

The Scholastic Year.

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INFLUENCE OF COLLEGE LIFE.

It is said that Ancient Philosophers distinguished man from the brute creation, by his possessing the powers of living. This theory we cannot consider as false, when there are creatures in this world that call themselves men, who are in fact worse than the lowest of the brute creation; we have reference to those who cannot let a day pass without being under the influence of some of their baser passions. Man is not capable of living, unless he believes in Christianity, because he has no object for which to live; the pleasure that he enjoys in this life are like the nurture of the desert to the thirsty traveler, always deceiving.

But what makes life pleasant, and what gives us the power of living, is it not the manner in which we first make our entrance on the stage of life? The habits we contract while young will always cling to us through life. That we may contract good ones, and go forth upon the world possessing that power of living according to our conscience, and the dictates of nature is the object for which we are sent to college. Let us follow a young man through his collegiate course, and see the many eccentricities and joys which lie alternately scattered on his path. Home! what emotions are not kindled in the human heart, by the mentioning of this simple word! How often in secret do the tears trickle down the cheeks of the collegian, when he remembers the dear home, and the kind and affectionate parents that are so far away, the many sunny days he spent in joyous sport with some beloved companions; but a sigh of relief escapes him when he thinks of the welcome which awaits in the coming future,

on his return home; tears are seen no more, and his eyes now sparkle with pleasure. The hard pillow is no longer despised, but on the contrary, is rather sought as a resource to annihilate all unpleasant recollections. Nevertheless, the days seem very long, the reason is simple, his mental faculties are unoccupied; instead of perusing his books, he allows his mind to roam at will, and the imagination will naturally bring up before the mind only such thoughts as cause him pain.

Let us see the object for which he was sent to college; it is surely not only to acquire knowledge, because he can obtain as much, if not more knowledge at home; but the principal object is to cultivate habits of virtue, which in after life will be far easier to practice, and never can be shaken off. Thus we find, when we first make our appearance upon college waters, that it is very difficult to be punctual at all the exercises—especially to get out of our snug couches on a cold morning in January, at an early hour—but what do we derive from this, that seems so very difficult to perform? From constant repetition we acquire the habit, and in a few weeks we are accustomed to all the little trials. These same trials which affect us at present, cannot help but make us useful members and ornaments in society, in which we are destined to move. Wealth is obtained without any great effort;—success crowns all our undertakings, and if we keep in mind the practical lessons taught at college, we cannot but lead a happy life. In conclusion, I wish to impress the importance of an early initiation in college life; the good derived from our early training will enable us to accomplish the object God had in view, when He placed us in this world to live well.

A COLLEGE "POEM."

The following "poem" is given for the amusement of those Students and Professors who have some little knowledge of the latin language:

TALE OF A POSSUM.

The nox was lit by the lux of luna,
And 'twas a nox most opportuna
To catch a possum or a coona;
For nix was scattered o'er this mundus
A shallow nix et non profundus.
On sic a nox with canis unus,
Two boys went out to hunt for coonus,
The corpus of this bonus canis
Was full as long as octo spanus;
But brevis legs had canis never,
Quam had hic dog; bonus, clever.
Some used to say in stultum jocum
Quod a field was too small locum
For sic a dog to make a turnus,
Circum self from stem to sternus.

Unus canis, duo puer,
Nunquam braver, nunquam truer,
Quam hoc trio unquam fuit,
If there was I never knew it.
Hic bonus dog had one bad habit,
Amabat much to tree a rabbit,
Amabat plus to tree a rattus,
Amabat bene to chase a cattus.
On this nixy moonlight night
This old canis did just right,
Nunquam treed a starving rattus,
Nunquam chased a starving cattus,
But cucurrit quite intentus,
On the track and on the scentus,
Till he treed a possum strongum
In a hollow trunkum longum.
Loud he barked in horrid bellum,
Seemed on terra venit hellum.
Quickly ran the duo puer,
Mors of possum to secure.
Quum venerint, one began
To chop away like quisque man.
Soon the axe went through the truncum,
Soon he hit it, per, cher, chunkum.
Combat thickens, on, ye bravus!
Canis, puer, bite et stavus;
As his powers non longus tarry,
Possum potest non pugnare.
On the nix his corpus lieth,
Down to Hades spirit lieth.
Joyful puers, canis, bonus,—
Think him dead as any stonus.
Aint his corpus like a jelly?
Quid plus proof ought hunter velle?
Now they seek their pater's domo,
Feeling proud as any homo,
Knowing certe they will blossom
Into heroes when with possum
They arrive, narrabunt story,
Plenus blood et plenior glory.
Pompey, David, Sampson, Cæsar,
Cyrus, Blackhawk, Shalmanazer!
Tell me where est now the gloria,
Where the honor of Victoria,
Quum at domum narrent story,
Plenus sanguine, tragic, glory.
Pater praiseth, likewise mater;
Wonders greatly younger frater.

Possum leave they on the mundus,—
Go themselves to sleep profundus.
Somniunt possum slain in battle
Strong as ursæ, large as cattle.
When nox gives way to lux of morning,
Albam terram much adorning.
Up they jump to see the varmen,
Of the which hoc est the carmen.
Possum hic est resurrectum,
Leaving puers most dejectum.
Possumi linguat track behind him,
Sed the puers never find him.
Cruel possum! bestia vilest!
How the puers tu beguilest.
Puers think non plus of Cæsar,
Go to Gramen, Shalmanazer!
Take your laurel cum the honor,
Since ista possum is a goner.

THE SEMI-ANNUAL EXHIBITION.

Long deferred by a concatenation of untowarded circumstances, an exhibition took place on the evening of the 4th inst. to celebrate the termination of one session and the beginning of another. The Thespians, as they should, took the management of this entertainment, under the able and efficient direction of Prof. E. A. McNally, A. M., the sister societies being admitted to a fair participation in the display, and taking the subordinate parts assigned them, with great improvement to the harmonious effect of the whole. The Cornet Band obligingly filled up the interval between the general assembling of the students in the hall and the arrival of the principal invited guests, by some pieces of excellent music, in addition to the entrance march promised on the programme. The music of the Band is ever welcome to our audience, well chosen and well appreciated; we say the same of our orchestral performances, which are very grand, scientific and "classic." Master Flanigan appeared on the stage, accompanied by Masters Ryan and Wetherbee, to address the company on behalf of the Junior Department, and particularly of the Philomathean Society. His delivery was graceful and easy, and his piece, couched in the bombastic, arrogant style now so common among the Juniors. His uncalled-for attack on the Philharmonics was ill-judged. Speaking of the Philharmonics, their singing formed an important feature in the entertainment, and one of their choruses—the last, in which the laugh comes in—elicited general applause. The little minim, Master Ernest Lyons by his artless speech, was the occasion of a great deal of interest. It seems the minims could not understand how a board could be composed of Reverend Fathers and Brothers. Perhaps they

would be more surprised to hear of a staff composed of military officers, or to be told of an entire ship's crew being "all aboard." They ought to attend the Civil Engineering Class, and learn how solid built beams are constructed. *Apropos* of this class, since their brief but brilliant examination, they have again assumed their course, and are laying the foundation of a solid and compact edifice. They depend a great deal on the firmness of their Pillars, but when additional strength is required they have recourse to Stays, which, by the union of the parts, must, of course, solidify the whole, or "Hull," as Mrs. P. would say. But this is a digression. The chief part of the entertainment was the next thing on the programme, being the comedy of "Born to Good Luck" or "An Irishman's Fortune," in two acts, by the Thespian Society. This, although (owing to the want of accessories in the shape of scenery and costumes,) not so brilliant as their entertainment on the 13th of October, was a decided success. A comedy always does much better than a tragedy on our stage—in fact, we have never seen a specimen of the latter class of dramatic composition here, which did not suggest some notions of the burlesque,—so difficult is it to prevent the sublime from degenerating into the ridiculous,—particularly in presence of an audience unversed in the study of the darker passions of human nature, and with an invincible propension to merriment. Therefore, we think the comedy chosen on this occasion was eminently well-selected, and it was unquestionably appreciated by the audience. Mr. Fitzharris, as *Paudeen O'Rafferty*, surpassed any of his previous performances, and his entrance was always the signal for a general roar of applause, which sometimes had the unpleasant effect of drowning the words he uttered, although his expressive and well-studied acting sufficiently conveyed their force. Perhaps if he had spoken just a *little* louder he would have done better. Mr. Schwab, as *Count Manfredi* was admirable. He seemed quite the man for the part, and the same may be said of Mr. Murphy in *Count Malfi*. The other parts were scarcely lengthy enough to bring out the talent of the performers, yet justice bids us record the names of Messrs. Short, White, Skelly, Campbell, McBride, and Moore as worthy of "honorable mention." The scene where *Paudeen* refuses the tempting offer of the assassins and drives them indignantly from the stage with his shillelagh, was perhaps the most effective of any, and caused a perfect thunder of applause and laughter. The

dancing scene was very showy, but we think it was cut too short. The *coup de main* of *Paudeen* in carrying off the assassin in a sedan chair, was another great point in the play, and his method of making him keep still, by a series of raps over the sconce, is worthy of the imitation of all who aspire to the benevolent vocation of knight-errantry in a singular form. The comedy, being only of two acts, did not make a very long exhibition, and the assembly dispersed at half-past nine, to the music of the Cornet Band—ever faithful to their post. The closing remarks by Rev. Father Superior conveyed a well-deserved compliment to the excellence of the performance. He also gave us to understand that Prof. Griffith would arrive on the following day to begin a course of elocution for the students. The great elocutionist will have to work if he undertakes to surpass the doings of our amateur dramatic society, and make improvement upon what we had the pleasure of witnessing last night. SLY-BOOTS.

THE MINIMS.

- "Res maximæ, minimo motu."—*Cicero*.
 "Minime est mirandum."—*Cornelius Nepos*.
 "Equal to two crotchets."—*Root and Cady*.

With such a host of classical authorities in their favor, can it be doubted that the Minims occupy a distinguished place in the philosophy of history? If in the glowing words of Cicero "a minim being moved, the greatest affairs were accomplished,"—if the sober historian, Cornelius Nepos is warmed into such an outburst of enthusiasm as to apostrophize the ideal minim in the vocative case, and add the simple but fervent expression of admiration which we quote above,—if the no less classic, though modern, Root and Cady, puts the minim prominently forward in their most sublime efforts of harmonious soul-breathing, boldly proclaiming him equal to (at least) two of those charming eccentricities, (the invariable concomitants of genius) commonly denominated "crotchets"—and I may here remark that when you "dot" a minim (and carry one) you develop his crotchets still further—if, as I said before, all these tributes of respect and homage have been laid at the feet of the minim by the prophetic instincts of the greatest intellects of ancient and modern times, what may we not expect, what may we not predicate, what may we not realize in reference to the younglings of our flock?

The late examination developed their latent

genius in more than one form. The privileged few who composed the board, so feelingly alluded to in their late address, witnessed the efforts of embryo lexicographers, bent philanthropically on the radical reform of the English language, and with decided prejudices in favor of phonetic spelling—of youthful geographers, who whisked them through the United States with a wand like that of a magician, and contumeliously scouted inductive reasoning (though urged by high ecclesiastical authority) which vainly sought to persuade that New York City was the capital of the state of the same name—of budding mathematicians, who had already penetrated far into the mysteries of the multiplication table and, who evoked strange fantastic forms of ghostly white, to bear witness to the existence of truths which would otherwise have lain locked in the inmost recesses of their infant breasts. Long may they wave! Long may their buttons shine! *Vive les Minimes!*

We have the pleasure of chronicling in this number the arrival of Prof. A. A. Griffith the eminent elocutionist. What we could say to the praise of the professor would scarcely do him justice. All who attended his course last year know how to appreciate his beautiful talent; they remember how praiseworthy was his devotedness in promoting the welfare and progress of his immense classes. Prof. Griffith bestowed every minute of his time on his task and was well rewarded by the manifest improvement which his lessons produced, to which fact, the expressions of high regards given him by the students, on the eve of his departure bear witness.

This year the able professor has resumed his task with even superior talent, and we may fairly expect that the good which his lessons will produce among his numerous pupils will equal, if not surpass, the results of the past year.

Those to whom lessons in elocution would do no good, have consented to withdraw from the class, leaving thereby, to the more unpretending students, their own way with the professor whose class is, however, attended by 160 members.

It could not be asserted that all these young gentlemen will become elocutionists on leaving the professor's instructions, but at least they will be hereafter enabled to discern with ease what is appropriate or ludicrous in the use of voice and gestures, and this attainment alone is worth all their attention.

"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.

ACT SECOND—SCENE I.

A Splendid Room in the Fortress of Montefulco—Antonio alone, dressed in splendid garments—Books on a table—He stands up, looking at an arrow which he tries on a bow.

Antonio.—(now called Julio) My arm is quite enfeebled by its long rest. My hand seems unskilled as when I first began to shoot at the target in my father's hall. Once I could pierce the swift chamois; strength and skill were mine, but now I confess I am ashamed. Old Stephano is the first cause of it. Why, if I follow his advice I will always study, always recite. It is no fun to have him pound me when I miss my lessons. Now he will come with five or six books, then look at me above his glasses. (I guess he means to scare me first so that he may have me afterwards.) Then he will put me such questions as I never dreamt of before. *Dear*, what have I to do with the Balthazarians. I declare they are dead long ago. Stephano thinks that every body is born to read books; well I am not, surely. Well, here is my duty for to-day. Ah! no, it is my father's last letter. (Kisses it.) Always, dear father, it is little to know that you are well, only by your messages, but the Duke has informed me that my father would soon be here; the letter alludes to it, does it not? Let me see. (Reads.) "Dear Antonio; or, rather, Dearest Julio." (Stops.) Why did my father change my name, I wonder? Antonio was his pet name, because my mother's name was Antonia; but perhaps as I am older, he thought that Julio would be more befitting. "'Tis the name of an emperor," says Stephano, and he insists that Antonio is only a poor fisherman's name. Now this is not true; there was an emperor of that name. I read that in his big books; but let me read; yes, here it is: "be of good cheer and study well; fit your judgment for the high rank which God calls on you to occupy. I shall soon judge of your progress; in the meantime I leave you under the care of God and the kind protection of our good Duke." Well, well, this means what I said; father will soon be here; the Duke told me so with his own lips. Oh he is very good to me; he wants me to call him father, and it is very strange; I feel as if he held my father's place. I love him, too; but now I must call Lorenzo and Gratiano, my dear companions; I am sure they must be on the terrace together. Oh that good Balthazar, I laugh at his fun: hi, hi, hi! I am sure I can induce him to let me out of the castle down into the camp where my father will be soon. Yes, I must bargain with him; we can all go without being seen by any body. Suppose the case that he should be on guard at the postern during the next night. He will not mind us (gayly). Then I would shoot, gloriously, that arrow over the battlements. (Means to shoot, when Balthazar, a tall, grim soldier, comes in.)

Balthazar.—(pretending to ward off the arrow.) Ho, young milk-sop! these things must not be trifled with.

Julio.—Dear Balthazar, I mean no harm,—at least to you; how glad I am to see you.

Balthazar.—You are very good to say so, little one.

Julio.—I can see no goodness in saying what I feel for you.

Balthazar.—Julio, my boy, I am eternally obliged to you, but list to me: this is no place to shoot.

Julio.—I waited for you, Balthazar; I thought you forgot our shooting exercise this morning; were you not on the terrace with Gratiano and Lorenzo?

Balthazar.—(seizing the arrow.) No, boy, I was hurriedly dispatched by Fabiano, our commander, to your father's camp below; there is news of a battle approaching; all is bustle and commotion. I ran back as fast as I could, and have been busy

all morning, polishing my steel bow and other playthings; this toy of yours is good for practice, but would not do in a battle (animated.) Give me my crossbow and list to the twang of its metal string; ah, ah!

Julio.—(afraid.) Why, Balthazar, you chill me. I thought I was brave. Do, soldiers, use the crossbow with those sharp, steel points?

Balthazar.—Ay, lad, it gains ground every day in spite of their laws and proclamations, to keep up the yewen bow, because, forsooth, their grandsires shot with it, knowing no better. You see, Julio, war is no pastime; men will shoot at their enemies with the hittingest weapon and the killingest, not with the longest and the missingest.

Julio.—Then these new engines I hear of, will put both bows down; for these, with a pinch of black dust and a leaden ball and a child's finger, shall slay you, Mars and Goliath and the seven champions.

Balthazar.—Pooh, pooh! Petrone nor Harguebuse shall ever put down Sir Arbalast. Why, we can shoot ten times whilst they are putting in their charcoal and their lead, into their leathern smoke-belchers, and then kindling their matches. All that is too fumbling for the field of battle; there a soldier's weapons must be ay ready, like his heart.

Julio.—Oh Balthazar! I delight to hear you speaking to me in that way. I think that by your side I would fight like a lion!

Balthazar.—You would swon, I trow. No, I recant, Julio, you are a brave boy, but I cannot promise you that. Hush, some one is coming—Doctor Stephano, methinks, with his garulous creaking; at your books, Julio; there, the thunderbolts are approaching; aurevoir. (Balthazar rushes out on tip-toe by another passage. Lorenzo and Gratiano come in a great hurry and with gay faces.)

Julio.—(attentive to his books, seems drawn from his studies by the arrival of his unexpected friends.) Oh what a surprise! Lorenzo! Gratiano! your noise frightened me. I thought it was old Stephano's light steps I heard, pounding in the hall (laughing.) Well, what news?

Lorenzo.—Did you not hear what all the world knows?

Gratiano.—Well, Julio, we are simply surrounded by soldiers; the plain below is full of them and more are coming.

Julio.—Yes, Balthazar told me just now.

Lorenzo.—Balthazar, was he with you? can it be possible that he has returned?

Julio.—(in low voice.) Friends, do you wish to leave this place of confinement and see the battle?

Gratiano.—To be sure. I am ready—I will fight, too.

Lorenzo.—Oh! what sport! Do you think we can elude the vigilance of Stephano?

Julio.—We can gain Balthazar over to us! O I wish I could go there! My father will be engaged in the battle!

Gratiano.—Let's jump over the walls.

Lorenzo.—I can procure a rope ladder and place it on the walls, where it will reach the rock.

Julio.—Yes, on the postern at the eastern wall.

Gratiano.—There is a guard there, watching all night, and, you know, sentinels have been doubled at all the posts.

Julio.—Well the best is to go disguised with Balthazar; wait, perhaps he has not left the next hall; I will bring him here, this must be decided now, this very hour.

Lorenzo.—We will wait impatiently; ho! some one is coming. Heavens! it is Stephano.

Stephano.—(coming solemn and severe, with books under his arms.) Ay, Ay, I heard some noise in this room. What do I behold?—Lorenzo—Gratiano—here, and (looks around;) where is Julio? Did you make this uproar alone?

Gratiano.—Good Doctor, excuse us for the noise that you have heard; 'twas not meant to disturb your peace.

Stephano.—Your hilarity I condemn. It is unbearable. Ah, young men, learn to be grave (they laugh.) Withal, do not turn up your nose at my remarks. 'Tis that grim, sturdy, middle-aged burgher of Balthazar that blows the flame betwixt Julio

and me, and sets you on. I have watched you, my lads, this while. Ay, you may stare.

Lorenzo.—Good Doctor, we mean you no harm.

S'tephano.—Say no more; begone; begone.

Balthazar.—(rushing in with his bow.) Oh! Oh! the enemy will retreat with bag and baggage. (Perceiving Stephano.) Oh, 'twas an ambuscade; this old fox is not the ass he pretends to be, (to Stephano.) Oh, pardon, Doctor, I fain would have recognized you in the full bloom of your scientific mantle. I meant to pass without disturbing any one. (Gees out across the stage.)

Lorenzo and Gratiano.—Pardon, Doctor, we will not disturb you any longer. (Exit, mimicking him.)

Stephano.—(in passion.) Young scape grace, you will have your reward; (sees them gone.) At last I may have my peace and be alone, while Julio is returning. My books;—"Dulce otium!" Yes, my only friends, with you I have no war, no troubles; but perhaps I have been too hasty in rebuking those boys. Horace says that anger spoils every thing, and Plato is not less positive in affirming that a ounce of choler is sufficient to poison a whole day's good. They are my scholars, and I owe them example as well as to Julio; but in such times as these in which we live, every thing is upset; no talk but of battles; nothing but a constant uproar and cries of alarm, (excited.) They speak of a battle, of a siege, as if we were all going to be slain; reports are abroad that the fortress may be carried by assault. Then what will become of me! The saying of the poet, *dulce bellum inexpertis*, does not apply to me; I see no fun in cracking the skulls of others, still less in having mine split. But where is Julio? Could it be that he forgets his class hour? Julio is growing tall; his mind is fast maturing, and the tinkling of an armor brings fever to his brain; 'tis born with him, and all my sayings have been fruitless to avert his mind from the dangerous use of arms. He was not so four years ago, when his noble father sent for him a few days before that sad disaster of Arnoli, where he lost his chivalry in dreadful encounter with the Maceratans. Since that time the report of harguebuses pleases him, and my philosophy is at a discount. (Cannon is heard. Stephano jumps, frightened; soldiers rush in.)

Leonardo.—(with his arms full of harguebuses.) Quick, signore, Doctore; quick, scamper; no soul idle here while there is a musket to fire. The enemy is on us, the battle has begun; up with us on the walls; (gives him a musket.)

Stephano.—O heavens! what can I do! I cannot fight; you know I never fought in my life.

Leonardo.—No exception, no useless mouth here. The commander's orders; at the postern, every one.

Stephano.—O yes, here I go; (soldier's leave first.) Dear me, what can I do? (He leaves hurriedly, handling awkwardly the gun.)

SCENE II.—ON THE STAGE.

The Duke.—This is the solemn moment, Riccardo, in which success may crown my arms or reverse destroy my hopes. The Prince of Macerata intends a bold stroke at us; it is evident that his forces are well equipped and numerous. Montefalco was not designed by him for a point of attack; ill-defended as it is, it could scarcely be esteemed by him worth the battle which will soon decide its fate. I see in this movement more than a desire to carry the fortress. I see the hands of Bartolo!

Riccardo.—Bartolo, my lord, how could he know that this is Antonio's retreat?

Duke.—Beware, Riccardo, more than one traitor have I seen around me, although the trusty men who have defended this castle for three years, weave a sure net-work around Julio; yet I cannot forbear thinking that Bartolo has a clue to our most secret designs.

Riccardo.—Then, my lord, may I receive your directions in case of a fatal turn of affairs. Suppose that the enemy succeed in driving our army from the walls?

Duke.—In this case, may God avert it! Here, a key, Riccardo, give it to Fabiano; it will open to him and Julio the door of the secret passage.

Riccardo.—(receiving the key.) I understand, my lord, but if he were killed in the combat, what then?

Duke.—(Then) I did not think of that. Riccardo, what we must defend above all is Julio. Let Fabiano remain by him and ward off danger from him. Entrust to Balthazar the command of the fortress; no better hands ever leveled the arbalast; mind my orders: let no enemy discover Julio; adieu; I rejoin my knights. (Cannon is heard again.) They press hard on us, I see; adieu; rejoin me promptly. (He leaves hurriedly.)

Riccardo.—It is my prince's orders; I must obey; strange events; fortune, methinks, hovers above our heads; 'tis a mysterious cagle, now selecting a prey; justice claims its due; what I may do to protect Julio will little avail, I fear. But where is he? I must be away and have him brought out of danger. (Exit.)

(Enter Balthazar, left.)

Balthazar.—(in bad humor.) By Mar's helmet, our pikemen are not better than a row of milkpails! as for me (bending his cross-bow) I'll die like a man, and the first coward of a renegado (seeing Leonardo rushing in)—what is the matter now? (Listening, a cannon is heard.) Ah! they are men at last; well, if this is no glamour, there will be a trifle of a battle. Well, Leonardo, why do you stand here like an idiot? what news do you bring?

Leonardo. (scarcely able to speak.) Julio is missing; we searched all the fortress. Oh! what will the Duke say?

Balthazar.—What is the matter now? shall we tumble off our perch when we have nearly won the day? Why, man, you will frighten every one. Julio can not be out of the castle! Did you peep into his room? I'll go bail he is with that Nabuchedennazzar of Stephano.

Leonardo.—(always afraid.) Stephano keeps aloof; none has seen him the whole evening; some say that he has slipped into the well.

A Soldier, Marso.—[to Balthazar—Right.] Your honor, a rope ladder hangs dangling from the wall at the postern; some treason, sir.

Balthazar.—Ah! ah! ah! this is a night fairly blowing. Get away, idiots. I know the mystery of that ladder; the young scamps did not wait for me to saunter off. Alert, then, follow me; Julio and the Pages have made for the camp below. [Exeunt, all in a hurry.]

Enter Stephano and Fabiano. Left.

Stephano.—[peevish.] How could I help it, your honor? Could I watch him in the dark? Julio has been away from me the whole day.

Fabiano.—My orders, sir, were that you should have your eyes on him all the time.

Stephano.—So have I done till this horrible day, sir.

Fabiano.—Think not to excuse yourself, sir; you are responsible for any accident which may befall Julio. I was to receive him from you, in obedience to the Duke's orders, and when I sent for you, you were found in the top of the tower. Is this doing your duty?

Stephano.—Indeed, sir, I will go to the end of the world to find him; he cannot be gone. [Enter Leonardo. Left.]

Fabiano.—What news, Leonardo?

Leonardo.—Julio has been found, your honor, down the rocks, ready to leap oyer the ditch. Lorenzo and Gratiano were with him. Oh, sir! 'tis not Julio's fault.

Fabiano.—Who arrested him, that I may reward him?

Leonardo.—'Twas Balthazar, your honor; he caught his cross-bow and commanded them in the Duke's name to stop or he would shoot them dead.

Fabiano.—What! did he shoot them?

Stephano.—Oh horrible left them dead!

Leonardo.—No, [to Stephano] You are dead, you, [to Fabiano.] He did, your honor, but did them noh arm; it scared them when they saw that he was in earnest. He shot ahead of them.

Stephano.—Oh! good heavens! here they come. [Enter Balthazar with a soldier bringing in the boys. Left.]

Balthazar.—'Twas not too soon to give the alarm, my lord. The young scamps were nearly out of sight, but 'tis not their

fault. If the watch had not been snoring away, they could never have crept out. May I ask you to forgive them?

Fabiano.—The offence is too serious to be overlooked. Such foolish action in these present circumstances, deserves an exemplary punishment.

Julio.—Signor Fabiano, I do ask of you that all the chastisement be conferred on me. It is I who plotted our escape.

Gratiano.—It is I who fastened the rope.

Lorenzo.—I gave it, Signor Fabiano. I procured it, without me no escape was possible.

Fabiano.—And I summon you to tell me where you found the ladder.

Stephano.—[trembling.] 'Twas I, my lord; 'twas I who had it. I had it conferred in my bed for my own use. When I went to—to—use it—'twas gone—gone!

Balthazar.—Oh! ah! old Aristotles, this is plausible for your worthy neck; you are the only cause of all the trouble.

Fabiano.—[aside.] Indeed the whole affair turns out to be a farce.

Balthazar.—Your honor, command that the guilty be forthwith and peremptorily punished.

Fabiano.—Balthazar, I order that you take away Gratiano and Lorenzo, and lock them in the clock-tower with Stephano.

Bal.—The boys also, your honor? The old fox got clear cheap. Come quick to your airy residence; [to Stephano] it will take a long rope to slip from there, but you will have a fine view of our game below. [The boys and Stephano, with Balthazar, leave. Right.]

Fabiano.—[To Julio.] Julio, it grives me to see your rashness. You went against your father's orders, and I blame you for the whole affair. Should the Duke hear of it, you would incur his anger!

Julio.—My good Fabiano, forgive me, forgive my disobedience. I see how much I have grieved you. I alone am guilty; 'twas not Gratiano nor Lorenzo that led me; I did urge them on; I take all the blame on myself; I wanted to see my father, and * * * * *

Fab.—Your candor disarms me, Julio; I forgive you—pressing him on his breast.—You are frank in your confession; I understand your desire of seeing your father, but you know it is now too late; the battle is engaged and still rages; all that you can do is to pray that God may protect him. Rest here during the night, and await the dawn of day in peaceful slumber; * * * adieu, Julio; I must be on the alert and send reinforcements to the Duke. [Cannon is heard.]

Julio.—No sleep shall close my eyes while my heart is aching. Oh, my father! would that I might be with you in this dreadful hour. [Cannon is heard.] Virgin Mary, extend your protection over him and over the Duke, and bring them safe to me. [He sings.] Music taken from the opera of La Dame Blanche.

O kind are the friends around me here,
And gentle, and constant, and true;
But my father,—my father so dear,—
There cannot be joy without you,
My father,—Oh would thou wert here!

Then life would be sweet to my view;
I sorrow! I sorrow and I mourn!
Lest my home I may never more see!
Oh why from my home was I torn?
Come, father, dear father, to me!

WE are happy to announce that James Cunnea, one of us, is slowly, but surely, recovering from a severe attack of Lung Fever, under the effects of which he has been suffering for the past two weeks. He thinks he will soon be able to be about again. We will be very happy to see his jovial face once again. *James Cunnea*

To Our Subscribers.

The abundance of matters pouring into our sanctum from other institutions has been a subject of great embarrassment to us whenever we had not sufficient room left in the paper for the insertion of these matters. To take upon ourselves the privilege of discriminating as to whom belongs the precedence in our columns, or who can claim the right of insertion to the exclusion of others, is a delicate point to decide, and we could not take the liberty of doing so. We have, therefore, in view the enlargement of the paper as soon as we are sufficiently patronized; we mean as soon as our friends will subscribe for a sufficient number of copies to authorize us to go to the expense of printing the matters sent to us for publication. We beg, therefore, that twenty-five copies of the paper be taken by private parties or Institutions, whose articles occupy a space of thirty lines, or half a column and forty copies for a whole column. This will not seem exorbitant when the cost of printing is considered, and we trust that our well wishing friends will second us by obtaining more subscribers, as for us we have begun in earnest the work of enlisting new subscribers and fifty names have been added to our list during the past week.

St. Edward's Literary.

At a meeting of this association, on Wednesday, Feb. 5th, the election of officers for the present session was held, resulting as follows:

President—Rev. M. B. Brown.

Vice-President—John Fitzharris.

Secretary—James McBride.

Treasurer—John C. Keveney.

Librarian—Thomas O'Mahony.

First Censor—H. B. Keeler.

Second Censor—S. B. Hibben.

SECRETARY.

St. Cecilia-Philomathean.

A regular meeting of this association was held, Sunday evening, Feb. 2d. It being the last meeting in the session, we proceeded to elect our officers, not, however, before hearing an excellent composition by Master Lawrence Wilson, as he was a candidate for admission. The said election resulted as follows:

Vice-President and Critic—John M. Flanigan,

Secretary—David J. Wile,

Corresponding Secretary—James W. Sutherland,

Treasurer—Asa Wetherbee,

Librarian—Franklin P. Dwyer,

Assistant Librarian—George W. Bower,
Monitor—Rufus H. McCarty,
Assistant Monitor—Horace B. Moody,
Conductors of Public Entertainments—James T. Ryan and James Wilson.

OFFICER.

The Saint Edward's.

The question: "Resolved, That the United States Government would be justified in executing Jefferson Davis?" was debated before the St. Edward's Literary Association on the evening of February 11th, and, not being finished that evening, was continued on the morning of the 12th.

The regular debaters were: On the affirmative, Messrs. T. O'Mahony and M. C. Peterson. On the negative, Messrs. J. Fitzharris and A. J. O'Reilly.

After these gentlemen had taken their seats, the stand was occupied, in turn, by the following volunteers: Affirmative, Messrs. J. McBride, H. B. Keeler and J. P. Rogers. Negative, Messrs. F. Guthrie, J. Gibbons and S. B. Hibben.

After this, no more volunteers presenting themselves, the discussion, after having been prolonged for four hours, was closed by Mr. O'Mahony.

Taking into consideration that the debaters were students, the discussion was *excellent*. Deep research and close reasoning were displayed by the regular debaters, while it was evident that the volunteers were aware of the importance of the subject, and capable of debating it with skill.

The President said it was the best debate he had ever heard at Notre Dame. He declared that both sides had sifted the question so thoroughly, and brought forth such strong arguments, that he found it difficult to decide which was victorious.

REPORTER.

SLEIGHRIDE.—The scholars of the infant classes of the Presbyterian and Methodist Churches, participated in the happiness of a sleighride to Notre Dame, last Saturday. The little innocents were very much pleased with their trip, and gave evidence that such was the case with merry shouts and laughter on their return. The ride was a compliment to the scholars, given by their teachers, for punctuality, lessons learned, etc.—*Mishawaka Enterprise*.

WANT of space compels us to defer the publication of the following articles: "Lecture on History," and "A Disputed Point." They are in type, and will appear next week.

Additional List of Students of Notre Dame.

FEBRUARY 1st.

George Faust, Marshall, Michigan.
 Charles Rassner, Peru, Indiana.
 George W. Conrardt, " "

FEBRUARY 3d.

George B. Sutton, Chicago, Illinois.

FEBRUARY 4th.

Joseph Campbell, St. Charles, Illinois.
 Edward Baham, Battavia "
 Mark A. Templeton, Princeton, "
 Charles M. Ogle, Bellepill, "
 Joseph D. Ogle, " "
 Matthew Hackett, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

FEBRUARY, 5th.

William H. Young, Attica, Indiana.
 Owen L. Tew, Ionia, Michigan.
 John Coffey, Chicago, Illinois.

FEBRUARY 11th.

Fred H. Reid, Chicago, Illinois.
 Samuel Dessauer, Thornton, Indiana.

FEBRUARY 13th.

John L. Dodge, Princeton, Illinois.
 Albert Cressner, Plymouth, Indiana.
 Charles Cressner, " "

SAINT MARY'S ACADEMY, }
 Feb. 10th, 1868. }

ARRIVALS.

FEBRUARY 6TH, 1868.

Miss Martha Noel, Paxton, Illinois.
 " Bridget Lonergan, Batavia, Illinois.
 " Esther Lonergan, " "
 " Ophelia Brady, Andersonville, Mich.
 " Ellen Howard, Ann Arbor, Mich.
 " Catharine Connor, Kilbourn City, Wis.

TABLES OF HONOR.

Senior Department.—Misses Emogene Schutt, Margaret Forrester, L. Rettig, Gertrude Leede, Alice Carmody, N. Ogle, Sarah Shipley, K. Carpenter, Clara Foote, Ellen Cooney, M. and L. Cummerford.

Junior Department.—Misses Amelia and Anna Boyles, Mary Sissons, Helen Sprochule, Harriet Huset, K. Foreman and Leonora Mills.

HONORABLE MENTION.

Graduating Class.—Misses M. Tripp, C. Plimpton, Blanche Walton, H. Brooks, L. Murray, F. Alspaugh, K. Connelly and K. Doran.

First Senior Class.—Misses L. and L. Tong, N. Maher, Emma Longsdorf, K. Cunnea, M. Ball and Genevieve Arrington.

Second Senior Class.—Misses S. Rooney, Anna Cunnea, L. Lyons, K. Graham, Mary Carraher,

Agnes Mulhall, Mary and Lillian Chouteau, Virginia Brown, Mary Miller, Frances Gettings, A. Darcy, M. Walton, Teresa Stapleton, Anna Tarant, M. Sterling, Christina Thompson, Emma Conan, Sarah Gleeson and Mary Claffey.

Third Senior Class.—Misses Amanda Sissons, Ellen and Sarah Miller, Josephine Greishop, N. Simms, L. Bicknell, Ellen Lindsey, Rose Joslin, Margaret Toberty, Harriet Niel and Era Longwell.

First Intermediate Class.—Misses Harriet Cameron, Julia and Rose Gittings, Anna Belle Acker, Mary Rooney, Mary Hally, Mary Gordon, Clara Ward and Mary Simms.

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

First Junior Class.—Misses Adalade Metzger, M. O'Meara and Mary Clark.

BULLETINS.

The monthly report of progress, forwarded to parents and guardians, will announce the promotions in the various branches and classes.

COMPOSITIONS.

Sunday evening, Feb. 9th, the following young ladies of the Graduating Class, read their Examination essays in the Study-Hall: Miss M. Forrester, "Meditations on a Superannuated Ball-Robe." Miss Florence Alspaugh, "The Crusades." Miss C. Plimpton, "Examples of the Past." A premium was offered to any one who would write as spirited an essay on the "Examples of the Present Age," as the one read by Miss Plimpton on the "Examples of the Past."

WE are sorry to say that want of space obliges us to defer the publication of the following interesting school reports: "St. Ambrose's Academy, Michigan City," "Holy Angel's, Logansport" and "St. Angela's, Morris Illinois."

WE always like to give great orators the benefit of a wide dissemination of the "good points" they make in their speeches, and, therefore, print the following sentence of a western orator. Warm with his subject, he exclaimed: "I guess there ain't a man, woman or child in the house, who has arrived at the age of fifty years, but what has felt this great truth thundering through his or its minds for centuries."

A PROVIDENCE boy, five years of age, having stolen a can of milk, his mother took him to task, with moral suasion, and wound up her discourse by exclaiming: "What in the world was you going to do with the milk, anyhow?" "I was going to steal a little dog to drink it," was the crushing reply.