

# Notre Dame Scholastic.

Devoted to the interests of the Students.

"LABOR OMNIA VINCIT."

VOLUME V.

UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, MAY 11, 1872.

NUMBER 35.

## THE SONG OF THE SWAMP.

BY G.

I.

'Tis a very strange thing—  
A remarkable fact—  
That while poets have sung  
Of war's pageant and pomp,  
Of roses and posies,  
Of Troy that was sacked,  
No genius has yet  
Sung the song of the Swamp.

CHORUS.—Brek-ke-ke-kek! Croak! croak!  
Juggurum!—Juggurum! Pillyweer!  
Oioi—Oioi—Oioi—Crrr-o-o-ak!  
He! he!—he! he!—'tis most pleasant to hear.

II.

Now, mark yon ranaular  
Rogue on the log  
Which gleams o'er the marsh  
When the moonlight looks damp.  
'Tis a lone troubadour—  
A lorn, love-stricken frog,  
Who is telling his woe  
To the listening swamp.

CHORUS.—Brek-ke-ke-kek! Croak! croak!  
Juggurum!—Juggurum! Pillyweer!  
Oioi—Oioi—Oioi—Crrr-o-o-ak!  
He! he!—he! he!—'tis most pleasant to hear.

III.

A mob sympathetic  
Of weed-covered nobs,  
Whose eyes with emotion  
Wink, twinkle and cramp,  
Float knowing and prone  
With their hands in their fobs  
And a sneaking idea  
That their pockets are damp.

CHORUS.—Brek-ke-ke-kek! Croak! croak!  
Juggurum!—Juggurum! Pillyweer!  
Oioi—Oioi—Oioi—Crrr-o-o-ak!  
He! he!—he! he!—'tis most pleasant to hear.

IV.

But what is that figure  
So stealthily that comes,  
All white 'neath the night's  
Humid, pitiless lamp?  
O hearts! happy hearts  
In a thousand kind homes!—  
Hark!—a cry!—then a splash!—  
And it sinks in the swamp!

CHORUS.—Brek-ke-ke-kek! Croak! croak!  
Juggurum!—Juggurum! Pillyweer!  
Oioi—Oioi—Oioi—Crrr-o-o-ak!  
He! he!—he! he!—'tis most dreadful to hear.

V.

The morning shall bring  
Loving hands to the face,  
Slashed, muddy and dank  
With Death's terrible stamp,  
And the weeds shall sink down  
To their dark, slimy place,  
And the moon once again  
Shall gleam over the swamp.

\* There is nothing new under the sun. Aristophanes commenced one of his choruses in the very same style.

CHORUS.—Brek-ke-ke-kek! Croak! croak!  
Juggurum!—Juggurum! Pillyweer!  
Oioi—Oioi—Oioi—Crrr-o-o-ak!  
He! he!—he! he!—like a cry of despair.

## THE POPE'S BRIGADE.

A TRAGEDY.

BY MARIAPHILOS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ:

- 1—MAJOR-DOMO, and three or four Lacqueys.
  - 2—LEGERE, French Ambassador.
  - 3—VON BLOARD, Austrian Ambassador.
  - 4—KRUTCHKOFF, Prussian Ambassador.
  - 5—POIGNARDI, Italian Ambassador.
  - 6—PUFFEM, English Ambassador.
  - 7—TIM.
  - 8—CHARLES.
  - 9—THREE SAILORS AT BOULOGNE.
  - 10—A WAITER.
  - 11—PAUL CARROLL,
  - 12—A WAITER.
  - 13—GIOVANNI, GIUSEPPE, FILIPPO, GIULIELMO, ANDREA, CIRACHIO, POIGNARDI, MAZZINI, CARBOMARI.
  - 14—THE KING.
  - 15—A MONK.
  - 16—AN OFFICER AND FOUR OR FIVE GUARDS.
  - 17—FIVE GHOSTS.
  - 18—GENERAL LAMORICIERE, COLONEL BAYARD, CAPTAIN BERTRAND, CAPTAIN O'NEILL, and others,
  - 19—AN ORDERLY.
  - 20—A GARIBALDIAN SPY.
  - 21—PROVOST MARSHAL AND GUARD.
  - 22—MAJOR O'REILLY, CAPTAINS MURRAY AND KELLY.
  - 23—ORDERLY, named Denis.
  - 24—TWO RED-SHIRTED GARIBALDIANS, GIACOMO AND STEFANO.
  - 25—GENERAL KANZLER, COLONELS CHARETTE AND BAYARD.
  - 26—POPE'S SOLDIERS.
  - 27—TWO SCOUTS.
  - 28—JULES.
- Dresses to be arranged by the Manager or Stage Master.

### ACT FIRST.—SCENE I.

(Enter MAJOR-DOMO.) Here's ado, i' faith. (*calls*) Peter! Henry! Charles! ye rogues; have you no ears?

(Enter LACQUEYS hurriedly.)

ALL. How now,—how now,—what's the trouble, master?

MAJOR-DOMO. What's the trouble, eh? How now, quotha! If I do not soon resign mine office and fly to the country, I'm a block. Have ye no faith nor remorse of conscience that ye leave the chamber in this ill-redd condition? Here, move that table to the centre of the room. Cover it with the damask. Strew thereon books of chronicles and documents to give it a respectable air of learning. Come, be lively, be lively. (*Rubs his hands, while LACQUEYS follow his orders.*)

FIRST LACQUEY. What's in the wind, master?

MAJOR-DOMO. There's cold in the wind and heat too, thou varlet. There's rheumatics in the wind, and lastly, plenipotent fellows from the courts of the world.

SECOND LACQUEY. Are they the fellows in red plush breeches, master, that are lately arrived?

MAJOR-DOMO. What, thou villain, what? Red plush breeches on my lords the plenipotents! Go to the plough; thou art not fit for courts. If thou

art not the most inimitable mule in the world, I've neither sense nor judgment!

THIRD LACQUEY. What next, master? We have tidied the room.

MAJOR-DOMO. What next? Leave the chamber and carry your clatter to the scullery. (*Exeunt LACQUEYS.*) 'Tis a hard life, living with the great. I was innocent before I became acquainted with kings' palaces. There's an evil spirit in kings' palaces, that's certain, else I cannot explain why lordly human nature should be so debased and beggarly human nature so slothful and proud! I'll wager fifty to one, that each of those villainous lacqueys thinks himself on an equality with me! A bad world,—a very bad world. (*Exit, shaking his head.*)

### SCENE II.

(Enter MAJOR-DOMO, bowing obsequiously, followed by the Plenipotentiaries. They seat themselves, then Exit Major-Domo.)

LEGERE. Messieurs, the Emperor, my honored Sovereign,

Hath of his gracious favor sent me here,  
To hold such converse on affairs of state,  
As may, with your own long and well-tried wisdom,  
Give just security to vested rights  
Of sovereign thrones and peoples' ardent hopes,  
That so, the dove of ever-welcomed peace,  
May bear the sacred olive-branch o'er all the world  
And bless mankind.

VON BLOARD. The Austrian ruler hath a like desire,

And will be pleased when my most quick despatch  
Shall bless his eyes with France's good intents.

KRUTCHKOFF. Nothing is nearer to the tender heart

Of Russia's hope—imperial Alexander—  
Than that the warring elements may fly  
Before the godlike rays of glorious peace,—  
That all the ancient powers of great estate,  
May cease intrigues, and in the light of day  
Revolve such holy schemes of justice, truth,  
Fair mercy, honest statecraft and good laws,  
That we shall see no more opposing states,  
But rather bind them all, with loving bonds,  
In one vast brotherhood of man.

POIGNARDI. I, too, can speak for that good monarch

*Il re galantuomo*,—kingly Victor,  
Whose most ascetic soul is deeply pained  
With the sad morals of a sadder age.  
O I could bring the tell-tale tear of woe  
Into your honorable eyes, were I to tell  
The grief profound that fills his honest heart  
At sight of villainies of wicked men.  
Believe me, gentlemen, nor bread nor water  
Can e'en express his bitterness of woe.  
I need not say, how dear unto his heart  
Is justice, honor, truth, integrity  
He's such a man, that if you sought the earth  
To find example for the sternest moral  
You would *instantly* point unto my king,  
And loudly cry "Behold! a paragon!"

LEGERE. Ahem!

VON BLOARD. Hock!

KRUTCHKOFF. Ah!

POIGNARDI. What, gentlemen?

LEGERE. I did but cough.  
 VON B. And I.  
 KRUTCHKOFF. And I.  
 PUFFEM. No doubt it was the wind. I feel a draught,  
 Breathing upon my spine. A-a-hem!  
 Proceed, good Signor Poignardi.  
 POIGNARDI. (*In confusion.*) A mind ill-formed, suspicious and debased,  
 Might dream my praise of Victor, by such signs,  
 Sneered at and scouted by you, gentlemen.  
 ALL. No, no, Signor; proceed, we pray you.  
 POIGNARDI. Respected colleagues, I have but one word  
 To add to what my truthful tongue hath said.  
 You speak of Peace; my king doth love the word,  
 And if the angel banished were from earth  
 'Twould wing its flight to Victor's guileless breast,  
 And find a refuge where it is most loved.  
 PUFFEM. O Peace! O glorious Peace! But, gentlemen,  
 I think we've met with purpose more defined  
 Than to sing pæans to the goddess, Peace.  
 Monsieur Legere, we wait your pleasure, sir,  
 We are most anxious that you do unfold  
 The policy your master has marked out  
 To guide you in this grave deliberation.  
 LEGERE. My good friend Puffem, will you pardon me  
 If I confess that to my own discretion  
 The Emperor left all?  
 VON B. (*Aside.*) That's like the Bonapartes,  
 no doubt.  
 C. KRUTCHKOFF. (*Aside.*) A cunning rogue, this very wise Legere.  
 PUFFEM. What says Poignardi, then?  
 POIGNARDI. Most noble Victor hath instructed me  
 To hear the wisdom of the prudent lord  
 Who represents the potent Emperor.  
 PUFFEM. (*Aside.*) This Poignardi, like his master, is a slave  
 To Cæsar's power.  
 VON B. (*Aside to Krutchkoff.*) That Puffem is a vile, designing knave.  
 See how the traitor whispers to the air.  
 KRUTCHKOFF. (*To V. B. aside.*) I fear me 'tis an artful knave.  
 LEGERE. Though I alone must answer for my words,  
 Yet, rather than avoid the main affair  
 Which brought us here to-day, I crave you hear  
 Me simply speak,—my Emperor leave intact,  
 War's dread arbitrament hath oft been tried  
 To settle points which law and justice, too,  
 Had failed to bring to such conclusion—  
 That men would wait for Time's most just decree,  
 And clamoring interests might abate their rage,  
 So that all States might move in harmony.  
 Swept on by such a tide, but yesterday  
 The powers of France and Italy combined  
 Did wrench Venetia from the Austrian,  
 And give to Victor such extended rule  
 As might just aspirations satisfy.  
 But now we find that scheming spirits rise  
 And look with hungry longing to great Rome,  
 Chief of what earth has of important things,  
 Mother of ancient empires, and the head  
 Of Christendom. Now, grave, contracting powers  
 Did guarantee unto the gentle Pope  
 His Temporal Power's most strict integrity.  
 To this agreement all Italia bowed  
 With deepest oaths and many promises.  
 It does seem strange to me that Italy  
 Puts forth wild threats of something yet undone  
 And shapes the tide of men's poor, fickle minds  
 To some deep plan of conquest and ill-faith.  
 Are treaties only made that they be broke  
 When interest whispers shrewdly to great kings?  
 Forbid the thought! and yet I grieve to say  
 The policy of Italy doth point that way.  
 He who would warn Italia's King of this

Would do such service for the common weal  
 As earth's great statesmen never did before.  
 For you do know how troubled are the times;  
 How loudly swells the carping people's voice;  
 How the rude feet of the unruly mass  
 Tread boldly on the heels of monarchy;  
 How the old canons that did hedge in kings  
 Are torn to pieces that the mob may laugh,  
 And the most sacred jewels of the crown  
 Are made to point a tavern joke withal.  
 Is this a time to let the people see  
 That Kings may lie and steal and be exempt  
 From statutes that do govern meaner men?  
 Ought not earth's monarchs rather show the world,  
 That had they not a throne, their noble parts,  
 Would well deserve the richest diadem?  
 There's danger in the future, undefined,  
 Yet of such gloomy outline that that man  
 Who pampers monarchs with prerogatives,  
 Unfitted to the age in which we live,  
 Is to his master and his state a traitor.  
 I think that Europe will be better served  
 By the old style of "letting well alone,"  
 Than by asserting, with the hand of power,  
 The claim of Italy on imperial Rome.  
 I do believe that good can never spring  
 From violation of the ancient rights,  
 That have been wielded by the great Pope-Kings.  
 Hence, my good colleagues, wisdom, policy,  
 All that makes up the wisest statesmanship,  
 Forbid the monstrous course of sacrilege  
 That heated minds would dare initiate.  
 POIGNARDI. (*Excitedly.*) I did not think when I came here to treat  
 Of matters of the gravest consequence,  
 That homilies, ill-fitted to mine ears,  
 Should be the burden of my colleague's speech,  
 My good King Victor—  
 VON B. Good sir, refrain from eulogies on one  
 Whom Christendom hath cause to know full well;  
 Praise over-done, disgusts an honest mind,  
 Far more than melancholy homilies.  
 POIGNARDI. Count Bloard, 'tis most natural in you  
 To hate King Victor.  
 VON B. Bah! I tell you, Signor, him I hate no more  
 Than any other evil character  
 That ancient annals do present to us,  
 And, I'll add, no less.  
 POIGNARDI. I'll treasure up those words.  
 VON B. Do so, good Signor Poignardi.  
 KRUTCHKOFF. Why, gentlemen, why? And are we me? to brawl?  
 Must this discussion frustrate good men's hopes?  
 Is this a civic feast where aldermen  
 Grow eloquent from inspiration of strong wine?  
 PUFFEM. I wish it was.  
 LEGERE. A truce to trifles! Let us hear, good sirs,  
 Your comments on Italia's policy.  
 POIGNARDI. I go for Rome, and am not one of those  
 Who look for precedent or reason for it,  
 The foolish arguments against our hopes,  
 I do despise, but—  
 VON BLOARD. (*Sneering.*) Cannot answer, Signor.  
 POIGNARDI. Had I known—but never mind, I can bear  
 What Patience's self would sometimes frown upon.  
 LEGERE. The old, old story; enemies without  
 Loud wrangling o'er their prey—immortal Rome!  
 PUFFEM. Picking her bones, in fact.  
 VON BLOARD. Vultures pick bones!  
 POIGNARDI. I shall unto my master, gentlemen,  
 And tell him that his highest hopes are vain,  
 For, it doth seem to me that every state  
 That hath come here for gentle conference,  
 Is but good Victor's bitter enemy.  
 KRUTCHKOFF. Russia is not a friend, my good Signor,  
 Of rank injustice.

LEGERE. Ha! What of the nuns of Cracow?  
 and the knout?  
 The wilds of pitiless Siberia?  
 The weary dungeons and the bloody rack  
 Of poor Warsaw?  
 KRUTCHKOFF. Monsieur, I speak of rank injustice.  
 LEGERE. Are such things just?  
 PUFFEM. Perhaps these be the signs of government  
 Which men do call paternal.  
 KRUTCHKOFF. What? Puffem talking of paternal rule,  
 With Ireland and crushed India, two weird forms,  
 Shrieking their hatred in the tyrant's ear,  
 With heavy sense of unrequited wrong!  
 Next we shall have bold Satan talk of grace,  
 Ha! ha!  
 PUFFEM. Thy lying words consume thee, Tartar dog!  
 Thou barbarous scum of sterile steppes,  
 Wouldst thou compare the gentle Albion's rule  
 With the crowned savage—  
 KRUTCHKOFF. (*Starting up*) Villain! unsay thy words, or,— (*Raises a cane, which VON BLOARD catches.*)  
 VON BLOARD. What wouldst thou do? Is this a conference?  
 'Tis more like to a common fencing-room.  
 Stay thy rash hand, good Krutchkoff!  
 LEGERE. O would that people who do look with awe  
 Upon the reverend front of Wisdom's self  
 Grave as an owl in consultation deep,  
 Could see their masters now!  
 POIGNARDI. O Italy! Italy! is it come to this?  
 Then blow great guns and let the welkin ring!  
 Let the vast cataract of doom come on,  
 I care not. I'll return to Florence. (*Exit.*)  
 PUFFEM. And oh! the trouble of these perilous times,  
 Beset with bloody coxcombs and hard knocks.  
 Farewell, a long farewell to all this talk;  
 I'll back to London, and my Burton h'ale,  
 And, mark you, when I see again  
 The noonday midnight of the foggy Thames  
 I'll think of this great conference. (*Exit.*)  
 LEGERE. Ah! Paris! home of all the graces fair,  
 Where one's contented with *vin ordinaire*,  
 Sweet gardens, which Mahomet never saw  
 Or he'd have dreamt of lovelier Paradise.  
 Smooth boulevards! and you, resplendent gas,  
 And all the laughter of the rushing crowd,  
 My heart is sick to clasp your sweets once more.  
 Messieurs, farewell! (*Exit Legere, in a great hurry.*)  
 KRUTCHKOFF. What's left to us, Von Bloard,  
 but to go?  
 This question of Italia, like its king—  
 Is a gigantic, rascally vile fraud.  
 There's something in Italia's larded air  
 That breeds the bloodiest-minded banditti.  
 A bandit is a villain, though he flaunt  
 Sometimes a crown and sometimes filthy rags.  
 Come, Count, to Baden; there we'll try our luck,  
 In the hot risk of merry *rouge-et-noir*.  
 VON B. Content! and if you catch Von Bloard  
 Fooling the times by show of prudent counsel,  
 And cloaking by base conference a rogue,  
 I'll give you leave to nail my silly ears  
 To the market pump. (*Exeunt.*)

ACT SECOND.—SCENE I.  
 (*Enter TIMOTHY MACMURTAGH O'SHAUGHNESSY, stealthily, with stick in his hand.*)  
 TIMOTHY. (*Looks to the right and left, once or twice, then comes forward.*) The vagabonds, an' did ye hear them? Och, but a bad cause makes evil counsellors. They tell me there's bastes in foreign parts called hyanyis, or somethin' thereabout, and that they ate ye widout winkin', the thieves.

I thought o' thim when I heard the 'villains' conspirin' against the Pope. They think they can sar-cumvint the Pope, but, faith, they'll find themselves mistakin' in the long run. Ye might as well attempt to shoulder Slievnamon an' walk off wid it, as to get the upper hand of the Pope. That Roosian wasn't a bad chap by any manes, nor the Frenchman nayther, though, troth, I'm thinkin' his masther is not much of a Catholic. I wish to goodness Bony was an Irishman, or even could spake Irish. He mightn't be so great a frind or thim ottomies of Italians, bad scran to thim. An' did ye hear the spithogue av a Pugnardi, as the haythen is called, thyrin' to put his comether on the jintlemin of the conference with his praise of Victher Manual,—Victher, indeed! Be me word, he's not fit to clane boots in the Pope's cellar kitchen, the rogue o' the world. But, aisy, who comes here?

(Enter MAJOR-DOMO.)

MAJOR-DOMO. Will your Excellency retire now. The others are gone?

TIM. (Aside) Murther an' turf! he takes me for one av the Counsellors. (To the MAJOR-DOMO.) Sir, you're most obaydient. I hope your health is salubrious.

MAJOR-DOMO. Infinitely obliged to your Excellency. It was never better. But stay,—(approach-ing TIM and gazing into his face.) Am I mistaken? Are you not one of their Excellencies?

TIM. Ask your grandmother! Excellency, inagh! No, I'm not Misther Lackey.

MAJOR-DOMO. Who are you?

TIM. Me, is it?

MAJOR-DOMO. Yes, sirrah.

TIM. (Scratching his head.) [Aside.] Faix, I wondher if the vagabond undherstands Irish. (To MAJOR-DOMO.) Thiggum thu, thiggien! Thurra thum smutharran! Wirrasthru agra!

MAJOR-DOMO. I do not understand. Are you Russian?

TIM. Becoorse I am. Gramachree mavourneen, slanthea gal, mavourneen. (Aside.) Bathershin. I'll insinse the villain.

MAJOR-DOMO. Are you in the suite of the Russian Ambassador?

TIM. In his suit, eh? An' do ye think, ye furrin blaguard, that I'd get into any man's suit but me own? Did ye ever see Irish frieze, ye omadbawn on a Roosian? The Ambassador's suit! An' me buyin' these clothes at Duffey's on Sackville sthreet, Dublin. Well, that bangs Banagher!

MAJOR-DOMO. Well, you must leave here, I say. You be not of the Ambassadors nor of the Court. Insolent varlet, begone. (Threatens.)

TIM. Ha! ha! D'ye hear him now? Why, to listen to the vagabone one would think him a second Finn McCoul, or Brian Boru at laste. I'd like to have a couple o' dozen of sich fellows undher the heel av a mountain in sweet Tipperary; I'd exercise them, faith. I'd get an appetite for breakfast out av their dirty hides.

MAJOR-DOMO. Wilt thou go, villain!

TIM. How purlike the little Quaker is with his "thees" and "thous." Will I go, is it? Yis, av coorse I'll go—whin I'm ready. (Singing)

When I was a boy in the county Roscommon,  
I danced like a whale and jumped like a salmon.

It's wondherful what bad air they have in these furrin parts. It desthroys one's voice intirely. Och! Molly Brady, 'twas yourself could sing the birds aff the bush whin you were in the humor, which wasn't often.

Pilliloo, hubbaboo, whack, hurrah!  
Tear away, fire away Erin go bragh,  
There was a grand pitatie fight  
At the wake of Teddy the Tyler.

MAJOR-DOMO. Rascal! I go to summons help. You'll smart for this! (Exit MAJOR-DOMO shaking his fist.)

TIM. Arrah, thin, if I smart for it, they'll have

to be betther at the blackthorn argeymment than I am.

(Enter POIGNARDI hurriedly.)

POIGNARDI. Sirrah, did you find anything in this chamber?

TIM. I did, yer honor.

POIGNARDI. What was it? What was it?

TIM. A monstherous impident lackey, sir!

POIGNARDI. (In anger.) Who are you, fellow?

TIM. The son av me mother, yer honor.

POIGNARDI. Idiot! I know that. What is your name?

TIM. Faix I'm thinking it's the same as me father's; at laste it was whin I left Ireland. I dunno what a furrin lingo might make av it.

POIGNARDI. Sirrah, you seem to forget that you are addressing the Italian Ambassador, Signor Poignardi.

TIM. Pugnardi, aye! The Italian Ambassador! 'Deed, sir, you've got a beautiful name. It fits your breed jist as well as this shillalah fits me hand. Yer very obadient sarvint, Misther Pugnardi. (Bows low.)

POIGNARDI. Now inform me, fellow, who you are?

TIM. Me name is Timothy Macmurtagh O'Shaughnessy, Ambassador from Ireland. Here (holds out his stick) is me credentials, sir.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

### The Treatment of Dyspepsia.

Dyspepsia, or indigestion, both which words mean essentially the same thing, is the inability of the stomach to obtain sufficient nutriment out of the food eaten to meet the wants of the system; and, not having enough, blind instinct calls for more; this call or desire for nourishment is denominated hunger, which is gratified ordinarily by taking food into the stomach. But, in a sense, nature or instinct makes a mistake, and calls for more food when in reality it is not food that is wanting, but the nourishment which is in the food already eaten, and which the stomach has not the strength to withdraw; hence it is that a dyspeptic has a craving appetite, in aggravated cases is always eating and is always hungry. But to eat more under such circumstances is like giving a faithful but invalid servant more work to do, when there really is not strength enough to perform what is already in hand; or it is like adding greater weight for the noble horse to draw, when he is already so oppressed by a heavy load as to be scarce able to drag it along a single step.

All dyspeptics are weak, they lack strength, the whole body is feeble, and the stomach has its share of debility, of weakness; hence the essence of cure is to increase the stomach's strength. But all bodily strength comes from the food eaten, and cannot possibly come from any other source; hence the only cure for dyspepsia is eating. But how to eat is the great practical question of this age and nation; for dyspepsia is a national disease and a national sin, since its one great cause is intemperance in eating, excessive indulgence of the appetite, in connection with unwise habits at the table.

A faithful servant may be able to do a little work well when recovering from a debilitating disease, but in the conscientious effort to perform an overtask, it is not only not accomplished, but none of it is well done. So a weak stomach may digest a little food well, get all the nourishment, all the strength out of it, but if it has to work up a large meal, the work is badly done; and as the blood is made out of the nourishment derived from the food eaten, if that nourishment is imperfect the blood made out of it is imperfect, is bad, and all know that "bad blood" is disease.

Nor is this the only trouble: the new blood made from each meal taken is mixed in a few

hours afterwards with the blood already in the system; but if this new blood is bad, it corrupts the whole mass of blood in the body, makes the whole mass of blood bad, diseased, and carries disease and discomfort to every fibre of the system; hence the ailments, the symptoms of which dyspeptics complain, are very numerous, and extend to every part of the body—to hands, feet, head, heart, lungs, stomach, everywhere, for the hands burn after meals, the feet are cold at all times, the head aches, the heart palpitates, the lungs are oppressed, and the stomach is sick; no one dyspeptic may have all these at one time, but all and many others, in the progress of the disease, may serve to make life a protracted misery. The first great point then in the cure of dyspepsia is to eat but little at a time. And without going into detail as to other measures to be taken, it is of importance to add, that as the stomach is weak in dyspepsia, in fact is the essence of the disease, the food given it should not only be small in amount, but it should be such as is most easily worked up, most easily converted into blood: for from the blood all strength comes. As the flesh of animals, fish, poultry, is nearer being flesh of our flesh and bone of our bone than vegetables, so meat is more easily worked up by the stomach to impart nutriment to the system and make good blood than vegetables; and as bread is the staff of life, the main food of the dyspeptic should be meat and bread; the most tender meat, properly broiled, and well baked common wheat bread, several days old, or, which is better, the whole product of the grain made up with water only and a little salt, formed into thin, small cakes, and baked quickly in a hot oven, pan, or skillet, and eaten cold or hot.

As it requires about four hours for the stomach to digest such a meal, it must have rest after work, just as the hands or feet require rest after their work; there should be at least five hours between the meals of dyspeptics, and not an atom of anything should be eaten between. As, therefore, there should be at least five hours' interval between meals for dyspeptics, and it is not necessary to eat at night, for then we are asleep, it follows that we should eat not oftener than thrice a day.

But it would be of little use to get the nutriment out of the food and make it into blood, unless it were conveyed to every part of the system, to reach every fibre, so as to impart strength to limbs and brain and stomach and lungs; to do this, exercise must be taken, for without exercise the blood begins to stagnate in half an hour, gathers around the heart, leaving the feet and hands cold and the skin chilly; and dyspeptics are always chilly and easy to take cold. And as every part of the system of the dyspeptic is weak, it is important that the exercise taken should be active enough to send the blood to the remotest parts; and as meals are taken three times a day, the exercise should be taken three times a day. And as the blood gets the greater part of its life from pure air, and as there is no pure air except that out-of-doors, the exercise of the dyspeptic should be in the open air; and as exercise is more exhilarating, carries the mind more away from the body and passes time more pleasantly, it is of great importance that the exercise should be agreeable, should interest, and even absorb the whole attention; and since, taking the world as it is, the most agreeable thing to the masses is making money, that man will sooner get well of dyspepsia who steadily follows some out-door occupation which is encouragingly remunerative.—Hall's Journal of Health.

"Isn't the world older than it used to be?" said a young hopeful to his senior.

"Yes, my son."

"Then what do folks mean by old times?"

"Go to bed, sonny, that's a good boy, and we'll talk these things on the morrow."

# NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

Published every Week during Term

Time, at

NOTRE DAME UNIVERSITY.

All communications should be sent to Editors SCHOLASTIC, Notre Dame, Indiana.

## TERMS:

One year..... \$2 00

Single copies (10c) of the publication can be obtained at the Students' Office.

ASCENSION THURSDAY on the 9th.

ROGATION DAYS on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, the 6th, 7th, and 8th inst.

We have not heard from the Owl, or Gem, or Two-Penny Gazette these many days. Why is this thus?

TWENTY-FOUR of the young inmates of Notre Dame had the happiness of making their First Communion on Ascension Day.

BRO. VINCENT and Bro. Simeon have made the grounds around the Professed House the neatest and tastiest of all the pretty places that Spring can show around the College.

We had the pleasure of a visit, last Sunday, from Mr. Leblanc, a former student at Notre Dame, and his young bride. The happy pair were on their wedding tour. May they, during their journey through life, be ever as happy as they appeared to be on last Sunday.

HON. P. B. EWING, of Lancaster, Ohio, made a short call at Notre Dame last Sunday. He had arrived the day previous at St. Mary's, whither he accompanied his daughter. We regret that business obliged him to leave us so soon, as we are always delighted with the visits of Mr. Ewing.

MR. E. M. BROWN, of Cleveland, Ohio, accompanied by his niece and Miss Kirkwood, spent several hours with us on Sunday. The party were on their way home from Waukesha, Wis., whither they had gone to ascertain by personal observation the wonderful efficacy of the Bethesda Mineral Springs. The visit of Mr. Brown and his party afforded us a vast amount of pleasure, and we sincerely hope they may soon renew that pleasure by another and a longer visit.

## "The Pope's Brigade."

We begin publishing this week a tragedy, entitled "The Pope's Brigade," written for the St. Cecilia Philomatheans, by our friend and able contributor, "Mariaphilos."

It is especially adapted to representation in the dramatic performances that are in vogue at the Commencement exercises of Catholic Colleges, or, as here at Notre Dame, at the entertainment given the evening before Commencement Day.

In reference to these dramatic performances we say that we are altogether in favor of them for boys and young men. The only objection that we ever heard raised against them is that the applause which some young men obtain at College, may put it into their heads that they are born actors, and that their vocation in life is to be a Keane, Macready or Booth, and that in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred they will be woefully disappointed. We do not consider the objection of any weight. Any young man that has so little judgment as to let his head be turned by the applause he receives for his acting on college boards shows that he is fit for no other employ in life than to be walking-man or third old man in some provincial theatre

or travelling troupe, and the sooner he finds his level the better.

On the other hand there are the ninety-nine young men who are really benefited by appearing on the stage. Many lads who would be too bashful to appear alone to deliver a short speech, and who would tremble in their boots if they did appear, become accustomed to a large audience and gradually wear off the *mauvaise honte*, by assuming a character in a play, which bashfulness would stick to them through life, and disable them from all participation in public life, had it not been overcome by the aid of their fellow-players, and the scenery and costume of the play.

But we also decidedly protest against some of the plays represented on College boards. The plays should not be mere farces and comedies "cut down" "to suit" (and there is no suit) the College drama. They should be written for the time. And that is what has been done in the present case, and, we are happy to acknowledge the fact, frequently done for the St. Cecilia Philomathean Society. The Society and their Director deserve great credit for their enterprise in this direction.

## The Philomathean Standard.

The fourth number of the *Standard* has been brought out promptly, up to time, by the lively, energetic editors of the only society paper which gives any appearance of vigor at this time of the year. We congratulate the editors, and wish them success in the forthcoming numbers. In the present number C. A. B. gives a cheerful account of St. George's Pic-nic near Chicago, which he had the pleasure of attending in very agreeable company. Intemperance in America, which appeared from the proof-sheets of the *Standard* in the SCHOLASTIC, by Chas. A. Dodge, comes next in order. Our young friend, the Doctor, has consigned to the pages of the *Standard* for future generations everything of interest that has transpired at the College within the last two weeks,—and he has done so in a nice bold hand, too.

Uno gives an account of the Feast of the Holy Angels' Sodality, and a well-written account it is. Ajax has a sensible and well-written article on Elocution. Jucunditas continues his interesting description of A Trip Across the Atlantic, breaking off in this number about the middle of the ocean, in a pleasant gossipy mood, being just half-seas over. Field Sports Reports, always a topic of interest with the jolly Juniors, occupies a prominent place. The defeat of the Champions is considered in no petty spirit, but is taken in quite a philosophical mood, with the firm conviction on the part of the Sporting Editor, than whom you will find few better battists and catchers, who is by no means forlorn and down-hearted, but looks forward with fond anticipation to winning back all that has been lost. Our friend Charlie says nothing about music in this number, from the fact, we presume, that no music has been produced within the last two weeks to attract his critical attention.

## Students of the University of Notre Dame.

The following is the nationality of the Students in the house as near as can be made out; yet, properly speaking, with the exception of ten or twelve, all are born Americans:

Italian.....	1
English.....	1
Scotch.....	2
Spanish.....	3
French.....	21
German.....	75
American.....	155
Irish.....	183
Total.....	441

## LABOR OMNIA VINCIT.

The secret of success in all undertakings is, first, ability, and, secondly, persevering industry. The great majority of men possess the first requisite to a greater extent than is commonly believed, and it is owing to circumstances, but especially to a lack of energy on their part, that most men pass through life without doing anything worthy of note, and really under the impression that they have no ability for anything higher than the mere commonplace drudgery of life. This is a great and serious mistake; for although all men are not constituted alike, nor all qualified to enter the same field of usefulness, yet there is no man who possesses the use of his faculties and enjoys a reasonable share of physical health that may not expect, by persevering energy to accomplish something beyond the mere attainment of a livelihood, which will be a source of pleasure to himself and of real advantage to others.

Take the mechanic, or the common day-laborer, for instance, who labors during eight or ten hours of each day, and devotes seven hours to sleep; he has still nine or seven hours at his own disposal. Now, if instead of spending these precious hours in boisterous amusement or dissipation, as too often happens, he were to devote, say, three hours daily, to the acquisition of useful knowledge, what an amount of information could he not amass in a few years! What a benefit could he not be to his associates and fellow-laborers, by imparting to them the fruits of his own reading and study, and thus engender in them a love of knowledge, and cut off in its main root the source of dissipation and folly—idleness! What a pleasure might he not derive from the consciousness that he was looked upon by his associates as a man of superior endowments and knowledge! and what a gratification to see the many homes which would be made happy through his instrumentality, in replacing idleness and dissipation by a love of intellectual improvement, which would not only remove the most dangerous occasions of crime and unhappiness from the path of those thus engaged, but also fit them more and more to fulfill in a proper and efficient manner their important duties to their children and to society! Yet how few, comparatively, of this class of men do we find, who appreciate the advantages of mental culture, or make any efforts to raise themselves above the plodding, miserable life of alternate labor and dissipation! Very few indeed. Very few follow the example of the gifted blacksmith, Elihu Burritt, who knew the value of time, and by a proper use of it, became one of the greatest linguists of the age.

But why is this? It is because men lack energy and perseverance. They foolishly persuade themselves that nature has formed them for this inferior grade, and has wantonly denied them the ability to rise above it. They may occasionally purchase or borrow a useful book, and read it carelessly, in consequence of a groundless conviction that they are not able to derive any benefit from it, and then, because they do not know as much as the writer of the book, after this one careless perusal, they become discouraged and settle back into the old fallacy—that they have no ability. Thus they go on through life, keeping their precious talent buried in the earth, and on their death-bed they cannot look back and say that they have done anything except procure their family a decent support, and well for them if they can say that much.

On the other hand, take the man of energy, who feels the nonsense of the common saying, that circumstances make the man, and has the courage to believe that *every man is the architect of his own fortune*; who is not discouraged by the fact that he has not become a scholar in a week, and note the difference. He proceeds coolly and patiently, satisfied with the little that he learns every evening; this little he ponders on during the day at his

bench or in the corn-field; he works as industriously as those who neglect reading, and returns in the evening to his quiet happy home, and after supper sits down, surrounded by his well-fed, well-clad and cheerful family, to collect other gems of knowledge from his books to adorn his mind. The money which others spend in the saloon or boisterous club-room, where profanity and folly usually occupy the seat of honor, he expends for books, and reads aloud to his happy wife, who sits at the opposite side of the table sewing or knitting, such passages as he thinks will interest her or be of service in the discharge of her domestic duties.

Thus he continues, day after day, and his mind gradually develops; he begins to take higher views of nature, of religion, of God; the influence of this increased comprehension of his intellect, extends imperceptibly to his children; he feels his own dignity and the dignity of the young souls around him more sensibly; his instructions, his reprimands, and his whole manner towards his family are in keeping with this more exalted view, and his children grow up happy and noble-minded under this wise government. These are the natural results of energy and perseverance in this case, and it might be easily shown, did space permit, that similar happy results follow these same causes in other cases.

But, my young friends, (of course you know I am now writing for you,) I cannot close this article without pointing out the application of the truths which it contains to your special case. If energy and perseverance are attended with such happy results, where but two or three hours of each day are given to their exercise, what abundant results may you not expect from a persevering industry during nine or ten hours of each day in the pursuit of one object? Your minds are free from every distracting preoccupation; you are not required to provide for the support of others,—no, not even for your own; you are not left to your own unaided efforts in your search after knowledge, but find efficient aid in your able teachers. Why then is it that some students spend two or three or more years in college without deriving more than a meagre advantage from it? The cause is, again, want of perseverance and energy; they find a lesson difficult to learn, and instead of facing the difficulty with a determination to overcome it, they become discouraged and give up the task with the groundless excuse that "they have no brains," and thus they go on, becoming more and more confirmed in their delusion, and finally leave college but little more developed than when they entered, while the energetic, persevering student labors on, doing all that he can himself, and requesting his teachers to do the rest, till at last his mind grows strong and vigorous, enabling him to grapple with all difficulties, and he departs from college truly educated, well informed and prepared to act a useful and honorable part in the great affairs of life. May this be the case with all of you, as it certainly will be if you are persevering and industrious.

### THE FIRST COMMUNICANTS.

Twenty-six students made their First Communion on Thursday, the ninth of May, the feast of the Ascension of Our Lord.

The Students were prepared for the reception by Rev. Father Superior, assisted by Mr. D. E. Hudson, S.S.C. In addition to the instructions which they received daily for many weeks past in the class at the College, they made a spiritual retreat of two days. This they made at the Scholasticate, than which a fitter place could not be chosen. The two days were spent in spiritual exercises, prayers, instructions and exhortations.

On Ascension Day, Mass was celebrated by Rev. Father Superior, Father Louage, S.S.C.,

assisting as Deacon, and Father O'Connell, S.S.C., as Subdeacon. Canniciari's Mass was sung by the choir. At this Mass the students made their Communion. Father Superior preached at the Mass, and a number of the communicants read aloud the prayers before and after receiving. The young students took their dinner at the Scholasticate. There were present at the dinner Rev. Fathers Provincial, Superior, and Carrier, S.S.C.

In the afternoon Father Superior sang solemn Vespers, with Messrs. Tighe, S.S.C., and Schneider, S.S.C., in copes. At the conclusion of Vespers Rev. Father Colovin, S.S.C., preached an excellent sermon. When the Rev. Father had concluded, a procession was formed, and the First Communicants and the clergy repaired to the baptismal fount, where all of those who had the happiness of receiving their First Communion in the morning, renewed their baptismal vows. On their return to the sanctuary the young students made an act of consecration to the Blessed Mother Mary.

Benediction was then given by the celebrant, and the exercises of the day were concluded.

Ava.

### In Memoriam.

Alexis H. Miller, died in South Bend, Indiana, May 4, 1872, aged five years, seven months and five days.

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED IN HEARTFELT SYMPATHY TO HIS  
BEREAVED PARENTS.

A dark cloud has fallen on hearts that were joyful,  
Deep grief has enshrouded our souls as in night;  
For a loved one has gone, and the bright smile that  
cheered us

Has faded, and with it life's gladness and light,  
And we sit in the darkness of grief's gloomy shadow  
And weep for the loss earth can never requite.

Ah! yes, dear Alexis, thy sweet smile so cheering,—  
So bright with the innocence angels might prize,  
Has faded from earth, yet to beam all the brighter  
In regions of bliss far away o'er the skies;  
Still we grieve for our loss, and our hearts know but  
sorrow  
For darling Alexis no more greets our eyes.

Well now I remember that bright summer evening  
When wrapt in the slumber of innocence pure  
Thou calmly didst rest in my arms;—though a stranger  
I felt what a treasure I held thus secure,  
And my heart whispered softly! "How blessed are  
his parents;  
God grant that their happiness long may endure."

But, dear one, the angels in heav'n loved thee fondly  
And sighed that their brother still dwelt far away;  
Then the Father, rejoicing, indulged their fond longing  
And called thy pure soul from its prison of clay;  
Thou didst sleep thy last sleep on the earth; but that  
slumber  
For thee was the dawning of life's endless day.

Yes, we know thou art happy,—thou wert here an  
angel—  
And God but removed thee from danger and strife,  
Still the tears flow unbidden, thy parents sigh sadly,  
For thou wert the joy and the light of their life;  
Yet they bow, mid their tears, to the Father's o'er-  
ruling,  
Though earth has no pain to compare with their grief.

Then, parents, fond parents, weep on in your sorrow,  
Yet weep not in bitterness; life is but brief,  
And your darling Alexis still smiles bright and  
cheering,  
His heart throbs responsive to yours in your grief,  
And he waits with the blessed to welcome you sweetly  
To heav'n's choicest bliss, in the day of relief.

M. B. B.

THE Sodality of the Holy Angels return their thanks to Mr. D. E. Hudson, S.S.C., and Bro. Theophilus for many favors shown them on their feast day; also to the good Sisters at Notre Dame and St. Mary's for their more substantial favors.

### Entrances.

Francis Joseph O'Brien,	Chicago, Illinois.
Charles B. O'Brien,	Chicago, Illinois.
Daniel Harnett,	Chicago, Illinois.
Armand Savard,	South Bend, Indiana.

### Tables of Honor.

#### SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

May 3—P. Fitzpatrick, L. Godfrey, T. Watson, J. McGlynn, J. Noonan, J. Shannahan, H. Walker, J. Ward, J. B. Comer.

#### JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

May 3—W. Dodge, M. Foote, J. Marks, W. Lucas, J. McHugh, F. Egan, L. Hibben, J. Juiff, F. Phelan, E. Milburn.

D. A. C., Sec.

#### MINIM DEPARTMENT.

April 20.—H. Faxon, S. McMahon E. DeGroot, W. Dee, T. Nelson, W. Lyons.

May 4.—J. Porter, C. Beck, D. Salazar, C. McKinnon, H. Deehan, E. Cleary.

### HONORABLE MENTIONS.

#### GERMAN.

H. Walker, G. Roulhac, E. Olwill, J. Crummey, G. Crummey, H. Hunt, F. Arantz, F. McDonald, C. St. Clair, W. Kinzie, J. Devine, H. Beckman, J. Carr, J. Bracken, A. Schmidt, H. Hoffman, A. Wile, S. Wile, J. McNally, F. Huck, W. Dodge, C. Beck, H. Faxon, C. Faxon, C. Hodgson, F. Miller, J. Langenderfer, A. Kleine, L. Busch, P. Cooney, F. Anderson, H. Schaller.

### How to "Go Through" a Course of Mathematics.

BY WATT A. LARKE.

I have often been surprised at the difficulty which classical students sometimes complain of in getting through their mathematics, and I am led to believe that it is all for want of taking a philosophical view of the subject at the outset. Now let us begin and consider the matter together. As to

#### ARITHMETIC,

you have, of course, been made to learn the multiplication table when a boy, and you probably retain enough of it for all practical purposes. Never mind Vulgar Fractions,—what can a man of integrity want with fractions, or a man of refinement with anything that is vulgar? Weights and Measures are liable to be superseded at any moment by an act of Congress, so why burden the memory with either the old or the new tables? Mean proportionals are as objectionable as Vulgar Fractions; and you prudently leave Alligation to alligators. Proceed we therefore to the consideration of

#### ALGEBRA.

You begin by comparing the definitions of this science given by various authorities, and you find that they differ from one another to so wide an extent that nobody appears to know precisely what Algebra is. You examine into the etymology of the name, and you find that it was so called either because it was invented by *Al Gheber* (and, if so, who was *Al Gheber*?) or else because Algebra means "the resetting of a broken limb," (and if so, where's the broken limb?) A science, claiming to be mathematical, and consequently exact, whose definition,—nay whose very name itself is such a matter of mere conjecture and wild speculation, cannot deserve the serious attention of any thinking mind. Hence we may pass it over and go on to

#### GEOMETRY,

which from its name you find to be merely "land-



measuring," and consequently the whole subject may be deferred till you are ready to take up Surveying. We come now to

#### CONIC SECTIONS.

Pursuing the same philological system of derivation, you find that the *ellipse* is something (*elleipein*) to be left out,—that the *parabola* is to be thrown aside,—and the *hyperbola* to be skipped over. In fact the whole subject of *sections* deserves to be cut; and so you are ready for

#### TRIGONOMETRY,

which you discover to be simply the "measurement of triangles," and as every triangle is measured by half its base into its altitude, this simple principle is all you need remember. You are now ready for

#### SURVEYING,

which, after giving the subject due consideration you conclude to be fatal to the existence of a free and enlightened people. If asked why so, quote the celebrated example of him who claimed to be "monarch of all he surveyed," and remark that if that does not mean despotism, autocracy and infernal tyranny, you would like to know what it *does* mean. You may dismiss the subject of

#### NAVIGATION

in the same cursory manner, because if you are sound on the Temperance question, you will find no difficulty at all in navigating. In fact, the Temperance question will always be a useful safety-valve whenever anything connected with Mathematics or any other science turns up; for instance, if you are asked what is the sign of division, you may answer that it matters very little what arbitrary symbol mathematicians have chosen for it, but for your part you regard intemperance as a sign of social, moral, nay, even domestic division, which etc.—for having once introduced the subject you can descant upon it for half an hour, or until you drive everybody away. And even if they have no great opinion of your mathematics, they will say: "What a remarkably high-toned young man," etc.

But if some pertinacious and pig-headed Board of Examiners insist on finding out what you know about navigation, tell them to brace up the windward cathead, swab out the capstan, man the lifeboat, my hearties, Nor-East-by-Sow, hard a-lee, and throw the chambermaid overboard. That will be quite sufficient.

#### ANALYTICAL GEOMETRY.

You will be careful to ascertain that this method of analysis was invented by Des Cartes, whereupon you reason thus: The Cartesian philosophy is founded on the "Cartesian doubt." Mathematics being an exact science must be founded on certainty. Hence the application of any Cartesian method to mathematics involves absurdity. Hence Analytical Geometry is unworthy, etc. Hence the theorem.

#### DIFFERENTIAL AND INTEGRAL CALCULUS.

Having got along satisfactorily so far, there is nothing left to complete your course but the Calculus, (for as to Astronomy, you have no time to spend in star-gazing, you know). Now, I would advise you, as a friend, not to mind the Calculus. You wouldn't understand it if you did study it, for unless folks make it a specialty they never do understand it. If there is anybody on the Board of Examiners that has made it a specialty, he is sure to have some peculiar views of his own to defend, and he will, therefore, be apt to do all the talking himself. If there are two such gentlemen on the Board, so much the better. They will get to fighting almost as soon as the examination begins. Only be somewhat prudent in your answers, don't commit yourself, and look as wise as possible till they get started, upon which endeavor to be profoundly interested till the bell rings.

If these few remarks aid in smoothing the path of erudition for some of our own young men or

those of other institutions who expect to "get through" their mathematics this coming June, my labors will have been—yea, verily that they will!

### St. Cecilia Philomathean Society.

#### THE MOOT COURT.

The Moot Court of the St. Cecilia Philomathean Society opened Saturday, April 27, 1872. The only case on the trial docket was that of THE MEMBERS OF THE ST. CECILIA PHILOMATHEAN SOCIETY vs. PETER REILLY, on the charge of assault with intent to kill. The first evening was spent in the examination of the witnesses for the prosecution and for the defence. Thanks to the skill and dexterity of the Attorneys in the case and the intelligence of the witnesses the evidence was closed on the first evening of the session of the Court. The evidence was very conflicting, and left open a fine field for acute reasoning on the part of the Attorneys, of which they took advantage on the re-assembling of the Court, on the 8th day of May. Mr. Wile, one of the Attorneys for the prosecution, was absent, but by agreement speeches were made by the three Attorneys for the defence, the prosecution confining themselves to only two.

Mr. Michael M. Mahoney opened on behalf of the Society, and made a telling, though bitter review of the evidence in the case. He was followed by Mr. Charles J. Dodge, who certainly used the evidence in the case with great skill and judgment. Denis J. Hogan, the second speaker for the defence, made an excellent appeal to the judgment and the feelings of the jurors. He was followed by Mr. John McHugh, who indulged in considerable wit and sarcasm. Mr. Mark Foote closed in behalf of the prosecution. His speech was quite lengthy, and in it he went over all the evidence in the cause, ending with a fine appeal to the jury. The Judge then charged the jury, after which they retired. About half an hour afterwards they brought in a verdict of "guilty."

Great praise is due to Prof. Lyons for the manner in which he has trained the young Cecilians, and for his exertions in putting the case through. The Sheriff, Mr. Peter P. Cooney, was very efficient, while the Clerk of the Court, Mr. Charles Hutchings, was all that could be desired.

Among those present at the trial were Rev. Father Granger, S.S.C., and Bros. Benjamin, Camillus and Celestine. Jns.

### The Force of Example.

There are two kinds of example: the good and bad. One we should endeavor to follow, the other to shun; one will lead us to happiness, the other to degradation and misery. A father can show his son a good example—and no example is more powerful. An elder brother too has an immense influence over his younger brothers. Not many weeks ago in one of our large cities, there were gathered a crowd of loafers around the fire of a popular seller of liquor and ruin. There entered a woman and child, lightly clad for that season of the year; the traces of care and sorrow were pictured on the once beautiful face of the mother, now pale and furrowed by the wrinkles, not of age, but of suffering and pain; she approached the counter, and explained to the bar-keeper the object of entering such a place; it was to induce him to make up a collection among the men for her assistance. "But what was it brought you to this state?" inquired the rum-seller. "There," she exclaimed, pointing to a bottle labeled "whisky." "I once had a kind, generous, and wealthy husband, amply supplied in worldly goods, and possessed every thing I could desire, but by evil associates he was led on to destruction; and at last

he filled a drunkard's grave and left me destitute, with my child to support."

The men were listening attentively; when she had finished speaking to the bar-keeper, she turned and addressed to the listeners a short and effective appeal, imploring them to cease visiting such places, but to work hard and save their earnings; or else in the course of time they, like her husband, would fill a drunkard's grave. Then her child sang a short sweet song of appeal, so modestly and with such sincerity, that she appeared more like an angel than a human being. Several of the men were moved even to tears, and many were the resolves never to touch a drop of that damnable stuff which destroys so many of the human race. The next day the rum-seller closed his saloon, and from that time he followed an honorable trade and never sold another drop of whisky. Many are the prayers of wives and children that this angel of benevolence would visit every saloon in our country, to save their husbands and sons, who daily visit those places, from filling a drunkard's and, who knows? a murderer's grave.

MAY 3, 1872.

W. H. DODGE.

### Effective Writing.

Under the modest title of "A Fragment," the Oneida Circular says:

"Genius in all arts which please and produce genuine 'effects' seems to consist in being able to perceive and study the thoughts and feelings in other people's minds. Thus, for instance, it is not enough to be able to write well, in order to produce a good effect; neither is it enough to be able to observe well, or find interesting topics, or understand truth; besides all this, we must be able to throw ourselves into the minds of those we are writing for and imagine what they feel. We must adapt what we say and the topics we handle to the inner niceties of the human spirit, if we would produce a genuine sensation. People may write well, may find interesting topics, understand truth, and have a great deal to say, and still never produce a sensation by what they write, but only make a noise that other people will pay but very little attention to. Genius consists in adapting its work to the exact state of mind that it is dealing with—both on the small scale and on the great. In reading Shakespeare, Walter Scott, and such writers of acknowledged genius, you are all the time wondering how they knew so much about you—how they understood things in your thoughts that you never put into words, and didn't suppose anybody had any idea of. It is by just such knowledge as this that we shall be able to produce effects, and not without it. This is true of all the other arts as well as writing. We must know just what will make music in the general mind."

[In other words, if we would touch the hearts of readers, we must speak or write from the heart, i. e., we hit where we fire from. If we write through Combativeness, we wake up Combativeness in the reader. So of Benevolence, Causality, or Philoprogenitiveness. If we would awaken a sense which admires the grandeurs of Nature, we must ourselves be able to picture to the reader's mind those sublime scenes which fill us with their magnificence. A dull, sleepy writer will put his reader to sleep, while one with life in him will stir you up. "Like begets like" in thought and in feeling as well as in a physiological sense.]—*Phrenological Journal*.

READING IN THE CARS.—A distinguished oculist says, in reference to the habit of reading in the cars, the constant motion and oscillations of the car render it impossible to hold the book in one position—its distance from the eye is constantly varying, and no matter how slight this variation may be it is instantly compensated for by the eye,

thus keeping the organ constantly employed accommodating itself to distance. This becomes fatiguing, the eyes have a sort of weary, heavy feeling, and, if the reading is persisted in, soon become "bloodshot" and painful. We have often observed young misses intently engaged in the perusal of some romance while upon a rapidly moving railway train, who have only been able to finish their story with perceptible discomfort. We have noticed them rubbing their eyes, shifting their positions, and holding their book at various distances from the eye, making the greatest effort to see with eyes that have already been fatigued beyond endurance. Such practices lead to serious injury to the eyes, and it is not unfrequently the case that the oculist is called upon to prescribe for a patient who has paralysis of accommodation of the eyes, produced by reading in a railway car.

### A Collection of Epitaphs.

For a sailor—Anchored.  
For an auctioneer—Gone.  
For a watchmaker—Stopped.  
For a telegrapher—Dispatched.  
For a razor-grinder—Under-ground.  
For a boot-black—With the shining ones.  
For a baker—He needs no more on earth.  
For a beggar—I asked for bread and they gave me a stone.  
For a liar—  
In life he lied whilst he had breath,  
And, strange to say, lies still in death.  
For a brewer—  
A well-known brewer lieth here;  
His ails are o'er—he's on the bier.  
For a potter—  
On earth he oft turn'd clay to delf,  
And now he's turned to clay himself.  
For a musical director—  
In beating time his life was passed,  
But time has beaten him at last.

### CHAMPIONSHIP.

#### Star of the West vs. University Nine.

MR. EDITOR: The championship games have commenced. The first was played Wednesday, May 8th. The game was the most exciting as well as the most hotly contested of any we ever had the good fortune to witness within these classic shades, and it is for this reason that I think it will not prove uninteresting to the readers of the SCHOLASTIC. In order that my report may not be long, I will omit "to give praise to whom praise is due;" for in order to do justice to the players in this regard, I would be obliged to speak highly of each and every one of them. One fact I beg leave to call attention to, viz.: that during the whole nine innings there was not a change of positions in the University Nine; they took their "posts" in the first innings and held them to the end. Mr. Staley's pitching was admired by all.

The day was still (?), and the players were "ever and anon" refreshed by that gentle zephyr which has been so prevalent this spring.

The preliminary business which has to be gone through with by the clubs when on the grounds, lasted until 4½ P.M., when the umpire called for play to begin. The Star of the West, as is their custom, won the toss and sent the University Nine to the bat.

The score, which we append, will sufficiently well indicate the closeness of the contest, and so we omit a long account of it here.

The nines seemed to have lost their large audience by their long parley; still there were a great many present during the whole game, and espe-

cially did they show themselves in the last innings, when the excitement became intense.

Many of the Fathers, Professors and Brothers honored the players with their presence, which lent an additional amount of impetus to the contesting nines.

We were much pleased to see Mr. Doherty on the grounds; and, in conclusion, we must not forget to return the heartfelt thanks of the players to Mr. E. Gillen for his faithfulness in performing the odious duties of umpire, and to Messrs. John Hogan and Howe for the manner in which they discharged their duty as officers of the day.

We append the score, kindly furnished us by Mr. F. Hamilton:

UNIVER.	NINE	O	R	I	B	P	O	A	STAR OF WEST	O	R	I	B	P	O	A
Staley, p.....	5	1	1	2	0				S. Dum, c.....	4	1	1	8	2		
Dillon, s. s....	4	2	2	2	0				McOsker, p....	3	2	0	4	3		
Thomas, c.....	2	2	3	4	1				Berdel, 1st b.,	2	0	0	8	6		
Darmody, 2d b.	3	3	3	6	2				Dodge, 2d b.,	4	1	1	1	1		
Davis, r. f....	3	2	1	0	0				Hogan, 1. f....	3	1	2	4	1		
Walsh, c. f....	2	2	1	1	0				Hughes, r. f....	4	0	0	0	0		
Gambree, 1st b.	2	2	2	10	4				W. Dum, s. s..	2	3	1	0	2		
Smarr, 3d b....	3	1	0	2	0				Arantz, c. f....	4	1	0	1	0		
Johnson, 1. f.	3	2	0	0	0				Reilly, 3d b....	1	2	3	1	4		
Total, .....	27	17	13	27	7				Total, .....	27	11	8	27	17		

#### INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
U. N.....	3	0	7	0	0	1	3	2	1—17.
S. W.....	0	4	1	0	1	3	2	0	0—11.

Umpire—E. Gillen, of the Clipper B.B. C.

Time of Game—2 hours and 10 minutes.

First Base by Errors—U. N., 13; S. W., 6.

Runs Earned—U. N., 4; S. W., 5.

JOE BISCUITS, D. B.

How THE BODY OF A DROWNED MAN WAS RECOVERED.—Last week a man fell into the Detroit river and was drowned. The next day attempts were made to find the body with grappling hooks. While the men were thus engaged a buyer of junk stuff named David Bedito, an Italian, who happened to pass up the docks, watched them for awhile, and then asserted that he knew of something that would lead to the speedy grappling up of the body. He proposed to get a loaf of baker's bread, put some quicksilver into one end, and seriously asserted that on being thrown into the water it would float to a point directly over the body, and then stand still. He was hooted at and told to go about his business, not a man believing in the old woman's whim, as they termed it. Bedito went away, but returned in a little while, threw a loaf of bread into the water near where the man went off the dock, and in a moment called the attention of two men below to the fact that the loaf was spinning around like a top. It went partly under the wharf, stood still for a moment, and then went half a block down stream, turning right and left, and, as vouched for by five different men, stood nearly two minutes against the current, which was floating driftwood right by it. Very much excited the Italian shouted to the searchers to drag over the spot. They were further down, and it was half an hour before they passed over the spot, but when they did it hooked into the clothes of the drowned sailor, and he was hauled to the dock.—*Detroit Post.*

A FEW QUERIES.—Did you ever meet a person who believed in the storm-drum at Kingstown?

Did you ever see a man so immovable as the big policeman?

Did you ever know any one so conversant with human nature as yourself?

Did you ever feel much respect for the corporation?

Did you ever believe that proverb about "beauty unadorned?"

Did you ever feel satisfied with your landlady's bill?

Did you ever meet the man who took your new hat by mistake at Lady Deuxtemps' dance?

## SAINT MARY'S ACADEMY.

ST. MARY'S ACADEMY,  
May 7, 1872.

The most noteworthy event of the past week was the visit of the Right Rev. Bishop Dwenger, of Fort Wayne. All were delighted to see him, but the very few hours he was able to spend at St. Mary's did not give the pupils time to make any general demonstration of their high appreciation of the honor paid them by a visit from the Right Rev. Bishop.

On the afternoon of the first of May the pupils of each department elected a Queen of May. These royal ladies did the honors of the court with admirable grace, mingled with true republican simplicity. We forbear giving the names of the Queens and their Maids of Honor lest our report should seem like a court journal.

The Rogation Days have been duly observed by the usual processions, in which the Catholic pupils, of course, participated. It is a most pious spectacle to see, at half-past five o'clock A.M., a procession of religious and pupils wending their way through the groves and fields, chanting hymns of supplication to invoke the blessing of Heaven on the fruits of the earth. This is, no doubt, a very unfashionable way of spending the first hours of the day, but certainly the Giver of all good things has a right to the first fruits of the day; so we shall continue to make our offering and be unfashionable. Respectfully,  
STYLUS.

#### TABLE OF HONOR—SR. DEPT.

May 7—Misses M. Nash, M. Pinney, E. Brandenburg, E. Wade, B. Wade, M. Addis, K. Miller, L. Pfeiffer, B. Schmidt, L. Buehler, L. Pease, K. Greenleaf.

#### CERTIFICATES OF CONDUCT FOR THE MONTH OF APRIL.

Graduating Class—Misses M. Kirwan, M. Shirland, M. Dillon, L. Marshall, A. Clarke, A. Borup, J. Forbes, G. Hurst, H. Tinsley, K. McMahon, M. Tuberty.

First Senior—Misses K. Zell, A. Mast, M. Cochran, M. Lange, A. Shea, A. Todd, K. Haymond, K. Brown, B. Crowley.

Second Senior—Misses L. Duffield, I. Reynolds, V. Ball, A. Piatt, C. Woods, R. Spier, J. Coffey, I. Logan, M. Donahue.

Third Senior—Misses A. Lloyd, M. Prince, R. Devoto, M. Letourneau, E. Dickerhoff, B. Reynolds, I. Edwards, E. Culver, M. Leonard, J. Walker, M. Wicker, L. Ritchie, S. Addis, M. Brown, C. Craver.

First Preparatory—Misses A. Emonds, M. McIntyre, H. McMahon, A. Hambleton, N. Sullivan, C. Crevling, F. Moore, A. McLaughlin, R. McIntyre, M. Kelly, M. Layfield, N. Ball, A. Calvert.

Second Preparatory—Misses M. Mooney, H. McLaughlin, A. Conahan, L. Eutzler, E. Wade, B. Wade, M. Roberts, K. Casey, M. Addis.

Third Preparatory—Misses K. Miller, L. Pfeiffer, E. Drake, B. Schmidt, L. Buehler, J. Valdez, R. Manzanara, N. Vigil, M. McNellis.

#### HONORABLY MENTIONED.

First French—Misses L. Marshall, J. Forbes, A. Borup, R. Spier, G. Hurst, H. Tinsley, M. Tuberty, M. Quan, N. Gross, K. McMahon.

Second French—Misses M. Cochran, M. Letourneau, L. West, M. Kearney, J. Kearney, M. Wicker, K. Haymond.

First German—Misses A. Clarke, Sr., K. Brown, M. Dillon, B. Schmidt.

Second German—Misses M. Faxon, V. Ball, N. Ball, J. Millis.

#### INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC.

First Class—Misses J. Hynds, M. Kirwan.

Harp—Misses M. Shirland, K. McMahon.

Second Class—Misses E. Plamondon, G. Hurst.

Second Division—Miss A. Gollhardt.  
 Third Class—Misses I. Logan, M. Quan, D. Greene.  
 Second Division—Misses M. Donahoe, R. Devoto, J. Coffey.  
 Fourth Class—Misses A. Clarke, J. Layfield, N. Gross, I. Wilder, J. Forbes.  
 Second Division—Misses S. Honeyman, L. James, A. Robson, M. Cochrane, A. Shea, M. Letourneau.  
 Fifth Class—Misses G. Kelly, J. Millis, M. Cummings.  
 Sixth Class—Misses J. Luce, L. Buehler, L. Pfeiffer, K. Haymond, A. Hambleton, M. Brown.  
 Second Division—Misses B. Wade, M. Faxon, C. Germain.  
 Seventh Class—Misses K. Miller, M. Carlin, I. Reynolds.  
 Eighth Class—Misses A. Noel, D. Allen, A. Walsh.  
 Ninth Class—Misses K. Follmer, N. O'Meara.  
 Tenth Class—Misses A. Monroe, S. Addis, M. Gall, E. Richardson, E. Lappin, N. Vigil.  
 Organ—Misses L. West, A. Mast.  
 Guitar—Miss B. Crowley.

## DRAWING.

First Class—Misses D. Greene, R. Devoto.  
 Second Division—Misses M. Kelly, S. Honeyman.  
 Second Class—Misses E. Greenleaf, M. Armsby, E. Wade, B. Wade, M. Cummings, C. Craver, L. Sutherland.  
 Second Division—Misses J. Coffey, H. McMahon, L. Harrison.

## OIL PAINTING.

First Classes—Misses A. Robson, A. Shea, M. Lange, A. Woods, J. Millis, N. Sullivan, G. Kellogg.  
 Second Class—Misses I. Edwards, B. Reynolds, A. Emonds, M. Kelly, H. McMahon.

## VOCAL MUSIC.

First Class—Miss J. Hynds.  
 Second Division—Misses M. Tuberty, R. Devoto, G. Kellogg, A. Robson.  
 Second Class—Misses M. Wicker, J. Forbes, J. Coffey, A. Shea.  
 Second Division—Misses K. Brown, J. Millis, M. Letourneau.  
 Third Class—Misses M. and J. Kearney, M. Kelly, F. Lloyd, H. McMahon, A. St. Clair.  
 Second Division—Misses L. Pfeiffer, B. Johnson, A. Lloyd.

## TABLE OF HONOR—JR. DEPT.

May 7—Misses M. Kearney, L. Niel, A. Clarke, M. Quan, E. Richardson, A. Byrne, M. Cummings, M. Quill, L. Tinsley, J. Duffield, M. Faxon, G. Kelly, F. Lloyd, S. Honeyman.

## HONORABLY MENTIONED.

Second Senior—Miss N. Gross.  
 Third Senior—Miss J. Kearney.  
 Junior Preparatory—Misses A. Gollhardt, A. Walsh, E. Horgan, L. Harrison, L. McKinnon, F. Munn, B. Quan, M. Reynolds.  
 First Junior—Misses K. Follmer, A. Rose, M. Walsh, M. Farnum, A. Noel, M. Booth, M. Sylvester, N. O'Meara, T. Cronin, M. Carlin, M. DeLong, E. Lappin, D. Allen, M. Ware.  
 Fancy Work—Misses A. Gollhardt, M. Quan.

How HE RULES HIS WIFE.—Our friend Tradles, in Virginia, has got his wife in proper subjection, and means to keep her so. "Oh!" says he, in telling about it, "there ain't many who know how to rule a wife properly. Now, my old woman's one of the best-natured women in the world, but she's got a devil of a temper. When I see she's got her mad up, if it's a dozen times a day, I just quietly say nothing, but kinder humor her, and she comes round all right after awhile. Even when she throws things at me, or gives a wild slash for

me with the broom or rollin'-pin, I just dodge, and she never hits me the third time before I get my eye on her and let her know I disapprove of such actions on her part. Perhaps I have to leave the house to show her this, but she sees the point. Then by being careful not to irritate her, and let her have her own way, I manage to make her do as I please. And you bet I make her understand and appreciate my discipline. Oh! I keep her under perfect control. A man has to, you know. Got to be boss in your own house, or first thing you know your wife will ride you down like you wasn't nobody. My wife's a perfect angel in her natural disposition, but any other man but me would spoil her.—*Holden Hill News.*

## SAINT MARY'S ACADEMY,

Notre Dame, Indiana.

ST. MARY'S ACADEMY, under the direction of the Sisters of the Holy Cross, is situated on the St. Joseph River, eighty six miles east of Chicago, via Michigan Southern Railroad, and two miles from the flourishing town of South Bend.  
 The site of St. Mary's is one to claim the admiration of every beholder. It would appear that nature had anticipated the use to which the grounds were to be applied, and had disposed her advantages to meet the requirements of such an establishment. Magnificent forest trees rising from the banks of one of the most beautiful rivers in the Mississippi Valley still stand in native grandeur; the music of bright waters and healthful breezes inspire activity and energy, while the quiet seclusion invites to reflection and study.

MOTHER M. ANGELA, Superior,  
 St. Mary's Academy, Notre Dame, Ind.

## OLD, RELIABLE AND POPULAR ROUTE.

### CHICAGO, ALTON & ST. LOUIS LINE.

THE ONLY FIRST-CLASS ROAD IN THE WEST.

(See Classification of Railways by Board of Railway Commissioners.)

### The Shortest, Best and Quickest Route

FROM

### CHICAGO TO ST. LOUIS,

Without Change of Cars.

TRAINS leave West Side Union Depot, Chicago, near Madison Street Bridge, as follows:

	LEAVE.	ARRIVE.
St. Louis and Springfield Express, via Main Line	*9:15 a.m.	*8:00 p.m.
Kansas City Fast Express, via Jacksonville, Ill., and Louisiana, Mo.	*9:15 a.m.	*4:30 p.m.
Wenona, Lacon and Washington Express (Western Division)	*9:15 a.m.	*4:30 p.m.
Joliet Accommodation	*4:10 p.m.	*9:40 a.m.
St. Louis and Springfield Night Express, via Main Line	*6:30 p.m.	*4:30 p.m.
St. Louis and Springfield Lightning Express, via Main Line, and also via Jacksonville Division	*9:00 p.m.	*7:15 a.m.
Kansas City Express, via Jacksonville, Ill., and Louisiana, Mo.	*9:00 p.m.	*7:15 a.m.
* Except Sunday. † On Sunday runs to Springfield only.		
‡ Except Saturday. † Daily. § Except Monday.		
The only road running 3 Express Trains to St. Louis daily, and a Saturday Night Train.		

#### Time, only 11 Hours.

The only Line running Pullman Palace Sleeping Cars between Chicago and St. Louis.  
 Close Connections in St. Louis for all points in Missouri, Kansas, Colorado and California. The Direct Route and the only ALL RAIL ROUTE to Memphis, Vicksburg, Mobile, New Orleans, and all points South.  
 Avoid a long Steamboat Transfer of Twenty-Five Miles, and changes of Cars by taking this Route.  
 Pullman Palace Cars run on this Route only from Chicago to New Orleans, with but one change.  
 Louisiana, Mo., New Short Route, Chicago to Kansas City via Chicago & Alton and North Missouri Railroads, passing through Bloomington and Jacksonville, Ill., and crossing the Mississippi at Louisiana, Mo.  
 The best Short Route, from Chicago to Kansas City without change of Cars.  
 Close Connections in Union Depot, Kansas City, with all Western Roads for Kansas, Colorado, New Mexico and California, and in Chicago with trains of all Eastern roads.  
 Elegant Day Cars and Pullman Palace Sleeping Cars run through from Chicago to St. Louis and Chicago to Kansas City.

#### WITHOUT CHANGE.

Pullman Palace Dining and Smoking Cars on all day Trains.  
 The only Line running these Cars between Chicago and St. Louis, and Chicago and Kansas City.  
 JAMES CHARLTON, Gen'l Pass. and Ticket Agent, CHICAGO.  
 J. C. McMULLIN, Gen'l Superintendent, CHICAGO.

## UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME, INDIANA.

Founded in 1842, and Chartered in 1844.

This Institution, incorporated in 1844, enlarged in 1866, and fitted up with all the modern improvements, affords accommodation to five hundred Students.  
 Situated near the Michigan Southern & Northern Indiana Railroad, it is easy of access from all parts of the United States.

## TERMS:

Matriculation Fee,	\$ 5 00
Board, Bed and P'edding, and Tuition (Latin and Greek);	
Washing and Mending of Linens, per Session of five months,	150 00
French, German, Italian, Spanish, Hebrew and Irish, each,	10 00
Instrumental Music,	12 50
Use of Piano,	10 00
Use of Violin,	2 00
Drawing,	15 00
Use of Philosophical and Chemical Apparatus,	5 00
Graduation Fee—Com'l. \$5 00; Scient'c. \$5 00; Class'l,	10 00
Students who spend their Summer Vacation at the College are charged, extra,	35 00

Payments to be made invariably in advance.

Class Books, Stationary, etc., at current prices.

The first Session begins on the first Tuesday of September, the Second on the 1st of February.

For further particulars, address

Very Rev. W. CORBY, S.S.C.,

President.

## L. S. & M. S. RAILWAY.

### SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

TRAINS now leave South Bend as follows:

## GOING EAST.

Leave South Bend 10 35 a. m.	Arrive at Buffalo 3 30 a. m.
" " 12 25 p. m.	" " 4 08 a. m.
" " 9 18 p. m.	" " 2 00 p. m.
" " 12 40 a. m.	" " 5 30 p. m.
" " 8 50 p. m.	" " 6 50 p. m.

## GOING WEST.

Leave South Bend 5 00 p. m.	Arrive at Chicago 8 20 p. m.
" " 3 15 a. m.	" " 6 50 a. m.
" " 4 35 a. m.	" " 7 20 a. m.
" " 5 35 p. m.	" " 10 40 p. m.
" " 6 35 a. m.	" " 10 30 a. m.

Making connection with all trains West and North.

For full details, see the Company's posters and time tables at the depot and other public places.

Trains are run by Cleveland time, which is 15 minutes faster than South Bend time.

J. H. DEVEREUX, General Manager, Cleveland, Ohio.  
 CHARLES PAINE, General Superintendent, Cleveland.  
 C. P. LELAND, Auditor, Cleveland, Ohio.  
 J. W. CARX, General Ticket Agent, Cleveland, Ohio.  
 C. MORSE, General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Illinois.  
 M. R. BROWN, Ticket Agent, South Bend.  
 A. J. WHITE, Freight Agent, South Bend.

### NEW ALBANY CROSSING.

To Lafayette and Louisville.

GOING NORTH—Express passenger, 6:49 p. m.; 8:58 a. m.; 5:29 a. m. Freights, 6:30 a. m.; 8:06 p. m.  
 GOING SOUTH—Express passenger, 8:58 a. m.; 10:46 a. m.; 9:25 p. m. Freights, 1:00 a. m.; 4:48 a. m.

H. N. CANIFF, Agent.

## PENNSYLVANIA CENTRAL DOUBLE TRACK RAILROAD.

### PITTSBURGH, FORT WAYNE AND CHICAGO.

Three daily Express Trains, with Pullman's Palace Cars, are run between Chicago, Pittsburgh, Philadelphia and New York without change.

Direct Route to Baltimore and Washington City.

On and after June 1, 1871, the 9 p. m. train from Chicago arrives in New York at 11:30 a. m. the second day, 1 1/4 hour in advance of any other route; with corresponding reduction to Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington. Leaves Chicago daily except Saturdays and Sundays.

The 5 15 p. m. train from Chicago arrives in New York at 6:41 a. m. the second morning, 1 1/4 hour in advance of any other line. This train has an elegant Silver Palace Car running through between Chicago, Philadelphia and New York without change.

The 9 a. m. train from Chicago daily (except Sunday), with Pullman Palace Cars attached. Through between Chicago and New York, without change, 3 1/2 hours in advance of any other route, and in time to make connection for Boston. No other Line offers this advantage.

Trains from Chicago to Cleveland via Crestline and "Bee" Line, connecting at Cleveland with trains on the Lake Shore Railroad for all points reached by that route.

Connections made at Crestline for Columbus, and at Mansfield with trains on Atlantic and Great Western Railroad.

Passage and Sleeping-Car Tickets can be purchased at the Company's Office, 65 Clark Street, and at the Passenger Depot, corner Madison and Canal Streets, Chicago.

THOMAS L. SCOTT, President.

J. N. McCULLOUGH, Gen'l Manager, Pittsburgh.

J. M. C. CREIGHTON, Ass't Sup't, Pittsburgh.

H. W. GWINN, Gen. Pass. and Ticket Ag't, Philadelphia.

F. R. MYERS, Gen'l Pass. and Ticket Ag't, Pittsburgh.

W. C. CLELAND, Ass't Gen'l Pass. Ag't, Chicago.