

The Scholastic Year.

EDITED BY THE STUDENTS.

"Labor omnia vincit."

VOL. I.

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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.]

Sciences, so far as their study is concerned, are generally divided into two classes: those which are pursued for the sake of the culture and discipline they furnish; and those which are chiefly practical in their results. Of the first kind are the mathematics, metaphysics, rhetoric and the ancient languages. All of these are to some extent practical also; but they are chiefly of value for the mental and moral cultivation which results from their study.

Metaphysics and the mathematics are generally considered to be the most suitable studies for the improvement of the reasoning powers; but, in both, the reasoning is principally concerning necessary and unchangeable things; and, consequently, the tendency of these sciences is to make the mind rigid and inflexible, and, to a certain degree, unsuited for the affairs of practical life, which is ever changing, according to the various wants or caprices of mankind. The stern influence of these exact sciences must, therefore, be modified by the more practical lessons of history; otherwise, our minds would be in straight jackets,

moving in rigid lines, neither to the right nor to the left, at the beck of unbending reason, so that we should be unable to adapt ourselves to the special necessities and wants of our time and the country in which we live. The laws of society and of government are not constructed after the exact patterns of metaphysicians and mathematicians, but according to the temporary or peculiar wants of each class or nation of people.

A celebrated proof of this is furnished in the grand model of government drawn up by the celebrated philosopher, John Locke, for the Colonies of the Carolinas: the people tried to make use of this elaborate constitution, framed for them by the wise man, but, in the end, they were compelled to throw it aside, and get up one of their own, which suited admirably. The exact sciences teach us how to reason well concerning the necessary, general laws of things; but they fail utterly to guide us in matters of detail, concerning the every day affairs of life. To reason well on these practical matters, we shall find that the lessons of history will be of much greater assistance.

Consider next the natural sciences, from which we draw so many interesting lessons, concerning the power and wisdom of God, in the creation of the world, and all the wonders of animate and inanimate nature, round about us. What sublimities in the ages and grand catastrophies of geology! What mysteries in chemistry and mineralogy! What beauties in botany and zoology! In the small and the great, through the microscope and the telescope, we learn

To look through nature up to nature's God;

and certainly it is hard to see what studies can be more instructive, as well as interesting, than these of the pleasing sciences of external nature.

But, grand as are the results of geological science, and interesting and instructive as are its details, especially in connection with its notice

of the gradual preparation of the mineral, vegetable and animal kingdoms, for the coming of man; still, taken at best, geology is but the science of the earth's crust, the science of the habitation of man; and as man is of more consequence than the house in which he lives, so is the history of man of more importance to us than the history of the rock upon which he walks, with his head erect, looking towards the heaven which is his destined home. The history of Mount Vernon, the home of Washington, is very entertaining and also useful, but it is not, for a moment, to be ranked in importance with the history of Washington himself.

So for zoology. The habits of the animal kingdom, of birds, elephants, horses, sheep, fishes, reptiles, worms, bugs, flies, &c., is very entertaining; as Goldsmith has shown in his work on Animated Nature, and very instructive, as many learned men of the present age have asserted, time and again; but, are the actions of these creatures as worthy of our attention as are the deeds of men; the habits of the kangaroo of as much consequence as those of the men of New South Wales; the history of the occupations of ants, bugs, caterpillars, &c., as interesting, as instructive and as ennobling as the history of the king of the animals, man himself?

I do not wish to detract a particle from the importance of different studies, far from it; they are all good, useful, and even necessary for the completely accomplished scholar and gentleman; but I wish to establish in your minds a knowledge of the great fact that man himself is the most important, as well as entertaining, of all studies. The old maxim, know thyself, contains a mine of wisdom, as does that oft-quoted line of the poet's,

The proper study of mankind is man.

To come still closer to the point, let us examine the study of history in reference to the various avocations of life

In the learned professions it is a simple matter of necessity. Strip the lawyer of his knowledge of history and he is no more a lawyer, but a very indifferent sort of man. The law itself is indeed but the wisdom of history, arranged in the form of rules and regulations, adapted to the settlement of every case of controversy. The wise and good of all ages have collected the wisdom of all time for the guidance of men in regard to justice, and the lawyer who is ignorant of these results and the historical sources from which they come,

is but a child in his profession, who has not yet begun to learn his simple lesson. All the holy years of Christianity give him the volumes of the canon law. From the magnificent Roman Empire, with its wars, its courts, its orators and its statesmen, he has the precious legacy of the Roman code, enlarged and supplemented from the experience of modern times, stamped with a magic name, and handed down to us as the Code Napoleon. Mediæval history, especially that of England, will point out to him the secret springs of that other celebrated code, under which we live ourselves, the English Common Law. And for an American lawyer not to understand English and American history would be simple folly. Now, it is quite impossible for any one to understand and apply the principles of these various codes, without understanding the whole history of the world, at least that of the Christian Church, the Roman Empire, the Middle Ages, and that of England and America. Principle is always interwoven with fact, and the law is so connected with the event which brought it forth, that we cannot have a clear perception of the one without also examining the other.

As Christianity is intimately blended with all modern history, and, by prophecy and tradition, directly connected with Jewish, and all other ancient history, I need hardly say that no clergyman can be considered as fully qualified for his holy ministry of teaching the truth, who has not a complete mastery of all history, sacred and profane, ancient and modern.

Medicine, too, is a collection of the wisdom of time regarding all that is known of the healing art. The systems of Allopathy, Homeopathy, Hydropathy, and the rest, originated in different ages, and their different remedies of disease belong to the history of the various epidemics, plagues, and other visitations which have marked the ages of the world with their baleful presence.

History is not, therefore, a mere chronicle of dates and names, of wars and treaties, but a review of the state of the human race in all ages; and whatever our occupation to day may be, we shall find that a knowledge of what men have done in other times and in other places is absolutely necessary for our own best success; be our toil of high or low degree. Would you believe it, that modern agriculturists have found much to interest them, much to copy after, in what is written in history concerning the old Roman farmers, the way they tilled their ground and

sowed their crops; and yet many think that surely a farmer has nothing to learn from the teaching of history: yes, history has valuable information for every one of us.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE SAINT EDWARD'S.

Come to the sanctum of the earnest few,
Where books and papers, desks and benches strew.
Step lightly, and let not your thoughtless noise
Disturb the labors of these glorious boys.

See here, an earnest youth with anxious face,
On which the marks of labor sit with grace,
Holds on his knee the treasures of the past,
While o'er each page a rapid glance is cast.

At times a smile lights up his features pale,
And from his inward thought withdraws the veil;
We see extending through that fertile brain,
In locking links, an argumental chain.

As link on link his study thus supplies,
Sweet satisfaction twinkles in his eyes;—
And see, his pencil now is called to toil,
To shape his thoughts in more convenient style;

For as the harvester must seek relief,
By laying aside each well-compacted sheaf,
So must the student ease his working mind,
By sheafing thus his thoughts when well defined.

And there a thoughtful youth, with pen in hand,
In silence broods o'er speculations grand;
Then rapidly, across the virgin page,
His pen reveals his meditations sage.

And see that other,—yonder in that chair—
That one who runs a pencil through his hair—
Watch how his sparkling eye speeds to and fro
Across that page whence truth and knowledge flow.

"What did you say sir? Ah, you would enquire
What motive could these earnest youths inspire,
To labor thus in recreation's hour,
When others seek in sport their wasted power."

"'Tis Tuesday, sir,—come, visit us to-night,
The lamps will shed around their cheerful light,
And you shall see what means this extra toil,
Which to explain, must all surmises foil."

* * * * *

"Walk in, sir, please;—young gentlemen, a friend,
The pleasure of his company would lend
This evening, at our meeting.—In their name,
I bid you welcome, sir, to view our scheme."

"That gentleman, whom you will recognize,
As him who first excited your surprise,
Now takes the stand,—his flashing eye foretells
The latent fire that in his bosom swells."

Now as we sit, and silence is restored,
A calm deliberative voice is heard.
The speaker first unfolds with skillful care,
The question which to-night our heed must share.

Then warming with his subject, well defined,
He launches forth the treasures of his mind,
Till, wind on wind, a chain of Logic true
Is wound around us, hard again t' undo.

He sits well pleased—another takes the stand,
And coil by coil unwinds the welded band
Of Logic, till its shattered parts remain
Pledges of his opponent's effort vain.

And so alternate, pro and con, they rise,
And by their wisdom make each other wise,
Till argument exhausted, they prepare
To hear the arbitration of the chair.

"Well, sir, what think you of St. Edward's boys?"
"Think of them! Each deserves a royal prize.
They are a glorious band, and honor, fame,
Will surely yet acknowledge their just claim."

XENOS.

THE CHOIR OF NOTRE DAME.

Our choir, under the efficient direction of Prof. Max Girac, LL. D., is attaining a high degree of perfection. It is composed of the Professors and Students of Notre Dame, assisted by some of the Fathers and Brothers. Brother Basil now presides at the organ, and deserves credit for his execution, always in good taste. Mr. E. Lilly, now prevented by illness from giving his share of musical talent to the choir, deserves the compliments of all who have listened to his soul-stirring strains on the organ. The Masses sung by the choir are as follows: Mozart's 2d and 9th; Dedler's 5th, and Prof. Girac's 1st and 2d. In addition to those, the members of the choir will soon be enabled to render Prof. Girac's 3d Mass, which is now being prepared for Easter. The solos by Prof. Corby are exquisite, owing equally to a well cultivated voice and choice music. The duets by Prof. Von Weller, as bass, and little V. Hackman as soprano, inspire the listener not only with admiration, but also deep and heartfelt devotion. All the members of the choir deserve our eulogium for proficiency and devotedness to their enviable part, and when clustering around the majestic organ, which lends them its harmonious voice, they seem to understand that they are there deputed to do their best, and to sing in the name of the thousand kneeling in the same holy place. The members of the choir are:

Soprano—V. Hackman, solo; J. Dunn, R. Stalley, F. Crevoisier, P. White, E. Hutchings, B. Heffernan.

Tenor—Prof. Corby, solo; Prof. M. Baasen, Prof. W. Ivers, J. McBride, J. Dickinson, N. S. Wood, E. Hull, F. Heitman, Wm. Rhodes, A. Hoffman.

Bass—Prof. Von Weller, solo; Prof. McNally, P. J. Lauth, Bro. Leopold, J. Watts, A. O'Reilly, J. Lafferty, F. Pape, H. Keeler, M. Garhartstine.

LOCAL.

OBITUARY.

Died at Notre Dame, Indiana, on the morning of the 17th inst., WILSON P. SANGUINET, of St. Louis, Missouri, aged 16 years. He had been suffering for several weeks from a severe attack of pneumonia, a disease which extended throughout the whole country during the latter part of the winter. For some time, recently, he was rapidly recovering, when he was suddenly seized by a relapse which carried him off in twenty-four hours.

In his sickness he received every attention which medical skill and careful nursing could give. The good Sisters stood about his bedside day and night; and his fellow-students, and the good Brothers, volunteered their assistance in almost constant attendance: all, however, was of no avail, and death has snatched him from us, even when we thought him about to be restored to perfect health.

The deceased was a young man of excellent character, and bade fair to lead a long and useful life; but God has wished it otherwise, and while we sincerely condole with the bereaved friends in their untimely loss, at the same time we are filled with joy that our dear friend has died so happy a death.

May he rest in peace. *Amen.*

On the Happy Death of Wilson P. Sanguinet.

And thou art gone to rest, dear youth,
While pure thy heart, and while thy brow
Shone bright with innocence and truth,
E'en as, in death, it shineth now.

Not yet the world had spread her snares,
Not yet the flesh to riot grown,
Not yet the devil sown his tares,
When God was pleased to take His own.

Well may thy kindred mourn their loss,
The promise of the coming years;
Their golden hopes are turned to dross,
And honey-drops are changed to tears.

But not for thee are tears or woe,
Thou hast thy promise and thy hope;
For what our years shall never know
To thy blest soul the heavens ope.

Whate'er long life could give to thee,
Thou hast in more abundance there:
Worth, wisdom, wealth, without degree;
Crown, power, fame, no prince may share.

Why weep for thee; thou hast put off
The toils of life, the ills of age,
The evil tongue, the tempter's scoff;
More blessed thou than hoary sage.

Then, stricken ones, exult in joy,
'Tis meet, ye mourn and weep no more;
There shall ye greet the saintly boy,
He hath but hastened on before.

The Acephalistics.

We are told that it is only in the busy world where rapid and exciting changes are evident. In a great measure it is indeed true; but, even here, in the very shades of quietude,—as it seems—we are occasionally greeted with changes that are both exciting and interesting. We almost daily greet some one coming to claim our companionship at College, and at times our attention is attracted by the appearance of a new Professor.

A gracious holiday, or an occasional festival, is reviving to the pent-up student, and a lively exhibition, so frequently given by our dramatic societies, serves to revigorate us: but of all the changes that have transpired, the most striking and interesting is the arrival and permanent location at this University, of the Acephalistics.

This worthy society has for its object the development of literary and scientific knowledge; and we think that we may with safety assert that its members are among the most highly useful persons in the States. There are two members of this society, in the far West: one in Colorado experimenting in the gold mines, and the other in California instructing the Chinese and Indians in the arts and giving them lessons in the natural sciences. One is now in Quebec, Canada, where he is endeavoring by kind admonitions to influence a reconstruction of the Canadian Government. A fourth has been sent to the Eastern States to inquire into the true manners and customs of the native Yankees.

Others will soon be sent out on appropriate missions. All will be heard from occasionally, as the "Society Center" is now permanently established at Notre Dame. Soon after the arrival of the present members, their society was permanently reorganized. One of the quietest and least presuming members—"Nobody"—was elected to the dictatorship. The members now at the University are ten in number.

That all may more truly appreciate their worth and praiseworthy intentions, we publish—by permission—the following greeting, read before the students by the Dictator, on the day succeeding their reorganization:

YOUNG GENTLEMEN:—It seems to have been a design of Providence to direct our steps to this, your respected "*Alma Mater*," at which place to permanently locate ourselves and proceed with the good work we have so earnestly undertaken.

We have traveled for many years over a vast extent of this great globe, in search of that knowledge, by a correct imparting of which we might brighten many a mind, and promote more rapidly the great work of Universal Civilization, now so evident in almost every part of the world.

We flatter ourselves that we have acquired sufficient knowledge to begin to impart it, and were only waiting the opportunity—that is now graciously afforded us—of publishing it to the best advantage. This University attracted our attention, as being a place separated from the distractions of a busy world, and most appropriate for the great work we are now about to begin.

Some of the members of our worthy Society shall occupy themselves with general literature others with select, and still others shall make it their province to elucidate the sciences—Natural and Physical.

We shall send members of our Society to all parts of the world, whose duty it shall be to give a good account of their respective studies and researches, to be chronicled here, and from time to time, published through the medium of your excellent paper, THE SCHOLASTIC YEAR.

Thanking you for the generous reception you have given us, and promising to publish for your sake our weekly chronicle and reports, we beg to announce ourselves,

Yours respectfully,

THE ACEPHALISTICS.

Philodemic Literary Society.

The twenty-fifth regular meeting of the Philodemic Society was held Tuesday evening, March 17th. After hearing the minutes of the previous meeting read, the performance commenced. An essay on "Society" was read by Mr. Frank Heitman, and reflected praise on the gentleman. The following question was then eloquently debated:

Resolved, "That the Medical Profession is more beneficial than that of the Law." Messrs. Rodman and Short ably defended the affirmative with their elegant arguments. A. Owen and C. H. Moore were appointed to defend the negative, the latter gentleman being absent, Mr. W. T. Johnson kindly volunteered to debate in his stead. After listening to a very lengthy debate, the President decided in favor of the affirmative. After transacting all the miscellaneous business, the *Gazette of Two-Penny Club* was read and met with immense applause from all the members of the Association.

W. W.

Saint Cecilia-Philomathian Association.

The 20th regular meeting of this association was held Sunday evening, March 8th. This being the regular evening for essays, speeches and recitations, the following programme was carried out. Master E. Bahm commenced by reading an essay entitled "Practical Education." It was well written and contained a fair share of good common sense. Judging from the attention the members of the association paid while it was read, and the unanimous vote they cast admitting Master Bahm as member of the association, they must have appreciated his production, as well as his social qualities. The next essayist was Master D. Wile, whose subject was "War." In well chosen words and splendidly arranged sentences, he portrayed the horrors of war and the evils arising therefrom. It was one of the best essays ever read before the association. Master J. F. Ryan followed next, in a nice, well arranged essay which he read in a clear, rich voice, for which he is remarkable. The other essayist not being present, the declamations were next on the programme. Master George Bower spoke first, on "The Indian." His speech was well committed and delivered in a graceful manner. Then came Master Robert Staley, who spoke with much grace indeed, and gave general satisfaction. His memory, this time, was not very retentive, (something very unusual with him). Master James McGinnis took the stand, and in a neat, little selection, appeared to good advantage. Master Bateman, though only a novice in speaking, did very well. Master F. Ingersoll closed the regular speeches in a very fine manner. Volunteers being called for, Masters F. Dwyer and A. Wetherbee, excited the risible faculties of the audience, (not a little,) by their humorous recitations. Master John Planigen, being called for, arose, and delivered in his usual, graceful and happy manner, a poem, by J. G. Whittier, entitled "Barbara Frietchie."

The time allotted for the meeting having expired, the members reluctantly had to adjourn.

J. SUTHERLAND, Cor. Sec'y.

THE First Arithmetic, under Prof. Ivers, is the most orderly class in the College. If people will not believe us, let them observe the excellent order kept in going to and from class.

WHEN has a man a right to complain of his cup of coffee? When he has sufficient grounds for so doing.

NOTRE DAME CORNET BAND.

The instruments used by this excellent band were imported from the house of Messrs. Gautrot, Paris, in Sept. 1866. They are well worthy of recommendation as to *tone, durability,* and quickness of *action*; they are all upright Bells, with short pump action, and are as follows: Four E Flat Sopranos; Four B Flat Cornetts; Four B Flat Contraltos; Eight E Flat Altos; Two B Flat Tenors; Four B Flat Basses; Four B Flat Contra Bass; One pair of large Cymbals—in all Thirty-one pieces; the Bass and Tenor Drums with Bells and Triangles make up in all THIRTY-SIX.

Two of the B Flat Contra Bass were altered into E Flat Bass, (by Messrs Lyon and Healy, of Chicago,) making the set complete, as two of the B Flat Bass's are used for barytones.

The band is composed at present of Thirty Members, forming a very creditable musical corps, whose harmonious repertory of Marches, Quick-steps, Polkas, Waltzes. Overtures, and Operatic Airs number no less than twenty-eight pieces, not including the new ones which are in course of preparation for the holidays.

There is also an Orchestra in the Band; both being combined are called St. Joseph's Musical Association. Its Officers are—

Prof. J. O'Neill, Leader and Musical Director; Prof. M. A. Baasen, Assistant Director; Prof. J. A. Lyons, Business, Director; C. Ogle and J. Garhartstine, Assistant Leaders of Band; J. W. Watts, Second Assistant Director and Leader of Orchestra; J. A. Dickinson, President; Nat. S. Wood, Vice President; George Yeakel, Cor. Sec.; R. L. Aikin, Rec. Sec.; E. S. Pillars, Treasurer; Chas. Hertich, Librarian; J. H. Lecompte, Ass't Librarian; Wm. Walker, First Censor; W. P. Weaver, Second Censor; J. B. Roberts, Flag Bearer.

Base Ball.

The first regular meeting of the Atlantic Base Ball Club was held on Wednesday, March 11th. The election of officers resulted as follows:

Director—Bro. Eugene.
President—John Costello.
Vice-President—Christopher Connorton.
Rec. Secretary—Michael Walsh.
Cor. Secretary—Joseph Roberts.
Treasurer—Thomas Elliot.
Field Captain, 1st Nine—Michael Daly.
Field Captain, 2d Nine—Charles McCollister.
 JOSEPH ROBERTS, Cor. Sec'y.

ADDITIONAL LIST OF STUDENTS N. DAME.

MARCH 18TH:

James Thompson,	Lincoln, Illinois.
Robert Thompson,	“ “
Isaac A. Rowell,	Goshen, Indiana.

HONORABLE MENTION.

FIRST LATIN.

For translation—John Fitzharris, John Grogan and John Keveney. For theme—John Fitzharris and John Grogan.

THIRD LATIN.

For translation—Chas. K. Hibben, J. O'Reily, W. Walker and J. P. Rogers. For theme—Chas. K. Hibben, James O'Reily, William Walker, D. Tighe, Peter McKeon and Rufus McCarthy.

FOURTH LATIN.

For translation—James Edwards, Wm. Waldo and Michael Mahoney. For theme—Frank Guthrie and Michael Mahoney.

FIFTH LATIN.

For translation—Wm. Spalding, J. Campbell, T. Johnson, P. Michaels and Dennis Clarke. For theme—Wm. Spalding, J. Campbell, D. Clarke, H. P. Morancy, T. Johnson, John Staley and John Skelley.

SIXTH LATIN.

F. Ingersoll, R. Staley, J. A. McHugh, J. Dunn and A. Wetherbee.

SIXTH LATIN, (Second Div.)

J. Dickinson, J. H. Lecompte, J. W. Watts and H. Eisenman.

SEVENTH LATIN.

J. B. Gaunt, J. L. Hull, John Gibbons, Thos. Watson and B. Heffernan.

SEVENTH LATIN, (Second Div.)

Wm. O'Donnell, Thomas O'Mahony, J. Zahm, F. Cousins, L. Botto, R. Broughton, C. Tierney, F. Kaiser and J. Wilson.

SECOND GREEK.

James O'Reily.

THIRD GREEK.

W. Walker and W. McClain.

FOURTH GREEK.

For translation—T. M. Johnson and F. Heitman. For theme—C. K. Hibben and M. Mahony.

FIFTH GREEK.

J. Campbell, J. McCarthy, W. Waldo, J. Staley, J. Keveney and J. Edwards.

"THE RECOGNITION."

THE BESIEGED TOWN.

ACT FOURTH—SCENE III—TENT OF THE DUKE.

Duke.—(after writing an order.) 'Tis strange to feel as I do; I believe it is the first time in my life that I begin to doubt of success, when success is within my reach (walks fast.) Fool that I am! can I not shake off these impressions from my mind? Perhaps too much success has so little accustomed me to the idea of a slight reverse, that the mere thought of it is a heavy weight on my mind. (Pensive.) The only reverse which may befall me is in the resistance of the Maceratans. True, their town can stand a long siege; they are resolute, and they have expert leaders, but what of that? I will famish them, and barr all access to supplies. We will see if our good Prince will not come to terms. Terms, no. I shall accept any terms. He must perish. Better for him to perish, arms in hand, and spare me the necessity of staining my glory with his blood. Bartolo, too, must perish; especially he, Bartolo, my most dangerous foe, must be quickly disposed of. I could bear to see the Prince a fugitive through the land, but Bartolo is a spy, an accuser, an avenger, wherever he is. Let me see; suppose I send in a proposition—yes—ha, ha, ha, a single combat with him on the result of which shall pend my withdrawal from the town or its surrender. Let me send the proposition to the Prince; perhaps he will accept it; (he writes.) I, Duke of Spoleto, pledge myself,—(Riccardo comes in in great hurry.)

Riccardo.—My lord, my lord, I come to you, the bearer of good news: the Prince has just been killed outside of the ramparts; his body is in our hands.

Duke.—Thanks to Heaven. Riccardo, you shall have your reward for such good news. How are our prospects of success?

Riccardo.—Fair, indeed; another day and the town will be ours.

Duke.—Riccardo, go back; bring me the news of Bartolo's death, and the principality of Macerata is thine. Dispatch is necessary, for the enemy will no doubt deal us a heavy blow in revenge.

Riccardo.—I go, my lord; remember your promise. (He goes away.)

Duke.—Promises are a good stimulant, I fancy. But what do I see? Our men are driven; the foe is on us. (Fabiano rushes in.)

Fabiano.—My Lord, we need reinforcements immediately; we are loosing. They have driven our forces two hundred yards from the walls, and recaptured the Prince's body.

Duke.—What do you say? Are you mad, Fabiano? Is not Balthazar and his arbalasters at their work.

Fabiano.—I have just lost sight of him in the melee. But he lacks men, my lord. The enemy is driven to desperation.

Duke.—You are driven to desperation. What! to fly before a handful of men. Shame, forsooth.

Leonardo.—(rushes in, breathless and speechless.) My—
—Lord—

Duke.—What else does he portend?

Leonardo.—Horrible. Ju—Julio is—captured.

Duke.—What! captured?—Julio? Art thou mad?

Leonardo.—True, as I say, my lord, Julio is captured, and Balthazar, too!

Duke.—Desperation! all to the rescue! follow me!

(All leave, hurriedly.)

SCENE IV—HALL OF THE FIRST SCENE.

Bartolo and a few guards.

Bartolo.—(to the guards.) Guards, watch with eager eye the advance of the enemy, for he must not overtake us whilst we

may yet do him harm and deal him the last bolt which a merciless justice has placed in our hands, (to the warriors.) That we have lost all is well known to your brave men; we not only await the fate which few as we are we cannot expect to evade. I have done all in my power to dictate to the Duke terms which I thought he would accept. The threatened death of his son, in case he should not comply with our just desires, has had no effect. Let him, therefore, take all responsibility on himself alone for what I have pledged myself to do. And when, sword in hand, he shall enter this hall, let the lifeless body of his boy greet him. Then he will know what has cost him the gain of a ruined city, now reeking with the blood of its murdered inhabitants.

All.—'Tis justice. Let it have its course.

Bartolo.—Guards, bring in the prisoners. (Enter Balthazar, preceded by an officer, followed by two men. Balthazar conceals the boy from Bartolo, by placing himself in front of him.)

Balthazar.—Come, Julio! I have shown you how to battle, I'll show you how to die.

Julio.—I am not afraid, friend.

Bartolo.—What voice is this? (steps forward) whom do I see? Heaven, have pity on me, 'tis my Antonio; (rushes towards Julio.)

Balthazar.—(keeps him back.) Avaunt! man. (Julio beholds Bartolo and recognizes him.)

Julio.—Ah! my tather! (rushes to his father; they both fall into each other's embrace, and remain clasped.)

All.—His father! 'Tis his son!

Bartolo.—(looking at Julio.) Is this a dream? Is it you, my Antonio?

Bartolo.—(standing erect, one hand around Julio, his sword drawn; with defiant mien he looks at his men, who, all swords drawn, cluster around.)

Balthazar.—What must I believe? Antonio—Bartolo! oh take off my chains, I understand all now! Give me a sword!

Bartolo.—(sadly.) 'Tis late. 'Tis sad to be happy, and yet to have to part. 'Tis better, perhaps.

Balthazar.—Woe to the one who will first show his face to me, I'll swear! Bartolo, I'll strike for thee! (Enters the Duke and a host of others, hurriedly, sword in hand.)

Duke.—(pointing Julio to his men.) Here, save him (to Balthazar.) Ah! traitor!!

Balthazar.—Never! Back, Duke of Spoleto; (presses him with his sword; they fight; all look on the strange spectacle; Julio is in his father's arms, horrified.)

Duke.—(falls.) Oh, spare me! Have pity on me!

Balthazar.—(looking on him prostrated.) Wretched man! Justice has at last overtaken thee!

Duke.—Bartolo, 'tis just; forgive me my wrongs to thee! I claim thy pardon. Bartolo! Julio!

Bartolo.—Wretched man, my forgiveness to thee! Yes, here's my hand.

All.—What a mystery is this!

Balthazar.—'Tis a mystery of theft and murder.

Duke.—'Tis ambition and ruin! Woe to me who trifled with a father's love and the blood of thousands.

Bartolo.—Duke of Spoleto, die in peace, I forgive you. Antonio forgives you.

Julio.—I also forgive you. May a child's forgiveness rest on you.

Duke.—God bless you, boy. Let all remember that you are my heir, and love you as I did; ah, mercy of God, I now sigh for thee. I die; good God, pity—mercy!

Julio.—(comes to him and lovingly raises his head.) We all forgive you, my lord.

Duke.—God bless you, Julio; (he expires; all remain in silence.)

Julio.—He is dead!!

Balthazar.—But you live, boy, a Duke and a Prince; 'tis enough.

Julio.—Say a king, for now I have my father!

All.—Long life to our Duke (Macerataus), long life to our Prince.

Bartolo.—Let us return thanks to God and let now peace reign supreme.

[Grand chorus.]

A. L.

THE END.

St. Joseph Boating Club.

The St Joseph Boating Club always taking the lead in nautical matters, are getting thier large and trusty yawl in readiness for the approaching expeditions and round trips on the deep waters of the St. Jo. Their boat can accommodate easily twenty-five or thirty passengers The fee for the season is one dollar. The boat can be manned by six fourteen foot oars for the sake of exercise; and until the heavy gales now prevailing will have died away and the new rigging can be used, the oars will be the only means of propulsion. Those who wish to join the club will have the kindness to inform Mr. D. Clarke of it. As soon as twenty-five members have joined the club, it will be reorganized, and the Lady of the Lake will take to water.

CORRESPONDENCE.

SAINT MARY'S ACADEMY, }
March 16th, 1868. }

TABLES OF HONOR.

Senior Department.—Misses Julia Murray, J. Service, Anna Bryson, Mary Wade, A. Wiley, M. Hally, Mary Gordon, M. Ball, N. Taber, K. Graham, Alice Radin, B. Gardner.

Junior Department.—Misses J. and M. Walker, M. Toberty, Amelia Boyles, Ida Furbish, Ada Byrnes, H. Hunt.

HONORABLE MENTION.

Graduating Class.—Misses C. and L. Plimpton, Mary Tripp, H. Brooks, J. Schutt, K. Doran, M. Toomey, L. Murry, Florence Alspaugh.

First Senior Class.—Misses L. and L. Tong, K. Livingston, Agnes Ewing, Laura Lewis, Emma Longsdorf, F. Crouch, J. Arrington, M. Wolfe.

Second Senior Class.—Misses S. Rooney, E. Ewing, L. Lyons, F. North, C. Davenport, M. Morrill, L. Chouteau, Rosanna Mukautz, Virginia Brown, L. McManman, M. Walton, Emma Conan, Christina Thompson, M. Sterling, T. Stapleton, Anna Tarrant, F. Brady, Mary Claffey.

Third Senior Class.—Misses N. Ogle, A. Dunn, Josephine Greishop, K. Carpenter, Clara Foote, L. Bicknell, E. Howard, N. Simms, K. Connor, R. Joslin, Mary McColley.

First Intermediate Class.—Misses E. Cooney, M. and L. Cummerford, Mary Simms, M. Rooney, H. and E. Thompson, Josephine and Esther Lonnergan, Mary Oechtering, Clara Casteeter.

First Junior Class.—Misses Mary Sissons, Mary O'Meara, Mary Clark and A. Metzger.

Second Junior Class.—Miss K. Foreman.

ST. JOSEPH'S ACADEMY, }
SOUTH BEND, March 12th, 1868. }

The following are the pupils of the several classes, deserving of honorable mention for punctual attendance, perfect lessons and excellent deportment:

First Senior Class.—Misses M. Wagner and M. Logan.

Second Senior Class.—E. Keys and E. Falsom.

Third Senior Class.—M. Deming and C. Tuohey.

First Intermediate Class.—A. Treanor and M. Wilkeson.

Second Intermediate Class.—L. Vanwinkle and M. Periam.

First Junior Class.—M. Guilfoil and B. Sinnrott.

Second Junior Class.—M. Neahart and L. Teaff.

Third Junior Class.—I. Periam and A. Meaher.

Minim.—H. Tuohey and L. Hartman.

French Class.—M. Logan and H. Hill.

German Class.—M. Wagner and A. Logan.

Drawing Class.—F. Gallagher and L. Hanauer.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—Please insert the following in your spirited and widely circulated journal, for the benefit of our friends.

Visitors from Chicago, Toledo, and Detroit, to Notre Dame, will appreciate the advantages afforded them by this line of railway. It has earned a well merited reputation in the West and is noted as emphatically a safe road—no serious accident having occurred on it for many years,—owing to the industry and care of the efficient directors and officers, Messrs. E. B. Phillips and C. F. Hatch, and others who have on many occasions proved themselves public spirited men, and the traveling community are under many obligations to them. A great deal of the popularity of this rail road is also due to the polite attention of the gentlemanly conductors who contribute much to the comfort of the trip. On a future occasion I will say more concerning this road.

J. A. LYONS.

ERRATA.—On the eighth page of THE SCHOLASTIC YEAR, No. 28, the Editors regret to find numerous errors, in the poem entitled "The Proud Indian Mourner," among which those in punctuation are most detrimental to the sense. In the fourth stanza, from the fifth to the twelfth line inclusivly please read:

"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 ne'er forget the day,
When clad in battle's stern array,
Two warlike armies met for fight,
And mingled in their dark delight."

In the tenth line from the end, read "mourning-dove," instead of *mourning-bore*.