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 Seance in the large hall of the College. The drama was "St. Louis in Chains," and the principal parts were so well sustained as they could possibly be in our oldest Colleges. Mr. Daniel Sullivan, of Jefferson City, Mo., delivered the oration 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 Yankee-dom. On the 8th inst, the Rev. Edward Labbé and Rev. Paul Larchette 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. Cilia's and St. Philip de Neri Societies.

On Sunday, the 16th, the grand drama of "Robert Emmet" was represented. Mr. M. 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 these 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 the St. Patrick's, St. John Baptiste, St. Richard's, St. Philip de Neri Societies.

On the 18th the St. Joseph's Academy at 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 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. Kennedy, of Boston, deacon, and Mr. Thomas Walsh, C. S. C., subdeacon. Rev. Mr. Kennedy, 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 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 sweets.

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 de St. Philip de Neri gave a grand Seance—medleys, 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 Weberstine, O. S. F., of St. Francis' Church, and Rev. A. Schwenger, of St. Ludwig's Church; Deacons of the Mass—Rev. W. Menks, 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. Lucas Gottleboedoe, O. S. P., of
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 bane
Round which theivy clings
Which held oft many a royal train
And where sleep our Irish kings;
And o’er beneath its chancelled arch
When the harvest moon was high
How profoundly 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 throb no more with purpose high!
And hearts that never cringed to fear
Were tamed and ruled by love.
Ye bear me to a hallowed bane
Beneath far Ormond’s skies,
Where ‘neath the shamrocks often wet
By tears from loving eyes,
In quiet sleep a noble heart
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
You lovely petalst were,
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 PIDDLING.”—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 tambourine, 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.”

THE SCHOLASTIC

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 impressve 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 scholars, and profuse in their hospitality of the Brothers, and the air of the parlor, where they were entertained with some choice music, both vocal and instrumental, by the pupils and professors.

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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 molasses into 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.

“T’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!”

A YlSITOR.

The light and life fond memories hold
To the eyes and lips we loved
In the hallowed days of old.
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 on the surface of the earth, with its rivers, mountains, valleys and seas.

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 lake 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 shatter a bassoon."

"It is a very easy thing to know thyself, but who will introduce you?"
The soldier of Christ he presented himself at 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 dispenses of that part of Oregon by the word EXPLORSED, 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 abot or on horseback during the past nine years. From north to south his missionary field extended nearly five hundred miles, as it took him, 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 canons 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; Eildorado 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,—not as much. For it he 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 Mountains 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 Canon City, where there are usually two companies of soldiers, many of whom are Catholics. Then he visits Fort Watson, seventy-five miles north of Canon City, where there are two companies. In the section of the country east of Canon City, are many miners and some farmers, whom he visits. In Divio City there is a congregation of two hundred settlers; on Olive Creek, one hundred and fifty miners; on Burrit River, one thousand five hundred miners; on Willow Creek, one thousand two hundred miners and settlers. Returning to Canon City, he strikes south to Fort Harney, in Harney Valley, seventy-five miles from Canon 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. These companies are stationed at Fort Harney. From Fort Warner he rides to Goose Lake, around which there are many farms 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 pea? 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 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 "grate" "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.

* 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 distant from 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.

A Pla for Reformed Winter.

The first of April, the "glorious day," which is so universally celebrated by those whose paternal fast it is, was appropriately ushered by Old Winter, who no doubt considered it a good joke to present his familiar, freezing face, thus preventing lovely Miss Spring from taking us in by a premature appearance, and from doing herself the injustice of making her debut in the guise of a chilly, frosty December. 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 ragged waistcoat of ice by spreading over the ragged, overgrown 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,—"we idea of our Hoosier Winter putting on style, and acquitting 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 waves in his resolution of keeping down the thermometer, which invariably rises several degrees higher the day after Old Winter succeeded in putting it below zero. It is a well-known fact, and there's no deception 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 blossoming in November as if he meant business, pitch on to the taurumometer, 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 Piasa-hook! 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 explode, 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 mouth, upising up more pockelt-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
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,—never 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-awary 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 piled so much during the cold months that you should not be surprised at Winter's re-ear'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 woodcutter 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 play-ground, 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 aesthetic be cultivated outside of the College as well as inside? Or is it?

Studies. The Tableaux of the Annunciation were very consisting of Vocal and Instrumental Music, Tableaux, from the Academy without an evident necessity. 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, Glasses are suspended, for one day only.

Table of Honor, (Sr. Dept.), March 30, 1873.

The Tablet of Honor, (Sr. Dept.), April 1, 1873.

SEEDS, PLANTS, TREES, PREPAID BY MAIL.

M new-priced descriptive Catalogue of Choice Flower and Garden Seeds, 25 sorts of either for $1; new and choice varieties of Fruit and Ornamental Trees, Shrubs, Evergreens, Roses, Grapes, Lilacs, Small Fruits, Herbs and Border Plants and Bulbs; one-year Grafted Fruit Trees for mailing; Fruit Stocks of all kinds; Hedge Plants, etc.; the most complete assortment in the country, will be sent gratis to any plain address, with P. O. Box. True Cape Cod Cranberry for upland or lowland, $0.60 per 1,000; $1 per 100; prepaid by mail. Trade List to dealers. Seeds on Commission. Agents wanted.

SAINT MARY'S ACADEMY.

St. Mary's Academy, April 3, 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 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.

For Politeness, Neatness, Order, Amability, Correct Department and strict observance of Academic rules, the following young ladies are enrolled on the following list:

HONORABLY MENTIONED IN STUDIES.

TABLET OF HONOR, (Sr. Dept.), March 30, 1873.


HONORABLY MENTIONED IN STUDIES.

INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC.

First Class—E. PELANDON, K. YOUNG, J. WALKER.
Second Division—L. BLACK, R. SPIERS.
Second Class—A. O'CONNOR, E. QUINLAN, A. TODD.
Second Division—M. Lassen, M. McEWEN, M. PRINCE.
Second Class—L. ZELL, A. REID, M. KOCH, A. ST. CLAIR.
First Class—B. REYNOLDS, E. WADE, B. WADE.
Fourth Class—L. KING, M. KEARNEY, J. KEARNEY.
Second Division—L. PENIMAN, K. YOUNG, R. SPIERS.
Second Class—M. COMER, M. THOMPSON, E. THOMPSON, K. HECTOR, M. McGUIRE, L. YOUNG, R. MCLAULIFF.
First Class—M. WALSH, B. TINSLEY, D. Ewing, W. WADE.
Second Class—L. TRUMBULL, C. WALKER, K. MCLAULIFF.
Third Class—E. SCHOFER, E. WADE.
Sixth Class—J. LOKE, C. LEE, A. LLOYD, M. WALKER, A. PAULSEN, M. HILDERETH, M. BROWN, A. ALLEN.
Third Class—E. THOMPSON, M. E. ROBERTS, R. FISH, M. ROBERTS, L. FORRESTOR, J. VOORHEES, C. GERMAIN, L. WEINREICH.
Sixth Class—E. DOUGLAS, R. MCLAULIFF, N. VIGIL, K. KEARNEY, C. SMITH.
First Class—J. YOUNG, L. WALSH, B. QUAN, K. FOLLMER, E. HASSLER, N. O'MEARA.
Second Class—K. BOLTON, E. LAPPIN, T. CROZIN.
Seventh Class—E. DOUGLAS, R. MCLAULIFF, N. VIGIL, K. KEARNEY, C. SMITH.
Tenth Class—E. LLOYD, M. DE LONG, B. O'CONNOR, W. E. HADDEN, A. REID, M. FAXON, S. C. GLEASON.
Second Division—B. GRACE, M. COMER, K. AYD, M. McGUIRE, H. MCLAULIFF, R. AYD, M. FAXON, S. C. GLEASON.
Second Division—B. GRACE, M. COMER, K. AYD, M. N. MCLAULIFF, M. KAASEBE.
First Class—L. BLACK, B. REYNOLDS, B. WADE.
Second Class—L. PELANDON, S. SHIPLEY, A. KEALING, R. WOOLMAN, L. FORRESTOR, M. MCLAULIFF.
First Class—L. BLACK, M. A. FAXON, L. BECKMAN, K. ZELL, L. PEFFIER, M. COMER.
Second Class—A. SCHRIBER, B. WEINREICH, A. GOALDANDT, H. M. MILLER, N. A. SCHOFER, E. SCHOFER, L. WEST, A. SCHRIBER.
Third Class—M. THOMPSON, E. THOMPSON, K. HECTOR, M. CASTELBERGER, R. MATT, A. SUCA, L. CROWLEY.
Fourth Class—L. BLACK, M. COMER, M. THOMPSON, E. THOMPSON, L. LAUSE.
First Class—L. BLACK, M. ROBERTS, E. ORTON, M. NOEL.
Second Class—C. SMITH, E. ORTON, M. BOOTH.
First Class—L. BLACK, B. REYNOLDS, E. WADE, B. WADE.
Second Class—L. PELANDON, S. SHIPLEY, A. KEALING, R. WOOLMAN, L. FORRESTOR, M. MCLAULIFF.
Second Class—M. LAUSE, M. MCLAULIFF, L. NIEL, B. REYNOLDS, J. VOORHEES.
Second Class—M. EARL, M. GRACE, M. MCLAULIFF, M. WALSH, B. QAN.
Second Class—C. SMITH, E. ORTON, M. BOOTH.

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GOING SOUTH.
Leave Niles, 6:53 a.m.   Arrive South Bend, 7:30 a.m.
  "  9:45 a.m.   "    "    "    10:15 a.m.
  "  4:30 p.m.   "    "    "    5:00 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.
  "  6:50 p.m.   "    "    "    7:10 p.m.

SUNDAY TRAINS.
Leave South Bend, 9:50 a.m.   Arrive South Bend, 10:00 a.m.
  "  5:40 p.m.   "    "    "    6:30 p.m.

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TRAINS now leave South Bend as follows.

GOING EAST.
Leave South Bend 10:30 a.m.   Arrive at Buffalo 4:05 a.m.
  "  12:33 p.m.   "    "    "    5:25 p.m.
  "  9:15 p.m.   "    "    "    6:50 p.m.
  "  11:30 a.m. "    "    "    8:20 a.m.
  "  5:25 p.m. "    "    "    3:20 p.m.
  "  5:25 p.m. "    "    "    2:50 p.m.
  "  8:20 a.m. "    "    "    6:40 a.m.
  "  4:35 p.m. "    "    "    12:30 p.m.

GOING WEST.
Leave South Bend 4:25 p.m.   Arrive at Chicago 8:20 p.m.
  "  6:50 a.m. "    "    "    6:50 a.m.
  "  5:00 a.m. "    "    "    8:20 a.m.
  "  6:50 a.m. "    "    "    9:40 a.m.
  "  8:20 a.m. "    "    "    10:30 a.m.
  "  6:50 a.m. "    "    "    8:20 a.m.

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Passenger, 8:48 a.m.; 10:46 a.m.; 9:30 p.m.
Freight, 1:00 a.m.; 4:45 a.m.

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Wenonah, Leavonia and Washington Express, 8:50 p.m.; 6:20 a.m.
Joffe's Accommodation, 8:50 p.m.; 6:20 a.m.
St. Louis and Springfield Night Express, 8:50 p.m.; 6:20 a.m.
St. Louis and Springfield Lightning Express, 8:50 p.m.; 6:20 a.m.
St. Louis and Springfield, 8:50 p.m.; 6:20 a.m.
Kansas City Express, 9:00 p.m.; St. Louis, 6:20 a.m.; Springfield, 3:20 p.m.
Kaneville, Ill., and Junction, St. Louis, 9:00 p.m.; 6:20 a.m.; 3:20 p.m.
Junction, Ill., and St. Louis, 9:00 p.m.; 6:20 a.m.; 3:20 p.m.

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* Second day.