INFLUENCE OF COLLEGE LIFE.

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

But what makes life pleasant, and what gives us the power of living, is it not the manner in which we first make our entrance on the stage of life? The habits we contract while young will always cling to us through life. That we may contract good ones, and go forth upon the world possessing that power of living according to our conscience, and the dictates of nature is the object for which we are sent to college. Let us follow a young man through his collegiate course, and see the many eccentricities and joys which lie alternately scattered on his path. Home! what emotions are not kindled in the human heart, by the mentioning of this simple word! How often in secret do the tears trickle down the cheeks of the collegian, when he remembers the dear home, and the kind and affectionate parents that are so far away, the many sunny days he spent in joyous sport with some beloved companions; but a sigh of relief escapes him when he thinks of the welcome which awaits in the coming future, on his return home; tears are seen no more, and his eyes now sparkle with pleasure. The hard pillow is no longer despised, but on the contrary, is rather sought as a resource to annihilate all unpleasant recollections. Nevertheless, the days seem very long, the reason is simple, his mental faculties are unoccupied; instead of perusing his books, he allows his mind to roam at will, and the imagination will naturally bring up before the mind only such thoughts as cause him pain.

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

A COLLEGE "POEM."

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

TALE OF POSSUM.

The box was lit by the lux of luna,
And 'twas a nox most opportuna
To catch a possum or a coona;
For nix was scattered o'er this mundus
A shallow nix et non profundus.

On sic a nox with canis umis,
Two boys went out to hunt for coonus.
The corpus of this bonus canis
Was full as long as octo spanus;
But brevis leges had canis never,
Quam had hie dog; bonus, clever.

Some used to say in stultum jocum
Quod a field was too small locum
For sic a dog to make a tumus,
Circum self from stem to sternus.

Inus canis, duo puer.

If unquam braver, nunquam truer,
Quam hoc trio nunquam fuit,
If there was I never knew it.

Hie bonus dog had one bad habit,
Amabat much to tree a rabbit,
Anabat plus to tree a rattus,
Amabat bene to chase a csittus.

On this nixy moonlight night
This old canis did just right,
Nunquam treed a starving jattus,
Ifunquara chased a starving cattus,
But cucurrit quite intentus.

On the track and on the scentus.
Till he treed a possum strongtun
In a hollow trunkun longum.
Loud he barked In horrid bellum,
Seemed on terra venit helium.

Quickly ran the duo puer,
Mors of possum to secure.
Quum venerint, one began
To chop away like quiiisque man.
Soon the axe went through the trnncum,
Soon he hit it, per, cher, chunkum.

Comit thickens, on, ye bravus!
Canis, puer, bite el stavus;
As his powers non longus tarry.
Possum potest non pugnare.

0:1 the nix his corpus lieth,
Down to Ilades spirit flieth.

Joyful puers, canis, bonus,—
Think him dead as any stonus.

Aint his corpus like a jelly?
Quid plus proof ought hunter velle?
Now they seek their pater's donio,
Feeling proud as any homo,
Knowing certe they will blossom
Into heroes when with possum
They arrive, narrabunt story,
Plenus sanguine, tragic, glory.

Possum leave they on the mundus,—
Go themselves to sleep profundus.

Sumniunt possum slamm in battle
Strong as unus, large as cattle.
When nox gives way to lux of morning,
Absum terram much adornng.
Up they jump to see the varmus,
Of the which hie set the carmen.

Possum hic est resurrectum,
Leaving puerus most decieum.
Possum linguit track behind him,
Sed the puerus never find him.

Cruel possum! bestia viles!
How the puerus tu begiellast.
Puerus think non plus of Caesar,
Go to Gramen, Shalmanezer!
Take your laurel cum the honor,
Since ista possum is a gouner.

THE SEMI-ANNUAL EXHIBITION.

Long deferred by a concatenation of untoward circumstances, an exhibition took place on the evening of the 4th inst. to celebrate the termination of one session and the beginning of another. The Thespians, as they should, took the management of this entertainment, under the able and efficient direction of Prof. E. A. McNally, A. M., the sister societies being admitted to a fair participation, in the display, and taking the subordinate parts assigned them, with great improvement to the harmonious effect of the whole. The Cornet Band obligingly filled up the interval between the general assembling of the students in the hall and the arrival of the principal invited guests, by some pieces of excellent music, in addition to the entrance march promised on the programme. The music of the Band is ever welcome to our audience, well chosen and well appreciated; we say the same of our orchestral performances, which are very grand, scientific and "classic." Master Flanigan appeared on the stage, accompanied by Masters Ryan and Wetherbee, to address the company on behalf of the Junior Department, and particularly of the Philomathean Society. His delivery was graceful and easy, and his piece, couched in the bombastic, arrogant style now so common among the Juniors. His uncalled-for attack on the Philharmonics was ill-judged. Speaking of the Philharmonics, their singing formed an important feature in the entertainment, and one of their choruses—the last, in which the laugh comes in—elicited general applause. The little minims, Master Ernest Lyons by his artless speech, was the occasion of a great deal of interest. It seems the minims could not understand how a board could be composed of Reverend Fathers and Brothers. Perhaps they
would be more surprised to hear of a staff composed of military officers, or to be told of an entire ship’s crew being “all aboard.” They ought to attend the Civil Engineering Class, and learn how solid built beams are constructed. *Apropos of this class, since their brief but brilliant examination, they have again assumed their course, and are laying the foundation of a solid and compact edifice. They depend a great deal on the firmness of their Pillars, but when additional strength is required they have recourse to Stays, which, by the union of the parts, must, of course, solidify the whole, or “Hull,” as Mrs. P. would say. But this is a digression. The chief part of the entertainment was the next thing on the programme, being the comedy of “Born to Good Luck” or “An Irishman’s Fortune,” in two acts, by the Thespian Society. This, although (owing to the want of accessories in the shape of scenery and costumes,) not so brilliant as their entertainment is required they have recourse to Stays, which, by the union of the parts, must, of course, solidify the whole, or “Hull,” as Mrs. P. would say. But this is a digression. The chief part of the entertainment was the next thing on the programme, being the comedy of “Born to Good Luck” or “An Irishman’s Fortune,” in two acts, by the Thespian Society. This, although (owing to the want of accessories in the shape of scenery and costumes,) not so brilliant as their entertainment the union of the parts, must, of course, solidify the whole, or “Hull,” as Mrs. P. would say. But this is a digression. The chief part of the entertainment was the next thing on the programme, being the comedy of “Born to Good Luck” or “An Irishman’s Fortune,” in two acts, by the Thespian Society. This, although (owing to the want of accessories in the shape of scenery and costumes,) not so brilliant as their entertainment
We have the pleasure of chronicling in this number the arrival of Prof. A. A. Griffith the eminent elocutionist. What we could say to the praise of the professor would scarcely do him justice. All who attended his course last year know how to appreciate his beautiful talent; they remember how praiseworthy was his devotedness in promoting the welfare and progress of his immense classes. Prof' Griffith bestowed every minute of his time on his task and was well rewarded by the manifest improvement which his lessons produced, to which fact, the expressions of high regards given him by the students, on the eve of his departure bear witness.

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

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

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

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

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

Balthazar.—Ay, but it gains ground every day in spite of their laws and proclamations, to keep up the yeoman bow, because, forthwith, their, gunpowder shots it with, knowing no better. You see, Julio, war is no pastime; one will shoot at their enemies with the hittite weapon and the killingest, not with the longest and the misshapen.

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

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

Julio.—Oh Balthazar! I delight to hear you speaking to me in that way. I think that by your side I should fight like a lion! Balthazar.—You would sworn, I trov. No, I recant, Julio, you are a brave boy, but I cannot promise you that. Hush, some one is coming—Doctor Stephano, methinks, with his garrulous croaking; at your booths, Julio; there, the thunderbolts are approaching; aurereoir. (Balthazar rushes out on tip-toe by another passage.) Lorenzo and Gratiano come in a great hurry and with gay faces.

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

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

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

Julio.—Yes, Balthazar told me just now.

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

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

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

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

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

Gratiano.—Let's jump over the walls.

Lorenzo.—I can procure a rope ladder and place it on the postern at the eastern wall.

Julio.—This is the solemn moment, Eicardo, in which I must be decided now, this very hour.

Lorenzo.—We will wait patiently; but some one is coming.

Gratiano.—It is Stephano.

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

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

Stephano.—Your hilarity I condemn. It is unbearable. Ah, young men, learn to be grave (they laugh). Withal, do not turn up your nose at my remarks. 'Tis that grim, sturdy, middle-aged burgher of Balthazar that blows the flame betwixt Julio and me, and sets you on. I have watched you, my lads, this while. Ay, you may stare.

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

Stephano.—No more; begone; begone.

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

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

Stephano.—(In a passion.) Young scape grace, you will have your reward; (sees them gone.) At last I may have my peace and be alone, while Julio is returning. My books;—"Dulce ultum!" Yes, my only friends, with you I have no war, no troubles; but perhaps I have been too hasty in reducing those boys. Horace says that anger spoils every thing, and Plato is not less positive in affirming that a ounce of choler is sufficient to poison a whole day's good. They are my scholars, and I owe them example as well as to Julio; but in such times as these in which we live, every thing is upset; no talk but of battles; nothing but a constant uproar and cries of alarm. (Excited.) They speak of a battle, of a siege, as if we were all going to be slain; reports are abroad that the fortress may be carried by assault. Then what will become of me! The saying of the poet, dulce bellum insequitur, does not apply to me; I see no fun in cracking the skulls of others, still less in having mine split. But where is Julio? Could it be that he forgets his class hour? Julio is growing tall; his mind is fast maturing, and the tinkling of an armor brings fever to his brain; 'tis born with him, and my philosophy is at a discount. (Cannon is heard.)

Leonardo.—With his arms full of hammer. Quickly, sigers, scout, (gives him a musket.)

Lorenzo.—Yes, Balthazar told me just now.

Gratiano.—(animated.) Give me my crossbow and list to the twang of its metal string; ah, ah!

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

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Leonardo.—With his arms full of hammer. Quickly, sigers, scout, (gives him a musket.)

Lorenzo.—Yes, here I go; (soldier's leave first.) Dear me, what can I do! (He leaves hurriedly, handling awkwardly the musket.)

Sceni II.—Of the Stage.

The Duke.—This is the solemn moment, Riccardo, in which success may crown my arms or reverse destroy my hopes. The Prince of Macerata intends a bold stroke at us; it is evident that in driving our army from the walls?

Leonardo.—Then, my lord, may I receive your directions in this case, forsooth, their grandsires shot with it, knowing no better.

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

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

Stephano.—0 yes, here I go; (soldier's leave first.) Dear me, what can I do! (He leaves hurriedly, handling awkwardly the musket.)


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

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

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

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

Duke.—In this case, may God avert it! Here, a key, Riccardo, give it to Fabiano; it will open to him and Julio the door of the secret passageway.
Riccardo.—(receiving the key.) I understand, my lord, but if he were killed in the combat, what then? Duke.—(Then) I did not think of that. Riccardo, what we must do next. Let Fabiano rush by him and warn off danger from him. Conduct to Balthazar the command of the fortress; no better hands ever leveled the arbalest; mind my orders: let no enemy discover Julio; alacrity! I rejoin my knights. (Cannon is heard again.) They press hard on us, I see; alacrity! rejoin me promptly. (He leaves hurriedly.)

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

(Bailar, in low humor.) By Mar's helmet, our pikemen are not better than a row of milkpails! as for me (bending his cross-bow) I'll die like a man, and the first coward of a renegade (seeing Leonardo rushing in)—what is the matter now? (Listening, a cannon is heard.) Ah! they are men at last; well, if this is no glamour, there will be a truce of a battle. Well, Leonardo, why do you stand here like an idiot? what news do you bring? Leonardo. (scarcely able to speak.) Julio is missing; we searched all the fortress. Oh! what will the Duke say?

Balthazar.—What is the matter now? shall we tumble off our perch when we have nearly won the day? Why, man, you will frighten every one. Julio cannot be out of the castle! Did you peer into his room? I'll go bail he is with that Naunoboden-azar of Stephano. Leonardo.—(always afraid.) Stephano keeps aloof; none has seen him the whole evening; some say that he has slipped into the well.

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

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

Enter Stephano and Fabiano. Left.

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

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

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

Fabiano.—Think not to excuse yourself, sir; you are responsible for any accident which may befall Julio. I was to receive him from you, in obedience to the Duke's orders, and when I sent for you, you were found in the top of the tower. Is this doing your duty? Stephano.—Indeed, sir, I will go to the end of the world to find him; he cannot be gone. [Enter Leonardo. Left.]

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

Fabiano.—Who arrested him, that I may reward him? Leonardo.—Twas Balthazar, your honor; he caught his cross-bow and commanded them in the Duke's name to stop or he would shoot them dead.

Fabiano.—What! did he shoot them? Stephano.—Oh horrible left them dead! Leonardo.—No, [to Stephano] You are dead, you, [to Fabiano.] He did, your honor, but did them no harm; it oared them when they saw that he was in earnest. He shot ahead of them. Stephano.—Oh! good heavens! here they come. [Enter Balthazar with a soldier bringing in the boys. Left.]

Balthazar.—Twas not too soon to give the alarm, my lord. The young scamps were nearly out of sight, but 'tis not their fault. If the watch had not been snoring away, they could never have crept out. May I ask you to forgive them?

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

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

Gratiano.—It is I who fastened the rope.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Julio.—No sleep shall close my eyes while my heart is aching. Oh, my father! would that I might be with you in this dreadful hour. [Cannon is heard.]

Vicend conquest, you have my consent and approval. Such noble conduct deserves my approbation.

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

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

St. Edward's Literary.

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

Vice-President—John Fitzharris.
Secretary—James McBride.
Treasurer—John C. Keveney.
Librarian—Thomas O'Mahony.
First Censor—H. B. Keeler.
Second Censor—S. B. Hibben.

St. Cecilia-Philomathean.

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

Vice-President and Critic—John M. Flanigan.
Secretary—David J. Wile.
Corresponding Secretary—James W. Sutherland.
Treasurer—Asa Wetherbee.
Librarian—Franklin P. Dwyer.

Assistant Librarian—George W. Bower.
Monitor—Rufus H. McCarty.
Assistant Monitor—Horace B. Moody.

The Saint Edward's.

The question: "Resolved, That the United States Government would be justified in executing Jefferson Davis?" was debated before the St. Edward's Literary Association on the evening of February 11th, and, not being finished that evening, was continued on the morning of the 12th. The regular debaters were: On the affirmative, Messrs. T. O'Mahony and M. C. Peterson. On the negative, Messrs. J. Fitzharris and A. J. O'Reilly.

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

After this, no more volunteers presenting themselves, the discussion, after having been prolonged for four hours, was closed by Mr. O'Mahony. Taking into consideration that the debaters were students, the discussion was excellent. Deep research and close reasoning were displayed by the regular debaters, while it was evident that the volunteers were aware of the importance of the subject, and capable of debating it with skill. The President said it was the best debate he had ever heard at Notre Dame. He declared that both sides had sifted the question so thoroughly, and brought forth such strong arguments, that he found it difficult to decide which was victorious.

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

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

FEBRUARY 1st.
George Faust, Marshall, Michigan.
Charles Russner, Peru, Indiana.
George W. Conrad, " "

FEBRUARY 3d.
George B. Sutton, Chicago, Illinois.

FEBRUARY 4th.
Joseph Campbell, St. Charles, Illinois.
Edward Baham, Battavia "
Mark A. Templeton, Princeton, "
Charles M. Ogle, Belleville, "
Joseph D. Ogle, " "
Matthew Hackett, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

FEBRUARY 6th.
William H. Young, Attica, Indiana.
Owen L. Tew, Ionia, Michigan.
John Coffey, Chicago, Illinois.

FEBRUARY 11th.
Fred H. Reid, Chicago, Illinois.
Samuel Dessauer, Thornton, Indiana.

FEBRUARY 13th.
Albert Cressner, Plymouth, Indiana.

SAINT MARY’S ACADEMY.
Feb. 10th, 1868.

ARRIVALS.
FEBRUARY 6th, 1868.
Miss Martha Noel, Paxton, Illinois.
" Bridget Lonergan, Batavia, Illinois.
" Esther Lonergan, " "
" Ophelia Brady, Andersonville, Mich.
" Ellen Howard, Ann Arbor, Mich.
" Catharine Connor, Killbourn City, Wis.

TABLES OF HONOR.

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

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

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

Second Senior Class.—Misses S. Rooney, Anna Cunnea, L. Lyons, K. Graham, Mary Carraher, Agnes Mulhall, Mary and Lilian Chouteau, Virginia Brown, Mary Miller, Frances Gettins, A. Darcy, M. Walton, Teresa Stapleton, Anna Tarran, M. Sterling, Christina Thompson, Emma Conan, Sarah Gleeson and Mary Claffey.

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

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

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

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

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

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

We are sorry to say that want of space obliges us to defer the publication of the following interesting school reports: “St. Ambrose’s Academy, Michigan City,” “Holy Angel’s LoganSPORT” and “St. Angela’s, Morris Illinois.”

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

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