INTRODUCTORY REMARKS,
Delivered before the Senior Students of the University, Feb­
ruary 16, 1868.

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

It has been thought well to open the Course of
History with a few remarks concerning History
in general, the object of the study, and the best
manner of pursuing the same. The acquisition
of historical knowledge may be considered in two
lights, as a source of mental pleasure, and as a
means of advancing our interests in the practical
affairs of life.

It is always a pleasure to us to recall to mind
the actions of our fellow-men in the past ages of
the world. Even as a mere matter of curiosity,
there can be nothing more interesting than to ex­
plore the paths of ancient empire and renown, to
read over the exploits of the great men of Judea,
Assyria, Babylon, Persia, Egypt, Phenecia, Greece,
Rome, Carthage, and the kingdoms and empires
of the middle ages and of modern Europe, as well
as of our own Continent. What names we meet
with in such a review! The heroes of Asia, Eu­
rope and America pass before us, and we look
with admiration upon their godlike forms, and
contemplate with enthusiasm the deeds which
have raised them to the very stars. They are the
actors in the great drama of time, and seem to
walk before us, and for our own amusement, upon
the ever moving stage of human action. The
play is always waiting for us, the actors are
ready, the scenery is up; open the magic page of
History, and, lo, there they are, Warriors, States­
mens, Discoverers, Orators, Poets, Painters, Sculp­
tors, Architects; the wise, the good, the great;
yes, and also the evil; all are there. Call them
up at pleasure; for you may open at what page
you please. Do you wish tragedy? Turn to the
History of Caesar, the Fall of Jerusalem, the
Death of Charles I, the Wars of Cromwell in Ire­
land, the French Revolution, the American Rebel­
lion, or the Scenes in Mexico; if these do not
satisfy you, History has plenty more; open at an­
other page.

Are you fond of the grand, ennobling Epic?
Turn to the Bible, and read the wonderful story
of the Jewish Nation, culminating in the glory
of the Saviour of the World. Or, read, in His­
tory, as well as Romance, the tale of those Crusad­
ers; that tramping host of Europe, who shook
the whole earth with the sound of their war cries;
and their shouts of exultation, above the ramparts of conquered Jerusalem. Or, again, watch
the steady, strong growth of the great Roman
empire; until, from a small spot in the swamps,
on the banks of the Tiber, it spread out and
grasped in its embrace the whole known world.
Or, look, from that Jewish nation, from that
Jerusalem, from that Rome, see that more won­
derful growth; bathed in their own innocent
blood, behold that despised people, still spreading
as they are trodden upon, until the great ones
of the earth are fairly won by the supernatural
humility, and the magnificent concourse of Chris­
tianity become the glory and the beauty of hu­
manity. And if you would again look for the sub­
lime in the annals of your own land, take up the
story of the Discovery; live over with Columbus
those weary years of preparation, of disappoint­
ment, suffering and hope, and then start with
him and his three small ships and their little
crews, bearing out boldly, with the blessing of Heaven, into the unknown western waters, hope sinking and rising in their timorous breasts, but ever flaming in the great heart of the leader, until at last the long-looked-for land bursts upon their vision, and a new world is added to the domain of God's people; and the untold glory of the future Republic of America looms up to gladden the soul of the hero.

Have the great epic poems of the world, the poems of Homer, of Virgil, of Dante, and of Milton, anything more grand in them than is to be found in these inspiring epics of History? and are not the tragedies of History as heart-moving as those of Shakspeare, and of all the great dramatists?

And, indeed, when we come to look closely at the matter, from what sources but those of History did those poets, and all the other great ones who have written for the world's unfailing delight, derive their beauties and their sublimities? The History of man's mind, as exhibited in his actions, is indeed the subject matter of nearly all that is excellent in literary composition; that is, the beautiful poetry of all time is but the History of all time, reformed and compacted in the creative mind and heart of men of genius.

And, speaking as I am now of the pleasures to be derived from the study of History, how without the knowledge of History, shall we be able to enjoy, at all, the beauties of the fine arts, of poetry, of oratory, of music, of painting, of sculpture, and of architecture?

Is it possible for me to apprehend the beauties of Homer, and of the other Grecian poets, unless I understand the History of Greece itself? Every one of these old bards has constant allusions to the customs, laws, and wars of his country; and shall I sit down now, in this age of the world, and endeavor to read Greek poetry with true enjoyment, when I understand little or nothing of the character and History of the wonderful Grecian race? And what to me are the grace and grandeur of Roman poetry, if I know not the truth of that grander Roman History? And, when we come to modern poetry, French, German, Italian, Spanish, English, and American, our inability to enjoy it without a knowledge of History becomes still more apparent. For modern poetry is not only crowded with allusions to modern History, but it is also full of references to that of Greece, Rome, and all the nations of antiquity.

Who again can appreciate the excellence of the oratory of Demosthenes, Cicero, Burke, Chatham, O'Connell, Patrick Henry, Otis, Adams, Webster, Calhoun, Clay, and the rest, or who can enjoy the perusal of their matchless eloquence, unless he first has a knowledge of the leading facts in the History of their respective countries? To take pleasure in the Philippics, of Demosthenes, we must know the History of Philip; to be swayed by the orations of Cicero against Cataline, we must know something of the conspiracy of Cataline; to be fired with the eloquence of Burke and Chatham, we must peruse the History of England, of the American and French revolutions, and of Hastings, in India; to be moved by O'Connell's grand voice, we must know the cruel wrongs of Ireland; and to take pleasure in our own great orators, we must know the History of our own great country.

The like may be said of the other fine arts: we cannot enjoy them unless we know the History of the people, and the ages which produced them. The development of these arts depends upon the kind and the degree of the civilization of the nations by whom they were produced.

[To be continued.]

The Ice is out of the Lake, my Boys.

——

Ho, the ice is out of the lake my boys
The waters are flowing free,
The merry March winds are as gay and warm
As any March winds can be.
The cotton woods, down where we moored our skiff
Last fall, when the leaves were dry,
From its swelling buds, sweet odors sends forth;
A prayer to the sheltering sky.

And the clouds bend down, with a flush of red
In their mingled white and blue,
That the struggling flowers under the ground
May gather and wear the hue.

Yes the ice is out of the lake my boys
Our skiff has a sturdy sail,
Hark, hark! with a shout, 'tis a gruff, strong shout,
It spreads its arms to the gale;
And the waves leap up with a welcome gay,
A wreath of foam for our prow,
For our souls are fresh as the air we breathe,
No care upon heart or brow;
No care but the care to be good, and true,
And brave through the storms of life.

So onward we bound with a loud huzza,
We are growing strong for the strife.
Yes, the ice is out of the the lake, my boys,
And the warm young spright of spring
With her blossoms and birds her leaves and flowers
Now poises on roseate wing,
And no ice shall be in our hearts my boys
Though toilsome the path we tread,
The world shall remember us kind and true,
When it counts us 'mong the dead.

L. M. G.

"THE RECOGNITION."

ACT THIRD—SCENE II.

Leonardo enters, pensively, walking slowly.
Now, this puzzles me to know how this arrow came there, and who shot it. I saw it rattling on the roof of the tower, but the knave kept aloof; the fiends have not all gone, I'll bet. What was that following on the rocks below, keeping his eyes on me the while, as if he knew me? I'll vouch the rusted meant no good, stirring about the castle. Perhaps he himself sent that arrow, for when the heavy voice of Stephano bellowed out from the tower the scamp cleared out through the narrow lane, as if he saw sack and cord at his heels. (Stephano comes in.) Abh, bravos, Signor Stephano, 'twas you who drove the last enemy from our premises.

Stephano.—(with an air of importance.) Perhaps I did, master Leonardo. I was armed, too, and I would never swerve from my duty, sir, never. From the time I was a boy, I always liked to chatter about battles and sieges. To hear the whizzing of arrows always woke me up, and the near approach of the enemy never failed to produce its wonted sensation on me. Oh! how often at night I dreamed that I was engaged in the hottest of the fire, my helmet firm on my head and my body clad in complete brass. Every body shooting me—Archers shooting me!—Archers shooting me, and I, never mind being shot, so that at last I would get so demoralized as not to know when I was shot. I would walk the battlements on fire, as some stout skipper passes his deck in a suit of Bergamo, calmy oblivious of the April drops that fall on his woolen armor. Yea, my liege, you would get sly, and would not waste any more good steel on me, and I would laugh: ha! ha! ha!

Leonardo.—What avails it to be so brave in dreams, and hear all your eloquence when the battle is over, Signore Doctore.

Stephano.—(lookins to see if Leonardo is gone.) Balthazar, I dare not give the alarm to the Duke, but Lorenzo was badly touched; I attended to him; he will soon do well.

Balthazar.—Marry, you are no peevish brat, Stephano. I thought you were all skins and parchments, and I used you wrong, but now I confess I have been a boorish archer, here my hand, Stephano, come to see the boys; poor things, I must see that nothing is amuse with them, (to Leonardo) and you, popinjay, it is no time to look away, go and pack up your trunks. (Balthazar means to go away, but Stephano detains him.)

Stephano.—(looking to see if Leonardo is gone.) Balthazar, I have something on my mind to tell you.

Balthazar.—Ay, to me—anything you please, Stephano; you've done me a good turn in tending that boy's wound. I am all ears to you. Why do you stare so strangely with your ashy face?

Stephano.—(confidentially.) On the arrow there was a letter. Balthazar.—Rumh! a letter—and what was in that letter did you keep it?

Stephano.—No, I would not cut my throat for what does not concern me; I took it to the Duke.

Balthazar.—What, didn't you read it?

Balthazar.—I did.

Balthazar.—What did it say?

Stephano.—It read in this way: "Antonio, I know that you are here; I will do all in my power to see you, Bartholo. "

Balthazar.—Some Sociery, I'll bet,—and the Duke laughed at your nose—did he?

Stephano.—No, he seemed very serious. 'Twas a treason, he said.

Balthazar.—Oh, bah; by Jupiter it was the knave who sent that arrow; no matter, I'll think of it, Stephano, I'll see if some time I can splice that on something else; by the way, did you mark how sad Julio looked to-day? I'll bet the Duke was informed by some one of his trumps. The wretch who did it deserves to be punished.

Stephano.—'Twas not I, Balthazar; I would not grieve Julio's heart for the whole of Montefalco.

Balthazar.—I know you well now, Stephano; come, I'll see what is the matter; come, every body must be in the hall now.
Scene III.
The great Bolt—Duke on a throne with Julio—All the courters surrounding the throne—Balthazar on one side and Stephano on the other, the farthest from the throne.

Duke—Nobles, and you of my household, be attentive to what I have to make known to you, and to all my people whom you now represent. You all know the sad events which have marked the three years of disturbance and bloodshed brought on us by unjust aggression from one near related. You know what were my aims, with what constant eye he beheld our fertile lands and our prosperous towns. What I have done to prevent his designs needs not to be recalled. What you have done as my helpers and firm supporters, calls for my just thanks and gratitude. With me you rejoice in our glorious achievements, the fruits of which you shall also partake. Yet even in the midst of our exultation, even after this great decisive triumph of yesterday, one thought weighs on my mind, one thought which I tried in vain to shake off, and yet the accomplishment of which might be the source of new disasters and irreparable ruin to our enterprise. I fear I shall die before I succeed in the overthrow of my enemy.

All.—God forbid, good Duke.

Duke—I am mortal—death may reach me at any hour, but I have provided for what may come, and therefore, according to my ancestors custom and the laws of our country, I name my successor. Should I die in this struggle—behold my only, my legitimate heir in my soa Julio.

All.—Long life to our worthy Lord Duke and his son Julio.

Riccardo.—Long life to the legitimate heir of Spoletto. (They bring a crown to Julio, who places it on his head.)

Balthazar.—And soon of Macerata, I'll bet I'll bring him in.

Stephano.—Tush, Tush, Balthazar. You are always boasting.

Duke.—Now, my lords, do you all promise obedience and swear to serve the interest of my heir, and future successor.

All.—(raising their hands.) We pledge ourselves to serve him, and may God help us.

Balthazar.—Did you see how sad Julio looked?

Balthazar.—I did. Bull of Basan, something goes wrong. I'll soon know it. (Exeunt all in solemn order).

Scene IV.
The Scholastic Tear.

We have a history to tell,
One very, very funny,
And if we could but give it well,
'Twould be worth more than money.
'Tis of a country cottage scene,
One from the rare adventures
Of Madam Generous; I ween,
'Mong wooden bowls and trenchers:
You know how much she loves the poor,
And how she goes to see them;
To bring sweet comforts to their door,
And from their wants to free them.

Well sometime since (we can't tell when)
She went out in the wildwood
To take warm clothes along, and then

To clothe poor suffering childhood.
Well, come with me! The room is small
The chairs are few and "fainting,
And most of them inclined to fall
Like folks at a camp meeting,
Though not because they have the "power"
But 'cause the "power is lacking,
The stove seems to have had the "scour"
The floor t'ave had the blacking.

Well, on the bed, in quiet rest
Behold, a hen is setting!
For rats will surely get the nest
Without she has this petting;

Beneath the stove, behold a pig—
Which as the guests all enter
Jumps up and burns his brussel wig
And back, all down the center.
Now list! A full, a frightful, "bah!"
Bursts through the open casement,
Ah, 'tis a calf that calls it's "Ma,"
To Madam's great amazement,
Then, on the cabin's other side
Responds the bovine mother
Right through a window, open wide;
They call to one another.

Then last of all a cat doth mew
And standing there in wonder
With tail erect, she looks at you
As if to make you plunder.

Then madam pities this poor cat
She never will go near it.
That cat will surely nab it
For rats will surely get the nest
Without she has this petting;

Then last of all a cat doth mew

The stove seems to have had the "scour"
The floor t'ave had the blacking.

Well, on the bed, in quiet rest
Behold, a hen is setting!
For rats will surely get the nest
Without she has this petting;

Beneath the stove, behold a pig—
Which as the guests all enter
Jumps up and burns his brussel wig
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Right through a window, open wide;
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Then last of all a cat doth mew
And standing there in wonder
With tail erect, she looks at you
As if to make you plunder.

Then madam pities this poor cat
She never will go near it.
"If she," quoth she, "but see a rat
She never will go near it,
But on the table she will spring
Whenever we have dinner,
And then will eat up every thing;
The wicked little sinner!"
And then she boxed the poor cat's ears,
And kicked the pig for burning,
And both turned off with prudent fears,
Aroused by former learning.
And Madam thought the cat was mad,
(Or "angry" Madam said it)
But if it hydrophobia had,
There was no need to dread it
For pussy cat, she had no strength
To waste in fits and flying;
Her spasms went their greatest length
And lost themselves in crying.
"Well, Madam gave what she could spare,
The food, and clothes they needed
And from her three legged rocking chair
Unto the door proceeded,
Then, all went home, but trust my pen,
This day, the calfs loud bawling.
The squealing pig, the clucking hen,
The cow her offspring calling.
She hears, and now believe my word,
My truth! no smile can quell it.
You'd laugh to fits, if you but heard
Dame Generous once tell it. L. M. G.

St. Aloysius Philodemic.
The twenty-third meeting of the Philodemic Society, was held on Tuesday evening, March 3d. The President called the Society to order, and after the usual preliminary business, proceeded to the order of the evening. An essay on Dissipation, was read by Mr. W. Walker. The article was well composed and reflected credit upon its author. The question:

Resolved, "that the power of England is Beneficial to the World" was then debated. The first gentleman on the affirmative, not being prepared to maintain his side of the question, Mr. Johnson volunteered to fill his place. The negative was sustained by Messrs. Grogan and O'Reilly. The contest was well conducted and spirited. The President said that he was well pleased with the debate, and gave his decision in favor of the negative.
The Corresponding Secretary having ceased to be a member of the Association, an election was then held, to fill his place, with the following result, M.J. O'Reilly being elected by a large majority.

Surveying.—The organization of a Surveying Class is generally the first premonitory symptom of spring at Notre Dame,—even anterior to the removal of the temporary porch which in winter time adorns (goodness gracious!) the front of the principal building. We are disposed to hail any thing which heralds the approach of gentle spring, and hence we exclaim: "Hail, hardy and adventurous Surveyors! May you never suffer from a stoppage in transitu. May your heads be ever level, and may your cross-hairs never prove cantankerous!" Ike Partington, on hearing that the class was started, immediately applied to the Prefect of Studies for permission to join. He was asked if he understood trigonometry. "Trigonometry?" said he, "Oh, yes, and I had a double barreled gun once, only mother would never let it inside the house, even when it wasn't loaded, for fear it might go off, for she said you never could tell what mightn't turn up, and then where would we be?—which was very true. So I always had to leave it out in the woodshed, and there it 'went off' one night, sure enough, and never came back."
My Skating Experience.

"What's that you say?" "Did I ever go skating?" "Yes, I did once, and I have had a very full sufficiency thereof!" How I was persuaded to go on the ice, it is needless to say; let it suffice for you to know that I never was on skates previously to this occasion. The occupants of one of the skating houses politely invited me to enter under their humble thatch, and placed me under the greatest obligations, by placing a pair of skates under me. I had skates on my soles, but oh! would that the thought of skates had never entered into my soul! would that I had never seen them!

It appeared to me the easiest thing in the world to skate, when I beheld all the little boys shooting around me, in every direction. I thought I would have no difficulty in the attempt. Therefore, as soon as my feet touched the ice, I "struck out," but alas! for human expectation, my feet flew up and my head down, and my body took a violently recumbent position. Yes, the ice was slippery and I fell. Not in the least daunted, however, I arose and tried it again, but only to make another and more preposterous fall. I had considerable difficulty in regaining a perpendicular position—which, in my estimation, is the proper one, for a man, on skates, at least; and after I had done so, I was accosted by some diminutive urchins, with, "Well, Mister, you're a big thing on ice!" "Cut stars first rate!" "Guess you saw plenty of them, just now!" "Say, which was the hardest, your head, or the ice?" Now, these remarks did exasperate me very much, and I did straightway determine to chastise the youthful cavilers. Forgetting all about the skates, I attempted to pursue them. My feet flew up in the air, and once more I measured my length oh the ice, where I found myself much longer than I was before.

Wildly, I attempted to rise, but, oh! horror, my tailor had not well performed his task, and the sound of tearing cloths was heard "like thunder in the distance, rumbling loud!" Every person was laughing, and in the greatest confusion I attempted to escape. My friends (?) would not hear of such a thing, and as I was utterly powerless in their hands; they led me to a place, where one of the champion skaters was displaying his many antics to the admiring beholders. The crowd continued to increase, and I have no doubt that all the students would have congregated on the spot had not an unlooked-for accident occurred. The ice cracked! Oh! if you had seen those boys scatter. I have no doubt but that the mice were thrown into great confusion by the appearance of the crabs, in "y oldenne tymes," but their confusion could not be compared to that of the students of Notre Dame on this momentous occasion. Every person, with the exception of myself, had forsaken that fatal spot. I made an attempt to follow their example, but, alas! although the intention was there, the power was wanting, and I failed to do so, and failing to do this, I also failed to stand up, therefore I fell down. Again, and again, I attempted to rise, but the more I attempted, the more I couldn't do it, and at last I abandoned the attempt in despair. As I lay in a recumbent position on the ice, a bright and original idea flashed across my brain—I would roll away from the dangerous spot! I did so, and here I am, and I won't go skating any more!

St. Cecilia-Philomathian Association.

The nineteenth regular meeting of this association was held, Sunday evening, March first. After the preliminary remarks by the President, the subject of debate—

Resolved, That "moral force is more powerful in forwarding civilization than physical force" was ably discussed, the debaters on the affirmative being M. O'Mahony and J. F. Ryan, those on the negative, D. Wile and R. Staley, besides several volunteers for both sides. All spoke well and produced very strong arguments, evidently showing that they had prepared themselves for the debate with great care. Among those who excelled I must not omit to mention the name of D. Wile, whose splendid comparison between the great orators and renowned generals of ancient and modern times showed his knowledge of history to be very thorough. His arguments, and the manner in which he produced them, displayed that ingenuity and logical turn of mind which we rarely see equalled in the precocious youth of the present day. After reviewing the discussion and summing up the arguments the President gave the decision in favor of the negative. The subject of the next debate was then given, "is a Republican form of government preferable to a Monarchical form?" we expect this will be a very interesting debate, as many of the most talented members of the association are to take part in it. In the last report the name of Master John Mo' Hugh, who read before the society a well written
(though very brief) essay entitled "liberty," as he understood it was by some mistake left out in last week's number of The Scholastic Year. After reading the essay he was unanimously elected a member of the association.

**THE PAPAL BRIGADE.**—Notre Dame will have the honor of taking the initiative in the United States, in the matter of sending volunteers for the Papal service. Hitherto the Catholics of the United States although liberal of the *sins of war, have not made a general offer of their *blood to the Holy Father. But they will no longer be behind the rest of mankind in this respect. The Church is Catholic—she subsists in all nations,—and all nations should therefore send representatives to fight in her defense at the summons of the Holy Father. It is well, no doubt, to send money to his aid, but unless some men also go to fight, there is not the same proof of earnestness shown. The Church is defended by heavenly soldiers not only against the powers of hell, but also against those of earth, when sacrilegious enough to array themselves in opposition to her. Those, therefore, who with devoted hearts and honorable intention, offer themselves in her defense, become the fellow-soldiers of the angels, and if they die on the field of glory, what doubt but that they will be received by their heavenly comrades into the glory of a life without end? The example we say has been set by Notre Dame. Six young men, from amongst us, have already determined to go and fight in the Pope's defense. They will do their best to get up an American regiment, but if a sufficient number cannot be found to join them, they will attach themselves to any other regiment, wherever a favorable opportunity presents itself. In June, when the engagements which prevent others from following their example will be concluded, no doubt many others will go from here to fight in the same noble cause, unless the troubles be ended before that time.

A RAW IRISHMAN, just over, went into a restaurant, and was asked by the waiter what he would have. "Why, something to eat, av course," was the reply. A plate of hash was placed before him, "Ph'what's that?" demanded he. "That's wittles," was the answer. He eyed the compound suspiciously for some time, and finally exclaimed: "Be jabers! that man that chawed that can ate it!"

**Items of Interest Concerning Notre Dame.**

The floors of the main building represent an aggregate area of 69,822 square feet. The floors of the other buildings of the University, proper have an area of 40,000, this estimate does not include the church, the apprentice house and many other buildings used by the Community.

140 steps lead to the floor of the dome. There are four staircases leading from the basement to the sixth story of the building. It takes three barrels of flour a day to supply the bread used by the students and the Community.

40,944 pounds of beef, mutton and pork have been sent to the kitchen during the months of October, November and December.

Seven hundred hams and shoulders have been purchased during the same months, and a much larger number procured from the farm have been disposed of, moreover, four thousand fowls a year, three hundred and twenty pounds of green coffee a week, or, forty-six pounds a meal; sixty pounds of tea a week; two hundred and fifty pounds of sugar a day; nine hundred pounds of butter a week; two barrels of fish for a meal and two hundred dozen of eggs a meal.

These figures are not at all exaggerated, and will be better understood when it is known that six hundred are fed at Notre Dame every day.

The food expenditures of St. Mary's are not included in the above.

**Fashion Base Ball Club.**

The first regular meeting of the Fashion Base Ball Club was held on Wednesday, Feb. 19th. The first business on hand was the election of officers, which resulted as follows:

**Director**—Bro. Florentius.

**President**—James Dooley.

**Vice-President**—Francis Nicholas.

**Secretary**—Michael O'Mahony.

**Treasurer**—John Alber.

**Field Captain First Nine**—Thomas Arrington.

**Field Captain Second Nine**—Charles Hutchings.

R. STALEY, Sec. pro tem.

A FEW DAYS since, O. D. Rupel, Esq., of Sump-town Prairie—a former student of Notre Dame—killed, on his father's farm, a large bald eagle, which he kindly sent to us for the College Museum. It is a magnificent bird, weighing, when killed, fifteen and a half pounds, and measuring seven foot three inches from tip to tip of wings.
The funeral obsequies will be celebrated by the society for the P. of O. K. and the P. C. of the F. R., and divers orations will be made over the stuffed remains of the deceased, which will be considered in its extensive collection of specimens of the feathered tribe, the King of the Birds.

It is a tale of the times which have passed, but nevertheless one which has often made me laugh. John Phoenix went to the theatre. Two seats in front of him were seated a gentleman whom he thought he recognized. Wishing to speak to his supposed friend, he requested the gentleman in front of him to punch him with his cane. That obliging personage immediately consented, and straightway the "unknown" was made the recipient of a most terrible punch in the ribs. In the mean time John Phoenix had ascertained that the unknown was not the person supposed, and leaving said "unknown" to settle the difficulty with the gentleman of the cane as best he could, John was profoundly interested in the play. The "unknown" and "he with the cane" were for a while engaged in uttering expressions of defiance and vows of vengeance; one of them, however, soon turned to John; and, with a very sinister countenance exclaimed: "Say! didn't you tell me to punch this fellow with my cane?"

"Certainly, sir," was John's bland reply. "Why! in thunder! did you tell me to do that for?" roared the infuriated man. "Why! I thought you wanted to see whether you would punch him or not!"

The eagle mentioned elsewhere in our columns, as shot by Mr. Rupel, and presented (defunct) to the College Museum; has since been identified as the self-same venerated bird, whose evolutions supplied matter for so many local notices, in the early numbers of the Scholastic Year,—whose loss was mourned so sincerely by the students of the College, as to occupy a prominent place in our cabinet of Natural History, which, until now, did not contain in its extensive collection of specimens of the feathered tribe, the King of the Birds.