M. Mahony, for grave pieces. Messrs. A. Wetherbee, R. Staley, J. J. Page, J. Ryan E. Walker, for comic. After the reports of officers, and the transaction of other business, the meeting adjourned. We may safely anticipate a pleasant winter for the Philomatheans. PHILOMATHEAN.

Government's Stamped Envelopes.

Our Postmaster has requested us to call attention to the stamped envelopes which the Post Office Department supplies, *through Postmasters*, of the various denominations, enumerated below, at the price set opposite them, respectively, to wit:

PER HUNDRED.

Two-cent, letter size, No. 2, un gummed	\$ 2.28
Two cent, extra letter size, No. 2, un gummed	2.35
Two-cent, letter size, No. 2, gummed	2.46
Three cent, note size, No. 1	3.40
Three-cent, letter size, No. 2, 2d quality, buff.	3.28

Three-cent, letter size, No. 2, 1st quality . . .	3.48
Three-cent, letter size, No. 1, 1st quality, ruled	3.48
Three-cent, extra letter size, No. 2	3.60
Six-cent, letter size, No. 2	6.48
Ten-cent, letter size, No. 2	10.48
Three-cent, official, No. 3	3.86
Six-cent, official, No. 3	6.86
Nine-cent, official, No. 3	9.86
Twelve-cent, official, No. 3	12.86
Eighteen-cent, official, No. 3	18.86
Twenty-four cent, official, No. 3	24.86
Thirty-cent, official, No. 3	30.86
Forty-cent, official, No. 3	40.86

The cents in the prices stated above show the cost per hundred of the envelopes alone, while the dollars indicate the postage.

The three-cent, letter size, No. 2, 1st quality, is the only kind furnished with ruled lines for the address, for which no additional charge is made. In using the ruled envelopes, the superscription should be written before placing the letter in the envelope, otherwise the lines, which are on the inside, will be concealed.

The 2d quality, letter size, stamped, three-cents, are furnished only in buff.

Upon all the above described envelopes, except the three-cent, note size, No. 1, if desired, there will be printed *across the end*, without the additional charge, the name, business, and post office address of parties, and a request to return if unclaimed within a given time—the whole not to exceed four lines—when ordered in quantities of five hundred and upwards of any specific denomination. These are officially designated as request envelopes.

Parties ordering "request envelopes," should when they possess them, furnish the Postmaster with their printed cards to avoid errors in printing names, and should invariably state definitely and positively the matter desired to be printed, more especially as to the printing or omitting of the "request."

Among the advantages secured to the public by the use of Government Stamped Envelopes are: Cheapness, security to correspondence, in this, that the stamp cannot be removed nor lost; and where a request is endorsed for the return of the letter, it will not be sent to the Dead Letter Office in the event of its non-delivery, but will be returned direct to the writer free of postage.

Section 274, Regulations of 1866, prohibits the payment of moneys directly into the Department. Where money is sent in violation of this section it will be returned at the risk of the party or

parties sending it. Hence the necessity of all requisitions being drawn upon Postmasters.

The postage on Stamped Envelopes spoiled in directing will be refunded in stamps by a Postmaster, if satisfied that they have never been sent by mail, and that the misdirection actually occurred at the place where the redemption is claimed. (*See Sec. 189, Postal Regulations.*)

Tables of Honor.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

For Week ending January 24th :

R. A. Brown, N. S. Wood, Geo. Yeakle, J. W. Watts, S. Teats, A. Dornan, J. Gibbons, R. Short, J. Claffey and W. Trumble.

For present Week :

W. Sterling, B. Granger, S. L. Moore, H. Boardman, J. Dickinson, S. B. Hibben, J. O'Reilly, W. O'Brien, F. Cozens, Wm. McWhirt and Jas. McGlinn.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

For Week ending January 24th :

J. Winterbotham, J. W. Sutherland, C. Ennis, J. Dwyre, H. Moodey, C. Sage, H. Broughton, W. Dodge, C. Marantille, J. Hurley and A. Cable.

For present Week :

O. Walker, E. Lafferty, J. Rumley, D. Egan, C. Hutchings, J. Dooley, E. Walker, J. Kaiser, T. Dupuys, M. Dupuys and A. Hathaway.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

H. Bouton, S. A. Baader, R. Cure, G. Gross, F. Hunt, H. Holman, F. Hier, W. Raggio, T. Selby and G. Tobin.

AMONG the members of the Cornet Band, whose proficiency entitles them to honorable mention, we add to the list given in the last number the names of: Messrs. H. Le Compte, E. S. Pillars, Ivo Buddeke, Geo. Yeakel and E. V. Donhoff.

Additional List of Students of Notre Dame.

JANUARY 21st.

John Callahan, Elgin, Illinois.

JANUARY 28th.

John Nash, Rockford, Illinois.

JANUARY 29th.

Aaron L. Wagner, South Bend, Indiana.
Milton Hite, Jr. Martinsville, Indiana.
Minter Parks, " "
Peter McKeon, New York City, N. Y.
John M. Spillard, Elgin, Illinois.

ST. JOSEPH'S ACADEMY, }
SOUTH BEND, IND., Jan. 30, 1888. }

The following are the names of the pupils in the several classes deserving of honorable mention :

Second Senior Class.—Misses C. Ritter and E. Keys.

Third Senior Class.—Misses C. Rockstroh and M. Koonsen.

First Intermediate.—Misses M. Deming and A. Massey.

Second Intermediate.—Misses L. Van Winkle and J. Baker.

Drawing Class.—Those who have applied themselves: Misses M. Hooper, F. Gallagher and A. Massey.

First Junior Class.—Misses M. Periam and C. Dunham.

Second Junior Class.—Misses N. Cuvran and A. Sack.

Third Junior Class.—Misses M. Dubelle and M. Fury.

Among the Minims for punctual attendance—Misses Kate Painter and M. Jacqueth.

German Class.—Misses M. Kounzman and M. Bower.

SISTER AMBROSE.

ST. AMBROSE'S SCHOOL, }
MICHIGAN CITY, INDIANA. }

The following pupils deserve honorable mention :

First Class, First Division, Conduct.—M. Heeny and Kate McCrory.

Competition in Geography and Catechism.—Mary and Jennie Charleton.

Second Division.—Kate Kennedy, Kate Reily. *Arithmetic.*—W. Clark and M. Kearns.

Second Class.—Joanna Corbette and Mary A. Kearns.

German Class.—None.

Competition in Geography.—V. Hanson and M. Kruger.

Second Division.—M. Hanson and Emma Schill.

Reading.—L. Seimetz.

Conduct.—Augusta Seimetz.

SAINT ANGELA'S ACADEMY, }
MORRIS, Ill., Jan. 27, '68. }

ARRIVALS.

Miss Mollie Grady, St. Louis, Mo.
" Minnie Harrigan, Ottawa, Ill.
" Flora Lisle, Danville, Ill.
" Virgia Stuart, Charlotte, Iowa.
" Mary Carlin, Mazon, Ill.