

The Scholastic Year.

EDITED BY THE STUDENTS.

"Labor omnia vincit."

VOL. I.

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Editors of the Present Number :

A. J. O'REILLY, JOHN GIBBONS.

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Notre Dame, Ind.

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ASHORE.

Instead of keeping on to Havre we leave the steamer at Brest; and right glad we are to be able to tread on solid ground. Never mind that stone pavement and the streets that seem to have the motion of the pitching vessel we have just left; that sensation will wear off; but it is rather amusing to catch ourselves, and see our neighbors, stepping very high, like so many blind horses.

All around us is bustle, on a small scale when you compare it to what we saw in New York. Conveyances for passengers and luggage are in great demand. We look to our trunks, see them placed on a dray to be taken away up there on the hill to the depôt. Instead of placing ourselves in a hack, to swelter up the hill in company with as many others as can be packed in, we take it afoot; and as we leisurely walk up the winding road that has been made outside the city walls, we have as pretty a view before us as any we shall see in France. We cannot dwell long on any one subject, nor in any one place, but keep moving through a page or two, and over an immense length of road.

Had we seen France before coming to Brest, we would certainly remain some weeks in that

fortified city, or around about it. There are many interesting things and persons, but a description of them would be like telling a hungry man of the delicious dinner you took yesterday. You would have more satisfaction than your listener. We need, therefore, only remark that the kind of bay that is made in the land by the sea is one of the finest harbors in the world—that the good Brétons are a very fine primitive people—fast becoming French in the towns, but being still Bréton to the core in the country.

We leave by the morning train in order to see more of the country than can be conveniently seen by night, especially when the moon doesn't shine. As we stop at Landerneau, you hear, most likely—if there is any joker aboard—most anxious enquiries for *la lune de Landerneau*, and the query, *Où est donc votre lune de Landerneau?* goes from car to car, like many other senseless cries whose meaning is not known, from the fact that they generally have none. If you ask a Frenchman why they make the query, he'll most likely tell you he doesn't know; and then, with all the gravity of a judge, ask the conducteur, *Où est donc la lune de Landerneau?* After passing many fine towns and through some rugged scenery, we arrive at St. Briec. I wish we could stop here, and see some old friends of ours, and make this quaint city our headquarters for excursions, on foot or in carriage, through the country;—but we are bound for Paris—having seen it, we can come back. Here is Lambelle, a name that cannot fail to recall to your mind the horrors of the French Revolution.

We are now leaving Brittany, and skirting along Normandy, through old Maine. To the right, by another route, we would have La Vendée, and many historical places. But we must go quick to the center of France, Paris. Here we stop a few moments at Laval, and if Father Provincial and your Director of Studies were along with us, they would, doubtless, tear

themselves away from our pleasant company and remain for some time in this delightful country which is their *pays*. Farther on we come to the big depôt of Mans. All the old friends of Father Patrick Dillon would get off here for the sake of auld lang syne, and of having a shake hands with him; for here hath he dwelt for some time, and here would he give you a welcome as is a welcome, hearty, sincere, and very glad to see you, because you came from America, and especially because you come from Notre Dame. From Mans, a run of six or eight hours takes us to Paris. And as we go, would you like to note the peculiarities of railroad traveling in France. You have already noticed Ma'am-selle, that the conductor does not come striding along, balancing himself long a Blondin on a tight rope, and occasionally taking hold of a seat to steady himself, and while he takes a survey of the car, mournfully calls out "Tickets," as if he were always fearful of finding the car full of "deadheads." Not any thing like that here. You hear a voice,—it may be a merry, cheerful one, or it may be gruff and rough, yet always *politely* modulated,—of a man who puts his head in by the side-window. "Tickets, gentlemen and ladies, if you please!" The "*S'il vous plait*," is universal, and though you may think that this politeness is merely all "show," you must confess that it is a pretty good show, and very agreeable indeed, in the long run. Certainly young America, it may be rather irksome for you in the beginning to bring yourself to act politely, but by and by the universal example will give a polish even to your manners, and as you dislike hypocrisy, why, then, you will gain politeness of heart, which means Christian charity, along with this exterior politeness.

Another peculiarity is that you have no train-boy; no smiling, and mayhap the least bit saucy, young lad, with his daily newspapers, and his enormous supply of the "literatoor" of the times, which he presses on you with all the zeal of a missionary distributing religious tracts among the Hottentots or to the king of the Cannibal Islands—and who mentally considers you a weak-minded, soft-headed fool, for buying such trash! We miss him—with his warm heart and ice-water, his polite attentions and sharp look-out after the "stamps," his apparently illimitable supply of nuts, popcorn, and railroad candies. A faint resemblance to him may be detected in those little fellows that crowd around the cars with newspapers and fruit—but experience has made

them wary; the fear of the cars going off after he has delivered his "goods," and before he has received his pay, makes each *gamin* anxious-looking, and prevents him from giving rein to the natural buoyancy of his disposition.

But what strikes us most is that we do not see the well ventilated airy car—some sixty feet long, with its double row of double seats, and quadruple row of folks chatting, reading, nodding; nor the long aisle up the middle, along which the conductor waddles, or staggers along, according to the construction of his legs,—whether long or short,—and along which you too can go, but you know, Madame, not with much grace, and you, my dear sir, miss the relief of going forward to the smoking car—and must throw yourself on the mercy of your fellow-travelers, to know whether you may be allowed to smoke. We also lack the feeling of security that the rope running through our American cars gives us: one pull at the rope, and the train stops, and you have the conductor along—pretty mad, too,—in very quick order. Here in the French cars, there is no such way of getting at the conductor, who sits in his little caboose until the train stops, and then rushes along the platform, calling out the name of the station; but you might yell yourself hoarse, and he'd never heed you while the train is in motion.

While we have been talking, we have drawn nearer and nearer to Paris. I wish I could have introduced you to some of the characters we meet with in the second class and third class *Vagons*—The *paysan* and the *paysanne*; with their peculiarities of dress,—especially head dress—which are ten times prettier, Miss, than your chignon; the *militaire*—and the various specimens of *bourgeois*, and *bourgeoise*,—but here we are near Paris—and matter of greater moment will now occupy our attention. That is Versailles station—we get into Paris from the left bank of the river Seine. Many miles out from Paris the houses dot the ground in greater abundance,—the fields all look like gardens—here we have a glimpse of the city—again it is hidden by a clump of trees—and now we have a full view of it. To the left of us, but almost in the center of the picture before us, rises the *Arc de l'Étoile*, the monument of the first Napoleon; on it are put with perfect impartiality all the battles he ever fought—no matter whether he won or lost. To the extreme left you see the Bois de Boulogne, St. Cloud, with its palace and the *Orangerie*, and further off in the back ground, St. Germain. To

the right of the *Arc del'Etoile* lies the city of Paris, and you can trace by means of steeples or prominent roofs the course of streets—there is the *Champs Elysees* in front running down to the *Place de la Concorde*, and to the *Tuileries* and the *Louvre*; those two big towers show you Notre Dame,—and winding through the whole, now appearing, now disappearing, now enclosed with stone walls and spanned by noble bridges, now running freely through green fields and disporting along the woods, is the river Seine, that winds around and about, as if loth to leave Paris, like any other Parisian.

As we gaze, the speed of the train slackens. Our tickets are taken up, here we stop at the *Gare de l'Ouest*. Rush? yes, but you don't mind that! Get a *voiture*, and off you go to see Paris. *Au revoir*.

Extracts from a Private Letter from Japan.

[CONCLUDED.]

“U. S. STEAMER, ‘MONOCACY,’

“YOKOHAMA, JAPAN, Feb. *the last*, 1868.

“I suppose you have, by reading the newspapers, been made aware of the fact of war being waged in these provinces. The troops of Satsuma—who is the arch traitor of your antipodes—have been so far victorious on land, but the government troops under the Tycoon have been successful on sea. I was always under the impression at home that the Tycoon was the head of the Japanese nation, but now, by force of being there in and among them, I find I was most beautifully ignorant—or blissfully so. The Tycoon is the business man of the realm; by way of comparison, as to his importance and duties, he may be entitled the ‘William H. Seward of Japan,’ whereas the ‘head and front of the government’ is the *Makaido*. The *Makaido* is their spiritual adviser; his decisions are final and his power supreme. He either sanctions or nullifies all the actions of the Tycoon and his subordinates. Having premised thus much, I can go on a little more understandingly in attempting to give you the origin of the strife between the partisans of this country. Some short time ago the ports of Hiogo and Osaka were opened by the Tycoon to the commerce of foreign nations. The princes ruling

more southern cities and towns—the Island of Kiusiu, for instance—became dissatisfied with the manner in which the Tycoon was portioning all particular districts. The rulers of Kiusiu petitioned the Tycoon, that he would open ports in their provinces, that they might also receive the benefit of foreign trade. He would have done so willingly in the course of time, but, I have no doubt, he did not like the idea of dictation from his subordinates, and his reply was substantially ‘You will wait my pleasure.’ The royal blood of these princes boiled with indignation, and sounding the tocsin of war gathered in clans to assert their dignity in being so ruthlessly insulted in the dispensation of the Tycoon's favors. The echo of their alarms had hardly subsided before they had in the field such a number of men in arms, as—although it did not intimidate the government—made them prepare at once for their subjugation. The troops (rebels) became jubilant over their numbers, and, under the leadership of Satsuma, began their march of devastation, intending to force the Tycoon to measures. They marched on the city of Osaka, and, after burning a number of houses, finally reached the palace of the Tycoon and burned it to the ground. The Tycoon was very near being captured, but finally succeeded in making his escape from the infuriated rebels, and went out in a boat reaching the U. S. Steamer ‘Iroquois,’ where he was protected until he got aboard of one of his own war vessels. The day after his palace was burned, a Japanese steamer took him up to Yeddo where he is now busily engaged organizing his armies. In the mean time Satsuma is destroying everything he can. His emissaries are skulking in different places, spying and informing him of all the intentions of the Tycoon as far as they can find out and as much as they can surmise.

“Outside of this harbor there was considerable firing but a few days ago. We distinctly saw the smoke in the engagement, and could see that it was between three Japanese vessels, but could not distinguish which of them was the government or which two were the rebs. We had very little opportunity to indulge in imagination before one of the vessels came steaming into the harbor and anchored immediately astern of us. I saw she had her foremast sprung, her starboard fore-shrouds and a lot of her fore-castle gear carried away by shots from the other two vessels; and shortly afterwards learned that she had engaged and sunk her two adversaries. Next day her Britannic Majesty's ship, ‘Rinaldo,’ went out

of the harbor, and about 9 o'clock in the evening they commenced practising their great guns at a target. We heard her guns, but did not know that she was practising, and came to the conclusion that the 'Japs' had another fight outside. A lot of us went up on the hurricane-deck, to see if we could discern with our glasses who were the combatants. Not being able to see from the deck, we went a little way up the rigging, and with our glasses could see the flashes of the guns. As soon as the second shot had been fired we saw smoke issuing from the pipe of the Japanese steamer lying next to us, and in an hour he had raised sufficient steam to leave the harbor, and go out to have a hand in the fight also—if it was rebel vessels. I never saw steam raised so quickly, and he got underway with a speed I did not think the vessel capable of making. He—the Captain of that vessel—must be a regular war-dog, for the repairs are not yet made to the damage he lately sustained, much less going outside to go into another engagement. But out he went, like a faithful servant to his government, and returned at 12 midnight, telling us that it was the 'Rinaldo' practising.

"There are rumors on shore that the war vessels under Satsuma (rebel) intend coming into this harbor and sink the 'Jap.' vessel lying next to us. There being at this moment some four or five American merchant vessels here, and our Captain fearing that if the 'Jap. rebels' come in here throwing around their shots, it may endanger some of our merchantmen, we are under steam ourselves now, and if Satsuma's vessels come in to take this vessel of the Tycoon's and endanger our merchantmen, we are to have a say about it. Our Captain has given orders to keep a careful watch, and if any rebel Japanese steamers come in—why let the steam run up and clear away the decks and be in readiness either to sink or capture them. We can see bright lights in the direction of Yeddo (only fourteen miles from us) most every evening, and the Secretary of the Legation here says that paid hirelings of Satsuma are in the city burning houses every night, attempting to raise a general conflagration.

"The whole thing here foretells a long war; but the government must pluck out the disaffected, must root out the vipers at its breast, and it is powerless until this is done. The fact of the Government party being frequently beaten in the beginning of the rebellion must be accounted for by its not knowing whom to trust; but when

once up, the hydra-head of Kuisin will fall as quickly and suddenly as its rising.

"We have had our 'own road to hoe' in their difficulties. It was at the cost of one's life to go ashore, fearing an assault might be made upon us as *foreigners*. The 'Japs.' seem to mutter among themselves 'What business have the Americans, French and English among us, interfering in our matters of state?' They committed no overt act against us in Yokohama, although the partisans of Satsuma were instrumental in killing an Englishman and two Frenchmen in Osaca. It became necessary for Mr. Portman (Secretary of Legation) in the discharge of his official duties, to visit the city of Yeddo (fourteen miles north of here). We gave him for a body-guard, a detachment of our marines, who accompanied him up there. In three days they returned, stating their reception to be most friendly. We sent the marines fearing some persons of either faction may offer Mr. Portman insult. Yeddo is the government seat of the Tycoon, but even there are collected a number of the sympathizers of the southern princes. Our orders at night are to keep a look-out towards Yeddo, not knowing what moment fire may be seen from that direction. It is a curious method that those people have in carrying on war. There seems to be all burning and but little killing—except in the burning of Osaka where four junk loads of the dead and wounded of the Tycoon's troops were carried away. It is all verification of the words 'Men must mourn and women must weep.'

"The U. S. S. 'Iroquois' is at Hiogo, and when she comes here we will go up to Yeddo—the city of no end and countless inhabitants.

"I cannot at present give you any more news from this part of the world, unless I mention the facts connected with the drowning of our Admiral, Lieutenant Reed, and ten men, and even now I feel as if it was but wasting time and space, for you must surely have heard of it in the home papers.

"Friend —, contemplate your position at this moment, and then mine; 'Look on that picture and then on this.' You are surrounded by followers of the Cross, and breathe the fresh air of Christianity, while I am in the midst of heathens and atheists. You have opportunities to go every Sunday—aye, daily—and hear the word of Truth from the lips of those who devote their lives to its promulgation, and the best I could do is to hear the infamous praising of a Daibootsz. I really did not think Church was such a luxury.

until now that I miss it. The perfumes arising from the groves of the Novitiate are much more pleasant than the stench in the vicinity of a *stone man* erected for the adoration of the Japanese people. I pray time may be swift in its flight, and bring me back where I can better appreciate that which I once thought fatiguing. I must say it to my sorrow (not neglect, but want of opportunity), that I have only twice entered a consecrated church since leaving home; only heard Mass *twice* since September, 1866: once in Rio Janeiro and once in Hong-Kong. In Rio Janeiro there are no other but Catholic churches, in Hong-Kong there is but one. The Priest at the church in the latter place deserves a credit not payable in this world. He undergoes any privation in order to secure the good opinion of his congregation. He is a Spaniard by birth, but speaks Chinese to his flock with a fluency really surprising. He conforms to all the Chinese customs, and wears his long cue with as equal a grace as any of his congregation. His church is beautifully situated at the top of a hill, and the Chinese can be seen hourly entering and leaving it. This Priest for all the world is like Father —, and is possessed of nearly every movement of the latter. He is a great favorite in Hong-Kong.

"Leaving Hong-Kong, after a travel of ninety-one miles, Whampoa is reached. This may rather be called the Sodom or Gommorrah of China. * * A *thing* called a church is on the outskirts of Whampoa, and the followers of this bewitching (?) creed expect to reach heaven by means of a worship which smells nauseously in the nostrils of that haven of rest. They—the last time I visited it—were busily engaged preparing a paper horse and burning it as a sacrifice of expiation, and a number of other mimicries disgusting to repeat and which would make the paper wither upon which it would be written. * * * *

"Believe me truly your friend,

"GEORGE B. COLLINS,
"U. S. N."

MY JOKE.—Ever since the war began the public papers are full of what they call "the Crisis." There's the political crisis, and the financial Crisis, etc. Now my candid opinion about the matter is that these papers had better just keep still, and let Sis Cry; for when she has her cry out, she will certainly smile again as pleasantly as before. Sis is like most others of her sex—the more fuss you make over her cry, the longer she will keep it up.

The Gay Juanita Boys.

Come, all ye friends of bat and ball,
This is a jolly day,
For Captain Billy Smith and all
The gay Juanit's will play.

Chorus: Hurrah for Captain Billy Smith!
Hurrah for bat and Ball!
Hurrah for the gay Juanita boys!
Hurrah for one and all!

Now, Hibben! pass the ball along:
Good! how it cleaves the air,
The striker makes a desperate stroke,
Foul,—out,—cries umpire near.

Chorus: Hurrah, &c.

When short stop Anson caught that foul,
Buncum! the captain cried;
And well he might, for nary *foul*
Can safely near him glide.

Chorus: Hurrah, &c.

Another ball, George! what a strike!
The ball is in the air;
It's all no use, it makes first base,
But Hull arrests it there.

Chorus: Hurrah, &c.

Another strike, the ball flies by,
First base is left behind;
Peg in the ball! there, Hibben, quick!
He missed; well, never mind!

Chorus: Hurrah, &c.

Ho! Lafferty, third base, I say!
'Twas thus the captain cried,
As on the nimble Mutual ran
And for the "Home run" tried.

Chorus: Hurrah, &c.

Well, let him go, another ball
Rode high into the air;
But Rhodes, left fielder, caught it spry
As hound might nab a hare.

Chorus: Hurrah, &c.

Bold Anson holds the centre field,
His eye upon the bat;
As well might ball elude his grip
As mouse escape the cat.

Chorus: Hurrah, &c.

Silvester spry in right field reigns,
No movement slips his eye;
And while he cracks his funny joke,
He's death upon a *fly*.

Chorus: Hurrah, &c.

Now all ye friends of bat and ball,
Ye friends of ball and bat;
We've played our game with right good will,
Come let us have a chat.

Chorus: Hurrah, &c.

MINDS capable of the greatest things can enjoy the most trivial, as an elephant's trunk can knock down a lion or pick up a pin.

LOCAL.

The Festival of Corpus Christi.

This beautiful feast was solemnized as usual at Notre Dame by a procession in honor of the Blessed Sacrament, which was borne under the crimson canopy by the Right Rev. Dr. Luers, Bishop of Fort Wayne. It was the first real summer day of the season, although falling quite late—that is, on the 11th inst. For the first time in many years, an altar was constructed on the College steps,—in fact, we may say for the first time altogether, for the steps of the Old College did not constitute the same locality as those of the new do. This altar, the last at which Benediction was given outside, was erected in a surprisingly short space of time, and removed as quickly, although it was decidedly the most magnificent of all. The secret of its rapid appearance and disappearance was to be explained by the proximity of Brother Florentius's beautiful structure in the Junior Study-Room, which formed the main part of the altar, assisted by some decorations supplied by Brother Benjamin from the College Chapel.

The scene around the altar at the Benediction was one of the greatest religious splendor that we have ever had here. The Bishop and numerous Clergy in their chasubles heavy with gold—the Society of the Holy Angels in their scarlet, purple and white—the various other confraternities with their appropriate banners and badges—the Cornet Band, with their shining uniforms and instruments—the white and blue of the religious societies from St. Mary's Academy—all conspired with the masses of foliage and blossom in Brother Peter's garden, and the brilliant ornaments of the altar above, with its lighted tapers sparkling even in the broad light of the summer evening—all conspired, I say, to make the scene what it was. Our Bishop is still remaining with us, and is, we are glad to say, in excellent health. He has confirmed, during his stay, sixty-seven young persons of the College, St. Mary's Academy and vicinity.

The Scholastic Year

of 1867-68 is drawing to a close. The coming week brings Examination, and the following one Vacation. And the first volume of this, its contemporary and namesake, will come to a close with it, and the result of our first experience in

the hazardous enterprise of printing a periodical will be made manifest. Whether we live or die, sink or swim, survive or perish, the events of the scholastic year of 1867-'68 have been put into a shape in which they can conveniently be preserved and handed down to posterity; the literary talent of our students has been presented in a form in which it can be compared with that of the century in which we live; and experience has afforded many valuable pieces of information for the future: such as that after the bashfulness of the early part of the year wears off, there will always be enough matter (and more than enough) to supply the paper—that the "Liberty of the Press" is like the liberty of a "free horse;"—so long as he runs well on the smooth straight road before him, all right; but if he "balks" or attempts to jump over the fences—well, then he is no longer considered as a *free horse*. The pecuniary interests and the liability to punishment—either legal or social—for libel, which form the bit and bridle of editors abroad, must here be supplied by strict principles of honor and politeness, under the direction of an experienced guide. With these advantages THE SCHOLASTIC YEAR will continue to gain in interest and value every succeeding collegiate term, and those that come after us will bless the names of the hardy students that first ventured forth into the wilderness of editorial responsibility alone.

The Exhibition.

The parents and friends who intend to visit Notre Dame on the Commencement Day are no doubt anxiously looking for the programme which we announced in our last issue. As this programme would be immeasurably long if it should be all carried out during the few hours that intervene between nine o'clock, A. M., and some other late hour in the afternoon of Wednesday, the twenty-fourth, a part of it will be rendered on the evening of the twenty-third, and we earnestly invite all the parents and friends who can possibly come on Tuesday to do so. We think that the most interesting part of the programme will be that which will be rendered on the evening of the twenty-third. We have another reason for urging our visitors to come earlier than usual: it is the certitude upon which they may rest, of securing good accommodations in the hotels of South Bend.

Again, the parents may trust us when we say that their sons here are longing to see them, and that their early arrival will contribute greatly to gild the last hours of college life. Many things have been prepared at a great cost of labor and care, by which the parents may be pleased, and they little imagine perhaps that the boy who at home rises so late and shows such a reluctance to shake off sleep on a vacation morning, is now scarcely in bed at nine at night, perhaps not sleeping at ten, his mind wandering over many a page of foolscap, and when four o'clock strikes on the big bell, some magic power casts a charm over him and brings him back to his unfinished task of the previous day. Why so much labor? We will tell the parents when they come, or rather they will be enabled to see in the parlors of the University what has been done to please them.

In addition to the premiums which are usually given in every one of the classes, gold and silver badges will be awarded to the students who will have presented the best compositions in either of the following departments: Classical, Scientific Commercial and Preparatory, each department having for its share one gold and two silver prizes. But we need not say more on this subject, except that the fortunate candidates who shall win the aforesaid honors may well feel proud of the distinctions conferred upon them by the faculty.

We now come to our programme, for the length of which we beg our friends to forgive us, in consideration, especially, of the fact that we could have made it twice as long without the least inconvenience to ourselves.

It will be seen that each department has a representative in it. The letters and the sciences, the arts and professions have their champions and speakers, who shall claim the listeners' attention and undergo their impartial criticisms, and whether these criticisms be favorable, which we hope, or unfavorable which we deprecate, we make no secret of telling our friendly visitors that all concerned will do their utmost to please them.

PROGRAMME OF TUESDAY EVENING, JUNE 23.

Grand Opening March.....N. D. U. Cornet Band
Overture.....Orchestra
Song and Chorus,—Alma Mater.....M. E. Girac

Address in behalf of the Religious and
Literary Societies.....J. Grogan
Wanderer's Return, (Franz Abt)...Philharmonics
Greek Speech..... Jas. O'Reilly
French Speech.....D. Wile
Artillerist's Oath, (C. F. Adam)...Philharmonics
German Speech.....H. Eisenman
Minims' Address.....
MusicN. D. U. Cornet Band
Address in behalf of the Medical De-
partment.....H. D. Rodman
Comic Chorus, (J. Schneff).....Philharmonics

“The Recognition.”

A DRAMA, IN FOUR ACTS, WRITTEN BY A MEM-
BER OF THE FACULTY FOR THE
ST. CECILIA SOCIETY.

Prologue.....L. Wilson

Dramatis Personæ.

Duke of Spoleto.....J. Martin Flanigen
Riccardo, (his Squire)..... James Sutherland
Prince of Macerata.....Horace Moody
Bartolo.....D. J. Wile
Antonio, (his son, a boy).....Mark Foote
Balthazar, (Arbalester, friend of Antonio),
..... Wm. Reynolds
Stephano, (Teacher of Antonio)... James Wilson
Leonardo, (A Soldier).....Asa Wetherbee
Gratiano..... } Pages, friends { ..Robert Staley
Lorenzo..... } of Antonio } ..John McHugh
Giacomo, (Squire to Bartolo)....Frank Ingersoll
Fabiano, (Governor of Montefalco)..F. P. Dwyer
Reginald, (Officer of the Prince of Macerata)....
.....Eugene Benoist
Paolo, (A Jailor).....Patrick O'Connell
Z' cchi, (A Blacksmith)..... George Bowers
Piedro..... }
Beppo..... } Attendants { ..B. Heffernan
Vicentio..... } of Bartolo, { ..Philip Cochraue
Alphonso... .. } ..James Dooley
Gabrielli..... } ..Arthur Murphy
..... } ..M. Mahoney
Marso, (A Soldier)..... Edward Bahm
Andrea, (A Squire of the Duke)..... J. F. Ryan
Orlando, (Officer of the Prince).....J. J. Raggio
Alberto..... }
Gabrini..... } Citizens, { ..R. McCarthy
Castello..... } ..H. Benoist
Orazzi..... } ..L. Wilson
Colonna..... } ..Louis Botto
..... } ..Daniel Eagan
Silvio, (A Courier).....James McGinnis

Alfieri.....	} Soldiers of the Duke,	{D. S. Bell
Almeno.....		J. Marantette
Carlo.....		F. Kaiser
Rafaele.....	} Officers of the Duke's Guard,	{	...J. Broderick
Manfred.....			...John Dunn
Angelo.....		T. Batman
Rossi.....		E. Callahan
Pacifico, (Messenger of Bartolo...)			William Clarke
Epilogue.....			J. F. Ryan

O Alma Mater,—Solo and Chorus....M. E. Girac
 Closing Remarks.....
 March for Retiring.....N. D. U. Cornet Band

SECOND PART.—WEDNESDAY, JUNE 24th, 1868,
 8½ A. M.

Grand Entrance March....N. D. U. Cornet Band
 Music.....Orchestra
 Latin speech.....J. Fitzharris
 Science.....Jas. E. McBride
 Laugh, boys, Laugh.....Philharmonics
 Declamation.....S. L. Moore
 Commerce.....H. B. Keeler
 Music.....N. D. U. Cornet Band
 Declamation.....M. Foote
 Junior Valedictory.....J. M. Flanigen
 Home Again.....Philharmonics
 Senior Valedictory.....W. T. Johnson
 Music.....Orchestra

ORATION OF THE DAY, by T. E. CORCORAN, A. M.
 Distribution of Medals of Honor.
 Music.....N. D. U. Cornet Band

Conferring of Degrees.

Distribution of Competition Prizes in the
 Four Departments.

Magnificat.....Choir
 Closing Remarks.....
 March for Retiring.....N. D. U. Cornet Band

MESSRS EDITORS:—Will you please inform the public, through the columns of THE SCHOLASTIC YEAR, of the present condition of that ambitious Quick Sand, which was reported in the "pursuit of knowledge," and which came so near swallowing the Geologist of the Exploration party of the U. S. A., on May 23d. Please do this and oblige a friend. Vide 12th paragraph, of page 6, of THE SCHOLASTIC YEAR No. 39.

QUERY.—What are the best kind of agricultural *fairs*? Farmers' daughters.

Two-Penny Club.

The last regular meeting of the Two-Penny Club was held on Tuesday evening, June the ninth, Mr. Jos. D. MURPHY in the chair. As this Club had been a prominent one during the last Scholastic Year, many were the regrets expressed that time, in his inexorable round, at last compelled the members to part. Comprising, as it did, many of the most talented young men in the University, and having for its object the acquisition of a thorough editorial training, it is not to be wondered at that the undertaking was a complete success.

Publishing weekly a written journal of sixteen pages, devoted exclusively to literary, scientific, and occasionally critical articles, the constant exercise given to the members, was one that insured a fluency of language otherwise not to be obtained. Although meeting with opposition from some, still the hearty approval of their actions and the encouragement given by nearly all, had the tendency to give each member an impetus, and thus materially aid them in their arduous duties.

Praises need not be offered, as all know with what success the *Gazette of the Two-Penny Club* has been issued. With the hope that all the members may adorn that position in life, for which his connection with the *Gazette* has prepared him, we bid the gentlemanly members of the Two-Penny Club a fond adieu. PHIL.

MICH. SOUTH. & N. I. RAILROAD.

DEPOT—Corner Van Buren and Sherman Sts.—
 Ticket Office, 56 South Clark Street.

Mail.....	†4:15 a. m.	11:45 p. m.
Day Express.....	†7:00 a. m.	†9:00 p. m.
New York Express.....	†5:15 p. m.	9:30 a. m.
Night Express.....	†8:30 p. m.	†6:30 a. m.

ON and after Sunday, May 11th, 1868, Passenger Trains will leave South Bend Station, daily, except Sundays, as follows:

GOING EAST:

Leave South Bend, 8 20 a. m.	Arrive at Toledo, 4.10 p. m.
" " 10 15 "	" " 4.15 "
" " 8.30 p. m.	" " 2.10 a. m.
" " 12.50 a. m.	" " 6.36 "

All four trains make close connection at Toledo with trains for the East.

GOING WEST:

Leave South Bend, 5.46 a. m.	Arrive at Chicago, 9.30 a. m.
" " 5.42 p. m.	" " 9.00 p. m.
" " 7.20 "	" " 11.45 p. m.
" " 2.46 a. m.	" " 6.30 a. m.

Making connections with all trains West and Northwest. For full details, see the Company's Posters and Time Tables at the Depot, and other public places. Trains are run by Chicago Time, which is 20 minutes slower than Toledo Time.

CHAS. F. HATCH, Gen'l Sup't, Toledo.
 C. P. LELAND, Gen'l Passenger Agent, Toledo.
 H. BROWN, Agent, South Bend.
 † Sundays excepted.