

# Notre Dame Scholastic.

Devoted to the interests of the Students.

"LABOR OMNIA VINCIT."

VOLUME V.

UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, MAY 25, 1872.

NUMBER 37.

## Cumming Threw the Rye.

### A New Song to an Old Tune.

BY SQUINTZ.

I.

Cumming was a temperance man  
When other folks were by,  
But p'r'aps you'd better not inquire  
Where Cumming threw "the Rye."

CHORUS.—Every laddie loves his toddie;  
Some are mighty sly,  
But every temperance fellow knows  
Where Cumming threw "the Rye."

II.

Temperance folks will praise up water  
From the rostrum high;  
Then they'll go and throw their gin  
Where Cumming threw "the Rye."

CHORUS.—Every laddie loves his toddie;  
Some are mighty sly,  
But every temperance fellow knows  
Where Cumming threw "the Rye."

III.

If a laddie meet a bottle,  
Need he say "Oh! fie!"?  
If he need, then I should like to  
Know the reason why?

CHORUS.—Every laddie loves his toddie;  
Some are mighty sly,  
But every temperance fellow knows  
Where Cumming threw "the Rye."

IV.

But, laddies, when you take your whiskey,  
Take it social-ly,  
Don't go off alone like Cumming,—  
How is that for high?

CHORUS.—Every laddie loves his toddie;  
Some are mighty sly,  
But every temperance fellow knows  
Where Cumming threw "the Rye."

## THE POPE'S BRIGADE.

### A TRAGEDY.

BY MARIAPHILOS.

[CONTINUED.]

PAUL. Ha! ha!—a characteristic letter, upon my word! But hark! if that's not Tim's voice I'm very much mistaken.

(TIM is heard wrangling with the waiter and approaching the stage.)

TIM. (*Within.*) I tell ye, ye have nayther sinse nor dacency, ye vagabonds. Keep me from goin' up stairs, is it? I'd like to see ye at it, me man! Ye'd go to bed wid sorer bones than ye ever owned since ye wor born. (*Enters in a great rage, carrying his gun under his arm like a stick.*) Now I wondher if Misther Paul is— (*Sees PAUL CARROLL.*) Aye, gramachree, asthore, is it yourself that's in it? (*Rushes toward PAUL and embraces him.*)

PAUL. Well, Tim, my good fellow, have you got to Italy at last safe and sound?

TIM. Safe enough, thank God! but as to bein' sound, that's another question. If ye can call a man sound that has been shakin' to pieces by an ould broken-down barge av a ship, thin I'm as sound as a throut. Sich a ship! Faix, it was for all the world as if they found Noah's Ark and repaired it.

PAUL. A sad adventure, surely, Tim. But now go and get something to eat. You must be hungry.

TIM. Hungry, is it? I think I could ate a kangaroo, tail an' all. But sure, this is no counthry for a hungry man. I hear they feed on nothin' but lemon-peel an' macaroni. The vagabonds, if they ate good dacent potatoes and a bit av Irish bacon they'd be betther Catholics an' friends av the Pope, Lord reward him! No one can keep the faith on lemon-peel an' macaroni, sure.

PAUL. Well, go, go, Tim, and be quick, for we must start immediately.

(TIM starts. *Recollects something, and returns.*)

TIM. Murther! I was forgettin' it, so I was. (*Puts his hand in one pocket, then in another, etc.*) Sorra on you for a letter; where are ye? Ah! here ye are. Misther Paul, I seen a mighty ill-lookin' fellow whisperin' wid another as I com up from the ship. They looked like thieves, wid their high hats and cloaks up to their ears. Ye know, Misther Paul, we see them in picturs about banjits. Well, to make a long story short, one av thim started away in a great hurry. I was followin' near, an' lo! and behold ye, he dhropped this letter. I picked it up an' ran afther him, but he had turned off into some hole or corner, an' so I thought I might as well bring it to you. (*Gives the letter to PAUL.*)

PAUL. Why, Tim, it is open.

TIM. That's the way I found it, open or shut.

PAUL. And it is directed to an infamous Garibaldian.

TIM. Read it, Misther Paul, dear,—read it. The news is always inside av a letter.

PAUL. I would not be dishonorable to a dog, but this letter is open. So I shall look at it. (*Opens, reads, and starts up.*) Quick, Tim; eat something at once, that we may go. You will go to General Lamoricere,—I to O'Reilly, at Spoleto. The Italians are crossing the frontier and the ball is now opened! (*Exeunt both.*)

### ACT SECOND.—SCENE I.

A secret meeting of Carbonari. A number seated around a table.

GIOVANNI. (*A goldsmith, President.*) Brothers, Carbonari, well met!

I do rejoice that things begin to clear—  
That our great cause goes bravely on the while,  
And all is full of promise.

GIUSEPPE. See here—I say—are the Pope—I say

Are the Pope to be put down?

FILIPPO. Aye, neighbor, in faith he is. What! Shall Popes reign when men like you and me delve with spades?

GIULIELMO. No religion for me, say I.

ANDREA. Oh, I hate your religion, you know.

Never went to church since I was a younker, And I feel the better of it. Down with religion!

FILIPPO. And priests, too.

ANDREA. Look you, neighbor, wish I may die, if I wouldn't hang every priest in the world.

ALL. Well said,—well said.

ANDREA. For what is religion? Come, neighbors, what is religion? I say.

ALL. Very true, Andrea,—very true. That's the point.

ANDREA. What is virtue? A humbug. I'll none of it. Does very well for old women and children; but for men—bah!

GIUSEPPE. There is, as one might say, or, in fact,—after all, if you consider it, mind you, a—a— (*Looks foolishly around.*)

ALL. Certainly—certainly.

GIUSEPPE. Well, never mind. I hate your virtue and your religion and your priests. Liberty for me.

ALL. Ha—ha—ha!

GIOVANNI. Are all the members met?

GIULIELMO. Poignardi, and Cirachio and Mazzini haven't come yet.

GIOVANNI. Haven't come yet! What's the meaning of it? Am I President of the Turin branch of the Carbonari or not? Are not my orders to be obeyed?

GIUSEPPE. Perhaps Poignardi thinks because he is Minister and Ambassador, look you, he may come when he likes.

GIOVANNI. We have no Ministers nor Embassadors here, brother. Titles are left at the door. We are all equal here.

ANDREA. Except the President, mind you. What though Giovanni be a goldsmith? That's not the point. Why, now see, I am President in our village, and yet what am I?

GIULIELMO. You'er a knight of the moon, brother. You live upon the contributions of travellers.

ANDREA. And why not? If my neighbor has money and I want it, haven't I a right to some? Come now. Aren't all men equal? Where would our equality be if my neighbor has what I haven't?

GIUSEPPE. Never heard better sentiments in my life.

ANDREA. All men are equal, look you.

GIOVANNI. No more of that. Silence. Some one comes.

(*Enter POIGNARDI, CIRACHIO and MAZZINI.*)

GIOVANNI. Why, how now,—how now, brothers? Late again!

ANDREA. A fine! a fine! We'll buy macaroni.

GIOVANNI. (*To ANDREA.*) Hold thy tongue. (*To the new comers.*) I marvel much ye keep the meeting suspended by your delay. Didn't ye receive my note?

THREE. We did.

GIOVANNI. Well, let this be the last on't. I'll not report ye this time. But, take care!

CIRACHIO. (*Aside to POIGNARDI.*) The scoundrel! do you hear him!

POIGNARDI. (*Aside.*) Hush! Offend him not, or you'll never leave here alive.

MAZZINI. (*Seating himself.*) Well, brothers, now to business. Are there any orders from the Head Council?

GIOVANNI. There is one for brother Poignardi.  
 POIGNARDI. Let us see it.  
 GIOVANNI. It's a verbal order. Victor Emmanuel—  
 POIGNARDI. *King* Victor Emmanuel, sir—  
 ALL. Down with kings! No king here! We are all equal.  
 ANDREA. Down with Victor Emmanuel!  
 GIOVANNI. Not yet awhile, good brother. But, to resume. The Head Council is angry with Victor Emmanuel for his tardiness in ordering the soldiers to cross the frontier.  
 MAZZINI. That will be soon remedied. Brother Poignardi here can tell him what the Council expects.  
 POIGNARDI. I will speak, but I fear he will not move until urged by stronger reasons than I can use.  
 MAZZINI. Ha! why not the dagger?  
 ALL. O rare device!  
 MAZZINI. Talk of your orators and eloquence! The language of the dagger is understood by every man. The king and the beggar comprehend its philosophy. There is conviction in its cold, glittering point. It is *our ultima ratio regibus*.  
 GIOVANNI. Excellent! It shall be done.  
 POIGNARDI. What? Would you assassinate the king?  
 GIOVANNI. I tell you, brother, we have no kings here. So no more of that.  
 ANDREA. I'll do it,—I'll do it.  
 GIUSEPPE. Do what, brother?  
 ANDREA. Look you, if there's any dagger business, I'm your man. Know the exact spot to strike. Never missed my man yet. I'll do it.  
 GIOVANNI. Well, brother, you'll go.  
 POIGNARDI. Not to kill the—Victor Emmanuel.  
 MAZZINI. And if he were, what matter? I think as much of Victor Emmanuel as any man. But he is the representative of a system which has no sympathy with us.  
 GIOVANNI. Rest easy, brother Poignardi.—We'll not execute him this time. Andrea!  
 ANDREA. Your worship!  
 GIOVANNI. You'll carry Victor Emmanuel the second warning to-morrow night.  
 ANDREA. Then I'm not to stab him!  
 GIOVANNI. No,—no,—he is necessary to our cause, at least for some time longer.  
 ANDREA. But if I can't get to him, won't it do to stab a chamberlain or a lackey, just to give him a hint, you know.  
 GIOVANNI. No, I tell thee. (*To POIGNARDI.*) Brother, does Victor walk in his garden o' nights?  
 POIGNARDI. Sometimes.  
 GIOVANNI. Well, tempt him forth to-morrow evening. What a pity he's grown so fat and gross! Were he thin, he would haunt the garden at night and rant sentiment to his lady moon; Get him out, brother, and then find a pretext to leave him alone.  
 POIGNARDI. Could you not send word to some one else, brother? I dislike the business.  
 GIOVANNI. What care we for your likes or dislikes? When the master obeys—  
 ANDREA. A fine—a fine! A said "master." All men are equal, every way. There are no masters!  
 ALL. Well said, brother!  
 GIOVANNI. When the so-called master obeys, he so-called servant should not rebel. Do as you're ordered.  
 POIGNARDI. (*Aside.*) O madness! O folly! If the king but knew the volcano upon which his throne rests!  
 GIOVANNI. You know, brothers, what our object is. A universal brotherhood of man, where everything shall be in common. We have worked skilfully. The rulers of the world have been led to hate the Pope, and so help us to destroy the Papacy. If we can put an end to the Popes, the kings will be easy to overcome. That is our ulti-

mate design. To-day the Pope,—to-morrow kings and constitutions.  
 MAZZINI. But you work too slowly, brothers. The dagger—the dagger and *petroleum*,—it must come to that.  
 GIULIELMO. Will there be any God, when we rule?  
 ANDREA. No, brother,—we'll have no God. All men are equal, say I. Nor we won't have no churches. Shall we, brothers?  
 ALL. What's the use of churches when there's no God?  
 ANDREA. Sure enough! We'll make wine-shops of them.  
 GIUSEPPE. But if they be too large, brother?  
 ANDREA. We'll burn them.  
 ALL. Ha! ha! ha!  
 (*The lights are put half down.*)  
 GIOVANNI. Cirachio, you have received the summons?  
 CIRACHIO. I have.  
 GIOVANNI. Stand up, Giuseppe! (*G. stands.*) What is your charge against this brother?  
 GIUSEPPE. I saw him go to church.  
 ANDREA. A villain! a villain!  
 GIOVANNI. Silence, brother! (*To GIUSEPPE.*) What further saw you?  
 GIUSEPPE. He went to confession.  
 ANDREA. Ha! a monstrous rogue!  
 GIOVANNI. What say you to this testimony?  
 CIRACHIO. One word.—'Tis false!  
 ANDREA. But thou art a false villain to say it's false. I saw thee go to confession.  
 CIRACHIO. *Thou!*  
 ANDREA. No more words! I saw you. I was standing near, or, it might be, beside brother Giuseppe, when we saw you enter the church?  
 CIRACHIO. What church?  
 ANDREA. What church, eh! What has that to do with thy fault or crime, eh?  
 GIUSEPPE. (*Aside to ANDREA.*) The Church of San Antonio.  
 ANDREA. But church it was, and, more than that, it was the Church of San Antonio. Wilt thou have more testimony?  
 GIOVANNI. Enough. What judge ye this man deserves, brothers?  
 CIRACHIO. Let me explain!  
 ANDREA. Don't let him speak. A will make his case clear, if ye do. O, a cunning villain!  
 (*GIOVANNI strikes three times on the table. A figure in black appears, and noiselessly creeps behind CIRACHIO'S chair with dagger uplifted.*)  
 GIOVANNI. What judge ye, brothers, this man deserves?  
 SOME. Death!  
 OTHERS. Hear his defence!  
 GIOVANNI. A way with defence! Look behind you, Cirachio.  
 (*The latter turns, and is stabbed. Falls,—while two men bear away the body.*)  
 POIGNARDI. What was this man's crime?  
 GIOVANNI. It matters not to you. I have my orders from my superiors. Tell Victor Emmanuel what you have seen,—it may help him to see more clearly. And now, brothers, the council is ended. Andrea, remember your task. Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, Community! (*All hold up the right hand, and then pass off the stage.*)

SCENE II  
 PLACE—The same Room.  
 (*Enter GIUSEPPE and ANDREA.*)  
 ANDREA. Was it well said, Giuseppe?  
 GIUSEPPE. Excellent. But thy testimony was as true as mine. Giovanni told me to bring the charge against Cirachio. I never saw him go to church.  
 ANDREA. Nor I. But where is the church of San Antonio?  
 GIUSEPPE. I don't know. But all is one for that. We must obey our superiors.

ANDREA. Where would our oaths be, else? I'd kill my mother if the council told me.  
 GIUSEPPE. Good,—good!—let us off to a wine-shop. (*Exeunt.*)

## SCENE III.

PLACE—A Garden of the King's Palace. Moonlight.  
 (*Enter VICTOR EMMANUEL.*)

KING. I'll rest me here awhile, and strive to think

Of this design. The revellers within  
 Know not the troubles that encompass me.  
 A thousand tongues now scourge me to the task  
 Against great Rome. Yet do I fear to move  
 My hostile legions face to face with him  
 Whom twice a thousand years revere and love.

(*Walks silently awhile.*)

A curse is on my life, for every act  
 Is but the herald of worse infamy,  
 And all the virtues that should grace a king  
 Have taken flight and left me less than man.  
 Italian unity! Accursed the hour  
 When I first lent an ear unto the snake  
 Who hath crept into my most secret thoughts  
 And turned my nature from its better mood.  
 Cursed be the hour, Poignardi, I saw thy face!  
 I was contented with Sardinia's throne  
 Till thou didst raise the phantom Unity.

(*Walks again silently.*)

I am not King. Poignardi and that power  
 Now undermining states—*they* rule the land.  
 I feel my chains, but like the struggling fly  
 I strive in vain to rend this spider's web.

(*Walks again silently.*)

Pshaw! what a coward thing it seems to me,  
 To wish and not to wish at the same time!  
 I wish for Rome, and shall an old man's curse  
 Turn Victor from his purpose? Can the Pope  
 Make women of my soldiers? Shall I fear  
 When emperors and kings do urge me on?  
 What shall I fear?—

(*Enter MONK.*)

MONK. King Victor, fear thy God!  
 Fear Death!

KING. Speak! who art thou who dares intrude  
 Upon the privacy that guards a king?

MONK. Thy friend, King Victor.

KING. Monk, I say, begone!

One moment more and I shall call my guards!

MONK. King, call thy guards,—I fear them not,  
 nor thee!

What I do now, I do for conscience' sake,  
 And for thy wretched soul.

KING. Wilt thou begone?

Prisons and tortures wait thee—

MONK. I fear not.

Who does God's will has little cause to fear.  
 (*Kneels.*)

King Victor, I do heartily implore  
 That thou wouldst not attempt thy rash design  
 Against Christ's Vicar, our most holy Pope!

(*Rises and clasps his hands.*)

O King! King! King! remember that the blood  
 Now coursing in thy veins is blood of saints!

Can you forget how Holy Church has writ  
 The names of sixteen of thy family

Upon the heroic scroll which tells their deeds  
 Done in the flesh for God and His dear Spouse?

O base ingratitude! Canst thou forget  
 How that true Church thy wicked hand would  
 rend

Protected Charles Albert, thy unhappy sire,  
 And saved him from the jaws of enemies?

Thy house was planted by the generous Popes,  
 Thy family nourished by their noble care;

Savoy should be a word of gratitude,  
 And not the watchword of Rome's enemies.

The very crown which thou hast so dishonored  
 Rests on thy brow by favor of the Popes.

KING. 'Tis false, base monk!

MONK. King Victor, it is true!

An insult cannot change the truth to falsehood.

Where had your crown been if the Popes had not,  
Time and again, imperial Germany  
Turned from its purposed vengeance on thy house?  
I tell thee, King, the day thou lettest loose  
Thy banditti in uniform against the Pope  
Thy father's bones will shake within the tomb,  
And their dishonored ashes shall shriek out:  
"Avenge, O Lord, this traitor to our race!"  
KING. Must I bear this?

MONK. Oh, better bear my words  
Than the Almighty when His hand shall strike!  
Be not deceived; you're rushing down to doom  
Swifter than shoots the eagle on his prey  
From the far summits of the snowy Alps.  
You are opposed not to a man, but God!  
For, do you dream the Pope would bear the yoke  
Of base ingratitude, insult and calumny  
From ye, lost children of a cursed cause,  
If it were merely personal with him  
And he might stop your rage and save your souls  
By yielding unto your unjust demands?  
He is the champion of the cause of God;  
For in this Temporal Power divine design  
So mingled is with law's prescriptive rights  
That none can touch it, save the hand that made.  
(Kneels again.)

Beseech you, King, to hear my just appeal:  
By all that's sacred, peril not your soul!  
Believe me, I have not exposed my life  
Unto the chance of thy most kingly wrath  
For trifling motive. Your immortal soul  
Hangs trembling in the scale! (Rises up.) Take  
off your hand

From the dread robe that wraps the Fisherman.  
You speak of kings' and emperors' applause:  
But what are they but insects of an hour,  
Who play their tinsel'd part upon Life's stage  
And then go down to dust and kindred worms.  
King Victor, by your father's soul I pray,  
And by your mother's honor, stop in time!  
You're on the brink of a dark precipice;  
One step advance, and Death—

KING. (Somewhat moved.) What mean you,  
monk?

MONK. (Solemnly.) Victor Emmanuel, of Sar-  
dinia,

I tell you, in this solemn hour of night,  
With none to witness but my God and thee,  
If you pursue the course you've entered on  
You'll die a sudden death, by lawless hands,  
With all your sins upon your wretched soul!

KING. Monk, leave me now,—your words de-  
mand some thought.

I do believe my welfare touches you,—  
Further I shall not speak of my intent.  
I would I were well out of this affair;  
But my advisers—

MONK. Pardon me, my King,  
He can unmake who made them counsellors.

KING. Go—go—I would be left alone! Depart!  
(MONK disappears.)

He speaks the truth, and I shall profit much  
If I obey the better nature roused  
Within my breast. He spoke of sudden death,—  
Ah! thought of much discomfort unto me.  
Well, I'll reform whenever I can see  
A way t'escape present perplexity.

The soldiers shall be ordered back to camp,  
I care not what Pognardi says or thinks.  
What! Am I not King, and shall I be a slave,  
My diadem a fool's cap, and my throne  
The sport of every knavish diplomat?  
By Hercules! I'd sooner be a clown  
Whistling behind the plow his thoughtless air  
Than such a King!

(Enter ANDREA, as messenger from CARBONARI.)

ANDREA. Say, are you Victor Emmanuel?

KING. Villain!—Guards, ho!

(Shows a card on which is inscribed "ROME" in  
large letters with one hand, while with the other he  
presents a naked dagger, directed towards the King's  
heart.)

I am sent by the Council. They say to you,  
brother, this (raising the card,) or this, (raising the  
dagger.) This is the second warning. Beware!

KING. Guards! guards!

ANDREA. Bah! brother.—Catch larks with  
your guards. (Exit. The guards rush in.)

KING. A hundred scudi to the man who cap-  
tures that villain! (Exit.)

PLACE—The same garden.

(Enter POIGNARDI.)

POIGNARDI. Ha! Andrea has done his task.  
The king calls his guards.

(Enters soldier with OFFICER.)

OFFICER. Did you see a man pass here, Signor?

POIGNARDI. A word with you.

(They retire a short distance.)

Tell the king you could not find him. You un-  
derstand. The Council sent the man on a mes-  
sage to the king.

OFFICER. I comprehend. (Returns to the sol-  
diers.) The rascal has escaped. Back to the king.

(Exeunt.)

POIGNARDI. I wonder where the bold rascal  
has hidden himself. (Enter ANDREA stealthily.)  
Be off, man,—be off! You are in great peril.  
Pass through the postern gate. The pass-word is  
"Venice."—Begone!—I will see you rewarded.

(Exeunt.)

PLACE—The garden, etc.

(Enter the KING.)

KING. Well, let the villain go. I'm weary now.  
Let me rest here awhile. (Lies down upon a bench  
and sleeps.)

(Enter GHOSTS of relations.)

FIRST GHOST. Seek Rome and die! (Passes off.)

SECOND GHOST. Victor, beware of Rome!

THIRD GHOST. Who robs Christ's Vicar, dies!

FOURTH GHOST. Peace no more for Victor.

FIFTH GHOST. Grace hath gone out of thee, un-  
happy man! (Each in turn, with arm upraised,  
passes off the stage.)

KING. (Startling up.) Guards! Stay! it was  
a dream.

My blood is thrilling through my veins. My heart  
Is fluttering like a frightened child's.

Mercy—mercy!—I will not go to Rome.  
From this night forward I will be a king,  
Worthy of my sainted ancestors. Away  
The specious pleas, the false pretentious cant  
Of base Pognardi and his infidels.

The night is full of horror, and my soul  
Is dark as Egypt 'neath the curse of God.  
I will not go to Rome! that's said and done!

But yet they say Rome is my capital.  
No—no—not there,—anywhere on earth,  
But not to Rome. My resolution's made.  
And still the world says it is just and right.

I will not go,—but pause: if I go not,  
Perhaps the Carbonari dogs may go  
And slay the Pope. I think 'twere best for him  
That I should go. I won't,—I won't; that's flat!  
At least not in my present mood. Well, well,  
Perhaps that vision was a trick of hell.

Pshaw! so it was. How would my good friends  
laugh

To see me trembling like a truant school-boy.

I'll end this wavering. To-morrow's sun

Shall see my soldiers on the march for Rome!

(Exit.)

ACT THIRD.—SCENE I.

PLACE—Headquarters of Pope's Army.

(GEN. LAMORICIERE, COL. BAYARD, CAPT. BER-  
TRAND, CAPT. O'NEILL, and other OFFICERS.)

GEN. LAM. I am surprised, gentlemen, that my  
messenger has not returned.

COL. BAY. Perhaps, General, he has been taken  
as a spy.

GEN. LAM. But that difficulty would soon be

got over. The papers he has from me sufficiently  
prove who and what he is.

(Enter ORDERLY.)

GEN. LAM. Well, what now, Charles?

ORDERLY. (Saluting.) My General, there is an  
Irishman just arrived who desires to see you im-  
mediately.

GEN. LAM. Admit him, orderly. (Exit ORDERLY,  
laughing.)

(TIM is heard without, saying: Come on, ye  
vagabond! Hould up your head like a man. Sup-  
posin' ye are goin' to be hanged! Faith, it's  
spillin' a good rope to use it on sich a black-muzzled  
thief o' the world.)

CAPT. O'NEILL. By the bye, he's a countryman  
of mine, assuredly. O happy-go-easy soul, who  
would laugh a yard from a masked battery and  
joke at his own funeral.

(Enter TIM, leading in a GARIBALDIAN SPY, whose  
hands are tied behind his back.)

GEN. LAM. Why, what have we here, my good  
man?

TIM. Which av ye is General Lamorcier?

GEN. LAM. I am.

TIM. Why, thin, God's blessin' be upon ye,  
General darlin', but it's yourself that's the dacent  
man, anyhow. It must come hard on ye, my Gin-  
eral, afther fightin' lions in Africay to be obleeged  
to face hares in Italy.

ALL. Ha! ha! ha! Well said,—well said!

GEN. LAM. Now, tell me the meaning of this  
affair.

TIM. Well, first and foremost, General dear, I  
am Timothy Macmurtagh O'Shaughnessy. Sec-  
ond, I cotech this villain spyin' about the camp.  
He's a Garibaldian, General, and so should be  
hanged first, shot afterwards, and buried by the  
leg of a ditch, the haythen. And third, General,  
whisper—(Approaches Lam.) Fanti, the Sardan-  
ian rogue, has invaded the Pope's country on the  
sly.

GEN. LAM. How know you this?

TIM. I found a letther, and Misther Paul Car-  
roll read it, and that's what was in it? An' here's  
the letther. (GEN. LAM. reads. Hands it to the  
others.)

GEN. LAM. You have done your duty, good  
fellow. Do you belong to the Pope's army?

TIM. No, but I came all the way from Ire-  
land to join it, an' brought this gun wid me, to  
save money to the Pope, God bless him. It's a  
good gun, General; me grandfather had it at Vine-  
gar Hill.

GEN. LAM. Very well. You will carry a mes-  
sage from me to Major O'Reilly at Spoleto. In  
the mean time, you will consider yourself a regular  
soldier of the Pope's Brigade. I suppose it is not  
necessary for you to swear allegiance.

TIM. Allagiance! Shure, every dhrap av blood  
in the veins av my heart belong to the Pope.

COL. BAYARD. Well said, Tim. You're a noble  
fellow!

TIM. Phoo! sir, not much nobility about me;  
but I might be worse—I might be worse.

GEN. LAM. (To the SPY.) Who are you, fel-  
low?

SPY. Eh?

GEN. LAM. Ha! Playing the fool, eh? Bay-  
ard, order out the Provost's Guard. Tell them to  
bring a rope. (To the SPY.) Have you any mes-  
sage you would wish to send to your relations?

SPY. No understand! (Enter PROVOST GUARD.  
SPY turns pale and drops on his knees.)

O pardon,—pardon, illustrissime!

I will tell all. I am a spy, and sent

By General Fanti to observe your force.

He comes with thirty thousand men against

The foreign hirelings—I mean your brave men,

Who combat for the tyrant-Pope—no, no,

I mean His Holiness.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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.

SEVERAL communications have been crowded out this week.

WE regret that some of our friends who had promised to be present at the ordination were prevented from coming.

WE had the pleasure of listening to the exquisite playing of Prof. Van de Velde upon the violoncello, of which instrument he is perfect master.

WE are looking quite gay in the printing office with our new patent overhanging Turkish blinds, which Bro. Wilfrid is putting up in the very latest style.

REV. T. O'SULLIVAN, of Fort Wayne, Rev. F. Zuweller, of Plymouth, Rev. J. M. J. Graham, and Rev. F. Quinlan were here for the evening entertainment on Tuesday evening.

REV. FATHER LEMONNIER has arrived from the South, and, we are glad to see, is much improved in health. He brought, among other valuable items, the splendid bright weather of the climes in which he dwelt for several months.

MESSRS. F. C. BIGELOW and D. E. Hudson were received into the Congregation of Holy Cross and made their profession on Pentecost. Many old Students who knew Frank in by-gone years will congratulate him, as we do, upon the important step he has taken.

The Visit of Rt. Rev. Joseph Dwenger, D.D., Bishop of Fort Wayne.

The visit of the chief Pastor to this portion of his fold was a cause of much joy to his flock, and, we hope, of much gratification to the Rt. Rev. Prelate. The successor of the first Bishop of Fort Wayne, the lamented Bishop Luers, of happy memory, was received with all demonstrations of the respect and affection which we all have for the constituted authority of the Church; and the amiable qualities of the Rt. Rev. Bishop cannot fail to attach all the priests and laity of his Diocese as devotedly to him personally as they sincerely respect and venerate him for the high office he holds.

The Rt. Rev. Bishop arrived on Tuesday afternoon, and his arrival was announced by the ringing of the peal of bells, to which was added the deep, musical voice of the largest bell of the United States.

In the evening, the exercises of the Month of May took place before the usual hour, in order to give time for the preparations of the evening entertainment. After supper the Rt. Rev. Bishop, accompanied by Very Rev. Fathers General and Provincial, and several of the clergy of the Diocese, proceeded to Washington Hall, to be present at the evening entertainment. Addresses from the various Departments were read, and after some music, vocal and instrumental, the St. Cecilians, in full force, gave one of their sprightliest dramas. Towards the end, the Rt. Rev. Bishop made a short and impressive reply to the addresses of welcome. He expressed the pleasure he felt in visit-

ing these institutions of Notre Dame, "the pride of his Diocese," and the lively interest he took in their welfare.

On Wednesday, at eight o'clock, the Rt. Rev. Bishop celebrated Mass, Very Rev. Father Provincial being assistant priest. Thirty-nine Students were confirmed. Messrs. Bigelow and Hudson received the tonsure, and Mr. Bigelow subsequently received the four Minor Orders. Rev. Edward Lilly was raised to the sacred order of priesthood, being the first priest ordained by the Rt. Rev. Bishop.

The Rt. Rev. Bishop and the priests who assisted at the ordination were invited to dine at St. Mary's; at which institution, representative young ladies from each Department welcomed the Bishop in appropriate addresses. To these also the Bishop graciously responded, manifesting the pleasure he derived not only from the sentiments of the addresses, but also from the proof he had of the proficiency of the young ladies, as shown in the selections of instrumental and vocal music which were made to entertain him.

In the evening, the Rt. Rev. Bishop left St. Mary's to take the train. He bears with him the heartfelt regard and veneration which we all feel for the Bishop of Fort Wayne, and for Rt. Rev. Joseph Dwenger, and we sincerely hope he will often honor us with his presence at Notre Dame and St. Mary's.

The 14th Annual Summer Entertainment of the St. Cecilians.

The St. Cecilians entertained their many friends with an excellent entertainment on Tuesday evening, May 21st. The exercises commenced promptly at half-past six, the Band playing the grand opening march in fine style. The fantasia "Sur Souvenir de Spo," executed by Prof. Van de Velde, was one of the choicest musical *morceaux* we have ever had the privilege of enjoying. We hope that we will hear him more frequently in Washington Hall. Mr. Riopelle sang in good style, as did all the others who lent their voices in aid of the entertainment.

As the exhibition was gotten up in honor of Rt. Rev. Dr. Dwenger, Bishop of Fort Wayne, it was fitting that addresses should be made to him by the Students. The Seniors were well represented by Mr. M. Keeley, who read a well-prepared and highly pleasing address. The Juniors were represented by our friend Mark Foote. His address was short but to the point—pithy and good. We were extremely sorry to see that the Minims had no address. We hope that they will hereafter be given their right of free speech, and that they will use it freely. The Orchestra, as reorganized, made its first appearance, and in a creditable manner. The trio by Bro. Leopold, Prof. Van de Velde and D. J. Wile was excellent. We were sorry we did not have more from them.

But the great event of the evening was the comedy of "The Upstart," translated and remodelled from the French of Molière, by Prof. A. J. Stace. The Professor has succeeded in giving us a very entertaining play. He had many difficulties to contend against. He had to cut out all the female characters, and to change many of the incidents; but he overcame all difficulties and gave us an excellent comedy. The parts were well distributed, as a glance at the cast of characters in the following programme will show:

PROGRAMME.

PART FIRST.

Grand Opening March, (*Schutzen*), - N. D. U. C. BAND  
Grand Fantasia—Violoncello—"Sur Souvenir de Spo," (*Servais*), - - - - - PROF. M. VAN DE VELDE  
Song—"Kiss me and I'll go to Sleep," (*Smith*),  
GEORGE L. RIOPELLE  
Address from the Senior Department to the Right  
Rev. Bishop, - - - - - M. KEELEY

Song—"Be Gentle," - - - - - A. FILSON  
Declamation, - - - - - C. BERDEL  
Music—Trio—Violin, Violoncello and Piano,  
Bro. LEOPOLD, PROF. VAN DE VELDE, AND D. J. WILE  
Declamation, - - - - - C. DODGE  
Address from the Junior Department, - MARK M. FOOTE  
Music, - - - - - ORCHESTRA  
Prologue, - - - - - J. McHUGH  
Music—Polka, - - - - - N. D. U. C. BAND

PART SECOND.

THE UPSTART.

A COMEDY IN THREE ACTS.

Translated and Remodelled from the French by a Member of the Faculty.

Mr. Jordan, the Upstart,.....C. A. BERDEL  
Old Mr. Jordan, his father,.....C. J. DODGE  
Cleon,.....D. J. WILE  
Covielle, a Valet to Cleon,.....W. W. DODGE  
Doranto, a Count,.....M. M. FOOTE  
Dorimenes, a Marquis,.....B. F. ROBERTS  
Signore Profundo, Professor of Philosophy,.....J. F. McHUGH  
Signore Bassilio, Professor of Music,.....S. E. DUM  
Fiorello, his Pupil,.....J. A. RUMELY  
Figaro, Dancing Master,.....C. E. HUTCHINGS  
Jeronimo, Fencing Master,.....J. D. SPILLARD  
Nicholas, a Privileged Servant of Mr. Jordan's,.....M. M. MAHONEY

Ali Bey, the Mufti,.....L. H. McOSKER  
Signore Crispino, a Tailor,.....P. P. REILLY  
Giacomo,.....L. O. HIBBEN  
Paolo,.....J. QUILL  
Beppo,.....J. DUNN  
Pedro,.....J. DEVINE  
Baptista, First Footman,.....F. EGAN  
Carlo, Second Footman,.....V. MCKINNON  
Pasquela,.....A. FILSON  
Rigoletto,.....J. QUINLAN  
Filippo,.....J. CAMPBELL  
Poliuto,.....O. WATERMAN  
Prestolo,.....E. SHEA  
Alvina,.....F. ARANTZ  
Rigolo,.....F. PHELAN  
Francesco, etc.,.....E. S. MONAHAN, and others.

Boum,.....P. COONEY  
Fenail,.....E. ROBERTS  
Bachisaid,.....F. McOSKER  
Kamyl,.....R. HUTCHINGS  
Faud Bob,.....D. HOGAN  
Haroun,.....J. HOGAN  
Selim,.....W. FLETCHER  
Moub,.....G. DUFFEY  
Lianef,.....B. HUGHES  
Abdelkish,.....W. KELLY  
Alraschid,.....W. MEYERS  
Pompey,.....J. SHANKS  
Cuffey,.....H. HUNT

GRAND TURKISH DANCE.

Epilogue.....C. A. BERDEL  
Closing Remarks.....  
March for Retiring,.....N. D. U. C. BAND

Mr. Berdel was the *shoddy* gentleman out and out. The audience were in alternate giggles and roars whenever he appeared upon the stage. Mr. Charles Dodge was an excellent old man. D. J. Wile acted his part in good style. But would it not be better to give him a part in which more of the tragical appears? W. W. Dodge would sustain a heavier part than the one which was allotted to him. Mr. Foote made an excellent man of the world. If he was great in borrowing money, he need never desire a loan of dramatic talent. Roberts was a perfect specimen on *nonchalance*. The Professors of Philosophy and Music, (McHugh and Dum,) and the dancing and fencing masters, (Hutchings and Spillard) were excellent. Charlie trips the light fantastic toe in good style.

Our friend "Teddy" was a success as a good hearty laughter, and all admit that he exercised his right as a privileged servant as he ought. Devine and Reilly, and the other tradesmen, know how to follow their calling. Messrs. Egan and McKinnon made two of the best-looking lackeys we ever saw. Campbell, Wile, and the other musicians, sung pleasingly. Messrs. W. Kelly, and W. Meyers were almost too angelical in looks to be simple dervises. We expected to see wings on them after beholding their pretty dresses. Messrs. Hunt and Shanks were incomparable little negroes. Their

tricks and pranks were the source of many broad grins and loud roars.

Altogether the play was a grand success, and Mr. Lyons is deserving of all the credit that is to be given to a getter-up of plays. Any one who knows the great difficulty in preparing exhibitions will understand that he who succeeds in getting up a good exhibition does a "big thing."

At the conclusion of the play, Bishop Dwenger made some very pleasing remarks. Among the many persons present, we noticed Rev. Fathers Graham of South Bend and O'Sullivan of Laporte.

NICHOLAS.

### Tables of Honor.

#### SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

May 17—T. Ireland, B. Drake, G. Madden, H. Dehner, N. Mitchell, T. Dundon, T. Renshaw, C. Donnelly, D. Gahan, T. Hansard.

#### JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

May 17—M. Mahoney, L. McOsker, F. McOsker, P. Reilly, B. Roberts, E. Shea, M. McCormack, J. Murphy, W. Kelly, A. Kline.

D. A. C., Sec.

THE members of the St. Cecilia Philomathean Association return their sincere thanks to Profs. W. J. Ivers, T. E. Howard and A. J. Stace for their valuable services tendered in preparing the literary entertainment of the 21st inst. Also to Bros. Francis de Sales, Camillus and Ferdinand, Prof. Edwards and D. J. Wile for their kind assistance.

At the thirty-eight regular meeting Mr. Jas. F. Edwards was elected Honorary Vice-President of the Association.

J. A. LYONS,  
President.

S. DUM,  
Secretary.

WE record with pleasure the notice which the Editor of the *Union* makes of our Foreman, who makes up the *SCHOLASTIC* as well as the *Ave Maria*. He says:

"Last Wednesday evening we were favored with a call from Mr. W. McMichael, Foreman of the *Ave Maria* office, at Notre Dame. Mr. McMichael is not only a first-class printer, but is an able and fluent writer and a perfect gentleman."

### A Stampede of Snails.

(SAXET:)

On a certain day of the month of May, a day of diluvian remembrance, the omnibus doing the regular passenger business between the Avenue of the Route and the Place de la Bastille was passing at a thundering speed in front of the Great Market Hall, when a man issuing from the nearest stall beckoned the driver to stop and let him in. The rain was pouring in torrents; and the coachman, as mad as coachman could be under such trying circumstances, never stopped until the repeated *Hos!* and *Hehs!* and *Stop!* of the market individual convinced him that it was no use to run a race with such an *entêté*, and that the best thing he could do was to finally give him a chance to get in the 'bus.

But alack for the market buyer! he was drenched from head to foot, without a dry stitch or thread on his back, and what seemed to be worse still, the large paper-wrapped bundle under his arm was soaked through and through and made a very dilapidated figure as its bearer carried it in both hands to the last empty seat of the crowded vehicle. The passengers, especially the ladies, looked with ominous eyes on the newly-arrived, and gathered themselves up so as to avoid contact with him. The deluged individual, having relieved himself of his package and hid it from sight under the seat, began to squeeze in the drollest way the super-

abundant moisture that had lodged around his person, without perceiving that he was an object of curiosity to all the passengers. Now he would squeeze this leg, now that leg; then he would press the water out of his left arm, then out of the right arm; then he would begin again with his legs, and in rotation would go over the same parts of his person. The hilarity of the beholders was soon excited, inasmuch as each squeezing motion invariably directed the liquid upon the package under the seat. What was the meaning of such strange conduct, and what could that package contain? The neighbors were puzzled. The nearest lady had some misgivings as to the contents of said package; so had the nearest gentleman. A quiet, serious-looking individual on the opposite seat had eyed for some minutes the strange parcel, when, lo! he stretched his cane in the suspicious direction, leaned forward as if to assure himself that there was no mistake, and in a half inquisitive, half positive tone said: "Permit me sir; if I am not mistaken, it is a snail that I behold going up there," his cane directly pointing it out and his eyes fixed in a most unmistakable way upon the strange phenomenon.

"A snail here!" uttered the nearest lady.

"What! impossible!" said a second.

"A snail in an omnibus!" remarked a retired gentleman; "something very strange, I declare!"

"Some one here must have brought snails aboard," said a fourth, in the farthest corner.

This last remark, which every one seemed to endorse, caused a singular shudder through the person of the lately arrived individual, which found reaction in a renewed and more active squeezing process.

Some one stood accused of having snails aboard. "It is not I,"—"nor I,"—"nor I,"—fourteen nays were uttered in two seconds. Our damp passenger alone was absorbed in pumping out the distressing liquid and directing its flow under the seat. The watchful gentleman opposite had seen his curiosity grow tenfold during a few minutes—"Pardon, madam," said he to the lady with rose damask dress next to the stranger,—"*pardon, but—yes—there—*"

"O heavens!—what is it?" exclaimed the lady, horrified.

"Yes, another snail indeed!" continued the self-made naturalist.

The lady rose up, terror-stricken, but her damp neighbor soon relieved her from her fears by catching the wanderer and replacing it under the seat. As bad luck would have it, the paper-wrapping had burst under the effect of the additional rain poured from the limbs of its owner, and its no longer dubious contents were noiselessly scattering in all directions. Long-horned, slimy snails were soon climbing and creeping and crawling on all sides.

"Pardon, sir, if I mistake not it is a snail I see there above your coat pocket," said the platonic naturalist, who had eyes for all the snails.

"Good heavens!" said the rose damask lady, "Monsieur has a bag of snails under the seat."

"Hunger brings the wolf out of the woods," added a jovial passenger. "Monsieur poured rain upon them, and now they come out to get fresh showers."

"Who ever saw snails in an omnibus?" said another passenger. "It is an outrage!"—"It is an infamy!"—"It is against all law"—such were the exclamations, half amusing half serious, of all the persons aboard. The self-imposed watch, the man with the cane, seemed intent on clearing up the mystery, and directly addressed the snail man, just then occupied in picking up a large snail on his neighbor's pants, and giving utterance to all sorts of anathemas against the weather—"I'd vouch," said the gentleman, raising the cloth of the seat with his cane, "I'd vouch there must be a thousand snails there."

Every one rose from his seat to look, and a general burst of laughter rang through the vehicle. A thousand snails seemed really to have rent asunder the frail wrapping paper, and started, bag and baggage. Their owner was dumbfounded, and worked like a beaver to gather up the deserting legions. "Indeed, ladies and gentlemen, you need have no fears; they are perfectly harmless, and make a delightful dish at that."

"Monsieur must have a very large family," said one of the ladies.

"Monsieur bought all the snails in the market!" said another.

"Indeed, ladies and gentlemen," said the unfortunate, who had just deposited his hat and had proceeded to fill it up with the dainty things, "indeed I have but a few hundred."

This information, made in the coolest manner possible, and the sight of the hat brimful of snails picked up here on the seat, there on the shoulder of a gentleman, here on the rose damask lady's bonnet, farther off in a coat pocket, and high up on the top of the 'bus, had driven the whole company to roars of laughter. It was a side-splitting performance. The passers-by in the streets looked amazed, astounded at such extraordinary and reckless behavior on the part of the 'bus occupants. The driver began to think that he had a load of lunatics aboard, and that he had best go to Charenton and commit his passengers to the care of that asylum. The passengers seemed to be getting worse and worse all the time; their faces seemed contorted by some unknown agency. Some were crouching on the seats; others at the bottom of the vehicle; the uproar of laughter was growing louder all the while, as if stirred up by the strange motions of the recently arrived individual, who went hither and thither through the 'bus as if acting under some diabolical influence.

The rose damask lady, standing up from her seat, after several fruitless attempts seized at last upon the rope that was to beckon the driver to stop. Said rope was attached to said driver's arm, and nearly dislocated it, so powerful was the jerk of the rose damask lady. The driver in a fit of ill-temper brought instanter the fast-running vehicle to perfect stillness, and caused the rose damask lady to lose her equilibrium and dash her full weight upon the ill-fated hat. At this juncture the paroxysm of lunacy was attained. The driver swore he would not budge one step with such crazed people, and soon his concern was emptied of the roaring passengers, who went hither and thither in search of some resting-place where they could regain their primitive good sense.

The rose damask lady sued the man with the snails for the heavy damages she had suffered on his account. The man of the snails sued the lady for damages to his hat and contents. The court after a short deliberation dismissed the case.

By the life-giving influence by which her apostles are ever accompanied throughout the earth, strewing, as it were, the most barren sands with flowers and verdure; by her immense and immutable dominion, a domination whose extent and permanence would render the perpetuation of ignorance amongst her children an impossibility, supposing such were amongst her wishes; by the revelations of her magnificent history; by the principles of her creed; and, by the wisdom of her many eminent councils, the Catholic Church is triumphantly vindicated from the imputation of hostility to knowledge. Not only has the Church been the preserver of learning and knowledge in the past, but she has been the patroness of more recent intelligence, and the instigator of modern enterprise. Look only at her missionary labors. What region of the earth is not full of them—full of the works of men who impart, in felicitous concurrence, divine wisdom and human intelligence?



### English Undeified.

EDITOR SCHOLASTIC: Simple Simon is a genuine American, as he hopes, and wears no British badge, as he fondly believes; nevertheless he is forced to recognize the fact that the American language and the English are one and the same thing; he also trusts that, in any event, he is sufficiently patriotic to be unwilling to forsake his mother-tongue and swear allegiance to the language of the "social" or political empire of Kaiser William. Simple Simon has no such fondness for gutturals and despotism.

Whether the English authors that have exerted "greatest influence" have been "few and feeble," as compared with those of Greece, Italy, etc., is a question which may safely be left to French and German critics. Schlegel and Chateaubriand have something to say in the matter; and the great French work "Taine's English Literature" would be interesting reading for those unfamiliar with the subject.

The greatest nations and languages have arisen from the union of different peoples and tongues. Race after race poured into Greece before the pure Greek was formed, speaking his matchless language, composite but "undeified." It was so also with the Romans, the Italians, the Spaniards, the French and the English; the chief reason why Germany has been the last of the western nations of Europe to attain a high degree of civilization is undoubtedly because no admixture of races has there warmed up the sluggish blood, and no addition of elegant words has given grace and activity to the rugged and turgid speech. It is not true that the Latin is a pure language in the sense of being altogether developed from within itself, for it is, in fact, boastfully, not to say slavishly, Grecianized, as appears from almost any page of Cicero, Virgil or Horace.

Our language too is composite, as our people are cosmopolitan, like those of all the greatest nations; and it is no less absurd to deny the existence of pure English because it is drawn from different sources, than it would be to deny the existence of pure honey because it is gathered from a thousand flowers, or to deny the purity of a good dinner because it is not all a dish of sourkraut.

Almost every tongue in existence has been laid under tribute to complete the beautiful language which we use and which bids fair to become the universal speech of Civilization—the American language, as the Russians, and even the Germans have called it, but at any rate *our* language and a very acceptable one to

SIMPLE SIMON.

### Base-Ball.

Now that the fine weather has decided to remain with us after so much coquetry, there is no excuse for neglecting to take regular and moderate exercise, which has for its object the maintenance of health. But we fear exercise like the word *liberty* inquire is the game popularly known as Base-ball exercise in the true sense of the word? Exercise does not by any means imply that a young gentleman should put on a pair of tights, a skin-fitting shirt, and stand under the broiling sun half a day in order that he may recover his wasting strength.

Let us take a slight glance at one of those match games, on which there is so much printer's ink used in describing the purely physical skill of the batters in sending a ball whizzing through the air—and the stupid, stoic patience of the fielders, lost to everything but the ball. The day is fine, the crowd large, and the players are dressed like tight-rope dancers. Somebody cries out in an authoritative voice, "Tom at the bat, Dick on deck, and Harry in the hole." Immediately Tom comes

forward, selects a bat, examines it carefully, rubs his hand over it as if it were a pet kitten he was caressing—apparently satisfied, he takes his place, and a gentle youth a dozen feet in front of him pitches a ball with all his strength. Tom strikes it, drops his bat and runs to the first base. Dick goes to the bat, and we suppose Harry gets out of the figurative hole. While Tom is trying to make his way home from base to base let us listen to the chaste language in which the captain couches his orders.

Captain (to runner) — "Go along there? you aint half running. Run!—run over the base, the ball is after you." (Runner gets to the first base safe.) Suddenly, to the umpire: "How is that for a ball?" "How is that for a balk?" To the runner: "Go now—slide in." (Runner succeeds in making another base.) "Now lead off this time, and run on a fly." (Runner leads off a little too much, and is put out.) His colleagues, in language loud, deep and emphatic, exclaim: "Why the thunder didn't you watch the ball? You ought to be fined! You ought to be kicked out of the nine!" Then some one becomes dissatisfied with the umpire, disputes his word, and avers that he "don't know anything about base-ball." Now a stylish fellow comes dancing up to the base, strikes at the ball, the umpire yells out "Foul out!"—the batter murmurs after him "F-o-u-l o-u-t"—walks over to his coat and declares he won't play against nine men and the umpire [Sensible conclusion]. An enthusiastic admirer at our side exclaims, as a ball rolls along the ground, "Isn't that a daisy-cutter?"—"I reckon that ball won't be cooked,"—"That's clinched!"—"Didn't he gobble it up?"—"You bet he nailed it!"—"Can't he smuggle em!"

We move on a little further and are highly entertained with sage remarks on the relative merits of "sky-scrapers," "daisy-cutters," "bounders," and "flies." Then some one cries out, without any effort to conceal his disgust: "Muffed!"—"Fingered it!"—"A scratch!"—"A bully scoop!"

By this time, Tom, Dick, Harry and other members have made a "score." They have been cheered and complimented, hooted and hissed alternately, by the bystanders. Now let us see how much exercise they have had. The distance from base to base, is about 90 feet; the whole distance ran by those who have made a tally is 360 feet. While running they are laboring under excitement; instead of enjoying exercise they are in reality working hard. Here we have labor and excitement called exercise! Now, anything that produces undue excitement is certainly detrimental to health. But it may be said that clubs do not become excited, and that they are indifferent as to the result—that the sole object is sport. If such were the case we would not have a word to say against it. But we know such is not the case; it is no uncommon thing for players to go without their dinner so that they may be better able to play in the afternoon.

No one supposes for an instant that a circus actor, a pugilist or a crack oarsman follow their avocations for the sake of exercise, and yet we will venture to say that none of these work any harder or labor under greater excitement than the Base-Ballist; and, excepting the pugilist, none run a greater risk of receiving serious injury.

It is true that the spectators admire the strength, skill and patience that Base-Ballists display, but the admiration is something akin to that the old Romans felt when they witnessed the feats of the gladiators in the arena. No doubt it is owing to the skill required to become a good Base-Ballist that the game has descended from an innocent though violent recreation to a species of gambling. We have our professional clubs who, like a circus company or minstrel troupe, wander from place to place,—generally unprincipled enough to sell a game to any gambler willing to buy it.

Base-Ball and gambling are so closely allied that

you cannot speak about the abilities of a player without being challenged to back up your assertion with the "stamps"—or as they say, "Put up or shut up." Indeed in all Base-Ball discussions it seemed to us that there was more money than brains displayed.

Doubtless it will be said that we are looking at Base-Ball from the most unfavorable view,—that all we have said is merely the abuse to which every game, however healthy and innocent, is liable.

If clubs were willing to play among themselves for the sake of exercise, then there could be no reasonable objection raised against the game. But when clubs play for championship, for flags, or for prizes of any description, then their objects in playing are to gain the prize and please their backers; the game ceases to be one of amusement or exercise, and becomes a serious day's work, upon the result of which depends whose pocket shall be replenished and whose depleted.

Then come the criminations and recriminations. Who sold the game? who played off? and such like charges that would almost make a rogue blush to hear.

Let Base-Ball clubs play for exercise; let the First Nine play with the Third or Fourth Nine. There is no necessity for them to eat an early dinner, or go without any—for they only overload their stomach at lunch, and are then unable to eat their supper. We do not expect Base-Ball clubs to discontinue the practice of playing for prizes; we know it would be unreasonable in us to ask them to cease training for a game, by way of dieting themselves; and we know it would be cruel to object to their taking a few days' repose after the fatigues of a match-game. But we do think they should be candid enough to admit that exercise is not their object,—that all the mental excitement they suffer, all the physical labor they undergo, and all the injuries they receive, they freely endure for the sake of being called champions; then people will not wonder why Base-Ball players engage in a game in which they must perform all the labor and the by-standers enjoy all the sport. Then they will be looked on in the light of athletics, whose well-developed muscles, whose fleet-footedness and whose power of endurance will be a proper subject to immortalize in Base-Ball poetry and to criticize in the Base-Ball prose of the period.

SONO.

### P. Green on the Piano.

POSITIVELY THE LAST PERFORMANCE.

I suppose the readers of the *Song Messenger* on seeing my announcement that the last essay, to wit, that upon the French Horn, was the last of the series which I have been perpetrating, did not believe it was *really* the last. They are too well accustomed to the tricks of musical people to take much stock in announcement of "farewell performances" and "farewell tours" and all that. There seems to be a fascination about music which impels every one of its votaries to hang on and stick by, like a dog to a root; or, to use a more appropriate simile, like a singer to one of Root's melodies. Thus we are accustomed to see Max Strakosch announcing farewell concerts for Nilsson in Chicago, month after month, as long as the audiences continue large, (and that apparently will be forever). In like manner, Ole Bull has made at least seven farewell tours in America, previous to marrying, settling down among us, and going into the business permanently. You see the same thing in musical compositions of the more pretentious class—overtures, for instance. They close up with a grand bravura movement, *fortissimo e presto e accelerando*; and when the strain is finished, they have a relapse of one previously disposed of; then

they get inveigled into a confused sort of a flourish on general principles; and after finishing up the piece once more, they become involved in an excited coda, after which they proceed to close, most reluctantly, with a series of blasts, a measure apart, as if to hint that but for sheer lack of breath they never would have stopped at all. Such is the power of fascination in music.

\* \* \* \* \*

To begin with, I should have taken up the piano at the outset of this series; but I supposed everybody knew how to play the piano spontaneously. My observation has been mainly to that effect. Being convinced that there are exceptions, however, I now proceed to provide for them.

The piano is sometimes known as the *pianoforte*; but the less *forte* you keep it, the better your friends like it. Why the concert grand is not called a *piano-fortissimo* I never could quite understand.

Pianos are grand, square, and upright. It is not now considered necessary that a piano, to be good for anything, must have been exhibited at the great Paris Exposition, which is now believed to have been rather an imposition than an exposition. It is hardly necessary for me to state, however, that no piano is worth much which cannot show a certificate from Nilsson, stating that it is the best piano extant. Nearly all the makers have these now, and the others are marked "Certificate applied for."

The most important parts of the piano are the stool and key-board. The former being mounted by the player, he has the latter completely at his mercy.

The key-board is composed of black and white keys, in about the same proportion in which those colors are blended in the population of the United States. I hardly need state that, since the adoption of the Fifteenth Amendment, the blacks are just as high-toned as the whites. Some of the blacks are sharps and some are flats; and the same key may be one or the other.

Any citizen, native or foreign, is eligible to play upon the piano. I have hinted, however, in a previous essay, at the damage to the feelings of a community which is liable to result from the efforts of a child under two years of age, when given free sway over the key-board of a susceptible piano. A good rule is not to admit the child to the key-board until its hands are large enough to stretch over the interval of a minor third. The tendency of childhood is to minor seconds, which, being continued for an hour or so, tend to demoralize the tympanum of the listener. A good rule for such cases is the old maxim, take care of the minute infant, and the seconds will take care of themselves.

The learner is supposed to be qualified, by the instructions already given, to place himself upon the stool and find the key-board. The next task, and perhaps a more difficult one to the average learner is, to find the keys which yield harmony.

By the way, let me caution the learner against being involved in attempts to produce melodies upon the piano. They may do for the fife, the flute, the French horn, or the bass drum, which cannot produce anything else, even under the most skilful manipulation; but the noble piano is destined for the higher uses of harmony.

The grand key to the learner's success is the key of C, which involves no complications such as always arise when the black keys thrust themselves into use. The learner will fumble around until at length he is rewarded by the discovery of the common chord of C. This is glory enough for one day, and he takes a rest after practicing at it an hour, straying off occasionally and groping his way back after many trials.

The next attempt, if the pupil be apt, will reveal the beauties of the chord of G. These two will answer for several weeks, and will serve very well as accompaniments to many popular

songs. But by and by the soul of the musician begins to yearn for the chord of the sub-dominant; though of course it doesn't know, with any degree of technical exactness, what it is yearning for. The chord of F finally comes out, however, and the soul aforesaid lapses into unmitigated bliss.

The pupil is now qualified to attend evening parties and to volunteer piano performances *ad libitum*. His refrain will be (O that he would refrain!)



This strain can be repeated as many times as may be necessary to produce a perceptible effect upon the assembled company, or until the air to which the above chords are joined (I was about to say *fitted*, but, like George Washington, I can't tell a lie) is sung out. The accompaniment will then be considered played out; but it may be rung in several times, later in the evening.

Many society people make the above course answer for their entire musical wants; but to be thorough, one should have two or more keys in which to operate. F and G are the best ones, next to C, and each having only one key of the colored persuasion.

I shall not take the learner further in this fascinating act, as all beyond is pure fancy, and if one doesn't stop here, he never wants to stop at all.

Persons who have mastered this course will find that the piano has only one drawback, viz.: being so ponderous as not to be portable, so that the performer can keep his audience well in hand. Audiences in such cases have a tendency to go to talking about the weather, or to sally off into another room, or go out and play croquet. A portable piano would obviate the evil of this by enabling the performer to make himself ubiquitous. He would then have the power, not only to move his hearers, but to move after them.

Let us have peace! P. GREEN.

**The University Rattlers "vi" the Minim B. B. C.;  
But They "vi" in Vain.**

EDITOR SCHOLASTIC: We had the pleasure, on Thursday, the 23rd, of witnessing a game of baseball the most exciting of the season, played by the above-mentioned clubs on the Minims' grounds. We said exciting, and we add amusing—for both Seniors and Juniors left off their sports and were largely represented in the assembled crowd. We would feel inclined, if we had time, to hunt up our "base-ball poet" and have him write up the matter, but as the probabilities are against his being found except on champion occasions, we must content ourselves to speak of the game in prose. By the way, we noticed also the attendance in full of the "Amalgamated Society," and their President, "by dad," as natural as life, and as critical as ever. The day was a fine one for this Society, smoke would not rise to show itself worth a cent.

But now for the business. The game lasted four hours and ten minutes. All stood it well except a few of the big Seniors. One got hit on the shin with the ball; he declared it did not hurt him—or, as he said himself, "he was no nigger." Another would catch a fly, but he didn't—it hit him on the head; he thought to stop it, but he couldn't—the result was he fainted, but recovered almost instantaneously and played with renewed vigor to the end. A third thought he could throw away the big part of his foot and use the stump to ad-

vantage, but he found it impracticable and was carried off the field. Mr. Keely, who was blue-moulding for a batting, volunteered in his place and batted well. Mr. Dodge umpired the game with the dignity and gravity of an owl.

During the game you might hear cheering, and vociferous ejaculations like the following: "Dougherty wild throw to bases,"—"Graham caught napping,—out, confound him,"—"Base taken on Finigan's pitching; Finigan is a failure,"—"Finley good bat, nice batter,"—"Goite sitting down in the field—get rapped with ball,"—"You never mind Goite—he plays well,"—"Graham good bat—makes third base,"—"Murphy asleep, as ever, though he throws well,"—"Lang played well before carried off,"—"Jones first-rate catcher—caught every foul that he held,"—"Madden good play—plenty of tobacco helps him,"—"Dougherty good player, good captain,"—"Side out." Loud and prolonged cheering. "Bully for the Minims!"—"De Groot smart fellow,—gosh! made third base,"—"Madden knocked on the knuckles with a ball. Ah! Madden, sell out,"—"Tally all these Minims,"—"Ten to one on the Minims,"—"McMahon sure batter, good runner, makes second,"—"Good for McMahon!" cries a curly-headed sport at our side. "Dee to the bat—good bat—bully for Dee!" "Little Green and little McMahon play first-rate,"—"D. Green catches well,"—"Foul out!" Dougherty, pitcher, feels something tickling him on the shin. "Pshaw! it's only a grounder that struck him,"—"Hurrah for Faxon,"—"Good playing,"—"Salazar fine throw." And, we would add, the finest playing we have witnessed this season. The score stands, Minims 36, "Rattlers" 35. This is but the first of a series of games for the championship; we saw the flag for the winners,—it is beautiful, and will no doubt swing gracefully over the Minims' play-hall.

A DISINTERESTED MIND.

**Championship.**

University Nine vs. Excelsior B. B. C.

THE LATTER DEFEATED IN A CLOSE GAME.

MR. EDITOR: The Excelsiors have entered for the championship of the University. Thursday, May 23d, witnessed their opening game with the University Nine, and it was only by a "scratch" that they were defeated. They play a magnificent field game, the secret of which is in Captain Vogt's pitching. Mr. F. P. Hamilton furnishes the following

UNIVER. NINE	SCORE.				EXCELSIOR	SCORE.				
	O	R	E	A		O	R	E	A	
Staley, c. f. . . . .	1	3	1	1	Fletcher, c. . . . .	3	2	1	11	1
Dillon, s. s. . . . .	2	1	2	3	Hibben, s. s. . . . .	5	0	0	3	6
Thomas, c. . . . .	4	1	2	3	Stubbs, 3d b. . . . .	2	3	0	2	1
Darmody, 2d b. . . . .	4	2	1	4	McHugh, r. f. . . . .	2	3	1	0	0
Davis, p. . . . .	4	1	2	0	Oswell, 1st b. . . . .	5	0	0	6	1
Walsh, 1. f. . . . .	3	2	0	3	Spillard, 2d b. . . . .	4	1	0	3	1
Gambree, 1st b. . . . .	4	0	1	14	Quill, c. f. . . . .	2	1	0	1	0
Smarr, 3d b. . . . .	3	2	1	1	Vogt, p. . . . .	2	2	0	0	0
Johnson, r. f. . . . .	4	1	1	1	McOsker, 1. f. . . . .	5	0	0	4	0
Total. . . . .	30	13	11	30	Total. . . . .	30	12	2	39	10

UNIVER. NINE	INNINGS.										EXCELSIOR
	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	
U. N. . . . .	0	0	0	2	2	2	2	4	0	1	—13.
Excelsior. . . . .	0	0	4	0	3	0	2	1	2	0	—12.

Umpire—Mr. C. Dodge, of the Star of the West Base-Ball Club.  
Time of Game—Two hours and fifteen minutes.  
First Base by Errors—University Nine, 12; Excelsior, 14. PLUJO.

THE "OWL" WITH THE "STANDARD."—We nod to Mr. Dodge and the Editors of the *Standard* and say: "Gentlemen, we are with you on the temperance question. Let us have a little more on the same subject; it will do no harm these times."—*Philodemic Owl.*

**SAINT MARY'S ACADEMY.**

ST. MARY'S ACADEMY, }  
May 20, 1872.

TABLE OF HONOR—SR. DEP'T.

May 20—Misses M. Kirwan, M. Shirland, M. Tuberty, M. Dillon, L. Marshall, A. Borup, J. Forbes, G. Hurst, H. Tinsley, K. McMahon, M. Lassen, A. Woods.

HONORABLY MENTIONED.

Graduating Class—Miss A. Clarke.  
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, E. Plamondon, I. Reynolds, V. Ball, A. Piatt, L. West, J. Coffey, D. Green, J. Millis, C. Woods, R. Spier, I. Logan.

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

First Preparatory—Misses A. Emonds, M. McIntyre, H. McMahon, A. St. Clair, A. Hambleton, N. Sullivan, J. Walsh, C. Crevling, F. Moore, A. McLaughlin, R. McIntyre, M. Kelly, N. Duggan, M. Layfield, N. Ball, L. James, G. Kellogg.

Second Preparatory—Misses M. Mooney, H. McLaughlin, A. Conahan, M. Nash, M. Pinney, J. Luce, L. Eutzler, A. Brandenburg, E. Wade, B. Wade, M. Roberts, A. Hunt, K. Casey, M. Addis, E. Crawford, N. Bower.

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

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

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

First German—Misses K. Zell, K. Brown, L. Pfeiffer, K. Miller.

Second German—Misses J. Millis, A. Rose, M. Gall, F. Kendall.

Latin—Miss F. Munn.

Plain Sewing—Misses A. Mast, K. Brown, L. Crowley, A. Todd, A. Shea, I. Logan, A. Piatt, V. Ball, I. Wilder, N. Sullivan, M. McIntyre, M. Letourneau, I. Edwards, C. Woods, D. Green, J. Millis, A. Woods, C. Crevling, A. Hambleton.

INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC.

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

Second Division—Misses A. Borup, K. McMahon.

Second Class—Misses E. Plamondon, A. Clarke.

Second Division—Misses A. Gollhardt, L. Duffield.

Third Class—Misses M. Quan, M. Lassen, D. Green, H. McMahon, M. Prince.

Second Division—Misses A. Emonds, K. Brown, R. Devoto, J. Coffey, M. Donahue, M. Tuberty.

Fourth Class—Misses M. Kearney, K. Zell, A. Byrne.

Second Division—Misses J. Kearney, A. St. Clair, M. Letourneau.

Fifth Class—Misses J. Millis, G. Kelly, A. Mast.

Sixth Class—Misses K. Haymond, L. Buehler, L. Pfeiffer.

Seventh Class—Misses K. Greenleaf, K. Miller, E. Crawford.

Eighth Class—Misses A. Walsh, L. Harrison.

Ninth Class—Misses R. Wile, E. Follmer.

Tenth Class—Misses S. Addis, E. Richardson.

Organ—Misses L. West, A. Mast.  
Harp—Misses M. Shirland, K. McMahon.  
Guitar—Misses B. Crowley, G. Kellogg.

TABLE OF HONOR—JR. DEP'T.

May 21—Misses M. Kearney, L. Niel, N. Gross, A. Clarke, M. Quan, J. Kearney, E. Richardson, A. Byrne, L. Tinsley, J. Duffield, M. Faxon.

HONORABLY MENTIONED.

First Preparatory—Misses M. Walker, M. Cummings, E. Parker, M. Hepp, M. and J. Thompson.  
Second Preparatory—Misses M. Quill, S. Honeyman.

Junior Preparatory—Misses A. Lynch, G. Kelly, F. Lloyd, A. Gollhardt, L. McKinnon, F. Munn, B. Quan, A. Burney.

First Junior—Misses A. Rose, M. Walsh, M. Farnum, A. Noel, T. Cronin, M. Carlin, D. Allen, M. Hildreth.

Fancy Work—Misses M. Quan, A. Gollhardt, E. Richardson.

Plain Sewing—Misses M. Kearney, F. Lloyd.

The "AVE MARIA."

A CATHOLIC JOURNAL, particularly devoted to the Holy Mother of God. Published weekly at Notre Dame University, Indiana, encouraged and approved by the highest authority of the Church.

TERMS:

Life subscription, \$20, payable in advance, or by installments paid within the year.  
For 5 years, \$10, in advance.  
For 2 years, \$5, in advance.  
For 1 year, \$3, in advance.  
Single copies, 10 cents.  
To clubs of ten subscribers, for one year, eleven copies of the AVE MARIA for \$25, in advance.  
To clubs of ten subscribers, for two years, eleven copies of the AVE MARIA for \$45, in advance.  
To clubs of twenty subscribers, for one year, twenty-five copies of the AVE MARIA for \$50, in advance.  
The postage of the AVE MARIA is but five cents a quarter, or twenty cents a year, when paid in advance—either by remittance to the mailing office here, or paid at the subscriber's post office.  
Address, EDITOR AVE MARIA, Notre Dame, Indiana.

**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.  
Situating 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 Bedding, 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, \$8 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, Stationery, 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 05 a. m.
" " 9 15 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 55 p. m.	" " 10 10 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. LEMOND, Auditor, Cleveland, Ohio.  
J. NO. DEEMOND, Sup't Western Division, Chicago, Ill.  
J. W. CARY, 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 09 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, Pittsburg, 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 1/2 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, Pittsburg.  
J. M. C. CREIGHTON, Ass't Sup't, Pittsburg.  
H. W. GWINNER, Gen. Pass. and Ticket Ag't, Philadelphia.  
F. R. MYERS, Gen'l Pass. and Ticket Ag't, Pittsburg.  
W. C. CLELAND, Ass't Gen'l Pass. Ag't, Chicago.