

THE SCHOLASTIC.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE STUDENTS.

"Vita Sine Literis Mors Est."

Volume VI.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, APRIL 5, 1873.

Number 30.

Canadian Correspondence.

EDITOR SCHOLASTIC:—We have been trying to imitate our more civilized brethren of the States in our celebrations during the past month. On Washington's Birthday the St. Patrick's Literary Society held a *Séance* in the large *salle* of the College. The drama was "St. Louis in Chains," and the principal parts were as well sustained as they could possibly be in our oldest Colleges. Mr. Daniel Sullivan, of Jefferson City, Mo., delivered the eulogy on Washington; and we have seldom heard a more eloquent effort. The Stars and Stripes waved proudly in the breeze on that day—and the enthusiasm of the young Americans perhaps was more demonstrative than if they had been in their native Yankeedom. On the 8th inst. the Rev. E. Louis Labbé and Rev. Paul Larochelle were ordained priests of the Holy Cross in the Bishop's church, Montreal; and at 2 o'clock P. M. on the same day they received addresses of congratulation in French and English, spoken by members of the St. Patrick's, St. Jean Baptiste, St. Richard's, St. Cecilia's and St. Philip de Neri Societies.

On Sunday, the 16th, the grand drama of "Robert Emmet" was represented. Mr. Wm. Meenan, of Providence, R. I., as "Emmet," was superb. "O'Leary," by Mr. James Coyle, was well sustained—and "Larry O'Gaff," by Mr. John Burke, was rendered in true Irish style. Both those gentlemen are also from Providence. Mr. Michael O'Hara, of the same fortunate city, delivered a soul-stirring speech on the "Irish Brigade under Meagher,"—and Mr. James Coyle spoke eloquently for more than an hour on Ireland and her glorious Apostle. It was no trite, cut and dry oration—but original,—a composition worthy the occasion, and an honor to the orator. The festivity of St. Patrick was celebrated religiously, as well as socially—all the students of Irish descent approached the Holy Table in the morning, and after breakfast attended solemn High Mass,—Rev. F. Shortis officiating as celebrant, Rev. Mr. Kennealy, of Boston, deacon, and Mr. Thomas Walsh, C. S. C., subdeacon. Rev. Mr. Kennealy, in Deacon's Orders, preached his maiden sermon, which could not be surpassed by many of our most popular preachers.

After lunch, the St. Patrick's Society had a grand sleigh-ride to Montreal, and at 7 o'clock P. M. the grand banquet commenced. I should trespass on your valuable space were I to attempt to describe this truly splendid affair. A mere enumeration of the toasts and sentiments, the speeches made in response, the songs, the wit, and music, would fill many pages. Suffice it to say that the toasts were judiciously selected, the sentiments brilliantly conceived, and the responses spiritedly and appropriately given. The Canadian officers and the students were as enthusiastic in

the celebration as the Patricians. All did justice to the viands, wines, and sweetmeats.

Everything passed off delightfully—and the students of St. Laurent may well feel proud of the success of their celebration of their national Saint.

On the 18th the Académie of St. Philip de Neri gave a grand *Séance*—comedies, songs and declamations varied the Entertainment. Many young gentlemen distinguished themselves. St. Joseph's Day was solemnized as a Festival of the First Class—and all have now settled down, calmly awaiting the sombre solemnities of Holy Week.

SPECTATOR.

St. Joseph's Day at Cincinnati.

ST. JOSEPH'S ACADEMY, 269 & 271 EIGHTH ST.,
CINCINNATI, OHIO, March 22, 1873.

EDITOR SCHOLASTIC:—The Feast of St. Joseph was celebrated here with great solemnity. At 7 o'clock Rev. Father Lauth read Mass, at which nearly one hundred of the pupils received Holy Communion. Nine o'clock being the hour at which the Pontifical Mass was to commence, the pupils, their parents, and a number of invited guests, began to assemble at an early hour, in order to secure seats. A little before the appointed time, His Grace the Archbishop, in company with his Chancellor, Rev. Father Halley, entered the parlor, where they were received by several of the Rev. Clergy who had already arrived.

After a short time, which was principally occupied by the guests in paying their respects to the venerable Archbishop, the company left the parlor and proceeded to the chapel. The altar was decorated in a manner befitting the Feast and the impressive ceremonies that were to take place. Not least among the ornaments were two Munich statues, one of St. Joseph and the other of our Blessed Mother, both the gift of John Gerke, Esq., County Treasurer.

The Archbishop being vested in his pontifical robes, the Mass commenced. The following is a list of those who officiated on the occasion: Celebrant—Most Rev. J. B. Purcell, D. D.; Assistant Priest—Rev. W. J. Halley, of St. Peter's Cathedral; Deacons of Honor—Rev. Ubaldus Webersinke, O. S. F., of St. Francis' Church, and Rev. A. Schweniger, of St. Ludwig's Church; Deacons of the Mass—Rev. W. Menke, D. D., of Holy Trinity Church, and Rev. Jacob F. Lauth, C. S. C., Chaplain of the Academy; Master of Ceremonies—Mr. M. Mahoney, C. S. C., Teacher in the Academy.

Besides the above named Clergymen we observed the following priests in the Sanctuary: Rev. J. C. Albrink, of Holy Trinity Church; Rev. Luc's Gottbehoede, O. S. F., of

Hamilton; Rev. Herm. Ferneding, of St. Paul's Church; and Rev. Father Windhorst, of St. Augustine's Church.

Haydn's First Mass in B-flat was sung by members of the several Choirs, from the Cathedral, All Saints', and St. Ludwig's Churches. It is needless to say that when the highest musical talent of the three leading choirs of the city was united, the effect was as sublime as the most devoted lover of the art divine could desire. Indeed as we listened to the rich swelling voices of the singers we were forcibly reminded of the words of a great writer, who said, "Song has come to us from the angels, and symphony has its sound in Heaven," and we fully realized the saying that "Song is the daughter of prayer, and prayer is the companion of religion."

After Mass, His Grace preached a short but impressive sermon on the virtues and glorious privileges of St. Joseph. Without attempting to give extracts which would only mar its beauty, we will merely remark that the discourse was listened to with that marked attention which His Grace always commands. After the sermon he proceeded to bless the statues, and when this ceremony was concluded Rev. A. Schweniger preached a sermon in German which fully sustained his reputation as the first German pulpit orator in the city.

The impressive ceremonies lasted nearly three hours; at their conclusion the Rev. Fathers and invited guests returned to the parlor, where they were entertained with some choice music, both vocal and instrumental, by the pupils and professors.

The members of St. Joseph's Sodality, dressed in full regalia, entered the parlor; and one of their number, Master Leo Merling, read an address to the assembled guests, which received the applause of the audience and elicited the praise of the Archbishop.

Dinner being announced, all promptly responded to the call, and did ample justice to the good things prepared under the personal supervision of the Superior of the Academy Bro. Arsene, C. S. C.

After dinner the company separated, edified with the solemn ceremonies of the morning, pleased with the whole-souled hospitality of the Brothers, and profuse in their expressions of sincere wishes for the future well-being of the Academy. All of which feelings were entertained by

A VISITOR.

THE following lines from the (London) *Hornet* written at the time of the strike of the coal miners, seem to embody the sentiments of some of our utilitarian friends:

Oh, woodman fell that tree!
Spare not a single bough!
In youth it sheltered me,
But I must burn it now.
'Twas my forefather's hand
That placed it in this spot;
Then, woodman, fell that tree,
'Twill do to boil the pot!

A BRIGHT little boy hearing his father say that a man ought to "stick to his business," emptied a bottle of mucilage in the old gentleman's office chair. The old man says he has not been stuck so badly since 1857, and rewarded his offspring by taking him on a whaling trip to the back cellar.

"THERE is one thing," said a gentleman at a race, "that nobody can beat, and that is time." "Fudge!" exclaimed a bystander, "every drummer in the land beats time!"

To a Rose from Ireland.

O faded leaf, O faded rose,
Ye bear me back again
Where purling stream in music flows
Through Ormond's flow'ry plain,
And the mellow blue of Erin's skies
Meets my upturned gaze,
And I am with the hearts I prize
And live the old, old days!

O faded leaf, O faded rose,
What magic power ye hold,
To wake again within my heart
The feelings as of old!
I see the paths my childhood's feet
Once pressed in playful glee
And all the sunny hours of youth
Bright memory wings to me.

Ye bear me to a ruined fane
Round which the ivy clings
Which held oft many a royal train
And where sleep our Irish kings;
And oft beneath its chancelled arch
When the harvest moon was high
How proudly throbbed my heart to hear
Of its glorious days gone by.

Of those glorious days ere Erin knew
The foeman's wily smile,
When 'round the Cross the shamrock grew
And peace possessed our isle.
Those happy days when Science reared
Her temples 'mid each grove,
And hearts that never cringed to fear
Were tamed and ruled by love.

Yes, ye bear me to a hallowed mound
Beneath far Ormond's skies,
Where 'neath the shamrocks often wet
By tears from loving eyes,
In quiet sleep a noble heart
To-night is still and cold,
To throb no more with purpose high
As in the days of old.

Thus, faded leaf and faded rose,
As my tears may not restore
The bloom which 'neath my native skies
Your lovely petals wore,
E'en so no tears of ours may bring
The light and life fond memories hold
To the eyes and lips we loved
In the hallowed days of old.

ST. MARY'S, INDIANA.

"INSECTS FIDDLEING.—The chirping and singing of the cricket and grasshopper are frequently spoken of: but they do not sing—they fiddle. By rubbing wings and legs together—each in a manner peculiar to its species—these insects produce the sounds which characterize them. Perhaps our best insect instrumental performer is the 'katy-did.' Each wing contains a little tamborine, and by the opening and shutting of the wings these are rubbed against each other, and produce the sounds of 'katy-did-she-did,' which can be heard at a long distance, and gives the insect its name. These sounds are supposed to be useful in enabling insects to find their mates; or they may indulge in them for their own gratification, and to add to the general harmony of nature."

Fly-Catches.

THE HUNTERS it appears have quit their gameless sport and are in search of something more pleasurable. They report no game.

THE ORCHESTRA ought to keep pace with the Band; it does not lack either members or talent. It ought to be one of the musical features of Notre Dame this year. Of course Brother Basil takes interest in it, and we are always glad to hear it.

THE BRASS BAND.—There is no doubt but the Brass Band, under the direction of Mr. J. Gillespie, is the finest ever heard at Notre Dame, and compares favorably with any other band within many miles of Notre Dame. It could not be much otherwise, as many of the members are promising young artists familiar with a number of instruments.

WEATHER.—At present each day of the week presents different kind of weather, and each hour in the day a different species; so it is easier to say what we haven't had than what we have had. The fact is we haven't had *fine* and *pleasant* weather yet by any means, but April is here, and we begin to expect something more settled and agreeable.

RECREATION DAYS are still frequently spent, as during mid-winter, in the recreation-hall. Walks around the lake are sometimes pleasant and sometimes quite the reverse. Taking things all in all, there is not yet much life outside of the play-hall, and of course this is very limited; but fine weather, which we have been so long anticipating, will cause all these things to expand, and Notre Dame will present a scene as in days of yore.

BALL-ALLEY.—Again we see the alley in use, especially the Juniors, which, it will be remembered, has a plank floor, and hence is always in perfect running order when the weather will permit the lovers of the game to appear without the walls of the recreation hall. We have noticed much excitement here of late. The Seniors' alley, though somewhat soft yet, is frequently sufficiently dry, and has been the scene of several games already.

BASE-BALL is still to a great extent a thing of the imagination; for although all are ready for the field, none have been able to take it and hold it. Yet the imagination does not extend to the bats—for it would indeed be very difficult for the imagination to conceive bats turned with such exquisite touches as those which are offered to the base ball world at Notre Dame. Indeed the turner must be a master mechanic, for who else could think of introducing upon the surface of one bat the varied form of the surface of the earth, with its rivers, mountains, valleys and seas.

CHIT CHAT.—The ice has entirely forsaken the lower lake; still it has some claim upon the upper, the edges of which have been for some time thawed, though there is remaining in the middle a large cake which seems to retain its maximum thickness and hardness; a few days of pleasant, warm weather, however, makes perceptible changes in it. The highway across the lake is blockaded at both ends by insurmountable barriers, and hence pedestrians have to resort to the summer walks around the head of the lake. The little house in the Botanical Garden it appears does not reach its completion very fast.

THE GARDEN has commenced to undergo its changes. The large tree—the king of the garden,—which stood near the summer-house, has been removed, and not even a stump is left to tell the tale of its many prosperous years. It has beheld the shrubbery grow up around it, and is now laid low by the woodman's axe. Some of the large evergreens, too, it appears, are to suffer a similar fate; though their lives are to be spared, yet they must live the remainder of their days in exile. One has thus been banished from the front of the College to the yard in front of the Exhibition Hall. Yet, no doubt, all these changes are in accordance with good taste and utility,—the latter at least with regard to the evergreens, for more room is wanted between the College steps and the garden fence.

AN EXCELLENT PEN.—We have been favored with a sample card of the celebrated Spencerian Steel Pens, and after trying them quite thoroughly are convinced of their superior merit. These pens are comprised in fifteen numbers, each differing in flexibility and fineness of point, so that the most fastidious penman cannot fail to find among the fifteen just such a pen as suits him. The Spencerian Pens are famous for their elasticity of movement, smoothness of point and great durability, and are a nearer approximation to the real Swan Quill Pen than any thing hitherto made. They are manufactured in England under the supervision of the original inventor of Steel Pens, the venerable Josiah Mason, and Joseph Gillott—the latter making a few of the numbers after the models of the late P. R. Spencer, the famous penman. They are used very largely in the common schools of the United States, in all the principal commercial colleges, in the Government offices at Washington, and in the banks and commercial offices throughout the country, the sale reaching an enormous quantity annually. For the convenience of those who may wish to try them, a sample card of the Spencerian Pens may be had by mail by enclosing 25 cents to Messrs. Ivison, Blakeman, Taylor & Co., 138 and 140 Grand Street, N. Y., or the pens may be bought at almost any store where pens are sold.

The St. Cecilians.

The 30th and 31st regular meetings were held March 12th and 18th respectively. At these meetings the following members read Compositions and delivered Declamations: Jno. Ewing, J. Devine, V. McKenna, W. Ball, E. Ohmer, W. Gross, O. Tong, and H. Hunt. After this, selections from "The Standard" were read by the Editor-in chief, Wm. Breen.

At the 31st meeting B. Baca presented himself for membership and was unanimously elected. A vote of thanks was unanimously tendered to Bro. Albert, C. S. C., Professor of Drawing and Painting, for many favors, especially for the beautiful tablet which he arranged for the Association.

W. P. A. BREEN, *Cor. Sec'y.*

A WESTERN musical critic thus speaks of a *prima Donna*: "She had; and we suppose still retains, a magnificent voice for a fog whistle. Its compass was perfectly surprising. She would shake the chandeliers with a wild whoop that made every man instinctively feel for his scalp, and followed it up with a roar that would shame a bassoon."

"It is a very easy thing to know thyself, but who will introduce you?"

The Scholastic.

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Easter Vacation.

There appears to be an impression amongst some of our friends that we have a vacation, or suspension of studies, during Easter time, and under this impression several write to us every year to permit their sons to visit home during Easter week. We are always ready to accede to the wishes of our friends when we can do so, and when those wishes are not based upon a misunderstanding. But in this case there evidently is a misunderstanding. We have no Easter Vacation. There is no suspension of Class at this season, and absence at this time is as detrimental to the student as it would be at any other period, and a source of great inconvenience to the Faculty. We trust therefore that parents will not, without some urgent reason, call their sons home at this or at any other time while the Classes are in regular operation, and thus prevent the disadvantage which must necessarily result to them from such interruption of their studies, and the inconvenience to the Faculty consequent upon a disturbance of that equality of advancement which gives vigor to a Class, but which cannot be preserved unless all attend regularly.

DIRECTOR OF STUDIES.

A Catholic Missionary.

A few days ago we had the pleasure of meeting a Catholic priest who for nine years has fulfilled the arduous duties of a Missionary in Oregon—the Rev. Leopold Dieleman. The name is familiar to many of the readers of THE SCHOLASTIC—some of them old students of Notre Dame, who, after leaving Notre Dame to pursue their theological studies, had the pleasure of knowing Father Dieleman in the American College in Louvain. Father O'Sullivan of Laporte and Father P. Rierdon of Chicago, we know, are among the number. For the sake of his old friends, as well as to give all our readers an idea of the missionary life of a Catholic priest, we shall put in print some of the conversation we had with him. We regret that we cannot reproduce in our report the beautiful simplicity, the unaffected humility, the utter forgetfulness of self and the irrepressible zeal which marked the conversation of Father Dieleman. From Father Dieleman's good friend, Father Capon, of Niles, we learned that Father Dieleman is a Belgian, and the son of an old soldier who served with honor under the first Napoleon, and that Father Dieleman, who now looks every inch the soldier, had at first dreamed of a military career for himself, but thinking better of it, determined to become a soldier of Christ. He presented himself at the American College of Louvain, having resolved to devote him-

self to the American Missions, and in the absence of Father De Neve, the President of the College, was received by Father Capon. Having completed his theological course, he was ordained priest, and in 1864 entered upon his mission in Oregon.

We were so impressed with the Rev. Father's description of the extent of the mission, that we took a map to trace his route—the map, printed some nine years ago, about the time Father Dieleman began his mission, easily disposes of that part of Oregon by the word UNEXPLORED, running through the whole extent from north to south.

It was through this unexplored region, scantily inhabited by Indians, and gradually receiving a few immigrants and miners, that Father Dieleman travelled afoot or on horseback during the past nine years. From north to south his missionary field extended nearly five hundred miles, as it took in, to the south, a portion of California; from east to west the field measured over four hundred miles.

The general character of the country is mountainous,—the mountains covered with snow, at times to the depth of twenty feet, while the valleys, with fertile soil, enjoy a moderate and extremely healthy climate. Beautiful rivers water the valleys, rush through deep cañons and meander along the comparatively level country east and south of the Blue Mountains. Many lakes of pure water and plenty of fish dot the country east and south of the Blue Mountains. Goose Lake, partly in Oregon and partly in California, is a body of water sixty miles long, surrounded by a large and fertile valley or basin.

We cannot enter into details—yet they were most interesting to us, and would be to our readers could we give to our pen the charm of the Rev. Father's conversation—but we must be content to give an outline of his route.

In Baker City Father Dieleman built a church, which he dedicated to St. Francis of Sales. Here are his headquarters. His nearest mission station is Auburn, nine miles from Baker City; Eldorado is forty miles away; Uniontown, forty-nine miles; La Grande, sixty miles; Summerville, sixty-five miles. This alone in a country where there are no railroads, and precious little of any kind of roads, would be enough to be attended by one priest—but would not be, after all, more than other missionary priests out West do,—nor as much. For be it understood that we are not making out Father Dieleman to be an extraordinary Missionary—he would give us a rap over the knuckles were we to attempt to do so—but, having met him so recently, we take him and his labors as a sample of what others do; some do less, and still a great deal; others may do more, but we must confess we have not met with them.

Having set in order the portion of his flock residing in and about the places just mentioned, which we may consider the suburbs of his headquarters, he mounts his horse for Cañon City, which is one hundred and eleven miles from Baker City, the route lying across the rugged Blue Mountain and several treacherous streams. We are tempted to describe here two of the thrilling incidents he related to us,—one, about his fording a river, the other, of his losing his way, and after his horse had perished, wandering for five days and nights with nothing to eat but some huckleberries and water-cresses that he at times was so fortunate as to find. But we refrain.

Reaching Cañon City after a weary ride of one hundred

and eleven miles, we may presume he rests awhile, and after attending to the wants of his flock there (and who so welcomed as a Catholic priest by faithful Catholics?) he goes to Camp Logan, twenty-one miles east of Cañon City, where there are usually two companies of soldiers, many of whom are Catholics.* Then he visits Fort Watson, seventy-five miles north of Cañon City, where there are two companies. In the section of the country east of Cañon City, are many miners and some farmers, whom he visits. In Dixie City there is a congregation of two hundred settlers; on Olive Creek, one hundred and fifty miners; on Burat River, one thousand five hundred miners; on Willow Creek, one thousand two hundred miners and settlers. Returning to Cañon City, he strikes south to Fort Harney, in Harney Valley, seventy-five miles from Cañon City, and thence to Fort Warner, one hundred and eighty miles south of Fort Harney, and fifteen miles from the California State line, where there are always several companies, forty-four companies having at different times occupied it during the years that Father Dieleman visited it. Three companies are stationed at Fort Harney. From Fort Warner he rides to Goose Lake, around which there are many farmers tilling splendid farms, and thence into the State of California, through the beautiful country called Surprise Valley.

Are you tired, gentle readers, going over this long route on paper with such a guide as our pen? How tired and weary must not Father Dieleman have been, many and many a time, at the close of day, going over this route on horseback—often on foot—and not always sure of a more comfortable resting-place than the ground, with his saddle for a pillow! Heigh-ho! sitting here in our old armchair, with a not very uncomfortable bed to bounce into when we feel like retiring, we seem to ourselves to be, in comparison to Father Dieleman, a lazy, good-for-nothing mortal who ought to be ashamed of himself, and if we had the courage and requisite skill, we would ask permission of Father Dieleman, on his return from Europe, to go along with him to take care of his horse.

We have used up all the space reserved for us without having given a full account of Father Dieleman's Mission, and must necessarily omit many things of interest, especially about the Indians in his mission. A part of his Mission, for instance, is occupied by the Modoc Indians, whom the forces of the United States have vainly endeavored to dislodge from their country and drive into some "reservation." We would like to reproduce Father Dieleman's remarks, full of good sense, on this subject, and then send this number of THE SCHOLASTIC to the President. He would get better ideas about Indians, and Indian agents and such like, than he seems to have, judging from the manner the Indians have been treated. But if we were to write down only that which Father Dieleman told us of Captain Jack, with whom he has often conversed, and

whom he has heard "orate" "more eloquently," quoth Father Dieleman, "than any man I have ever listened to," we would not have space left us to wish the Rev. Father "*bon voyage*" across the ocean to his native land. May he find his good old father and all his friends in excellent health, that he may catch it from them as well as from the air of his native village; and may he, the valiant soldier of Christ, return to his Mission with increased vigor to second his zeal for God's glory,—we say nothing about the increase of his zeal, for it is always great, because it is sustained by his heartfelt devotion to the Mother of God.

A Plea for Reformed Winter.

The first of April, the "glorious day," which is so universally celebrated by those whose patronal feast it is, was appropriately ushered by Old Winter, who no doubt considered it a good joke to present his familiar, frowning face, thus preventing lovely Miss Spring from taking us in by a premature appearance, and from doing herself the injustice of making her *début* in the guise of a chilly, frosty *parée* maiden. Gallant old fellow is Winter! Miss Spring's garments of green being still out of repair, after the wear and tear given them by Summer and Autumn, Old Winter shows the warm heart that thumps beneath his rugged waistcoat of ice by spreading over the ragged, repaired vesture of Miss Spring a good thick coat of beautiful snow.

The idea!—as we in effect remarked to a friend of ours in Canada,—the idea of our Hoosier Winter putting on style, and attempting to pass himself off as the simon pure Winter,—like, for instance, a good Minnesota Winter that makes a dead set at his business in November, and never wavers in his resolution of keeping down the thermometer until he relaxes his hold in May! Now everybody knows, you know, that our Hoosier Winter was for years back an irresolute, knock-kneed, disreputable old fellow, who always failed to keep his promises; so weak that he rarely ever got the upper hand of the thermometer, which invariably rose several degrees higher the day after Old Winter succeeded in putting it below zero. It is a well-known fact, and there's no deduction in writing it, that our Hoosier Winter was in past years like an old toper or a "re-forming" smoker, always swearing off and as continually relapsing. He would begin blustering in November as if he meant business, pick on to the thermometer, hold it down with a steady grip until he froze things, and then let up a little, to have time to attend to a first-class snow storm; and all the oldest inhabitants would be in ecstasies at such a fine beginning of winter, the like of which had never been seen in this region of country since the year before the first log house was put up in Pinhook! You would suppose from this that Old Winter had taken a permanent lease for three months. But no, bless you! Before the week would be over the thermometer would rise to explain, the sun would come out, the snow vanish, and we would enjoy the mud and slush, and coughs and sneezes; we would talk through the nose, and we would cry through the nose, using up more pocket-handkerchiefs in a day than we would need for a week in other days; and when we were enjoying this weather, our Hoosier Winter would swear off and swear on, and would pounce again upon the thermometer, choke it down, freeze things again, and then thaw out things again—and he would keep on this same

* An officer of the Regular Army once told us that more than one half of the soldiers, and a great number of the officers of the Regular Army, are Catholics,—a fact to be noted by those who are so blatant about Catholics being opposed to American institutions. In points of danger, both as missionaries and soldiers, you will always find Catholics. We would not mention this here were it not for the persistent misrepresentations of men who are animated not by love of their country, but by their hatred of the faith professed by more than six millions of their fellow-countrymen.

old tune, like a demoralized, wheezy old fellow in a dirty white coat, playing on a hand organ with only one tune in it. That is what our Hoosier Winter was. That's the kind o' man *he* was.

The idea, then, that he should succeed in making a regular, steady, thorough-going winter of himself this year! It is encouraging; for he has achieved a decided success. He appeared in the same character for more than a hundred consecutive days and nights,—Sundays included, and Sunday nights, too,—not even taking a resting spell for the January thaw. He took us by surprise, and not being used to that kind of thing, we were somewhat a-weary and thought him a bore for staying so long. But we opine that Winter may justly say, with Mr. Venus' sweetheart, that he "does not wish to regard himself, nor yet to be regarded, in that boney light," for he has reformed, and has proved that he can be a staid, steady winter, able to give us a supply of sleigh-riding for more than a hundred days; and if he keeps on next year, and next, and so on, we shall gladly welcome Old Winter with his beautiful, magnificent, precious snows.

If any object that he is overdoing the thing by remaining too long, and making some half dozen "absolutely last appearances," we would ask, why repine? the fault is yours, you have pined so much during the cold months that you should not be surprised at Winter's re-tar'd.

"Touch not a Single Bough."

It was with pleasure I read "Woodman, spare that tree," in last week's SCHOLASTIC, written as it was with such a good motive and with so much moderation; and I add "Touch not a single Bough" not that I would object to some lopping off of branches, and stopping there, but because when the scientific woodchopper begins to trim a tree he becomes a veritable bushwhacker, and never holds off and cries enough until he has turned the tree into an exaggerated bean-pole and transformed a beautiful grove into the image of a flourishing hop-field.

I am not given to dropping a silent tear, nor am I often in a sentimental mood. Quite the contrary—especially when I see trees, planted with much care more than twenty years ago, taken away, root and branch, from before the College; more especially when I remember that one beautiful evening in Spring, more than twenty years ago, I saw Father General—then Father Superior, and President of the College—with spade in hand come across the old playground, now taken up by the flower garden, and having arrived at the old fence—long since taken away, but up to a few short weeks ago indicated by a row of beautiful trees—stand there surrounded by a number of students, with whom he conversed a while in his winning way. Continuing his familiar talk, he dug the hole in which to place the first tree, and having placed the tree in proper position he shovelled in the earth while one of the students held the tree upright and in line with a few humble locust trees which years ago had the good fortune to die a natural death.

When a few days ago I beheld that tree, which had grown up to be a fine one, lying prone on the ground, and the axeman looking at it in meditative mood as if stricken with remorse, I did not feel sentimental. *Quite the contrary.* Could not the æsthetic be cultivated outside of the College as well as inside? Or is it?

A Suggestion.

The Railroad Station formerly known as Salem Crossing is now called Otis, but on the railroad tickets sold at South Bend—and we presume it is the same at other stations along the L. S. & M. S. road—the name Salem Crossing is still retained. Many travellers wishing to stop at the Crossing, hearing 'Otis' called out, and seeing Salem Crossing on their ticket, do not budge, never suspecting that O'tis Salem Crossing, and are carried beyond, and thus they fail to make connection with the train on the Louisville, New Albany and Chicago road. Would it not be well to change the name on the ticket, or else have the brakeman to call out "Salem Crossing," as of yore?

Our correspondence from Cincinnati arrived too late for publication last week.

Roll of Honor.

[Under this head are given each week the names of those students whose conduct was in every respect satisfactory during the week preceding the given date.]

FRIDAY, MARCH 29, 1873.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

A. Allen, C. Berdel, M. Bastarache, J. Browne, M. Browne, J. Begue, P. Cooney, H. Cassidy, A. Costello, W. Campbell, E. Chalfant, B. Dorsey, F. Devoto, C. Dodge, W. Dodge, J. Drake, T. Dundon, P. Downey, J. Egan, M. Foley, T. Fitzpatrick, M. Foote, J. Ferry, J. Gillen, E. Gambee, E. Halpin, H. Hug, J. Ireland, T. Keenan, J. Kelly, J. McGlynn, E. Morancy, J. McDermott, E. Monahan, J. Murphy, A. Mooney, J. McCormick, E. McSweeney, P. O'Meara, P. O'Connell, P. O'Mahony, F. Phelan, J. Rofoinot, E. Spitley, G. Stack, C. Spears, F. Scrafford, G. Summers, J. Scherer, P. Sullivan, W. Van't Woud, C. Vinson, T. White, C. Walter, H. Zeitler, D. Hogan.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

G. Amann, B. Baca, W. Ball, W. Breen, L. Busch, C. Black, P. Brosseau, H. Bennett, C. Clarke, J. Caren, B. Casey, J. Devine, J. Dore, F. Egan, H. Enneking, J. Ewing, G. Gross, W. Gross, J. Golsen, E. Holt, V. Hansen, H. Hoffman, R. Hutchings, A. Kleine, A. Kreiter, W. Kinzie, A. Kramer, J. Lynch, F. McOsker, T. McGee, J. Mullarky, E. McMahon, W. McMahon, S. Marks, J. McGrath, W. Morgan, E. Milburn, J. McHugh, N. Mooney, D. McAndrews, J. Nevin, J. O'Connell, E. Ohmer, C. O'Connor, W. Pollard, J. Quill, A. Reid, W. Rumely, J. Stubbs, D. Salazar, A. Schmidt, J. Shannahan, P. Tansey, S. Wise, J. Wanbaugh, F. Weisenberger, F. Wittelsperger, H. Zuber.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

H. Faxon, J. Cooney, J. O'Meara, A. Murphy, E. Raymond, T. Hooley, W. O'Hara, R. Haley, A. Miller, H. Deehan, F. Van de Mark.

J. F. EDWARDS, *Secretary.*

Class Honors.

[Under this heading will appear each week the names of those students who have given satisfaction in *all* studies of the Class to which they belong. Each Class will be mentioned every fourth week, conformably to the following arrangement. First week, the Classes of the four Collegiate years, (Classical and Scientific); second week, those of the Commercial Course; third week, those of the Preparatory; fourth week, Music, Fine Arts, Modern Languages, and special Classes.—DIRECTOR OF STUDIES.]

FRIDAY, MARCH 28, 1873.

J. F. Burnham, V. Baca, L. Burridge, M. L. Brown, M. Bannon, A. Costello, A. Chapoton, P. Downey, J. R. Ferry, M. Foley, J. Hand, A. Horne, H. Hug, E. Kimin, P. Lilly, P. Mattimore, P. McNaughton, J. A. Rofoinot, F. P. Ryan, C. W. Spears, J. Scherer, L. C. Whitaker, F. Austin, G. Amann, W. Breen, L. Busch, P. Brosseau, C. Ruger, M. Blake, H. G. Bennett, C. W. Butler, C. Clarke, C. Campeau, J. Cunningham, W. Chapoton, P. Corbett, M. Casey, B. Casey, J. Casey, F. Claffey, A. Crunkilton, J. Dore, W. Dexter, J. Daly, W. Darst, H. Enneking, J. Ewing, F. Ewing, H. Engledrum, W. Fletcher, W. Francis, G. Frauenknecht, G. Gross, J. Graham, J. Golsen, J. Hanley, C. Hake, W. Hake, V. Hansen, H. Hoffman, R. Hutchings, J. Jepson, A. Kreiter, W. Kinzie, A. Kramer, J. Lynch, R. Lewis, T. McGee, W. McMahon, J. McNally, J. Marks, S. Marks, W. Morgan, F. Miller, V. McKinnon, J. McHugh, W. McGuirk, N. J. Mooney, A.

Mitchell, L. Munn, T. McNamara, D. McAndrews, J. C. Nevin, H. Nirdlinger, C. Nirdlinger, J. Nelson, D. Nelson, D. O'Connell, W. Ohlen, C. O'Connor, W. Pollard, A. B. Reid, C. V. Reid, W. Rumely, H. Rinderer, W. Robison, D. Salazar, A. Schmidt, F. Sweager, H. Shephard, H. Schaller, F. Smyth, W. Schulties, J. Schermerhorn, J. Shannahan, P. Tansey, J. Tobin, O. Tong, L. Van't Woud, N. Vannance, J. Wanbaugh, F. Weisenberger, J. Wilson, S. Wooley, H. Zuber.

SAINT MARY'S ACADEMY.

ST. MARY'S ACADEMY, April 2, 1873.

On last Wednesday evening the pupils had the pleasure of listening to a lecture on the subject of "History," by Rev. Father O'Rourke.

On Thursday evening a very interesting Entertainment, consisting of Vocal and Instrumental Music, Tableaux, and recitations, was given in compliment to the Prefect of Studies. The Tableaux of the Annunciation were very fine; the whole affair very creditable to the young ladies who took part in it.

On Monday our beloved Mother Superior returned home after a long absence. This event was the occasion of much joy.

The parents and guardians of the pupils are hereby informed that there is no Easter vacation given at St. Mary's. On Easter Monday, Classes are suspended, for one day only. Those pupils who aspire for honors are expected to conform to our published rules, in which it is expressly stated that the pupils are not permitted to absent themselves from the Academy without an evident necessity.

For Politeness, Neatness, Order, Amiability, Correct Deportment and strict observance of Academic rules, the following young ladies are enrolled on the

TABLET OF HONOR, (SR. DEPT), March 30, 1873.

Misses Katie Zell, Mary Cochrane, Alice Mast, Alice Shea, Katie Haymond, Bibbie Crowley, Lizzie King, Minnie Lange, Aline Todd, Lizzie Niel, Mary Kearney, Annie M. Clarke, Rose Devoto, Mary Brown, Rosemary Spier, Mary Comer, Libbie Black, Nellie Langdon, Mittie Ward, Annie Lloyd, Mary Prince, Ida Wilder, Bay Reynolds, Mary Wicker, Lettie Ritchie, B. Grace, Lizzie Daley, Kittie Finley, Maggie Letourneau, Agnes Church, Julia Voorhees, Lodena Dragoo, Esther Boyce, Emily Plamondon, S. Shipley, Lella James, Julia Fanning, Amelia Keeline, Annie T. Clarke, Laura Weinreich, Jennie Noonan, A. St. Clair, Addie Hambleton, Nellie Foote, Hanna McMahon, Lou Beckman, Nellie Heedy, A. Reid, M. A. Roberts, B. Wade, R. Woolman, L. Pfeiffer, Ettie Burney, Mary Quill, Katie Casey, R. Rosesco, Addie Roberts, Ella Quinlan, Nellie McEwen, Mary McGuire, Agnes Conahan, Maria Pinney, S. Chenoweth, Mary White, A. Stockton, Mary Dillon, Livinia Forrester, R. Marr, R. Klar, J. Valdez, R. Manzanarez, L. Scheiber Fannie Snouffer, T. Heckman, E. Drake, L. Lilly, N. McMahon, M. Lyons, H. Miller, R. McKeever, M. Kane, Bell Turnbull, Cora Lee, K. Isman, Nellie McAuliffe.

HONORABLY MENTIONED IN STUDIES.

INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC.

First Class—E. Plamondon, K. Young, J. Walker.
Second Division—L. Black, R. Spiers.
Second Class—A. Gollhardt, E. Quinlan, A. Todd.
Second Division—M. Lassen, N. McEwen, M. Prince.
Third Class—M. Ward, A. Smith, H. McMahon, A. Roberts, S. Shipley, N. Heedy, I. Wilder, N. Gross.
Second Division—K. Zell, A. Reid, M. Koch, A. St. Clair.
Fourth Class—L. King, M. Kearney, J. Kearney.
Second Division—L. Penniman, G. Kelly, M. Cochrane.
Fifth Class—A. T. Clarke, L. Daley, A. Mast, L. Tinsley, L. Pfeiffer, L. McKinnon, L. James, E. Haggarty, E. Boyce, B. Johnson, A. Stockton.
Second Division—F. Turnbull, T. Schulte, C. Walker, M. Booth, M. Faxon.
Sixth Class—J. Locke, C. Lee, A. Lloyd, M. Walker, A. Paulsen, M. Hildreth, M. Brown, A. Allen.
Second Division—A. O'Connor, A. Walsh, M. Walsh, B. Hassler, R. Marr, G. Hooley, A. Hambleton, E. Wade, B. Wade, E. Richardson, K. Kaeseberg, M. Riley, A. Noel, N. McMahon, M.

Thompson, E. Thompson, M. E. Roberts, F. Rush, M. Roberts, L. Forrester, J. Voorhees, C. Germain, L. Weinreich.

Seventh Class—E. Drake, J. Valdez, R. Manzanarez, N. Vigil, R. Klar, S. Chenoweth, L. Niel, Miss Crane, K. Casey, C. Smith, S. Smith.

Eighth Class—E. Lange, L. Walsh, B. Quan, K. Follmer, E. Hassler, N. O'Meara.

Ninth Class—K. Bolton, E. Lappin, T. Cronin.

Tenth Class—K. Lloyd, M. De Long.

Harp—E. Plamondon, M. Wicker, J. Walker, M. Walker.

Guitar—S. Shipley, L. Dragoo.

Harmony—E. Plamondon, K. Young, R. Spiers, L. West, A. Todd.

Theoretical Classes—L. Black, M. Ward, M. Brown, A. Smith, A. Clarke, B. Grace, N. McEwen, M. Letourneau, H. McMahon, R. Devoto, L. Walsh, B. Quan, M. Hepp, L. King, F. Snouffer, N. McAuliffe, M. Carlin, L. Niel, K. Zell, M. Lassen.

Exercises and Scales—M. Heckman, M. Kearney, R. Spiers, L. Beckman, J. Noonan, D. Simonds, R. Devoto, K. Haymond, N. McEwen, J. Walker, B. Grace, N. Foote, G. Kelly, M. Reilly, L. Pfeiffer, E. Richardson, M. Kaeseberg, L. King, F. Snouffer, N. McAuliffe, C. Germain, C. Lee, J. Locke, M. Brown.

VOCAL MUSIC.

First Class—Lilly West.

Second Division—M. Ward, R. Devoto, L. Black, M. Prince, E. Haggerty.

Second Class—M. Wicker, A. Shea, J. Noonan, N. Langdon. For marked improvement since the Examination, N. Foote is promoted to this Class.

Second Division—L. James, M. Letourneau, T. Heckman, A. Gollhardt, L. Beckman, J. Locke, S. Shipley.

Third Class—M. and J. Kearney, L. Daley, E. Quinlan, M. McGuire, H. McMahon, R. Marr, A. Reid, M. Faxon, S. and C. Smith.

Second Division—B. Grace, M. Comer, K. Schmidt, A. Lloyd, N. McMahon, M. Kaeseberg.

DRAWING.

First Class—Misses K. Young, R. Devoto.

Second Division—L. Weinreich, J. Voorhees.

Second Class—D. Simonds, M. E. Black, N. McEwen, L. Penniman.

Second Division—Miss S. Smith.

Third Class—C. Smith, E. Orton, M. Booth.

OIL PAINTING.

First Class—L. Black, B. Reynolds, E. Wade, B. Wade.

Second Class—L. Pfeiffer, S. Shipley, A. Keeline, R. Woolman, L. Forrester, N. McMahon.

WATER COLOR PAINTING.

Misses S. Chenoweth, L. Weinreich, A. Gollhardt, N. McAuliffe.

GERMAN.

First Class—L. Black, M. A. Faxon, L. Beckman, K. Zell, L. Pfeiffer, M. Comer.

Second Class—A. Scheiber, L. Weinreich, A. Gollhardt, H. Miller, T. Schulte, N. Finley.

Third Class—M. Thompson, E. Thompson, K. Hector, M. Castelberger, R. Marr, A. Shea, L. Crowley.

LATIN—L. King.

FRENCH.

First Class—M. Cochrane, N. Gross, M. Letourneau, L. West, M. Lange.

Second Class—M. Comer, M. Thompson, E. Thompson, L. Tinsley, A. Lynch, A. Roberts, A. Todd.

Third Class—N. Langdon, M. Brown, L. Ritchie, L. Niel, B. Reynolds, J. Voorhees.

TABLET OF HONOR, (JR. DEPT), April 1, 1873.

E. Richardson, A. Smith, K. Joyce, L. Tinsley, M. Faxon, A. Walsh, B. Quan, T. Schulte, M. Hepp, A. Gollhardt, M. Martin, G. Kelly, A. Lynch, N. Vigil, E. Orton, S. Lilly, M. Carlin, M. Brown, M. Reynolds, M. Ewing, M. Hildreth, M. Walsh, J. and M. Thompson, K. Schmidt, B. Hassler, A. Noel, E. Lang, E. Lappin, C. Walker, A. Koch, M. De Long, A. Paulsen, E. Jackson, K. Hector, A. Ewing, D. Allen, E. Hassler, M. Lowrey, L. Walsh, M. Ware, M. Kaeseberg, K. Bolton, A. Green.

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Leave Niles,	6.53 a.m.	Arrive South Bend,	7.30 a.m.
"	9.35 a.m.	"	10.15 a.m.
"	4.51 p.m.	"	5.30 p.m.
GOING NORTH.			
Leave South Bend,	8.40 a.m.	Arrive Niles,	9.20 a.m.
"	11.45 a.m.	"	12.25 p.m.
"	6.30 p.m.	"	7.10 p.m.
SUNDAY TRAINS.			
Arrive South Bend,	9.30 a.m.	Leave South Bend,	10.00 a.m.
"	5.30 p.m.	"	6.30 p.m.

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GOING EAST.			
Leave South Bend	10 30 a. m.	Arrive at Buffalo	4 05 a. m.
"	"	"	"
"	12 25 p. m.	"	4 05 a. m.
"	9 15 p. m.	"	1 35 p. m.
"	12 35 a. m.	"	5 30 p. m.
"	8 21 p. m.	Runs to Elkhart.	
"	4 35 p. m.		
GOING WEST.			
Leave South Bend	4 53 p. m.	Arrive at Chicago	8 20 p. m.
"	"	"	"
"	2 55 a. m.	"	6 50 a. m.
"	5 00 a. m.	"	8 20 a. m.
"	6 05 p. m.	"	9 40 p. m.
"	6 37 a. m.	"	10 30 a. m.
"	8 20 a. m.	"	12 30 p. m.

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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.
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 F. R. MYERS, Gen'l Pass. and Ticket Ag't, Pittsburgh.
 W. C. CLELLAND, Ass't Gen'l Pass. Agent, Chicago.

* Second day.