

The Scholastic Year.

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

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EXAMINATION OF THE SESSION ENDING JANUARY 31, 1868.

The laborious days of the Examination rank now among the many others gone by, leaving, however, an evident mark of their passage amid the serried ranks of the ninety classes of the University, every class having undergone a more or less thorough transformation from the losses or accessions of students promoted from lower classes to higher ones. Why students are promoted need no explanation; better ask why the soldier is promoted in his regiment, or, the citizen in his city; it is because they deserve it. And, although, we scarcely can compare the student's life at college to that of the citizen in the commonwealth, still, to use the words of the Poet, "*sic parvis componere magna solebam*," we think the parallel has many points of similarity, and we do sincerely congratulate the successful student in his attempt to do well, and in his receiving the honors of his class, as we shall congratulate him in the higher walks of life, hereafter, when his fellow-citizens bestow on him the honors of the republic.

PROMOTIONS.

CLASSICAL DEPARTMENT.

The Greek and Latin classes remain unchanged, no promotions being usually made in these branches. A beginning Latin Class has been formed with more than fifteen students. We are glad to see those branches studied more and more every year, and we call the earnest attention of all students, whose college years are not limited to a short period, to the importance which the ancient literature claims in their education. The new Latin Class, under the name of Seventh Latin, Second Division, is composed of the following students:

L. Botto, T. Cochrane, W. Reynolds, C. Tierney, Wm. O'Donnell, F. Cousins, H. Lanahan, J. Zahm, E. Hutchings, C. Dixon and L. & J. McGinnis.

The class of Mental Philosophy will be attended by the same students.

ENGLISH BRANCHES.

The First Rhetoric Class remains unchanged.

The Second Rhetoric Class has been formed, partly composed of students of the Composition Class and of the First Grammar Class. It is composed of Messrs. H. Lecompte, H. Rodman, R. Short, Wm. Spalding, A. J. Dornan, P. M. Keon, M. C. Peterson, John Skelly, J. Campbell, R. A. Brown, L. Moore, T. O'Mahony and J. D. McCormack.

A Logic Class has been commenced with the graduating members of the Scientific Department. Messrs. James E. McBride, S. B. Hibben, T. O'Mahony, H. B. Keeler, E. Hull, E. Donhoff and E. S. Pillars.

FROM COMPOSITION TO SECOND RHETORIC.

J. D. McCormack, B. H. Thomas, Thomas O'Mahony and R. Short.

FROM FIRST GRAMMAR TO SECOND RHETORIC.

H. Rodman, R. A. Brown, Wm. Spalding, J. Gibbons, Wm. S. Rhodes, A. J. Dornan, Wm. C. O'Donnell, J. Claffey, D. J. Wile and A. B. White.

FROM FIRST GRAMMAR TO COMPOSITION.

William C. Nelson, L. Botto, D. Eagan, J. Sutherland and H. Beakey.

FROM SECOND TO FIRST GRAMMAR.

T. Staley, C. Hertich, M. J. Spellman, E. Hutchings, A. J. Hoffman, J. F. Cullen, J. Crowley, J. Zahm and J. W. Murphy.

FROM THIRD TO FIRST GRAMMAR.

J. C. Dickinson, J. D. Murphy, J. H. Harrison, S. Anson, D. M. Kelley, F. W. Pape and W. M. Whirt

FROM THIRD TO SECOND GRAMMAR.

H. C. Boardman and J. Moon.

FROM FOURTH TO FIRST GRAMMAR.

J. Vocke, F. Crapser, J. Mader, T. Cunnea, L. Mulligan, P. Downing and R. S. Akin.

FROM FOURTH TO SECOND GRAMMAR.

W. B. Smith, C. Bennett, J. Rogers, A. Maierhoffer, F. P. Donolly, S. Corby, E. Dawney, D. Brady and B. Granger.

FROM FOURTH TO THIRD GRAMMAR.

W. P. Weaver, J. Campeau, J. McGlynn, P. Barrett, V. Hertich and R. J. Johnson.

FROM FIFTH TO THIRD GRAMMAR.

F. Cousins, R. Callaghan and Wm. O'Brien.

The Astronomy Class has gone through the theory of the course and will limit itself to Astronomical observations.

During the ensuing session the Class of Chirurgical Anatomy will be taught as usual. The Class of 1867 and 1868, surpasses all former Classes of the same kind in number and serious application. More students intend to join the Class next year. The Class is composed of Messrs. R. Clark, H. Rodman, G. Yeakel, S. Owen and E. V. Donoff.

The Classes of Chemistry, Natural Philosophy and Civil Engineering have undergone no changes.

A Class of Botany will commence during the present month.

In the First Geometry, Messrs. C. Hibben and J. Winterbotham; and in the Second Geometry Messrs. T. O'Mahony, H. B. Keeler and H. S. Eisenman are promoted to Trigonometry.

A new Geometry Class has commenced with a large number of students in the Scientific Course.

The First and Second Algebra remain unchanged. The Third and Fourth Algebra are united under the name of Third Algebra, with an aggregate number of forty students. A Fourth Algebra has begun with twenty-five members.

FIRST ARITHMETIC, (SR.)

T. O'Mahony, R. A. Brown, Wm. O'Donnell, J. Moon, H. B. Keeler, A. B. White, F. Crapser, Wm. Rhodes, D. A. Clarke, F. Kaiser, J. D. McCormack and R. Short have discontinued.

FROM SECOND TO FIRST ARITHMETIC.

J. Fuhrer, J. Claffey, J. Edwards, J. Gibbons, J. W. Murphy, J. Monroe, H. D. Rodman and John Flanagan.

FROM THIRD TO SECOND ARITHMETIC.

J. Mader, J. Harrison, L. Theft, F. Teats, D.

Fitzgerald, J. Mulhall, J. P. Rogers and Jas. F. Rogers.

FROM FOURTH TO THIRD ARITHMETIC.

P. O'Connell.

FROM FIFTH TO SECOND ARITHMETIC.

S. R. Anson, F. J. Cousins and P. A. Hiebler.

FROM FIFTH TO THIRD ARITHMETIC.

B. Woolman and R. O'Brien.

The Fourth and Fifth Arithmetic Classes are now united.

FROM SIXTH TO FOURTH ARITHMETIC.

J. C. Foley, Wm. R. Spalding, Wm. C. Sterling, D. J. Schneider, C. W. Bennett, F. O'Connor, J. Portz, J. Dietrich and J. Beebe.

A new Arithmetic Class, under the name of Second Class, Second Division, has been formed comprehending the more advanced students of the three last Classes.

FROM SECOND TO FIRST ARITHMETIC, (JR.)

F. Ingersol, W. B. Small, A. Wetherbee, P. Lappin, L. Garcin, H. Moody, R. Staley, P. Watson, M. Dupuis and James J. Sage.

FROM THIRD TO SECOND ARITHMETIC.

James Wilson, D. S. Bell, R. Broughton, C. Marantette, T. Bateman, A. Cabel, Geo. Morgan, H. Dean, L. McGinnis, C. Tierney, C. Dodge, W. Dodge, J. Schmeltz, C. Duffy, James Dooley, J. Hurley and George Fletcher.

From Fourth to Second Arithmetic.

V. Hackman, J. O'Neill and James Ryan.

From Fourth to Third Arithmetic.

C. Hutchings, M. Brannock, Geo. Rockstroh, George Warren, J. Rumley, James McGinnis, H. Morgan, S. McCurdy, J. W. Ryan, C. Sage, W. H. Smith, J. Costello and George Butch.

From Fifth to Fourth Arithmetic.

M. Walsh, T. Arrington, C. Holmes and J. Link.

From First Grammar to Composition Class, (Jr.)

F. Ingersoll, E. Walker, Wm. Reynolds, George Bower and J. Alber.

From Second to First Grammar, (Jr.)

F. Kaiser, C. Hildebrand, F. Nicholas, P. Cochrane, A. Wetherbee, C. Dodge, J. McHugh, E. Morancey, P. Lappin, Wm. Dodge, J. Raggio, G. Morgan, P. White and James Dooley. The Second Grammar and the First Class are now united and form an excellent First Grammar Class.

From Third to First Grammar.

R. Broughton, L. Wilson, D. Bell, Wm. B. Small and James F. Ryan.

From Fourth to First Grammar.

J. Shannon, James Wilson, Jerome Hurley, V. Hackman, James McGinnis, Thomas Arrington and J. O'Neill; J. E. Lafferty, M. Morgan, Wm. Smith, J. W. Ryan, C. Tierney, A. Cabel, C. Enes and L. McGinnis to Second Grammar; C. Hutchings and C. Dixon to Third Grammar.

From Fifth to Second Grammar.

George Warren and James Lewis.

From Fifth to Third Grammar.

C. Sage, James McGuire and J. Gillespie.

First Reading (Sr.)

A. B. White, J. Schwab, J. B. Gaunt, G. Warren, J. Vocke and E. B. Downing discontinue.

The Second Reading remains unchanged.

First Reading, (Jr.)

James Sage, E. Wetherbee, H. Moody, J. F. Ryan, J. Hurley, C. Tierney, E. Walker, Wm. Dodge, R. Broughton, J. Costello, James Wilson, Carlton Sage, Wm. Small, C. Dodge, L. McGinnis, Louis Garcin, Louis Botto, George Bower, H. W. Dean, W. Callaghan, J. W. Sutherland, J. Dowley, P. Cochrane deserved the honors of graduation.

From Second to First Reading.

P. Watson, C. Walters, J. Schmeltz, L. McGinnis, George Fletcher, M. Nolan, F. Clerget, H. Gallagher, E. Morancey, D. Bell, S. Schneider, J. Burns, G. Morgan and J. Shannon.

From Third to Second Reading.

C. O'Neill, A. Hathaway, J. Rumley and J. Thomson. The Second and Third Reading Classes have been united.

First Orthography, (Sr.)

N. Schwab, S. H. Moore, R. A. Pinkerton, J. J. Sullivan, M. Bonfield, F. Cousins, D. W. Coonce, J. Vocke and F. Downing discontinue.

Second Orthography, (Sr.)

C. W. Fuhrer and J. Mader discontinue.

First Orthography, (Jr.)

D. Eagin, F. Dwyer, C. Sage, J. Sutherland, A. Wetherbee, E. Walker and James Sage discontinue.

From Second to First Orthography, (Jr.)

C. Dodge, C. Tierney, J. F. Ryan, Wm. Dodge, J. Dooley, R. Broughton, Wm. Small, J. Lewis, J. Shannon, J. McGinnis, J. McGuire, F. Nicholas, H. Falkenbach, P. Cochrane, E. Morancey, J. Schmeltz, M. Nolan, P. Arrington, L. Wilson and P. Lappin.

From Third to First Orthography, (Jr.)

James Wilson and J. O'Neill.

From Third to Second Orthography, (Jr.)

J. Rumley and J. Thomson.

First Geography, (Sr.)

H. Lanahan discontinues.

First Geography, (Jr.)

All the thirty members of this excellent class have discontinued.

The Second Geography Class, Junior, remains unchanged.

First Book-keeping Class.

All the members of this Class have discontinued; T. O'Mahony and H. B. Keeler were awarded their diplomas. F. Kaiser, J. Moon, William O'Donnell, J. D. McCormack, A. J. Dornan, M. Spellman, J. Buddeke and J. Alber will probably receive their diplomas after the June Examination.

The Second and Third Book-keeping Classes remain unchanged. A new Class has been formed with forty members. The whole number of students in Book-keeping reaches one hundred.

The First and Second Penmanship Classes, Sr. Dept., and the Class of Penmanship Jr. Dept. remain unchanged. The honorable mentions in those Classes shall appear at an early time.

The First Catechism Class continues its course, adding to it the Scripture History for the Second Session.

From Second to First Catechism.

James Walters, James McGinnis, E. Hutchings, E. Morancey, P. White, J. O'Neill and J. Lewis.

The Fourth French Classes have received new accessions.

From Third to Second French.

J. Dickinson, R. Clark, J. Rogers, O. Walker, E. Donoff, M. Dupuis, R. McCarthy, J. Campbell.

The First German Class, First Division, will use Küner's Grammar as text book for the ensuing Session. In the Second Division V. Hackman was promoted to First Division. In the Second Class, First Division, no change. In the Second Division F. Ingersoll, R. McCarthy and A. Wetherbee were promoted to First Class. In the other German Classes no change has taken place. A new Class has been formed with a large number of students.

The Classes of Drawing, of Vocal and Instrumental Music deserve a special report in some subsequent number.

During the present Session a course of Ancient and Modern History will be taught in the Sr. Dep.

We regret that space fails us to chronicle more names, or give more special praise to those who have distinguished themselves at the Examina-

tion. We will find an opportunity to do it at some future time. All that we can add now to this long report, is, that the Examination has been very satisfactory, and that the five months of the First Session bid us to hope that the five months of the Second will be as well employed by the industrious students of Notre Dame.

OBITUARY.—On Sunday morning, at Notre Dame, died Mr. Denis Maley, aged twenty-three years. On Monday morning a Solemn Requiem Mass was celebrated by Rev. Father Granger, Rev. Fathers Frère and Ruthmann being Deacon and Subdeacon. All the students and a number of friends of the deceased, were in attendance during Mass, and followed the corpse to the grave-yard.

During his life, and especially during his short stay at college, Mr. Maley enjoyed the affectionate respect of his many friends, and had here won the esteem of both Students and Professors, by his unassuming manners, his cheerful piety and strict attention to rules. Mr. Maley had taken part in the war, where he contracted the malady which finally proved fatal; his health had for years been undermined, and when the attack came at last, he had not the strength to resist. His last days were most edifying to all and consoling to his friends and relations, who had the mournful consolation of being present at his death-bed. He manifested the greatest willingness to die, and asked that he should be buried in the grave-yard here.

While we sympathize with his relations and friends for their loss, we cannot refrain from exclaiming: "May we all so live as to die as happy a death as he died." *Requiescat in pace!*

THE PLAY.—"The Recognition," of which we give the first act in this week's number, was written expressly for the St. Cecilia Philomathean Society, and played with great success by its members, who are the *élite* of the Junior Department. The report of the Exhibition of the 27th of November, 1867, appeared in No. 13 of THE SCHOLASTIC YEAR, and to it we refer the readers of our play. We may, however, add that the scenery painted for the occasion, and the richness of the costumes, gave to the "Recognition" a charm which no other play can claim. This play is the property of the St. Cecilia Philomathean Society, who intend publishing three other well-known plays, also its property, and called, respectively, "The Law Student," played the 17th of March,

1866; "If I were a King," played the 27th of November, 1866, and the "Alpine Horn," which has not been blown yet, but will be soon, to the great merriment, we hope, of a large audience.

"THE RECOGNITION."

A DRAMA OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

(Played the first time by the St. Cecilia Philomathean Society, Nov. 27th, 1867.)

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE OCCASION, BY A
MEMBER OF THE FACULTY.

Prologue..... Charles Dodge

Dramatis Personæ.

Duke of Spoleto.....	James Page
Riccardo, (his Squire).....	James Sutherland
Prince of Marcerata.....	H. Moody
Bartolo.....	D. J. Wile
Antonio, (his son, a boy).....	Otis Walker
Balthazar, (Arbalester, friend of Antonio).....	J. Flanigan
Stephano, (Teacher of Antonio).....	John C. Skelly
Leonardo, (A Soldier).....	Asa Wetherbee
Gratiano.....	Pages, friends { ..Robert Staley
Lorenzo.....	of Antonio, { ...Ed. Walker
Giacomo, (Squire to Bartolo).....	Frank Ingersoll
Fabiano, Governor of Montefalco).....	F. Dwyer
Reginald, (Officer of the Prince of Macerata).....	Louis McGinnis
Paolo, (A Jailor).....	James Wilson
Zucchi, (A Blacksmith).....	Geo. Bower
Piedro.....	Wm. Clark
Beppo.....	P. Cochran
Vicentio.....	James Dooley
Alphonso.....	A. Mitchell
Piccolo.....	M. Mahony
Marso, (A Soldier).....	C. Sage
Andrea, (A Squire of the Duke).....	E. Benoist
Orlando, (Officer of the Prince).....	John Raggio
Alberto.....	R. McCarthy
Gabrini.....	Wm. Reynolds
Castello.....	Geo. Arbuthnot
Orazzi.....	John McHugh
Colonna.....	Daniel Egan
Silvio, (A Courier).....	James McGinnis
Carlo.....	J. Broderick
Alfieri.....	C. Dodge
Almeno.....	H. Benoist
Rafaele.....	W. B. Small
Manfred.....	John Dunn
Angelo.....	T. Batman
Rossi.....	J. F. Ryan

ACT FIRST—SCENE I.

Dark Night—The Mountain Pass—Wild Scenery—To Right Foreground of Stage a Huge Rock Projects, at Left Back a Narrow Pass Ascending from Right Center to Left, and thence Across the Flat—Duke of Spoleto and his Companion, Riccardo, Making their way Stealthily from Behind the huge rock on the background.

Riccardo.—My lord Duke, methinks this is the way.

Duke.—(He points out to the pass.) Art thou sure thy memory does not fail thee? In this dark night the chamois could not find his path.

Ricc.—Yonder is the steep ascent—(hearing some noise.) Some one above has stirred.

Duke.—Stay! await, Riccardo!—an enemy possibly might be here posted; prepare thy bow and be ready.

Ricc.—Shall I shoot in the dark?

Duke.—Listen, I pray, and be on thy guard; one false missile might expose us and draw the foe on our track; better retreat to this obscure recess, and await for what may come; (they, always looking in the same direction, retreat to the cavity in the rocks.)

Ricc.—My lord, I shall guard this narrow defile; one man there is worth an army, and should a Maceratan show his armor, I—

Duke.—(meaning to stop him.) Riccardo, if there is a time when bravery is out of place, it is now; I bid you spare your arrows and listen. (They listen.) (Steps are heard up in the pass.)

Ricc.—Some one is coming on us; I distinctly hear—he stops. 'Tis no soldier—'tis a light mountaineer's step.

Duke.—(listening an instant.) He must have overheard you, for he has stopped suddenly. * * * Let him pass; disturb him not; no doubt some hunter returning to his cot, perhaps bearing his prey, and feeling his way in the dark. Do not you show yourself nor discover your colors. In these days each man is both friend and enemy. Withdraw here—Tell me, Riccardo, of the sad event, which to-day has brought ruin and death to my house, and to me. (They withdraw to the cavity in front of the projecting rock.)

Ricc.—My lord, 'tis too painful to recall.

Duke.—Painful to me above all, Riccardo, yet may I enjoy this consolation in my bereavement. Where was Julio killed?

Ricc.—Just as he entered my tent, Lord Duke, I bade him seek safety there, and reluctantly he retraced his steps from the field, when an arrow overtook him—an arrow which a cruel hand had sent!

Duke.—Dost thou think that this cruel hand directed it against the boy? Did the enemy guess it was my son? did he fall?

Ricc.—I saw him entering the tent, his hand holding the shaft that had pierced him; there I lost sight of him. When I returned by the tent, he had breathed his last. I and Orlando wrapped him in a cloak and carried him away.

Duke.—O, Riccardo! Riccardo! it was little to lose the battle, but to lose my Julio, my beloved boy, my hope, and to think that the Maceratan has no claims to my estate, think that he is my legal heir; 'tis too much for the heart of a father and of a proud knight.

Ricc.—'Tis sad, my lord, sad to have lost him,—worse than ten thousand defeats.

Duke.—(oppressed by emotion.) Where did you leave the body?

Ricc.—We buried it, my lord, in the middle of the night and placed a stone to mark the spot. It is by the large olive trees on the other side of the mountain. Do you care that none should have witnessed the sad ceremony?

Duke.—I do, Riccardo; this news would have given more joy to the base hearts of our enemy than the capture of Spoleto itself. I wish it be a secret to all, till I see more propitious days; but hark—(the noise of steps above.)

Ricc.—'Tis the same step approaching. My lord, shall I go forth?

Duke.—Stay—listen. (A beautiful song is heard.) What a clear, beautiful voice; it sounds like that of Julio; hear what he says. He is a boy no doubt, a mountaineer; oh! such a brave boy treading the rugged rocks must be a noble lad. Where dost thou go, Riccardo?

Ric.—(going out of the recess—the boy jumps from the rock and finds himself in the presence of Riccardo; both are amazed and wondering; Riccardo means to shoot. The Duke bids him to stay, and comes to the boy.)

Antonio.—O, pity! Do not kill me, pray!

Duke.—Be not afraid, young lad; your thrilling voice attracted us, and we wondered that in such wilds one could be

found at this hour of night. What made you sing?

Antonio.—Sir, I remained longer than usual in the mountains; the deer attracted my attention so much that I forgot the hour and nearly lost my path. I do sing at times—when I am alone and afraid; I thought I heard some one speaking, and to calm my fears I sang.

Duke.—Is there any one here you might be afraid of?

Ant.—For all I know, you and your companion seem kind, and of good birth; may I ask your name?

Duke.—I have the right to ask yours first, child.

Ant.—Antonio, sir, is my name.

Duke.—'Tis a beautiful one; 'tis also that of your father, no doubt.

Ant.—No, sir; my father's name is Count Bartolo, whose castle you may have seen yonder on the mountain. My father is now awaiting me; would you desire to pass the night under our roof?

Duke.—Reasons urge me on now; our army is moving, and I must go through this rocky path to meet it. Riccardo, how remarkably like Julio this boy is!

Ric.—He could well play his part and serve designs, my lord.

Duke.—(aside to Riccardo.) Riccardo, this amazes me; could not this boy be my Julio, restored to a new life? dost thou believe that such things could be?

Ric.—Dream not, my lord, nor let your reason be governed by false imaginations. This lad is like Julio in form; his voice has the same mellow accents, but his age, my lord, his age—he is younger.

Duke.—Enough, Riccardo, I am resolved to try even this unjust policy, to save my name, (to Antonio.) Boy, the name of your father is familiar to me. Why, Riccardo, it was Bartolo, at whose castle we rested but a few hours ago; himself led us down the steep road and marked out our path through these narrows.

Ant.—My father, do you say? you know him? was he then anxious about me?

Duke.—It was three hours ago, and he showed no anxiety about your delay, beyond the meaning that his last words conveyed: "My son" said he, "is now in the mountains; should you meet him, Antonio is fearless and sure; bid him, in my name, to direct you, and even accompany you as far as you desire."

Ric.—So he said; I distinctly remember. (Aside. I may just as well confirm the assertion of the Duke. I see his aim, although I hate a lie.)

Ant.—Well, my lords, you may command me in my father's name; pray, tell me your own names, that I may remember his friends.

Duke.—The Duke of Spoleto is my glorious name, child.

Ant.—(withdrawing aside.) Never heard it mentioned in a friendly manner in the halls of my father.

Duke.—And in my companion, behold the first knight of my dukedom, Riccardo, of Otrante.

Ant.—(aside.) (Still more obscure to me.) My age and my little acquaintance beyond these mountains, will excuse, my lords, my not knowing you; you are the friends of my father; I will accompany you, even as far as Spoleto.

Duke.—Once there we will send message to your honored father.

Ric.—'Tis a cruel theft which no gold can repay; such a fine youth.

Duke.—This is the way up the mountain, (pointing out) is it?

Ant.—Yes, let me go first, please your Excellence.

Ric.—I see lights below; some one is on our track; (all look.) Boy, there are brigands in those places.

Ant.—We will soon be out of reach; come, follow me.

Ric.—These men are the prince's bravi; may we avoid them. (They ascend the mountain rocks and disappear.)

Music.

SCENE II.

(Enter on the stage from behind the projecting rock of foreground, old Count Bartolo, Giacomo, his Squire, four or five

servants, all of whom carry torches and seem absorbed, searching hither and thither.)

Bartolo.—Gently, my faithful servants; search diligently; ward your feet from him; he may slumber.

All the Serv'ts.—No doubt, good lord, sleep has overtaken him in these places.

Giacomo.—(to servants). Do the bidding of our lord. (Aside; he may have fallen in a pit.) May the Virgin save him from danger!

Bartolo.—(comes in front of the rock.) Here, perhaps, in this recess; bring your torches. (They find an arrow.) An arrow here; some one has passed here, then; (they cluster to look at it.)

Giacomo.—Some hunters, my lord, frequent these passes, and no doubt this arrow was dropped; it was not used. (Looking at it.)

1st Servant.—My lord, I shall go on the rocks above; I know the path well; there is a rock which only supple feet can ascend. Perhaps in the dark he has fallen.

Two other Servants.—We also shall go with him. It is so sad an adventure.

Bartolo.—Spare no pains, good men; seek all the crevices. Whoever brings back my Antonio shall receive his reward for it.

Giacomo.—Poor Antonio; his absence is sadly felt. The halls of the castle are now deserted; all mirth is gone and we are on these cliffs, instead of our peaceful couches.

1st Servant.—(from the rocks above.) My lord, his scarf! the blue scarf his mother gave him; the blue-colored sash of the Virgin, just left here.

Bartolo.—His sash, dost thou say? bring it to me. Is that all thou canst discover?

2d Servant.—Our sight is dimmed by the darkness of the night.

3d Servant.—In vain do we search before the dawn of the day penetrates those depths. (They continue searching. The first servant having come down, brings the scarf to the old man, who, pressing it to his heart and lips, exclaims.)

Bartolo.—Blessed memento; how dear to me. How you grieve me, sad token of my absent son.

Giacomo.—My lord, 'tis not torn; it was unlaced by his gentle hand; no violence is visible on it. Perhaps it did prevent his march or endanger his steps.

Bartolo.—No doubt thou art right; in vain I vex myself, and my son may have returned to the castle by another way.

1st Servant.—My lord, all further search is unavailing in the dark. I may grieve you, perhaps, if I say there is no other way than this to the castle, and therefore we would in vain fancy that Antonio, our young master, has returned.

Bartolo.—To-morrow we shall come again, when the light of day shall encircle those wild mountains. Let's now home.

Giacomo.—My lord, we would expose our lives in the attempt. We cannot go back before the daylight. Let you rest here on this fallen trunk and soothe your sorrows in quiet sleep.

Bartolo.—Be it as you say, Giacomo, (goes to the trunk, sits on it, Giacomo helping him.) Fatigue overcomes me; alas! may God save my Antonio and preserve him to his father. (All the servants draw around silently, looking on the old man.)

Servants.—How sad it is to see him exhausted by fatigue. Our dear old master. (They continue looking on.)

Giacomo.—Extinguish those fires, men, and quietly seek repose. (Servants extinguish their torches and begin a soft tune all together.)

All attend] Break not his soothing slumbers,
sing.— His soul is charged with grief,
Fresh woe his heart encumbers,
Sleep brings him sweet relief.
Perhaps he now is dreaming
Of his noble, darling boy,
Each nerve with bliss beaming,
Let not a sound destroy,

Chorus.—The short but sweet delusion,
The respite now he is taking,

From the sorrow and delusion
That await his sad awaking.

They fall asleep, and silence reigns.

Bartolo.—(reclining on the shoulder of Giacomo, dreams, animated.) Antonio, beware; beware the pit. Ah! Antonio, come back. What, you would take him away! Stop, men! stop! Antonio, escape! (Wakes up, eyes haggard, face terrified.) Giacomo, is that you? Oh! I had a horrible dream; I beheld Antonio taken away by the bravi of the Spoletan. (Bartolo stands up.) Is it not possible, as well?

Giacomo.—Nay, my lord, more than possible, it explains all; Antonio would now be home, fearless as he is, should no one have intercepted him. (Enter the Prince of Macerata, with a long suite of lords and servants, the latter bearing torches. The servants come in first and look with care and mistrust on Bartolo and his men.)

The 1st officer cries the pass word: Macerata forever. The servants of Bartolo: Macerata forever; we are friends.

The Prince.—Who are these men, and what doing? guarding these passes?

Giacomo.—Lord Prince, listen to my words: we owe to a sad accident our presence in these deserted regions. Our noble Count, Bartolo, whom you behold, has lost his son, and in search of him we came with a resolution to discover what fate the boy has met; but we have no clue to his present destiny; here is the only token of his passing this way. (Shows the scarf.)

Prince.—Count Bartolo, I sympathize with you in your affliction; your loss grieves me because it must grieve all fathers, and also because you have always been a staunch friend and supporter of my house. My men shall search every recess in which you might suspect your son to be; and whether dead or alive, if he is on these mountains, they shall bring him to you.

Bartolo.—Thank you, benevolent Prince, I know what you could do for me should my Antonio be on these mountains, but in my judgment, he is not; he has been led away.

Giacomo.—The Spoletons, my Prince, fled through these mountain passes. They need men or they need vengeance, and they would not shrink from a child's murder.

1st Officer.—These reasons seem very plausible, noble Prince.

The Prince.—(absorbed a moment.) Yes, you have said it, even if no trace could be found which would mark the boy's passage, except this scarf; 'tis evident that he has been through these rocks, and my escort has not met him below. I can see no other way of explaining this sad event, except that your son, noble Count, has been stolen away by the banditti of the Spoletan.

Bartolo.—(animated.) Rather his death, than such a servitude; and for me, old as I am, I shall yet gird myself for the deliverance of my Antonio. Woe to his ravishers! God knows my distress; He sees how crushed my heart is, but vengeance now nerves my arm.

The Prince.—I shall undertake your cause, worthy Count; all my power shall come to your assistance; follow me with your men, and soon success will crown our efforts.

Bartolo.—Rely on me and my servants; all my household belongs to you; to-morrow fifty spears shall be added to yours, and as many footmen shall side with your braves. Once more my old armor shall shine on the battle-field, and the cry of my youth shall cheer my men to battle (shake hands) to-morrow. To-morrow I shall have rejoined your standard. Adieu, all,—adieu.

All.—To-morrow, Macerata forever!!! (They depart, the Maceratans going up the pass, and Bartolo, with his servants, leave by the side they entered.) (Orchestra plays whilst they disappear.)

The Editors appointed for this week have politely waived their claims and given all the pages of THE SCHOLASTIC to the Rev. Director of Studies. This number of THE SCHOLASTIC will be especially agreeable to parents who find the names of their sons in the list of promotions and honorable mentions.

SAINT MARY'S ACADEMY, }
Jan. 27th, 1868. }

TABLES OF HONOR.

Senior Department.—Misses Mary Tripp, H. Brooks, Rosanna Mukautz, Mary Morrill, Amanda Sissons, Aloysia Dunn, Emma Ranstead, Josephine Grushop, Emma Conan, L. Bicknell, Ellen Lindsay and K. Clark.

Junior Department.—Misses Julia and Maggie Walton, H. Neil, Helen Sprochnle, Mary Sissons, Ida Furbish, Mary Clark, Ada Byrnes, Agnes Longley, K. Foreman and Leonora Mills.

HONORABLE MENTION.

Graduating Class.—Misses C. Plimpton, Blanche Walton, Lula Murray, Florence Alspaugh, Kate Doran.

First Senior Class.—Misses L. and L. Tong, Nora Maher, Emma Longsdorf, K. Cunnea, K. Livingston, Mary Van Patten, Anna Machin and Genevieve Arrington.

Second Senior Class.—Misses S. Rooney, Alice Carmody, Anna Cunnea, Emma Carr, K. Graham, Bridget Bergan, Mary Carraher, Anna Adams, C. Davenport, Mary Miller, Anastasia Darcy, Josephine Service, L. McManman and M. Walton.

Third Senior Class.—Misses Georgianna and Sarah Blakeslee, Ellen and Sarah Miller, K. Carpenter, Matilda Lafferty, Christina Thomson, C. Foote, Mary Wade, Julia Murray, Sarah Gleeson, N. Simms, M. Toberty, E. Longwell and L. McKenny.

First Intermediate Class.—Misses Teresa Stapleton, H. Cameron, Julia Gittings, Rose Joslin, M. and L. Cummerford, Mary Hally, Mary Gordon, Mary Simms, Amelia Boyles, F. Butters and Alice Dunlap.

Second Intermediate Class.—Misses Anna Boyles, L. Morgan, L. Niel and Anna Clark.

First Junior Class.—Misses Adalade Metzger, M. O'Meara, C. North and Anna Garrity.

February 4th, 1868.

Arrivals.

January 28th, 1868.

Miss Margaret Nashe, Rockford, Illinois.

" Honora O'Meara, Cincinnati, Ohio.

February 3d.

Miss Mary Oechtering, Mishawaka, Indiana.

" Emily Plomondon, Chicago, Illinois.

" Adalade Wiley, " "

" Miranda Solway, Clay Township, Ind.

" Ellen Taber, Peoria, Illinois.

" Caroline Walfe, Constantine, Mich.

Table of Honor.

Junior Department.—Misses M. Toberty, L. Niel,

A. Clark, H. Hunt, Mary O'Meara, Honora O'Meara, Alice Dunlap, Frances Butters, Helen Sprochnle and Adalade Metzger.

Honorable Mention.

Graduating Class.—Misses C. Plimpton, Blanche Walton, H. Brooks, L. Murray, Mary Toomey, Florence Alspaugh and K. Doran.

First Senior Class.—Misses L. and L. Tong, N. Maher, Emma Longsdorf, K. Cunnea, K. Ligings-ton and Anna Machin.

Second Senior Class.—Misses S. Rooney, Alice Carmody, C. Bertrand, Anna Cunnea, Rosanna Mukautz, Mary Morrill, Frances Gettings, Anastasia Darcy, Mary Druliner and L. McManman.

Third Senior Class.—Misses Lorena Rettig, A. Sissons, Ellen and Sarah Miller, Josephine Greishop, K. Carpenter, Matilda Lafferty, Christina Thompson, Winifred Corby, Mary Claffey, Emma Conan, Clara Foote, Mary Wade, Julia Murray, Sarah Gleeson and N. Simms.

First Intermediate.—Misses Teresa Stapleton, Ellen Lindsay, L. Bicknell, H. Cameron, Julia Gittings, Rose Joslin, Clara Casteeter, M. and L. Cummerford, Mary Hally, Clara Ward and Mary Simms.

THE EXAMINATION.

Our Semi-Annual Examination commenced on Tuesday; it was conducted on our usual principle of close scrutiny and patient attention to the talents and application of each pupil. The satisfaction given was so general, that in justice to all, it may be truly said that every one was highly pleased at the success attending the efforts of teachers and pupils.

GRAND SLEIGH RIDE.

During the examination of the pupils, their hours of recreation were often intruded on by the desire felt by all concerned, to do justice to each class; as a compensation for their good humored submission to such an intrusion, Mother Provincial promised them a good sleigh ride to Niles. Saturday was the day named; a more propitious one could not have been chosen. At 10 o'clock, A. M., eleven fine excursion sleighs were filled with merry, young people, and off they started to the tintinnabulation of the bells. "To the tinkling and the jingling of the bells." Songs, laughter, and exclamations of delight, filled the air as they glided over the frozen road. On arriving at Niles, the party was divided into detachments, each placed under the care of a Sister. In this order they visited the stores and confectioneries, where they enjoyed the extreme satis-

faction of investing their pocket-money in edibles and other desirable notions.

The parlors of the "Bond House," were placed at the disposal. After refreshing themselves they started for St. Mary's, where they arrived about 4 o'clock, P. M. A comfortable repast was provided for them, and, after a short interval in which to recount the adventures of the day, the bell was rung for prayers, and soon the excursionists were resting from their joyful labors, and dreaming, perchance, that sleighing parties were to become a permanent institution at St. Mary's.

Saturday, Feb. 1st, 1868.

SLEIGH RIDE TO ELKHART.

By special request of our hospitable friends, Mr. and Mrs. Davenport, their daughter, Miss Carrie, invited a party of twenty of her school-mates to spend the day at her home in Elkhart. The day was propitious—sky cloudless, treessparkling with frosty gems; examination over, consequently hearts light and joyous; in fine, all nature, animate, and inanimate seemed suggestive of freedom, fun, and sleigh rides.

As the party was to start quite early, the bell was more promptly responded to than usual.

Morning prayer and breakfast over, the young ladies commenced the necessary preparation of putting on their wrappings. The jingling of the sleigh bells announced the arrival of two splendid sleighs. Then all was hurry and excitement. Two score of merry eyes might be seen peeping through the folds of shawls, scarfs, and other wrappings, which enveloped the heads of a score of mirthful girls, whose anticipations of a day of social fun and innocent freedom, gave an extra degree of vivacity to the happy countenances.

"All aboard," and off they started to the Depot at South Bend. The ride was exhilarating, and, though Jack Frost made very free with ears and noses, no one complained but all good humoredly joined in admiring the artistical effect of Mr. John Frost's jewelry, as exhibited on the trees, and beautiful white carpet so generously spread over the earth.

The arrival of the train was the signal for a grand rush from the Depot to the cars. All comfortably seated, on they go, and in less than an hour arrived at Elkhart. There they found our kind host waiting to receive them; having secured a mammoth sleigh, in which to transport the whole party from the Depot to his elegant suburban residence.

The amiable hostess gave all a most cordial reception, and as soon as the ceremony of unwrap-

ping was over, offered them, those creature comforts so acceptable to those who have taken a long ride since their last meal.

Being *thawed out*, all stiffness and reserve soon vanished, and the sounds of merry laughter, lively music and gay conversation, were heard in the parlors, and we verily believe that some dancing was done.

At a seasonable hour all were invited to the dining-room, where a sumptuous repast was spread. The young ladies were cordially invited to do their duty, and, we believe, they did it, much to the satisfaction of our host and hostess, who spared no pains in supplying all the essentials for the pleasant performance of said duty.

Dinner over, all adjourned to the music-room, where the company mutually delighted each other with sweet sounds. The performers showed, by their skill, that the high musical culture bestowed at St. Mary's, had produced its proper result.

During the musical entertainment, Mr. Davenport announced the fact that a sleigh was awaiting the pleasure of the visitors, and though it only held eight, that, with the addition of his own *Cutter*, they might manage by taking the party out in detachments of ten, to give all a view of *Elkhart*.

This invitation was most readily accepted, and by train-time every one had enjoyed an *extra* sleighride.

At five o'clock, all were invited, by our hostess, to partake of an elegant lunch, which was fully appreciated by the guests.

The mammoth sleigh was again brought into requisition,—then for the cars,—all aboard for St. Mary's, and bidding adieu to our hospitable friends, every one gave vent to their feelings of entire satisfaction for the truly liberal hospitality shown them, and the unanimous decision of the party was that sleighriding was a great invention, and Elkhart a splendid terminus for a pleasure party.

At South Bend Depot the excursionists found Mr. Hatch awaiting their arrival. He, with his usual patriarchal dignity, saw them safely ensconced in comfortable sleighs, and on the way to St. Mary's, where they arrived about 9 o'clock.

The Sisters who accompanied the young ladies gave them many encomiums for the very agreeable manner with which they had conducted themselves during the excursion, and after mutual expressions of satisfaction, all retired, well pleased with the adventures of the day.

ST. MARY'S ACADEMY, Feb. 3d, '68.