

The Scholastic Year.

EDITED BY THE STUDENTS.

"Labor omnia vincit."

VOL. I.

NOTRE DAME UNIVERSITY, MARCH 14, 1868.

No. **XXVII**

Editors of the Present Number :

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THE "SCHOLASTIC YEAR" is devoted to the Interests of the Students, and will be issued weekly, at \$2 50 per annum, payable in advance.

Students of Notre Dame University, and the Young Ladies of St. Mary's Academy, may obtain the SCHOLASTIC YEAR at the reduced rate of \$1 00 per annum.

Contributions must always be accompanied with name of author, otherwise no attention will be given to them.

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HISTORY.

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS,

Delivered before the Senior Students of the University, February 16, 1868.

BY PROF. T. E. HOWARD, A. M.

[CONTINUED.]

Have you ever reflected, why it is that the Italians, the Spanish, and the Flemish, have produced the great masters of painting? It is something in the peculiar history of those people, which you can only know by a study of their History; then will you have new enjoyment, and distinguish the Spanish from the Flemish painter, the Flemish from the Italian, and all these from the rest of the world.

Why again has Germany produced the great musical composers? The secret is contained in the history and the character of the German people: read and you will know. And why did Gothic architecture originate in Central Europe, and in the middle ages? The answer is contained in the history of those countries and those ages.

The great ancient sculptors were Greeks; the moderns, Italians—and, lately, Americans; are there no reasons for these things? have matters turned out this way by chance? Not by any means; history, history of ages and of nations, history alone holds the keys of these mysteries; and if you enjoy the beauties which the Art of

ages, and of nations, has left us, you will study history's pages, that your enjoyment may be a complete and rational enjoyment.

The student of history can see that the artists, the poets, the philosophers, the orators, and the warriors, could only come where and when they did come—they were the productions of their age and people; as truly as are the fruits of different climates the proper and necessary products of their respective soils.

You, then, who wish to enjoy the highest and the purest pleasure which the mind and heart can have, peruse the pages of history, and they will afford you banquets of unending delight.

But if history, the history of nations, ages, wars, laws, discoveries, art, religion, literature, science, customs, and manners, affords so much ennobling pleasure to the mind; how much more worthy of our attention does it become when we consider the benefits which its perusal affords, in guiding us to a just knowledge of the practical duties of life, by holding up the mirror of the past in which the future is reflected?

Considered in this light, history becomes one of the great teachers of individuals and of nations. And it is in this light especially that I wish you to give your earnest attention to the claims which its study has upon you; as the teacher of the Past and the guide of the future, the lamp of experience, by which Patrick Henry said his feet were ever guided.

You will not long remain in these academic halls. You will soon go out into the world, according to the common expression, to take your places in assisting to mold society and form the laws of your country. Some may have great influence on the destinies that are in store for the coming years; some may have but little influence; but all will exert some influence. It is a very important question as to the kind of influence which you shall exert. What you need, more than all

other things, except wisdom, is experience, or knowledge, without which, indeed, wisdom itself is useless; for wisdom is nothing but the ability to put knowledge into practice.

But, as you are as yet scarcely men, your experience in the affairs of actual life amounts to little or nothing; and you must rely, not upon your own experience but upon that of others. The experience of ages is ready for you in the pages of history; and it is that knowledge, more than any other, which you will find useful in life.

You have often heard the expressions: History is repeating itself; there is nothing new under the sun. And so it is. As men have done; even so, or very nearly, will they do; and he who thoroughly understands the past is the prophet of the future. He who is looked up to as a far-seeing statesman, is but a wise man who has the knowledge of the past, the history of the ages, ready to apply to the future of his own age and country.

Who are those wonderful beings that we call self-made men? The term is applied in common to the majority of those who rule in the leading walks of life; the great merchants, lawyers, statesmen, and others, who are the Solomons of their day and generation, doing everything at the right time, in the right place, and in the right way; so that they stamp the age and the people with the impress of their personal character. They are often considered to be uneducated individuals, who have, as it were, shoved their way through the crowd, until they have attained the place of honor and profit among their fellows. But as a matter of fact, they are persons of different origin, and of various training. Some were born of wealthy and honorable, some of poor but honest parents; some have received the education of the college and university, and some that of the farm and the workshop. Their distinction from the rest of the world does not consist in these things, or in any other mere circumstances, but in themselves;

"The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings."

Self-made men are simply those who have made the most of themselves and of the times and circumstances in which they were placed. They obtain a university education if it is possible; if not, they do the best they can in educating themselves; but at any rate their education is a practical education, one which is always at hand to serve them in every emergency in after

life. History and experience is the lamp of wisdom which has guided the best of these men, and history itself is full of these characters; and they may be said, to a great extent, to have molded history to their own will; for history is little more than the biography of great men. From their history, and from the examples which they have left us, from that of Napoleon, from that of Franklin, from that of Newton, from that of Cicero, from that of Washington, from that of Irving, from that of Shakspeare, we many learn the practical lessons of success in life. Learn in youth, said the ancient king, those things which you are to practice in manhood. It was the history of the great things of past times that nourished in their souls the desire of executing the wonders which they afterwards wrought themselves.

History, thus spurring on the great men of every age by its splendid examples, appears in the light of the most practical of the sciences.

The poet has the long array of sacred and profane writers, from David and Homer down to the most renowned bards of his own day; the sublime wits of the ages are his rivals; and he achieves his success, if success be possible, by emulating, by striving to equal or surpass the time-tested productions of their genius. The astronomer has the grand results of the past heaped up in wonderful brightness upon the historic page; and his aspiration is still to add new light to all these glorious triumphs. The general has before him the heroes of the past, whose deeds and whose fame, it is his ambition to rival; and it is well known that Hannibal and Napoleon as well as many other great ones in every state of life were fond of comparing themselves and their deeds to the men and the deeds of history. Even the private citizen has before him the record of the good men of former days, whose virtues stimulate him to emulation. History is universal in its examples, and has something in its pages for the improvement, as well as the admiration of all men.

But to be more practical, let us compare the benefits to be derived from the study of history, with those we receive from the pursuit of other sciences whose utility is acknowledged by every one. We shall thus see more clearly how all-important it is for our future welfare in life, to give ample attention to this most interesting branch of a polite education.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PLEASANT MEMORIES.

When the bright sunlight gladdens the mountain's fair brow,
 And the jubilant birds trill their heart-cheering strains;
 Then I think of the day when in joy's purest glow,
 I stood on Mount Pleasant, the gem of the plains.
 O, dearly-loved mountain, thy image still dwells,
 In my memory embalmed, as a friend far away,
 And my spirit rejoices, my bosom still swells,
 As I think of the pleasures I felt on that day.
 When kind friends throng around, and bring joy to my soul,
 By a candid display of affection and love;
 Then in fancy again on Mount Pleasant I stroll,
 And I think of the friends whom I knew in its grove.
 When the soft mellow twilight of evening is nigh,
 And sweet music sheds round its enchanting delights;
 Then I think of a time in the summer gone by,
 When the song went around near Mount Pleasant's grand heights.
 O, days fondly cherished in memory's shrine,
 When with friends of my choice I was joyous and free;
 Your sweet influence still over my spirit shall shine,
 And the laurel crowned mount shall be still dear to me.

XENOS.

LOGIC.

Some of our friends of the Logic Class, are astounding everybody with their sage reasoning. One is almost afraid, in their presence, to assert himself a "human being," for fear he may be immediately proven a "mule," and that too, "beyond the possibility of a doubt." There is no reasoning with them. The best thing you can do, when they are about, is to keep your mouth shut; and O! if you have had the misfortune to cut your finger, in the name of all that is reasonable, keep your hands in your pockets, or, oh, horror of horrors! you will be immediately branded as, "only part of a man."

Let our young friends take warning from the story below, not to be *too* knowing or else they may on some occasion fall into the same, "predicament" as the unfortunate Augustus.

Augustus was at home during his first college vacation, and was taking dinner with his fond and doting parents, before whom of course he was anxious to appear to advantage. "Now, father," said Augustus, "how many ducks are there on that center dish?" "Two, my son." "But I say there are three." "How so, my hopeful?" "Well, then," continued Augustus, learnedly indicating one of the fowls with his fork, "there is one, isn't there?" "Certainly." "And there," continued, the lightning calculator, indicating the remaining fowl, "there is two, isn't there?" "Certainly." "Well," (triumphantly), "one and two are three, and don't that make three ducks?" "Perhaps so, my promising offspring," said the admiring parent, blandly placing one duck on his wife's plate and the other on

his own, "I will take one, your mother has the second. You my Augustus may have the third." Augustus wilted.

Natural History of Fish.

THE PERCH.—This interesting fish is very plentiful in our lakes (where it might have been seen, before "the ice was out of the lake, my boys!" [which it isn't yet] lying flapping in dying agonies, after having been pulled through holes in the glacial superficies made by the dextrous fishermen who frequent these favored regions.) The perch, however, unlike the rest of the finny tribe, is not confined to the aqueous element under pain of death. Fishing hawks and eagles—cormorants and kingfishers,—and others of the feathered race who subsist mainly on a fish diet, have been known to take their perch on the tops of very high trees. How the perch got there is, of course, a problem in ichthyology. But we know a still more remarkable instance of fish out of water. A farmer out west—a friend of ours—has assured us that if you go out early in the morning on the prairies in his section, you will find as many as one hundred and sixty perches on every acre.

THE STURGEON.—This fish makes its appearance in the St. Jo. river just about now, or perhaps a little later, when it is in the habit of being caught by promiscuous looking individuals, who live in temporary huts and drink whiskey. As sturgeons are caught with a net, it is not necessary that they should bite, which couldn't do anyhow, being Suckers. We have a great many specimens of the "Sucker" here, which may be seen (sometimes) in the College Museum. Students should observe the peculiar structure of the mouth. Sturgeons are often purchased from the fishermen by young gentlemen of the Junior persuasion and brought to the College in great glee. We need not remind our young friends that they should be carefully cleaned before eating, and their "inwards" thrown out somewhere, where they won't smell.

AN exchange thus compliments one of our old Students:

/"Captain Orville T. Chamberlain, of Elkhart, honored us with a call last Thursday. During the late war the Captain earned a high reputation as a gallant soldier, and it is, therefore, with especial pleasure that we notice his growing fame in his vocation of an attorney. We commend him to the community at large."

LOCAL.

Labor Omnia Vincit.

The members of the Editorial Corps, pleased with their past success in editing THE SCHOLASTIC YEAR, are resolved to spare no pains in the future to make their paper more interesting. Already two months have passed away, since THE SCHOLASTIC YEAR was placed in the hands of the students. Since this change, the Editorial Corps have suffered the loss of some excellent members, who thought proper to resign. Notwithstanding these losses, we are determined that THE SCHOLASTIC YEAR shall go on; and though it may be somewhat defective, in its young days, still we hope that, by labor and experience, we may yet make it an honor to the University. There were many who were led to anticipate that THE SCHOLASTIC YEAR would be a dangerous organ in the hands of the students; that it would tend to create discord and jealousy; and some went so far as to think it would be a discredit to the University. We have now had a pretty long experience, and, thanks to the guidance of our honored Director, and our own sense of duty, these sinister anticipations have been signally defeated.

We shall endeavor, hereafter, to add a little more life to our paper. The local news of Notre Dame, during the past winter, has been somewhat monotonous. But gentle Spring, with its life and gayety, will soon be here, and we shall try to make our local columns more interesting. We hope our friends of the Junior Department will give us their aid in this particular. They must remember that though we are divided into two different departments, still our pleasures are closely allied, and whatever is interesting to them is also interesting to us. Many of the Professors have already given us their assistance. We tender to them our sincere thanks, and hope they will still continue to aid and encourage us.

We think the Editorial Corps should take a little more interest in their respective papers. Let each trio endeavor to make its paper *better* than the one published previous to it. Let our new motto give an impetus to our exertions. Yes, let us always bear in mind that "Labor conquers all things."

PROF. STACE has our thanks, for many favors. He is certainly one of the most accommodating gentlemen we have ever known.

Arch-Confraternity.

Prof. Tong has kindly donated several excellent books to the Arch-Confraternity, for which the Society is very thankful.

During the past year, contributions to the library have been very rare, consequently the number of books is somewhat limited. The Association has no income whatever, and is solely dependent upon the liberality of its friends. We respectfully ask those who have the good of religion and the welfare of their fellow-beings at heart, to display that zeal by contributing to the support of an association that has for its object the spiritual advancement of the students; for the Scripture says, that those who enlighten the ignorant and instruct many to justice shall shine as stars for all eternity.

ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN.

EDS. SCHOLASTIC YEAR:—Could you inform your numerous intelligent readers why the Surveying Class is formed only in the second Session? Q.

Apples, and the Rights of Our Neighbors, have been suggested to us as the prime cause. The authorities knowing the lofty, laudable and high ambitious views of the young gentlemen of the Mathematical persuasion, feared, that in Autumn, when orchards are full of apples, the class might interfere with the fruit business, by measuring around orchards, and then, like so many Crusoes, boldly proclaiming that they were monarchs of all they'd surveyed.

Eds. S. Y.

Botany.

A Botany class has lately been formed, though attended by only a few of the students. Ike thinks Botany a nuisance, and says he don't believe in spending his recreation hours *especially* in searching the surrounding country for "Pistols" and "Steamers," and other instruments of human warfare, for fear that (should he find them,) they might go off as did the one "left in the woodshed." And hence he "won't" take up Botany.

We hope that Saint Patrick's Day will not pass without an appropriate entertainment. Oh, Thespians! where are you?

SOMEBODY wants to know what has become of that Gymnastic Club that was "going" to be started. We reply that we never were good at solving conundrums.

THE rage for playing Base Ball this year is ahead of the Spring Fever.

ADDITIONAL LIST OF STUDENTS N. DAME.

FEBRUARY 29th.

Robert H. Delahay, Leavenworth, Kansas.
F. J. Rozier, St. Genevieve, Mo.

MARCH 5th.

John H. Fritts, Central City, Colorado.

MARCH 11th.

Lewis S. Hayes, Chicago, Illinois.

HONORABLE MENTION.

MORAL PHILOSOPHY.

W. T. Johnson.

LOGIC.

For diligence and improvement—T. O'Mahony,
S. B. Hibben, E. Hull and J. C. McBride.

FIRST RHETORIC.

John P. Rogers, Dennis Clark, James Edwards
and John Fitzharris.

SECOND RHETORIC

J. H. Lecompte, H. Rodman, R. M. Short,
Wm. Spalding, D. J. Wile, S. L. Moore, Thomas
O'Mahony, H. L. Eisenman and C. Ogle.

FIRST GRAMMAR, (SR.)

For Lessons—James Monroe, Martin Spellman,
James Dickinson, F. Cousins, C. J. Hertich, S. R.
Anson, F. W. Pape, Wm. McWhirt, J. Winter-
botham, J. Zahm, F. Crapser, J. Alber, F. Kaiser
and J. S. Gavit. For Compositions—J. Gaunt,
A. Hoffman, J. Monroe, T. Downing, H. Lenahan
and R. S. Aikin.

SECOND GRAMMAR, (SR.)

H. C. Boardman, C. Clarke, F. Holeman, C. W.
Moore, L. S. Ryan, C. Fuhrer, and J. Harrison.

THIRD GRAMMAR, (SR.)

R. Callaghan, J. Lenahan and P. Rhodes.

FOURTH GRAMMAR, (SR.)

C. F. Georges, Jos. Garharstine, J. A. Klar.

FIRST GRAMMAR, (JR.)

John Costello, John Coppenger, Phillip Coch-
rane, Robert Staley, James Wilson, Edward Cal-
lahan, Charles Dodge, and Herman Falkenbach.

SECOND GRAMMAR, (JR.)

J. Thomson, T. Duvall, J. Kendall, C. O'Neill,
J. Nash, J. McGuire, G. Tobin, T. Selby, S. Des-
sauer and Conrad Humber.

FIRST ORTHOGRAPHY, (SR.)

B. M. Granger, J. Deitrich, W. Strong, D. W.
Counce and M. Hite.

SECOND ORTHOGRAPHY, (SR.)

John Klar, J. Garharstine and J. Campeau.

2ND ORTHOGRAPHY JR.

James McGinnis, John A. Dunn, Louis McGin-
nis, and Charles Hutchings.

THIRD ORTHOGRAPHY, (JR.)

John Doherty, Christian Enes, John Kendall,
Joseph Campbell, Thomas Selby and J. Waters.

FIRST GEOGRAPHY, (SR.)

A. C. Anson and F. Waters.

THE Honorable Mentions for the following
week will be made in classes of Greek, Latin,
Reading, Penmanship and Catechism.

The lists containing said mentions should be
given to the Director of Studies no later than
Wednesday, otherwise they shall not find a place
in THE SCHOLASTIC YEAR. This will explain
why some of the Honorable Mentions sent in for
publication this week have not been printed.

Base Ball.

The well known Mutual Club, held its first
meeting on Wednesday, the eleventh inst., for
the purpose of a permanent organization, for the
present season. Its always polite and smiling
President, J. McBride, was in the chair, and after
calling the meeting to order, he explained its
object, which was for the purpose of electing offi-
cers, for the season. This was immediately done
and resulted as follows:

Director—Bro. Urban.

President—J. McBride.

Vice President—M. C. Peterson.

Rec. Sec.—H. D. Rodman.

Cor. Sec.—H. B. Keeler.

Treasurer—S. Teats.

L. E. Teft,

L. B. Reswick,

J. A. Dickinson,

} *Directors.*

J. McBRIDE, President.

H. D. RODMAN, Rec. Secretary.

It gives us pleasure to acknowledge the follow-
ing for the Papal Fund, received from pupils of
the Brothers at Springfield, Illinois:

John R. Reilly.....	\$5 00
John Carmody.....	1 00
John Mockley.....	1 00
Michael Walsh.....	1 00

This School sent in the sum of \$20 00 for the
same purpose, and we hope the example may be
followed by every School throughout the country.

"THE RECOGNITION."

THE BESIEGED TOWN.

ACT FOURTH—SCENE I.

The besieged town—Interior of a large church, where armed men are congregated all in kneeling attitude. In the center of the furthest end of the church is Bartolo, also kneeling, hat turned—A solemn chant is heard, and when it has died away, in the midst of the greatest silence, Bartolo stands up and addresses the kneeling assembly.

Bartolo.—Friends and my companions—we have just invoked the last blessing of God on our well-nigh destroyed hopes. This is the most solemn moment of our lives, because, probably, the last given to us to breathe freely, before the foe manacles our hands, and binds our feet in his gloomy dungeons. God forbid, friends, that this degradation should be awaiting us, who have fought for three years in the defence of our sacred rights! It is true, we have lost everything, and we are now reduced to defend the last remnants of Macerata's power. Yet, this must be defended and upheld at any cost. It must never be said that we have faltered at the supreme hour. Let not the enemy pride himself in his conquest, and boast that he will reap the cost of his labors. Would that I could be heard by every Maceratan at this solemn hour; would that I could inspire those who speak of TERMS and SURRENDER with my own feelings! I would tell them: you have lost everything—your prestige is gone, your glory is of the past, your goods are to be the prize of the victor; why should you preserve them for him? Why should you lower yourself to that point of being the beggars of the Spoletan in your own princely town? Destroy it; let not a stone remain upon another, and out of every standing ruin, let a rampart be made and let the foe dare us. (An officer comes in.)

Officer.—My commander. (A deputation of the citizens of the town desire to be introduced.)

Voices.—Yes, let them come, they have something to say in the matter. (Enter four citizens. They bow respectfully.)

1st Citizen.—Count Bartolo, we beg to submit to you our wishes and those of the people.

Bartolo.—Art thou sure thou speakest in the name of the people? What do the people say?

1st Citizen.—They are reduced to their last morsel, and they can stand it no longer.

Bartolo.—And they speak of surrender.

1st Citizen.—Or whatever you say, 'tis for you to decide in the name of the prince.

Bartolo.—Well, listen to me, and carry them my answer. I, Bartolo, in the name of the Prince of Macerata, my sovereign and yours, I bid you summon the people and tell them that we will try our last effort to drive the enemy. Tell them to flock to the standard of the Prince, who is now on the walls preparing for a *sortie*. If they should hesitate, tell them that I, who have lost everything in your defense, I, who weep even my own son's murder at the hands of the barbarous foe, with whom they intend to treat, tell them that I shall *never surrender*, and woe to the Spoletans whom I shall meet; woe to the Duke, if again I should join him in battle, and *God forbid! but he has a son, too; may he never fall in Bartolo's hands!!*

All.—Bravo, bravo. Bartolo, we, too, will stand by you.

1st Citizen.—Rely on us, Count Bartolo, we shall do our duty, and all the people of Macerata with us. Rather death than surrender!

Bartolo.—(to citizens.) Go forth, then, and tell the people that the enemy is now pressing the Prince's forces at the western gate; (they go) and you, my companions, go to your commands and excite your men to do their duty. (They go; whilst Bartolo is about to leave, Giacomo rushes in.)

Giacomo.—Bartolo, my noble master, all is against us; the Prince has just been killed by a steel arrow. He expired in my arms.

Bartolo.—(falling on his knees.) O God, have mercy on the remnants of a faithful people! let thy anger be appeased by this cruel blow; (stands up) Giacomo, to me belongs the supreme command; go bid all the forces yet disposable, to rush to where the Prince lays and sustain the shock of the enemy. They will, I fear, take advantage of the Prince's fall to gain on us; go in great speed. (Giacomo leaves; another courier comes in.)

Courier.—My Lord, good news, the enemy is beaten back with heavy loss. Our men have followed him into his very entrenchments, and many prisoners are brought in. The Duke's son is among them, and the people would have torn him to pieces but for a tall soldier captured with him.

Bartolo.—The Duke's son in our hands. (Zounds, this is a just retribution. Oh 'tis not too late yet for vengeance. Hurry back and tell the people that whoever touches the boy will pay the least injury done to him with his own life. By all means, let him be preserved for the ransom of the town. Now we can treat with the proud Spoletan; we shall see if he will dare us now; go—quick. Wait—let the two prisoners be thrown in the dungeon of the fortress; give my orders.)

Courier.—I will, at once.

Bartolo.—If I had my choice between the Duke's defeat and death, and this chance of revenge, I think I would chose the latter. For years I have waited to retrieve the injury done to me. For years I have sought my Antonio, until I knew for certain that he was no more. But now in exchange I have his son, his only son, too. 'Tis well that there is justice in heaven. But let me forget my own thirst for vengeance, and see if the Duke will come to terms—(he writes.) Here is my message to him. "Duke of Spoleto, the chances of war have placed thy son in my hands; be not rash, and consider my proposition: "thou shalt forthwith abandon the siege of Macerata, and retire from the lands of the Prince. In case thou dost not immediately conform to our terms, thy son shall forfeit his life." Bartolo! Ho, here, (an officer comes in) go with this message to the walls, and hoist the flag of truce; this is important; it must reach the Duke immediately; go. (Bartolo and the messenger leave in opposite directions.)

SCENE II—PRISON.

Balthazar and Julio are brought in; a jailor follows them with his keys; a blacksmith follows with chains.

Jailor.—Here, you grisly Ganymede, and you, my lamb, here's your lodging for the present.

Balthazar.—The fellow must be well patronized to keep such rooms in his house; curse them to have got me in this trap.

Julio.—Balthazar, do not irritate him, he might do us more harm.

Balthazar.—Tush; you, boy, is this a place for civil people to be thrown in? Zounds, I have a mind to thump the fellows and crawl out.

Jailor.—What d'ye say? Oh, be not afraid, we will not let you linger here (going away.) Zucchi, do your duty, that will quell him a little.

Balthazar.—Imbecile that I have been. Zounds! if I can give him his pay.

Zucchi.—Hallo, my fine fellows, 'tis not so bad after all; many a poor wretch gets worse than that, and but for that little urchin you might be now swinging from the top of the tower. Well, 'tis not my fault. One must live, and if you give me a trifle, I'll not riddle your skin too bad.

Julio.—Cruel man; so you imagine that we need your pincher's work on us.

Jailor.—'Tis the order, my lamb; d'ye see I am paid for the trouble, and faith 'tis not too much for us poor people to bleed you a little.

Balthazar.—Look here, man, will you desist from fastening this tender boy's limbs? I'll give you double pay.

Zucchi.—Think he would swoon eh? Hi, hi, hi!

Balthazar.—For shame! the man has no heart to speak to; go on; do your work; I'll pay for two, but I'll get my money back, I'll bet.

Zucchi.—(fastening the irons on Balthazar's feet.) Prithee, 'tis not every man's shoes that you could wear, hem?

Julio.—Man, my father will reward you if you are kind to us.

Zucchi.—I know that voice! sure as I live, I have heard it before. It sounds like Antonio's voice.

Balthazar.—Why don't you go on? the sooner you dispatch us the better.

Zucchi.—That will come soon enough, as we have no bread to waste; but tell me, man, is this the Duke's son?

Balthazar.—Guess you are an old fox, as well as a wolf!

Zucchi.—(Working) does not hurt you, eh?

Balthazar.—I am much obliged to you, sir! quite comfortable!

Zucchi.—Now, your turn, boy. What is your age?

Julio.—Seventeen, sir.

Balthazar.—Julio, I command you to hold your tongue. Marry; the fellow wants to question us a little more than I am in humor to be. Sir, fastened as I am, I can give you some trouble yet; therefore, mind to do your work in quick time.

Zucchi.—Hallo, sir, you speak like a book?

Balthazar.—Like one who cares little where he leaves his bones.

Julio.—Aye, aye, sir, you hurt me horribly.

Zucchi.—'Tis nothing—nothing at all, you see, your foot is too small; I have to press your ankles a little.

Balthazar.—Be firm, Julio; do not wink, boy; I shot enough of these vultures to pay for it now. Zounds! that last gay jerkin I laid low, was no hare, forsooth. I was no bungler that time, but I was a fool to stare at his struggling for sweet life. I was a fool to tear my silk scarf and bind his wound, as if he had been my brother; but it shook me to see a fellow creature so dismounted. It makes my heart ache—then—I was gobbled up by those heartless knaves.

Zucchi.—(who all the time has been listening.) And for it you will be greeted by the next tree, sir Arbalester, for the gay jerkin was the Prince of Macerata himself; this is worth a purse full of gold to me; good bye; I will meet you again.

Julio.—(nearly fainting; falling in Balthazar's arms.) Balthazar, I am horribly tortured; I feel as if I were dying; all my bones ache. Balthazar, when shall we leave this horrible prison?

Balthazar.—(a knee down and resting Julio on the other.) Now I am undone! curse them! I had sworn that neither want nor harm should come to him, and now, to have him confined in this confounded hole.

Julio.—(in lower voice.) Balthazar, I have something on my mind to tell you, as we are alone.

Balthazar.—(I fear he is delirious.)

Julio.—(speaking slowly.) Balthazar, you have been deceived concerning me; my name is not Julio; I am not the son of the Duke.

Balthazar.—Now he is crazed. Oh, those vultures!

Julio.—My name is Antonio, and my father's name was Bartolo; aye, aye! The Duke took me from my father when I was much younger, and brought me up as his son Julio, whom I resembled, he said. My father was killed near Montefalco; so the Duke told me; and now, oh Balthazar, I have said all; I am ready to die!

Balthazar.—Zounds! what story is this? the boy seems to have his senses and tell the truth. Oh, I remember the arrow and the letter now. Forsooth, Antonio and Bartolo were mentioned there. But 'twas after the battle. Bartolo could not be dead then. I am puzzled;—ah, some one's coming—Julio, wake up—stand up, Julio, they come for us.

Jailor.—(abruptly.) Now, my pets, your turn is coming; 'twill not be long.

Officer.—(to the jailor.) Sir, I command here; you have not a word to say to these prisoners. Sir Arbelester, you are accused of the Prince's murder; you will therefore accompany the son of the Duke of Spoleto, and with him receive your sentence from the commander himself.

Balthazar.—Well, this one is a polite cut-throat! Ready, sir; come, Julio, let me help you—poor lamb.

Julio.—Balthazar, let me pass my arm around you. Now I can walk. (They go off slowly, their feet dragging the irons.)

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Curious Misapprehensions.

A story is going the rounds of the newspapers that the Parisians have petitioned against any number thirteen in their streets, and have recommended the substitution of Numbers eleven *bis*. This has been cited as an evidence of French superstition existing in spite of the enlightenment of the nineteenth century; a curious misapprehension of what is really a delicate compliment to the most astute politician of the age. In short, the reason why the Parisians wish to have their houses marked No. 11 *bis*, is entirely on account of the popularity of the *Bis*-mark.

MAS. D. J. WILE has kindly presented to the College Museum, a complete set of photographs, (eighteen in number,) of the different denominations of the U. S. Bank Notes, (Greenbacks). Master Wile will please accept our thanks.

CORRESPONDENCE.

SAINT MARY'S ACADEMY, }
March 9th, 1868. }

TABLES OF HONOR.

Senior Department.—Misses Agnes Ewing, L. and L. Tong, Anna Tarrant, M. Walton, Sarah Gleeson, Teresa Stapleton, E. Lindsay, Rose Joslin, Mary Simms, J. and E. Lonergan.

Junior Department.—Misses Mary Sissons, Mary Clark, Ada Metzger, K. Foreman.

HONORABLE MENTION.

Graduating Class.—Misses C. and L. Plimpton, K. Doran, Florence Alspaugh.

First Senior Class.—Misses K. Livingston, Mary Van Patten, Kate Cunnea, Laura Lewis, Emma Longsdorf, M. Wolfe.

Second Senior Class.—Misses S. Rooney, F. North, C. Davenport, Rosanna Mukautz, Emma Conan, Christina Thomson, M. Sterling.

Third Senior Class.—Misses R. Rettig, Amanda Sissons, Alice Dunn, K. Carpenter, L. Bicknell, E. Howard, N. Simms, K. Connor, B. Gardener, Amelia Boyles.

First Intermediate Class.—Misses M. and L. Commerford, Mary Rooney, Mary Gordon, Mary Oechtering, Julia Walker, Helen Sprochnle.

First Junior Class.—Miss Mary O'Meara.

THE PROUD INDIAN MOURNER.

Beside Missouri's sullen bed
 Where the huge oak tree rears its head,
 Close by a rude moss-covered grave,
 Above which forest lindens wave,
 An Indian girl was seen to weep
 And lonely there, her vigils keep.
 Her broad, dark brow and soul-lit eye,
 Were lifted upward to the sky,
 And in the attitude of prayer
 She seemed a heaven-sent watcher there.
 Floating upon the zephyr's wing
 Her trembling voice did mournful sing.

"Brave brother over thy green grave,
 The whistling winds may freely rave;
 Missouri's billows heed thee not,
 Yet shall thou never be forgot.
 Fierce storms may gather, thunders roll,
 But still unharmed shall be thy soul
 Within the far-off spirit land,
 Where waving hunting-grounds expand;
 Beneath a fair and tranquil sun,
 Where day, or summer, ne'er are done;
 Whence great Mineto, with keen dart
 Strikes thy bad foe and cleaves his heart.

"No more shall white man drive thee far!
 The realm of moon-beam, sky and star
 Are not within his sordid power,
 Fire-water *there*, cannot devour.
 Mineto crowns the glorious dead.
 Bright plumes now deck thy princely head."

Meloe then paused and silent long,
 Did not resume her pensive song
 Till, as if fresh aroused, at length
 Devotion spoke its tender strength.
 "Ah, oft of thy brave form I dream.
 A conquering warrior dost thou seem:
 A guardian being o'er the land.
 Chief of a valiant spirit band.
 Meloe will n'er forget the day,
 When clad in battle's stern array
 Two warlike armies met for fight,
 And mingled in their dark delight;
 Ah, when the glowing sun went down,
 It smiled on Wayola's renown;
 But he, the conqueror of the foe,
 Death's tyrant arm laid quickly low;
 But welcomed by a gallant band,
 To hunt and dwell in spirit land,
 Meloe would only wish to be,
 With his brave spirit roaming free."
 Meloe then bowed her lovely head,

And bright tears on his grave she shed,
 But quickly with a native pride,
 She dashed the trembling tears aside.
 Again her heart's deep music woke,
 And she in prouder accents spoke.
 "Why should Meloe thus weakly weep,
 While sighing winds in cadence deep
 Wayola's bright renown proclaim
 And storms, and thunders speak his name?
 The gentle dwellers on the wave
 Murmur a blessing by his grave:
 The sweet wild flowers in fragrance shed
 Their dewy tears above his head:
 The mourning-bove, on sombre wing,
 Alights above his grave, to sing:
 The transient genius of the breeze,
 Whispers his glory through the trees:
 The bright stars, looking down the while,
 In kind approval, calmly smile.
 Why should *Meloe* thus weakly weep?
 Hush mourning spirit. Hush to sleep!
 Meloe would only wish to be,
 With brave Wayola's spirit, free."

E. M. S.

ST. MARY'S ACADEMY, March 10th, 1868.

ACADEMY OF THE ASSUMPTION, }
 NEW LOWELL, March 6th, 1868. }

The following pupils deserve honorable mention in Conduct, Lessons and Application for the past week:

First Class—Mary L. Miller, M. Tomlinson, J. Deitz and M. M. Higgins.

Intermediate Class—L. and K. Barman.

Junior Class—E. Congdon and H. Simons.

ACADEMY OF OUR LADY OF THE }
 SACRED HEART, March 1st, 1868. }

Miss Catherine Buhr, from the vicinity of Fort Wayne arrived at the Academy last Tuesday.

The following young ladies deserve honorable mention for superior excellence of conduct during the past week:

Misses Veronica Deppeler, Ella Cady, Ellen Bland, Eliza Mohan, and H. Haines.

1st. Grammar Class.—Misses Leula Adams, Ella Cady, and Ida Adams.

Arithmetic.—Ella Cady, Veronica Deppeler, Ida Adams, Hannah Haines, Ellen Bland, and Lula Adams.

Luck lies in bed, and wishes the postman would bring him news of a legacy. Labor turns out at six o'clock, and with busy pen or ringing hammer lays the foundation of a competency.