The Queen of the Seasons.

BY THE REV. DR. NEWMAN.

All is divine
Which the Highest has made,
Through the days that He wrought,
Till the day when He stay'd:
Above and below
Within and around,
From the centre of space
To its uttermost bound.
In beauty surpassing
The Universe smiled
On the morn of its birth.
Like an innocent child.
Or like a rich bloom
Of some gorgeous flower;
And the Father rejoiced
In the work of His power.
Yet worlds brighter still.
And a brighter than those,
And a brighter again
He had made, had He chose;
And you never could name
That conceivable best,
To exhaust the resources
The Maker possessed.
But I know of one work
Of His infinite Hand
Which special and singular
Ever must stand,
So perfect, so pure.
And of gifts such a store,
That even Omnipotence
Ne'er shall do more.
The freshness of May
And the sweetness of June,
And the flame of July
In its passionate noon,
Munificent August,
September serene.
Are together no match
For my glorious Queen.
O Mary! all months
And all days are thine own,
In thee last their joyousness
When they are gone!
And we give thee May
Not because it is best,
But because it comes first,
And is pledge of the rest.

—We wish some competent contributor would write us a good essay on the perorations of speeches.

Chaucer and His Age.

The history of English Literature properly commences about the year 1350, immediately succeeding what may be termed the Anglo-Saxon and Norman periods. At this time original invention may be met with, as hitherto all who could be called English writers were in reality nothing more or less than imitators and translators, depending solely for their style, etc., on the ancient authors. Even at this time some of them still continued to write in French and in Latin. But as regards the works written in French they are so few and at the same time so insignificant that they scarcely exist save in name. But of this period many valuable works are written in Latin, such as "Liber Metrius" on the career of Henry V, written by a Benedictine monk. A history of the reign of Edward III, by Robert de Avesbury; "Mandevile's Travels" in the Holy Land, a work of considerable merit, which is also written in French; and another very important work entitled "Compiatio de Eremitibus Angliae tempore Regis Edvardi usque ad mortem Regis Richardi II," written by Henry Knyghton, a canon regular of Leicester. Other works of importance are "Historia Anglicana," written by a monk of St. Alban's; a history of Scotland, entitled "Scothiachronicon," by a secular priest—an extensive work containing sixteen books of inconceivable interest to the student of early Scottish history.

Another of those writers was the prolific Wycliffe. He wrote many works, embracing Philosophy, Theology, Protests, Disputations, etc., all of course impregnated with his heretical ideas, and which can only bear mention inasmuch as they regard literary merit. About this time through the consolidation of nationalities, such as the Normans and English, and other circumstances, the native language prevails; but, however, there is an immense accession of words taken from foreign languages, especially from the French, as may be observed in the poems of Lawrence Minot, who wrote about the year 1350.

Passing from these early names in English Literature we come to the Father of English poetry, Geoffrey Chaucer, who has left behind him monuments of his genius and literary attainments. Born as he was in a remote age with scarcely anything like a model by which he might be guided, he seemed to burst forth with all the necessary qualifications of a noble and high-minded man, capable of transmitting to posterity an originality of ideas, a profound and varied vein of thoughts, that after the lapse of nearly five centuries are looked upon with as much interest as if he had given vent to them but a few years ago. Critics, with very few exceptions, agree in bestowing praise upon him: and this arises from the fact not as some, with Byron, suppose of his antiquity, but that he was true to
nature: knew how to shape his ideas; eloquent on all subjects which were expressed in language; pure and universally intelligible. His celebrity is also due in part to the manner in which he "exhibits to us all that lay around him, the roughness and ignorance, the honor, faith, fancy, joyousness of a strong mind and a strong age, both tranquil within bounds, which, as large enough for their uses, neither had tried to pass.

"How strikingly for us are those grating contrasts of social condition harmonized by the home-bred feeling that men as they then were had the liberty and space they then needed! the king and priest, the all-sufficient guides of men's higher life, and all powers and even wishes finding ample room each within the range marked out by custom. Every figure is struck off by as clear and cutting a stroke as that of a practiced mower with his scythe."

With these few observations we may say that Chaucer was a true poet in every sense of the expression; and whatever posterity may think of him, they can never deny him the attribute just mentioned, for even in after ages when the views and opinions of men will undoubtedly undergo something of a change, Chaucer will hold the same position in the mind of the literary world as he does at the present day, as there is something connected with his works, something in the way of literary ability in whatever he has left behind him, that whoever attempts to criticise them finds himself compelled, as it were, to judge favorably of them.

The "Canterbury Tales" form what may be justly considered a monument to his genius. The origin of this noble work is the following: our poet with twenty-nine of his able for delineation of character, vivacity of expression, False Arcite," and "The Court of Love." All are remarkably powerful to its pathetic nature, and remained for a long time justly admired as pervading all his works, especially the "Testament of Love." The works of Chaucer notwithstanding the encomiums that have been bestowed upon them by poets and critics fall far short of what is demanded in this our day. And this may be attributed not to any change in the high opinion regarding the merit of the author, nor to the obsoleteness of the language with which he clothed his ideas, but to a total change in the feelings, manners, etc., in society; hence they are unknown to the general reader save in name. This, after all, only goes to show that many things change with time, and it is almost useless to attempt to explain the cause why many works of so high an order, works evidently marked and stamped with true genius, are thrown aside without scarcely any regard for their contents, and left to grace, as we may say, the shelves of a library until something peculiar in its nature turns up, at which time such books are taken down once more, and after this something is settled, then the books may go to rest again for how long we do not know, save the progressive and steady change in manners, feelings, ways of thinking, judging, etc., and especially as regards morality. And the author, no matter how great his talent may be, that defies his writings with anything like unprincipled and unnaturally expressions, that gives way to some evil influence of his nature, deserves in after ages, when men are wont to judge soberly and with care, not to have that which is after all the true and best guide to the merit of a work—a circulation among all classes of society acquainted with the language in which it is written. Critics may praise or blame, recommend or not recommend such and such a work just as they think fit, but this is all they can do; they cannot directly move the will, and after some time, when that little prejudice or good feeling of which they may have been the remote cause has passed away, men will commence to think and judge for themselves, and here we find a change, not exactly as regards the reputation or merit of the author, but as regards something that is very intimately connected with and found in the very nature of his works; and this something is evident to all disinterested parties, and finally brings about the final but silent decision respecting him. It is true that a great deal of good is done by a sound criticism on a work just issued from the press and placed in the hands of a people, but it can only assist in directing to a certain extent the powers of the mind with, for, or against, its intrinsic merit, in seeing its good qualities and in detecting its bad ones. Hence it is wrong to think that a work must be such and such just because a certain individual, who could not even attempt to produce anything like it himself, has said so; we should see for ourselves, and only use the opinions of others as a means whereby we may see the better.

John Gower, a poet of the age of Chaucer (1320-1409) wrote a poetical work in three parts, respectively entitled "Speculum Meditantis," in French; "Vox Clamantis," in Latin, and "Confessio Amantis," in English. The first part of the work has not come down to us. The second part remained in manuscript until 1850, when it was printed and edited by Mr. Coxo, for the Roxburgh Society. The last part, which may be called a discussion of the "morals and metaphysics of love" is the work by which he is best known. The first edition was printed by Caxton; but a beautiful edition of this old metrical tale, under the management of Dr. Pauli, appeared in 1857. This work is said
to have delighted the readers of the middle ages and to be all that was necessary to the requirement of those days. It was it which gave to its author the denomination of the “Moral Gower.” Owing chiefly to its length it is not so generally read as might be supposed for in fact very few are willing to undertake to read a poem of its kind and, at the same time, of so immoderate a length. Its admirers are fast disappearing, but as a work of learning and erudition it will remain on the pages of English literature. He wrote some other pieces which are of minor importance. As a poet he is inferior to Chaucer in almost all the qualifications that go to make the true poet. But his name will ever be coupled with that of Chaucer as a friend and as a contemporary writer inheriting his “tediousness and pedantry without a spark of his fancy, passion, humor, wisdom and good spirits.”

About the middle of the fourteenth century “Piers Plowman’s Vision” was written, a caustic satire generally attributed to a man named William Langland although the real author is not absolutely certain. In a literary point of view the work in question is everything that could be desired at this period and in some respects superior to the productions of Chaucer and Gower, but it is extravagant, a fault not to be easily overlooked, and consequently notwithstanding its purer type of literary style and merit as a better specimen of English language than Chaucer, it cannot be held in the same position as Chaucer but far to the rear, deserving something of praise for its good qualities, and on the other hand, something of blame for its defects. However this may be, the names Langland and Chaucer have not the same influence or do not act in the same manner on the minds of the learned, which goes to show the inferiority of the one and the superiority of the other; and to this superiority Geoffrey Chaucer is undoubtedly the lawful claimant. Such are the principal writers of the early English period, and of these Chaucer is the centre around which, as it were, all the others form a circle. True it is that each and every one of them labored under many disadvantages and had they lived in a more recent age would have evidently left a different mark behind them.

As it was, they did their duty as far as the age in which they lived and other circumstances in which they were placed permitted, and it only remains for us to say that they all deserve more or less praise.

R.

The Last Moments of Beethoven.

He had but one happy moment in his life, and that moment killed him. He lived in poverty, driven into solitude by the contempt of the world, and by the natural bent of a disposition rendered harsh, almost savage, by the injustice of his contemporaries. But he wrote the sublimest music that ever man or angel dreamed. He spoke to mankind in his divine language, and they disdained to listen to him. He spoke to them as Nature speaks in the celestial harmony of the winds, the waves, the singing of the birds amid the woods. Beethoven was a prophet, and his utterance was from God.

And yet was his talent so disregarded, that he was destined more than once to suffer the bitterest agony of the poet, the artist, the musician. He doubted his own genius. Haydn himself could find for him no better praise than in saying, “He was a clever pianist.”

Thus was it said of Gericault, “He blends his colors well”; and thus of Goethe, “He has a tolerable style, and he commits no faults in orthography.”

Beethoven had but one friend, and that friend was Hummel. But poverty and injustice had irritated him, and he was sometimes unjust himself. He quarrelled with Hummel, and for a long time they ceased to meet. To crown his misfortunes, he became completely deaf.

Then Beethoven retired to Baden, where he lived, isolated and sad, in a small house that scarcely afforded for his necessities. There his only pleasure was in wandering amid the green alleys of a beautiful forest in the neighborhood of the town. Alone with the birds and the wild flowers, he would then suffer himself to give scope to his genius, to compose his marvellous symphonies, to approach the gates of heaven with melodious accents, and to speak aloud to angels that language which was too beautiful for human ears and which human ears had failed to comprehend.

But in the midst of his solitary dreaming a letter arrived, which brought him back, despite himself, to the affairs of the world, where new griefs awaited him. A nephew whom he had brought up, to whom he was attached by the good offices which he had himself performed for the youth, wrote to implore his uncle’s presence at Vienna. He had become implicated in some disastrous business, from which his elder relative alone could release him.

Beethoven set off upon his journey, and, compelled by the necessity of economy, accomplished part of the distance on foot. One evening he stopped before the gate of a small, mean-looking house, and solicited shelter. He had already several leagues to traverse before reaching Vienna, and his strength would not enable him to continue any longer on the road.

They received him with hospitality; he partook of their supper, and then was installed in the master's chair by the fireside.

When the table was cleared the father of the family arose and opened an old clavecin. The three sons took each a violin, and the mother and daughter occupied themselves in some domestic work. The father gave the key note, and all four began playing with that unity and precision, that innate genius, which is peculiar only to the people of Germany. It seemed that they were deeply interested in what they played, for their whole souls were in the instruments. The two women desisted from their occupation to listen, and their gentle countenances expressed the emotions of their hearts.

To observe all this was the only share that Beethoven could take in what was passing, for he did not hear a single note. He could only judge of their performance from the movements of the executants, and the fire that animated their features.

When they had finished they shook each other's hands warmly, as if to congratulate themselves on a community of happiness, and the young girl threw herself weeping into her mother's arms. Then they appeared so consult to each other; they resumed their instruments; they commenced again. This time their enthusiasm reached its height; their eyes were filled with tears, and the color mounted to their cheeks.

“My friends,” said Beethoven, “I am very unhappy that I can take no part in the delight which you experience, for I also love music; but, as you see, I am so deaf that I cannot hear any sound. Let me read this music which produces in you such sweet and lively emotions.”
He took the paper in his hand, his eyes grew dim, his breath came short and fast, then he dropped the music, and burst into tears.

These peasants had been playing the allegretto of Beethoven's symphony in A.

The whole family surrounded him, with signs of curiosity and surprise.

For some moments his convulsive sobs impeded his utterance; then he raised his head, and said, "I am Beethoven."

And they uncovered their heads, and bent before him in respectful silence. Beethoven extended his hands to them, and they pressed them, kissed, wept over them; for they knew that they had amongst them a man who was greater than a king.

Beethoven held out his arms and embraced them all,—the father, the mother, the young girl, and her three brothers.

All at once he rose up, and sitting down to the clavecin, signed to the young men to take up their violins, and himself performed the piano part of his chef d'oeuvre. The performers were alike inspired; never was music more divine or better executed. Half the night passed away thus, and the peasants listened. Those were the last accents of the swan.

The father compelled him to accept his own bed; but during the night Beethoven was restless and fevered. He rose; he needed air; he went forth with naked feet into the country. All nature was exhaling a majestic harmony; the winds sighing through the branches of the trees, and moaning along the avenues and glades of the wood. He remained some hours wandering thus amid the cool dews of the early morning; but when he returned to the house he was seized with an icy chill. They sent to Vienna for a physician; dropsy on the chest was found to have declared itself, and in two days, despite every care and skill, the doctor said that Beethoven must die.

And, in truth, life was every instant ebbing fast from him. As he lay upon his bed, pale and suffering, a man entered: It was Hummel—Hummel, his old and only friend. He had heard of the illness of Beethoven, and he came to him with succor and money. But it was too late; Beethoven was speechless; and a grateful smile was all that he had to bestow upon his friend.

Hummel bent towards him, and, by the aid of an acoustic instrument, enabled Beethoven to hear a few words of his compassion and regret.

Beethoven seemed reanimated, his eyes shone, he struggled for utterance, and gasped, "Is it not true, Hummel, that I have some talent after all?"

These were his last words. His eyes grew fixed; his mouth fell open, and his spirit passed away.

They buried him in the little cemetery of Dobling.—Folio.

Every branch of literature has its own characteristic usefulness and attractions; and for some excellencies peculiar to each of them they are all deserving of our attention,—but some more so than others. History, for instance, acquaints us with past events, with facts concerning states and empires, with the manners and customs of different peoples, and is on this account deserving of study. It is not, however, of history I intend to speak, but of another branch of literature equally important, and which is nearly coeval with it—Biography. This term is derived from two Greek words (Bios and grapheo), and in its most literal signification means the description of life. A certain writer defines it as the province of Biography to trace a human life, to remark the manifold efforts, defeats, triumphs, perplexities, attainments, sorrows and joys which fill the space between the cradle and the grave. Such, then, being the true significance of the term, and its ultimate object being one of mutual interest and benefit, we cannot give it too much attention.

The earliest and most beautiful forms of biography are to be found in the Old Testament. We have there the narratives of Joseph and of Ruth, which for simplicity, beauty of style and vividness of description surpass everything of the kind that has ever been written. In reading these simple yet beautiful narratives we are lost in admiration of the nobleness of character so aptly delineated in the one, and the filial devotedness and affection so beautifully described in the other. The Greeks and Romans were sensible of the great importance of this branch of literature; they took especial delight in recounting the military or literary achievements of their countrymen. Among the most celebrated of their biographies are the lives of the Caesars, by Suetonius; of great commanders, by Cornelius Nepos; and lives of the greatest Greeks and Romans, by Plutarch. This latter author is more generally known and appreciated than any of the others; he evinces in writings a most accurate and extensive knowledge of mankind. It is true he cannot lay claim to any real beauty or elegance, but still we are much indebted to him for whatever knowledge we may have of many important personages of antiquity. He sought rather to reveal to us those great men in the genial lights of retirement and private life than in their brilliant exploits of valor, or in the forum, holding countless thousands entranced by the effects of their wonderful and resistless eloquence. Who, then, having read any of these biographies can fail to see the advantages to be derived from such reading?—besides possessing all the painting and passion of romance, they present to us in detail the character, the virtues and failings of the men whom they are intended to commemorate. Again, it is but a just requisit to those men who have devoted their services to the cause of their fellow-creatures that their names be perpetuated after them, that posterity may be acquainted with and may honor the names of those who have been their benefactors. This was in ancient times, as it is to-day, a most wonderful incentive to virtue; for it is in man's nature to love praise. Dr. Ward says that it was for this reason that Virgil has placed not only his heroes but also the inventors of useful arts and sciences, and other persons of distinguished merit, in the Elysian fields, where he describes them (Æn. 1, vi, 601):

"Here patriots live, who, for their country's good, In fighting-fields were prodigal of blood; Priests of unblemished lives here make abode, And poets worthy of their inspiring god; And searching wits of more mechanic parts, Who graced their age with new-invented arts; Those who to worth their bounty did extend, And those who knew that bounty to command: The heads of those with holy fillets bound, And all their temples were with garlands crown'd."

In modern times there have been written many fine biographies, but the one which takes the precedent of all
others is Boswell’s Life of Johnson which by many is believed to be the finest specimen of biography that has ever been written.

To write the life of a great man is not so easy a task as some may believe; it is in fact a most difficult undertaking. We are not satisfied with knowing the military or literary achievements of the man; we desire to know his personal history, his manners, and anecdotes of his peculiarities; we like to examine into his private conduct, and to read excerpts from his private correspondence; it is in this way that we derive the most accurate knowledge of a man’s real character. Biography is also a pleasant way of learning history; for in reading the life of some great personage we become familiar with the history of the times in which he lived. The lives of persons who made themselves notorious by their vices and profligacy serves, when justly portrayed, as warnings to others, by showing the fatal consequences of licentious and immoral practices. It would be impossible to estimate the advantages to be derived from the study of biography; and it is owing to the high estimation in which we hold this most beautiful and instructive branch of literature that we have from week in the SCHOLASTIC a short sketch of the life of some great man.

We would, then, recommend to all persons desirous of gaining much general and useful information, and of becoming acquainted with the nature of man, to study Biography; for, after all, “the proper study of mankind is man.”

The Clemency of Pope Pius IX.

One day, some three and fifty years ago, a strange cortege was seen filing out of the gates of the Castle of St. Angelo in Rome. It had a funereal aspect. They were hooded-brothers of a pious fraternity walking with a measured pace, and chanting a mournful cadence. They were followed by a company of soldiers with fixed bayonets, who surrounded a cart draped in black. None of the hundred who stopped on the bridge of St. Angelo, to see the procession pass, asked what it meant. The ominous black was but too eloquent. But many asked who was the criminal that stood up in the cart, his hands tied before him, and his shaggy head cast down in a sad and penitent manner. It was Gajetano, the most notorious revolutionist, plotter against the state, and outlaw of his time. He had just been convicted of treason in the highest degree, and was sentenced to be executed. His appearance excited the compassion of the bystanders. Just as the cart reached the other side of the bridge, a handsome young priest emerged from one of the streets which open into the square. He glanced at the prisoner for an instant. People noticed that he had lovely eyes, and they seemed bathed in tears. Touched with a noble impulse, he rushed into the crowd and worked his way up to the officer in charge, who was on horseback. He begged for God’s sake that the procession might be delayed a few moments, until he could run up to the Vatican and back. There was something irresistible in those pleading eyes, and besides the officer recognized in the young priest one who was seen frequently in the Apostolic palace. He promised acquiescence, and the priest sped to the Vatican, into the presence of the Sovereign Pontiff, Leo XII, and, throwing himself upon his knees, begged with an earnestness almost supernatural for the life of the criminal. The Pontiff was moved, and commuted the sentence of death into solitary imprisonment for life in the fortress of St. Angelo. The clergyman flew, rather than ran from the Vatican, in pursuit of the procession. He soon overtook it, for it moved slowly, as the officer in command had promised, and produced the autograph order of the Pope, forbidding the execution, and remanding the captive to St. Angelo’s. Life is dear. The criminal was grateful to live at any cost, and would have fallen down at the feet of his deliverer to thank him. But he disappeared, and was next seen in the vicinity of the hospice for little boys, called Tede Giovanni, with which he was connected. He was known to the boys as Padre Giovanni.

Years rolled by. Leo slept with his predecessors; Gregory XVI succeeded him, and he too paid the debt of nature, and rested in St. Peter’s. The glorious Pontificate of Pius IX had been inaugurated but a few days when a handsome priest, dressed in the simple cassock and farrobinata of the Roman clergy, presented himself at the fortress of St. Angelo, and asked if there were a prisoner confined therein called Gajutano. Yes, he was answered; but the prisoner being a solitary, could not be seen without an express permission from the governor of the fortress. The priest went away, and appeared soon after with the necessary order. Being ushered into the cell, the prisoner asked, “What do you want?” “I come,” said the visitor, “to bring you tidings of your mother.” “She still lives!” exclaimed the captive—“Oh God be thanked!” “Yes, she lives, and she sent me to console you, and tell you to hope for better days.” “All the angels are not in heaven; I see one before me,” said the penitent criminal. He then narrated all that he had suffered during the long years of his living death. “Why have you not appealed to the clemency of the Pope?” said the priest. “I have done so time and again without effect,” was the reply. “This petition,” he continued, “would have the same fate as the rest. It would never reach the hands of Gregory XVI.” “Gregory XVI is dead; write to Pius IX.” “And who will present my petition?” “Myself; write, here is paper and pencil.” The prisoner wrote a touching appeal to the new Pontiff, full of protestations of repentance and of loyalty. When the priest received the paper, he said: “Have confidence. This very evening the Pope will have your memorial. Courage, my friend, and pray to God for Pius IX.” He left the cell, and presenting himself to the governor of the castle, said: “I came to ask grace in favor of the prisoner Gajutano.” “The Pope alone can grant it,” said the governor. Asking for writing materials, the stranger wrote: “In virtue of the present order, the governor of the Castle of St. Angelo will set the prisoner Gajutano at liberty immediately.”

There was no mistaking that signature. The order was obeyed on the instant, and when Gajutano sought out his mother (his liberator had already disappeared), she told him how a certain priest called Giovanni Mastai Ferretti was his deliverer on both occasions, how he had provided for her, and how they made a Bishop of him first, then a Cardinal, and finally Pope.—”Arthur” in Ars Mariæ.

—Beauty is as Summer fruits, which are easy to corrupt, and cannot last; and, for the most part, it makes a dissolute youth, and an age a little out of countenance; but yet, certainly again, if it light well, it maketh virtues shine, and vices blush.—Lord Bacon.
Scientific Notes.

—At last Audubon’s *Nymphaea lutea* has been found and has been rechristened *Nymphaea Audubonii*.

—A bronze statue of Livingston, the explorer of Central Africa, will be erected in Glasgow during the present year.

—On Monday, March 19th, Edwin Vicknill died at Boston. He was a most genial man, and one of the most skilful of workers with the microscope.

—Prof. Tyndall has clearly proved in a lecture on “A Combat with an Infective Atmosphere,” that the theory of spontaneous generation is utterly untenable.

—We hope to see some fine reports in ornithology from Dr. E. G. Copes in the *American Naturalist*, as he has consented to edit the department of vertebrate zoology in that magazine.

—Appleton & Co. now publish every month a supplement, which is in reality a magazine in itself, to the *Popular Science Monthly*. The subscription price is $8 a year, of twelve numbers. The first number is excellent.

—The telephone appears to be well adapted for transmitting signals in mines; indeed, according to the *Mining Review*, telephones are already employed with great advantage in many of the deep workings of the country.

—It is said that Prof. Barff, of the English Catholic University College, London, England, has discovered a means of preventing iron rusting by coating it, under certain conditions, with magnetic oxide of iron, which gives it an exterior harder than iron, not to be separated from it, and wholly incapable of rust.

—A piece of coral five inches in height, six inches in diameter at the top, and two inches at the base, was taken from a submarine cable at Port Darwin, North Australia. As the cable had been laid only four years, but this system has resulted in other inconveniences, insuch as the mollusks are beset with divers dangerous enemies, who, it is contended, make frightful havoc on a bank in one season if it be not fished. The Government is now intent upon discovering what is the right time for a bed to lie dormant. The experiences of recent years have given ten million oysters as the average crop of a bank, and the average pearls found would amount to two per cent. When one thousand oysters produce $100 worth of pearls, it is considered a very remunerative product. A hundred pearls of the size of a pin’s head are not worth one as large as a pea. Ten thousand persons are directly or indirectly engaged in this industry. In the last great haul in 1874, a million and a quarter of oysters were taken on one bank, which were sold for $80,000.

Art, Music and Literature.

—“A Society for the Preservation of the Irish Language” has been organized in Dublin.

—Mr. Thomas Cargill attributes “priming” in steam boilers to the friction of steam globules against impurities in the water. Tallow and lard-oil have been employed as remedies, but these substances have caused other evils which would not have ensued had the lubricant been rectified petroleum. Flues of marine boilers have been known to collapse when the fatty matters carried over from the smoke entered the water from reaching the internal parts of the boiler, and he believed that many mysterious disappearances of steamships are due to collapse caused in that way. A more extensive use of mineral oils properly prepared is recommended by Mr. Cargill.

—“Suppose,” says Dr. Siemens, “water-power to be employed to give motion to a dynamo-electrical machine, a very powerful current is the result. This may be carried to a great distance through a large metallic conductor, and there be made to impart motion to electro-magnetic engines, to ignite the carbon points of electric lamps, or to effect the separation of metals from their ores. A copper rod of three inches diameter would be capable of transmitting 1,000-horse power a distance of say thirty miles, an amount sufficient to supply 250,000 candles, or to effect a moderate-sized town. Some of these days it will not be surprising to find the above suggestions carried into practical effect by inventors in places where the necessary conditions are favorable.

—Ceylon newspapers mention the excitement prevailing in that island in March in connection with the resumption of pearl fishing. The pearl oyster produces its best pearls when about four years old, so that the great object kept in view by divers is not to take them until they have reached that period of existence. This has led the authorities to prohibit fishing on the several banks except at intervals of four years, but this system has resulted in other inconveniences, insuch as the mollusks are beset with divers dangerous enemies, who, it is contended, make frightful havoc on a bank in one season if it be not fished. The Government is now intent upon discovering what is the right time for a bed to lie dormant. The experiences of recent years have given ten million oysters as the average crop of a bank, and the average pearls found would amount to two per cent. When one thousand oysters produce $100 worth of pearls, it is considered a very remunerative product. A hundred pearls of the size of a pin’s head are not worth one as large as a pea. Ten thousand persons are directly or indirectly engaged in this industry. In the last great haul in 1874, a million and a quarter of oysters were taken on one bank, which were sold for $80,000.
President MacMahon and Mme. la Presidente, the Emperor April 28, before a brilliant audience, among whom was Ex-Queen Isabella and the Duke and Duchess of Montpezat. The reading classes in Russia will be withdrawn from the Lyrique, where it would have been performed of searching the basement of the House of Commons by twelve Yeomen of the Guard before the opening of the House. The viceroy of India has ordered that the comments of all Indian native papers on the proclamation of the imperial title at Delhi shall be published in full. One native paper of central India, it is said, satirizes the Delhi assembly by an elaborate parody—"blasphemous to the highest degree"—of the Sermon on the Mount.

—M. Escudier, the celebrated Wagnerian conductor, has arrived in London to take charge of Wagner's rehearsals. Herr Richard Wagner has also arrived. Richter's directions to the members of the orchestra have been translated from German into English.

—M. Escudier, it is said, has secured Herr Rubinstein's "Neruda for the Salle Ventadour next season, as it has been withdrawn at the Lyrique, where it would have been given in French. Glinka's "Life for the Czar" will also be produced at Ventadour, in Italian, as at Milan.

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—The pictures and water-color drawings of Eugène Delacroix, the property of the Count de May, have been sold in Paris. His celebrated painting of the Emperor Charles V at the Convent of St. Just sold for $1,960, and an interior for $380. Twenty water-colors painted in Morocco are among his most spirited productions were sold for $3,093.

—Mr. Vedder is hard at work in his Roman studio. In a small garret-like room above he has little clay figures and groups which he models for a study of form and uses for light and shade. Besides these he has here all manner of artistic contrivances. Only the intimate are admitted into this sanctuary. The Princess Marguerite, who thinks a great deal of American literature and art, takes much interest in Mr. Vedder's work.

—Father Giovanni, who has a most exquisite tenor voice of extraordinary compass, purity and limpidity, belongs to the Order of Franciscans. He was born at Lucca, but has travelled all over the world. It is both scientific and interesting.

—Mr. W. J. Stillman's book on Herzegovina wins the award of twenty-one volumes in quarto. it was that of twenty-nine thousand copies of "Scherzer's Exposition of the Novara," the German edition of which fills twenty-one volumes in quarto.

—Maus has just awakened to a conviction that she ought to raise a statue to her illustrious son Virgil. She has taken some time to arrive at this conclusion, seeing that Virgil died 1800 years ago.

—Millais is going to paint a very striking picture. It is to represent the ceremony annually performed of searching the basement of the House of Commons by twelve Yeomen of the Guard before the opening of the House. The viceroy of India has ordered that the comments of all Indian native papers on the proclamation of the imperial title at Delhi shall be published in full. One native paper of central India, it is said, satirizes the Delhi assembly by an elaborate parody—"blasphemous to the highest degree"—of the Sermon on the Mount.

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the individual has the right to defend himself and avenge a wrong done. If this be true of an individual, it follows that it must be true of nations; for states have precisely the same rights in relation to each other as individuals have.

Nor is war prohibited by divine law, as a reference to the Sacred Scriptures and to the writings of the Fathers in all ages attest. It would occupy too much of our space to quote from the teaching of the great doctors on this point, but it suffices that we know that none of them hold that war in itself is opposed to Divine law.

It is said that war is wrong, because if all nations practiced justice there could be no wrong. That is just the thing! Were all nations to practice justice, then indeed we might disband all armies and have perpetual peace; and if all individuals practiced justice, and lived up to all the precepts of the moral law, there would be no occasion for penal codes and a police to enforce them. As long, however, as man will continue to commit crime, the police must be maintained; and so long as nation continues to encroach upon nation, the aggrieved party will have the right, and be compelled, to avenge itself by an appeal to arms, no matter how great may be the evils which result therefrom.

Far be it from us to advocate war. So long as nations can avert it, war is useless and criminal; but when that time has passed and justice and right can only triumph by an appeal to arms, then war should be declared, and they who take part in it do right.

The Philopatrians.

As announced in our last issue, the Philopatrians gave their annual Entertainment in Washington Hall on the evening of the 8th. It was feared on Monday that the weather would not be propitious, for it rained and blew to its heart's content on that day, and when night closed the rain continued. However, all fears of bad weather vanished on Tuesday morning, when the sun came out at his usual hour and caused a genial warmth to abound. The day wore on, and when evening came the weather was just such as could be desired. As a consequence of the fine weather the hall was rapidly filled with visitors in anxious expectation.

At seven o'clock the Band began to play and the Entertainment opened. The music by the Band and Orchestra was rendered in that manner which has ever distinguished these organizations. The song and chorus by the Choral Union was meritorious, and we hope to hear the Union more frequently at the Entertainments. When we say we, we mean all at Notre Dame, for the applause which ever greeted the singers tells more forcibly than words how much audiences in Washington Hall appreciate good singing.

There were two addresses read, one by Master R. Keenan and the other by Master G. Donnelly. These addresses were read pleasingly, and as they truthfully expressed the sentiments of the young gentlemen who form the Association they were listened to with close attention and warmly applauded. The curious rhymes introduced into the address read by Master Keenan created no small amount of amusement.

The chorus declamation, as it might be called, given by Masters G. Donnelly, J. H. Ingwerson, J. English, R. Keenan, C. Pelier, E. J. Pennington, J. Reynolds, Lee Frazee, T. Barry, K. Scanlan, W. Nicholas, W. Taulby, J. Stuart, and I. Rose, was quite a novelty, and was greeted with the
applause which novelty and merit combined always
ensure.

Master Kickham Scanlan’s declamation was given with
ability, and would have done credit to one of more mature
years. The same may be said of Master Paul Schurrer’s
German declamation. Master Scanlan declared “The
Green and the Gold,” while Master Schurrer’s was a
selection from Uhland.

The plays were so young boys are able to personate
with success. “The Public Benefactor” was the first on
the programme. The characters were distributed as fol-
Ows: “Erastus Steele,” T. Barry; “Harry,” Lee Frazee;
“Solomon Longface,” W. Nicholas; “Cyrus Caucus,” C.
Peltier; “Bobby Simpson,” J. McTague; “Barry Hoolan,”
R. Keenan. The parts were all well taken and reflect
honor on the young disciples of Thespis.

“The Brigand and his Son” was a little more difficult to
render than “The Public Benefactor;” but the young gen-
tlemen went through their parts very well. The cast of
characters was: “Corporal Nicolo Gambu,” J. Stewart;
“Matteo Falcone,” J. Bell; “Gianetto Sampiero,” C. Pel-
tier; “Brozwa,” W. Taylor; “Fortunato Falcone,” W.
Nicholas; “Bonaventure,” F. Lang. All the young gen-
tlemen are to be congratulated on their excellent persona-
tions, which were an augury of success in future years
when they shall have had more experience on the mimic
stage.

The last play of the evening was “The Rightful Heir, or
the Blind Boy,” which required more good acting than the
others. If there were an occasional stumble, if there were
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stage.
The attendance at class and the interest exhibited by the students while there are all that could be desired.

Those boys who never do extra well themselves are the ones who become great critics at the entertainments.

Ought not the class of '77 to plant a class-tree? Now is the time to do it if such is the intention of the members.

The fine evergreen conifer in the parks already begins to make an attractive promenade these pleasant days.

Will the members of the religious societies be ready with their regalia to take part in the procession on Corpus Christi?

A few more trees planted on the Scholasticate grounds and in the south bank of the upper lake would not be out of place.

A young gent in the Junior department sports a gold medal which he says was given him several years ago for writing poetry.

The Columbians have selected Mr. Kinney as their representative on Society Day. We have not yet heard from the other societies.

The students who made their First Communion on Ascension day spent the three first days of the week in review at the Scholasticate.

The walks nowadays coming to Notre Dame are very large. The number of papers received each day are about one hundred and fifty. The letters are in the neighborhood of five hundred.

The walks around the Calvary on the north side of St. Joseph's Lake have much improved that delightful resort.

This is owing to the care and labors of Rev. P. Loaige and the former years.

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be true, our friend John is not likely to forget the course of
our lives. Saints who bear little lilies, waited
Till they bore these flames to
Tears, sad tears, why should ye flow?

Thoughts of thee, darling child.

FORE THE MONTH ENDING MAY 10.

R. Calkins, J. G. Ewing, L. Evers, J. Fitzgerald, T. Garrity,
J. Gray, J. Kinney, J. Kuebel, F. Keller, W. Kelly, J. Lambic,
J. Larkin, H. Maguire, P. J. Mattimore, P. W. Mattimore, J.
Murphy, W. McKinnon, T. McGrath, J. McElory, W. McFarland,
J. O'Brien, P. O'Byrne, J. Parry, J. Perez, T. Quinn, N.
Regan, P. Skahill, G. Saylor, F. Schlink, G. Saxinger, P. Tamble,
M. Williams, C. Wittenburger, E. Whitney.

In the following list are the names of those who have
received the chain of Honor for the month of May.

TO THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

Class Honors.

[In the following list are given the names of those who have
received entire satisfaction in all their classes during the month past.]

COMMERCIAL COURSE.

G. Saylor, G. LaVergne, F. Vandersom, M. Williams, O.
Hamilton, J. Burke, J. Fitzgerald, J. F. Kroft, K. Kenney,
F. Schlupke, F. Bagan, E. Pfefferman, J. B. Patterson, J. Lambic,
T. Fischels, J. Garrity, W. Obigam, O. Oberg, J. Kroft,
J. Hagerty, C. Clarke, G. Cassidy, G. Sugg, L. Wolf,
M. Hynds, C. O'Donnell, J. Kuebel, J. Gray, G. Saxinger, W.
Turnbull, A. Hatt, F. Keller, J. Bochum, J. Jagurski.
THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

Saint Mary's Academy.

The Notre Dame University Concert Band visited St. Mary's last week. They took position and played the first piece near Loreto, thus acknowledging the Queen of both Institutions. Afterwards they seated themselves on the rustie benches and gave us a real garden concert; no trash pieces, for their music is of the best, and so well rendered with regard to time and tone that we could scarcely realize them as an amateur band. Their present proficiency and growth is evidenced by so much perseverance, must be very grateful to their leader, Rev. E. Lilly, C. S. C., who appeared very proud (and with justice) of his boys. The Faculty and the young ladies return thanks for the great pleasure afforded by the concerto.

The Feast of St. Michael was a gala day for the members of the Holy Angels' Sodality. They all approached Holy Communion, and in the afternoon had a beautiful reception ceremony in Loreto. The names of the new members are as follows: full members—A. Kirchner, L. Chilton, M. McFadden, E. Mulligan, M. Lambin; aspirants—N. Hackett and M. Davis. The Rev. Chaplain gave them a pious instruction on the Feast, on the object of their Confraternity. The Angel Sodalists were decorated for the occasion. After the ceremony, the Angel Sodalists secured the favor of a recreation for their little friends of the Junior and Minim departments, and enjoyed a delightful afternoon.

For politeness, neatness, order, amiability, and correct deportment, the following young ladies are enrolled on the Tablet of Honor.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.


JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses G. Corrill, L. Chilton, A. Morgan, D. Gordon, A. Kirchner, M. McFadden, L. Mann and M. Davis.

HONORABLY MENTIONED IN ENGLISH STUDIES.

2D SR. CLASS—Miss Mary Ewing.
2D PREP. CLASS—Misses G. Corrill, A. McGrath, L. Chilton, L. Mann and M. Redfield.
1ST JR. CLASS—Misses L. Cox and L. Kingsbury.
1ST JR. CLASS—Misses M. Davis, S. Sutherland, N. Hackett, L. Vannagee and L. Ellis.

ART DEPARTMENT.


PAINTING IN WATER-COLORES.

2D CLASS—Misses E. Gibbons and J. Butts.
3D CLASS—Misses E. Gibbons and J. Butts.
4TH CLASS—Misses E. Gibbons and J. Butts.

PLAIN SEWING.


GERMANY.

1ST CLASS—Misses M. Faxon, A. O'Connor, M. Julius.
Attorneys at Law.

SPeer & Mitchell, (N. S. Mitchell, of '79), Attorneys at Law, No. 363 Brady St., Davenport, Iowa.

Lucius C. Tong, (of '65) Attorney and Counselor at Law, and Real Estate Agent, Room No. 2 Arnold's Block, South Bend, Ind.


Fanning & Hogan (D. J. Hogan, of '74), Attorneys at Law, Room 56, Ashland Block, N. E. Cor. Clark and Randolph sts., Chicago, Ill.

John F. McHugh (of '74), Attorney at Law, Office, 65 and 70 Columbia St., Lafayette, Ind.

Dodge & Dodge (Chas. J., Notary Public, and Wm. W., both of '74), Attorneys at Law. Collections promptly made. Office, Hedge's Block, Burlington, Iowa.

Orville T. Chamberlain (of '81), Attorney at Law, Notary Public and Commissioner of Deeds. Office, 53 Main St., Elkhart, Ind.


William J. Clark (of '74), Attorney at Law, Rooms 8 & 4, Law Building, No. 67 S. High St., Columbus, O.

James A. O'Reilly—of '89—Attorney at Law, 27 Court St., Reading, Pa. Collections promptly attended to.

John D. McCormick—of '74—Attorney at Law and Notary Public, Lancaster, Ohio.

Civil Engineers & Surveyors.

C. M. Proctor (of '73), Civil Engineer of City and County of Elkhart. Office, 67 Main St., Elkhart, Indiana. Special attention given to Hydraulic Engineering.

Arthur J. Stace (of '64), County Surveyor for St. Joseph County. South Bend, Ind.

Weekly Newspapers.

The Catholic Columbian, published weekly at Columbus, O. Subscriptions from Notre Dame's students and friends solicited. D. A. Clark, '70.

The Aye Maria, a Catholic journal devoted to the Blessed Virgin, published every Saturday at Notre Dame, Ind. Edited by a Priest of the Congregation of the Holy Cross. Subscription price, $2.50.

The Young Folks' Friend, published monthly at Logansport, Ind. 50 cts. per year. Subscriptions solicited from the friends and students of Notre Dame. Arthur C. O'Brien, '76.

The Notre Dame Scholastic, Published weekly during term time at Notre Dame, Ind. Terms, $1.50 per annum.

The South Bend Herald, published weekly by Chas. Murray & Co. (C. A. Dalley, of '74) $1.50 per annum.

Hotels.


The Matteson House, Corner of Washington and Jackson St., Chicago, Ill. All Notre Dame Visitors to Chicago may be found at the Matteson.

L. S. & M. S. Railway.

On and after Sunday, Nov. 25, 1876, trains will leave South Bend as follows:

GOING EAST.

2 35 a m. Chicago and St. Louis Express, over Main Line, arrives at Toledo at 9:50; Cleveland, 1:40 p.m.; Buffalo 8:10.

10 07 a.m., Mail, over Main Line, arrives at Toledo, 4:55 p.m.; Cleveland 9:45.

11 59 a.m. Special New York Express, over Air Line; arrives at Toledo 5:10 p.m.; Cleveland 9:45 p.m.; Buffalo 4:00 a.m.

9 10 p.m. Atlantic Express, over Air Line. Arrives at Toledo 2:40 a.m.; Cleveland, 7:15 a.m.; Buffalo, 1:10 p.m.

4 40 p.m., Way Freight.

GOING WEST.

2 45 a.m., Toledo Express. Arrives at Laporte 3:55 p.m., Chicago 6:40 a.m.

3 28 a.m., Pacific Express. Arrives at Laporte 7; Chicago 9 a.m.

4 05 p.m., Special Chicago Express. Arrives at Laporte 5:50; Chicago, 8:50 p.m.

8 00 a.m., Accommodation. Arrives at Laporte 9 a.m.; Chicago 11:30 a.m.

8 30 a.m., Way Freight.

J. W. CARY, Gen'l Ticket Agent., Cleveland.

J. H. Parsons, Sup't West. Ind., Chicago.

CHARLES PAINE, Gen'l Sup't.

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Organ for Sale.

A PIPE ORGAN, nearly new, made by the same firm as the large Organ now in the Church of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart at Notre Dame, is now offered for sale. The case is of a neat design, with front speaking-pipes, ornamented in gold and colors. Dimensions, 6 feet wide, 3 feet deep, 9 feet high. Manual compass C. C. to a3, 58 notes. Swell Pedal and Blow Pedal. All inclosed in an effective case is of a neat design, with front speaking-pipes, orna-

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John A. Fego, Agent.

Michigan Central Railway

**Time Table—April 15, 1877.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Dest.</th>
<th>Mail.</th>
<th>Day Express</th>
<th>Atlantic Express</th>
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<tr>
<td>Lv. Chicago</td>
<td>5 00 a.m</td>
<td>8 30 a.m</td>
<td>5 50 p.m</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot; Mich. City</td>
<td>7 30</td>
<td>10 45</td>
<td>7 40</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot; Niles</td>
<td>9 00</td>
<td>11 55</td>
<td>8 25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot; Kalamazoo</td>
<td>10 50</td>
<td>11 15</td>
<td>9 00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot; Jackson</td>
<td>2 15 p.m</td>
<td>3 45</td>
<td>12 30 a.m</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ar. Detroit</td>
<td>5 45</td>
<td>6 15</td>
<td>3 30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lv. Detroit</td>
<td>7 00 a.m</td>
<td>9 10 a.m</td>
<td>6 05 p.m</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot; Jackson</td>
<td>10 21</td>
<td>12 00</td>
<td>1 50 a.m</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot; Kalamazoo</td>
<td>1 15 p.m</td>
<td>2 35</td>
<td>12 16 a.m</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot; Niles</td>
<td>5 11</td>
<td>6 07</td>
<td>3 55</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot; Mich. City</td>
<td>4 40</td>
<td>5 20</td>
<td>4 15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ar. Chicago</td>
<td>7 05</td>
<td>7 25</td>
<td>6 55</td>
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**Niles and South Bend Division.**

<table>
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<th>Day Express</th>
<th>Atlantic Express</th>
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</thead>
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<tr>
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<td>7 00 a.m</td>
<td>9 30 a.m</td>
<td>7 30 a.m</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot; No. Dame—8 17</td>
<td>7 33</td>
<td>&quot; No. Dame—8 02</td>
<td>4 48</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ar. So. Bend</td>
<td>8 33</td>
<td>10 00</td>
<td>5 48</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Sunday excepted.**

**F. MEYER, Agent**

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AND PENNSYLVANIA R. R. LINE

CONCEDED TIME TABLE.

DEC. 10, 1876.

TRAITS LEAVE CHICAGO DEPOT.

Cor. Canal and Madison Sts. (West Side).

On arrival of trains from North and Southwest.

GOING WEST.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>No. 1.</th>
<th>No. 7.</th>
<th>No. 2.</th>
<th>No. 3.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Pittsburg</td>
<td>Leave</td>
<td>11.50 P.M.</td>
<td>9.00 A.M.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rochester</td>
<td>12.40 A.M.</td>
<td>10.15 &quot;</td>
<td>3.14 &quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Alliance</td>
<td>3.05 &quot;</td>
<td>12.50 &quot;</td>
<td>3.55 &quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ottville</td>
<td>4.32 &quot;</td>
<td>7.33 &quot;</td>
<td>5.43 &quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mansfield</td>
<td>6.50 &quot;</td>
<td>4.40 &quot;</td>
<td>9.55 &quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Crestline</td>
<td>7.50 &quot;</td>
<td>5.15 &quot;</td>
<td>10.30 &quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Crestline</td>
<td>Leave</td>
<td>7.50 A.M.</td>
<td>5.40 P.M.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Forest</td>
<td>9.25 &quot;</td>
<td>9.40 &quot;</td>
<td>11.35 &quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Utica</td>
<td>10.45 &quot;</td>
<td>9.35 &quot;</td>
<td>12.05 A.M.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ft. Wayne</td>
<td>1.50 A.M.</td>
<td>12.10 A.M.</td>
<td>3.25 &quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Plymouth</td>
<td>3.45 &quot;</td>
<td>3.30 &quot;</td>
<td>5.49 &quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chicago</td>
<td>7.30 &quot;</td>
<td>7.30 &quot;</td>
<td>9.30 &quot;</td>
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GOING EAST.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>No. 4.</th>
<th>No. 5.</th>
<th>No. 6.</th>
<th>No. 8.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Chicago</td>
<td>Leave</td>
<td>10.40 P.M.</td>
<td>8.50 A.M.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Plymouth</td>
<td>2.40 A.M.</td>
<td>11.25 &quot;</td>
<td>9.00 &quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ft. Wayne</td>
<td>6.55 &quot;</td>
<td>7.10 P.M.</td>
<td>11.45 &quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Utica</td>
<td>8.55 &quot;</td>
<td>4.05 &quot;</td>
<td>1.10 A.M.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mansfield</td>
<td>5.49 &quot;</td>
<td>7.10 P.M.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Forest</td>
<td>10.10 &quot;</td>
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<tr>
<td>Crestline</td>
<td>11.45 &quot;</td>
<td>6.55 &quot;</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>Crestline</td>
<td>Leave</td>
<td>12.05 P.M.</td>
<td>7.15 P.M.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Alliance</td>
<td>12.35 &quot;</td>
<td>7.44 &quot;</td>
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<td>Ottville</td>
<td>3.25 &quot;</td>
<td>9.38 &quot;</td>
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<td>Mansfield</td>
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<td>11.15 &quot;</td>
<td>8.55 &quot;</td>
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<tr>
<td>Rochester</td>
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<td>7.10 A.M.</td>
<td>11.06 &quot;</td>
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<tr>
<td>Pittsburgh</td>
<td>7.30 &quot;</td>
<td>7.30 &quot;</td>
<td>12.15 P.M.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Train No. 6 runs Daily. Train No. 4 leaves Chicago daily except Saturday All others daily except Sunday.

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