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Answer to "A New Song."

BY HAL.

Though Cumming practise temperance
And does it honest-ly,
Why need good Squintz "get on his ear,"
Because he loves his rye.

CHORUS.—Every laddie loves his lassie,
And there is reason why,
But every College-fellow knows,
Squintz dearly loves his rye.

The boys that drink cold water pure
Are sound in brain and eye,
And never troubled with bad dreams,
Like those who take their rye.

CHORUS.—Every laddie loves his lassie
And there is reason why,
But every College-fellow knows
Squintz dearly loves his rye.

If a laddie meet a bottle,
He needs to say "Oh! fie!
Look at the degradation caused
By your accurs'd rye."

CHORUS.—Every laddie loves his lassie
And there is reason why,
But every College-fellow knows
Squintz dearly loves his rye.

If to keep off the "chills" you take,
All right, 'twixt you and I
But don't learn chillless boys to drink
By giving them your rye.

CHORUS.—Every laddie loves lassie,
And there is reason why;
Although your suit has been rejected
Don't drown yourself in rye.

THE POPE'S BRIGADE.

A TRAGEDY.

BY MARIAPHILOS.

[CONCLUDED.]

GEN. LAM. My honest, honest spy, I asked you
not

To thus commit yourself. I promised nought;
Twice have I let such things as you depart
Only to find that they had boasted loud
How Lamoriciere dared not to strike
Even a spy who called himself Italian.
Father Degrassi, give a little time
Unto this doomed man's poor soul's affairs;
And you, my officers, I do constitute
Court martial. What does the spy deserve?

OFFICERS. Death!

GEN. LAM. Bear him away, Provost, and in
one hour

Make quick divorce between his soul and earth.

SPY. Mercy! mercy!!! mercy!!! (*Falling on
his knees.*)

PROVOST. Away,—Away!—You'll spy no more,
my lad! (*Seize the prisoner.*)

TIM. (*Clasping his hands, and rushing towards
GEN. LAM.*) O Gíneral, dear, let him off—let him
off!

GEN. LAM. What? You ask such a boon! You
who brought him in prisoner! I am amazed!

TIM. Faith, if I thought ye wor goin' to hang
him, dickens a foot would I have brought him in.
Gíneral darlin', heaven be your bed, an' let the
poor divil go. Jist look at him there! Sure he's
not fit to carry briled bones to a cat, the dirty
spithogue! Arrah, let him off Gíneral dear, and I
swear to ye that I'll kill a couple o' dozen av the
blaguards the first chance I get.

FATHER DEGRASSI. I must join my petition,
General, to this honest Irishman's.

TIM. Whoop! I'm all right now. Arrah, your
reverence, let the Gíneral put him into jail,—let
the jailer feed him on bread and wather, wid a lit-
tle taste av mate an' vegetables, an' let you put the
Seven Penitential Psalms on him for a year an' a
day. If that won't make a decent man av him,
why hang him as quick as ye like for all I care.

GEN. LAMORICIERE. (*To the OFFICERS.*) What
say ye, gentlemen?

OFFICERS. The sentence has been passed.

GEN. LAMORICIERE. I admire your humanity,
my good men,

But war's necessities are paramount,—
Provost, bear him away and execute the sentence!

(*Exeunt with prisoner, who cries and struggles.*)

TIM. Well, I've cleared my conscience, any-
how. He'll never be dhrownded, that's one conso-
lation.

GEN. LAMORICIERE. Orderly! (*Enter OR-
DERLY.*) See that this soldier receive a uniform
at once, and take him to your quarters for his din-
ner. (*To TIM.*) You will start immediately for
Spoleto. Tell Major O'Reilly to stand out as long
as possible. When he can hold out no longer, let
him enter Castelfidardo. When he must leave
there, let him fall back on the main army at An-
cona. You understand me?

TIM. Perfectly, gíneral,

GEN. LAM. Well, *adieu*. Be cautious and pru-
dent! (*Exeunt omnes.*)

SCENE II.

PLACE—Spoleto.

(MAJOR O'REILLY, CAPTAINS MURRAY and
KELLY.)

O'REILLY. Have you looked at the eastern
bastion, Murray?

MURRAY. I have, Major. A couple of the guns
seemed to be rather old, so I ordered up two good
ones from the citadel.

O'REILLY. Quite right. We must also see
that the men have the best weapons possible. I
am afraid the old style musket will be a poor ex-
cuse against the Minnie rifle.

KELLY. I was just going to mention, Major,
that the ammunition wagons have arrived, and
that I think we shall have a sufficient number of
serviceable weapons.

O'REILLY. Well, that's timely at least. (*Enter
ORDERLY.*)

(O'REILLY to ORDERLY.) Well, Denis, what's
up now?

DENIS. A gintleman wants to see you, Major.
O'REILLY. Tell him to enter. (*Exit ORDERLY.*)

(*Enter PAUL CARROLL.*)

P. CAR. I wish to see Major O'Reilly.

O'REILLY. I am he, sir.

P. CAR. Well, Major, you are in for it. I have
to announce that Fanti, the Sardinian General,
has crossed the Pope's frontier and is now ap-
proaching Spoleto.

O'REILLY. I imagined Cialdini was the man.

P. CAR. General Cialdini will watch proceed-
ings and overwhelm all opposition. So it is said.

O'REILLY. Well, we shall do our best, sir. If
we cannot conquer we can do the next best thing
—die!

P. CAR. Major, will you assign me to a position
which shall afford me an opportunity of striking
a first blow against the robbers of Victor Emman-
uel?

CAPT. MURRAY. Indeed, for that matter, sir, we
shall all have enough to do. The enemy will be
at least twenty to one.

O'REILLY. O there will be fighting enough
surely!

P. CAR. Excuse me, Major, I have forgotten to
produce a letter of introduction to you, received I
believe from a mutual friend. (*Hands letter to
O'REILLY.*)

O'REILLY. What! a son of Carroll of Castle
Honor, Tipperary! I am delighted to see the son
of my father's dearest friend side by side with me
in this great and good cause! Gentlemen (*to
MURRAY and KELLY*) I need not formally intro-
duce my young friend, so we shall waive cere-
mony.

P. CAR. I thank you, Major, and gentlemen.
But where shall I be placed in the coming fight?

O'REILLY. Full of the fight, I see. Well, I'll take
you on my staff, and it will not be my fault if you
don't get plenty of fighting. And now, let us to
the men and say a few words. Encouragement
they do not need. Their hearts are one—their
faith in the justice of our cause unalterable. The
hireling hordes of God's enemies may crush us by
their numbers, but from our blood shall spring
armies of heroes. A man may die, but a good
cause—never!

(*Enter ORDERLY.*)

ORDERLY. A messenger from General Lamor-
iciere.

O'REILLY. Admit him. (*Exit, then enter TIM.*)

TIM. Ah! Míster Paul, is that yourself? I'm
glad ye've got here wid a whole skin on your four
bones.

P. CARROLL. Welcome, Tim. (*To O'REILLY.*)
He is a foster-brother of mine, Major.

O'REILLY. Well, Tim, if that's your name, what
does the General say?

TIM. To hould out here as long as ye can, thin
to fall back on Castelfidardo, and, afther ye are
batten there, to retrate upon the main army. I
was to tell this to Major O'Reilly.

O'REILLY. All right, Tim,—I'm Major O'Reilly.

TIM. Lord preserve ye from your enemies.

O'REILLY. That's an appropriate prayer at
present, Tim.

TIM. Faith, Major dear, I'm thinkin' prayers is
appropriate at any time.

O'REILLY. Very true, Tim. Had you any
difficulty getting here?

TIM. O nothin' to spake of, your honor. A couple of ill-lookin' blaguards fired at me, an' I was chased tin miles by some morodin' cavalry. That's all.

ALL. Ha—ha—ha! Enough, we should think. *(The sound of cannon is heard. ORDERLY rushes in.)*

ORDERLY. The vanguard of the enemy is in sight!

O'REILLY. *(To the OFFICERS.)* Comrades! raise up your swords and swear. *(They all do so.)* While there is one chance, let us stand, immovable as the mountains of our native land, and hold back this tide of dastardly invasion! *(Cheering outside heard.)* Away! The soldiers cheer! Death to the wretch who shall in this hour of trial prove unworthy of the Pope, or tarnish the laurels of his brave ancestors! *(They rush out. Cannon, trumpet sounds, alarms.)*

SCENE III.

PLACE—A forest. TIME—Night.

(Enter TIM, with his head bandaged.)

TIM. *(Putting down his gun and knapsack.)* Faith, it's tired I am carryin' ye, ye thieves. But it's a mighty light weight that's not heavy whin a man's hungry. *(Sits down on knapsack.)* Heigho! but what quare things happen in this world, to be sure! The blaguard Sardanians dhrove us out av Spoleto, Castelfidardo an' Ancona! Phew! what was a thousand min agin thirty thousand! A dacent b'oy may aisily manage six Sardanians, but whin it comes to thirty, that's another thing. And poor General Lamoricere is dead, I hear. Well, God's blessin' rest upon his noble ashes. He'll make Vichter Manuel, Fanti, Poignardi, an' the other blaguards laugh on the wrong side av their mouths on the last day. An' now, we have the dirty Garibaldians marchin' agin Rome. Since he collected his mob and took to the counthry, they say there hasn't been a robbery or murder in any of the cities. Well, there'll come a day. I'm now goin to Rome meself,—I hear they want min. They have a new General now,—Kandler, no, Kanzler, a mighty dacent boy, they say, an' a good soger. That's some comfort, at last. * * * I wondher what's become av Masther Paul. I niver set eye on him since the fight. They toul me he wasn't kilt. So, if he's alive, he's gone to Rome. Arrah! my jewel, Paul, I wish the Pope had fifty thousand like ye! But I must find a nice corner to lie down, for I'm mightysleepy intirely. *(Takes his gun and knapsack in either hand, and goes to a nook. Fixes the knapsack as a pillow.)* I needn't complain' av ye for a pillow. Every pillow is hard to a sore head, an' mine's sore enough, dear knows. Well, if I don't make some av the red-shirted blaguards' sorer, ye may chop me head off an' ate it after-wards—widout salt! *(Lies down.)*

(Enter two red-shirted GARIBALDIANS.)

FIRST GARIBALDIAN. Giacomo, are you sure we are on the right road to the camp.

GIACOMO. I know this country well. This is the way, Stefano.

TIM. *(Aside.)* Garibaldians, be the mortal!

STEFANO. Shall we go on, or rest here in the woods for the night?

GIACOMO. No, no. A mile or so ahead there is an inn kept by a friend of ours.

TIM. *(Aside.)* Thin the divil must be the land-lord!

STEFANO. Hush! I hear footsteps approach!

GIACOMO. Stand close!

(Enter PAUL CARROLL.)

P. CARROLL. I am tired out. I hope I may have a rest at Rome, before I meet the cowardly banditti of the infidel Garibaldi.

STEFANO. *(Aside.)* Hear you that?

GIACOMO. *(Aside.)* Shall I stab him?

TIM. *(Aside, raising his gun cautiously.)* Thry it, me darlin'.

P. CARROLL. I wish I had poor Tim—*(Sees*

Garibaldians.) *(Aside.)* Ha! those men! They are enemies. *(To Garibaldians.)* Ye seem to be travellers like myself, my men?

BOTH. Perhaps so. *(Approach PAUL. GIACOMO saunters behind him.)* But who are you?

P. CARROLL. *(To STEFANO.)* It's not necessary for you to know who I am, fellow.

STEFANO. Look you, friend, we heard you speak some hard words of the illustrious Garibaldi.

P. CARROLL. You did, and I repeat them. He is a monster of iniquity,—a cold, cynical fiend,—a paid agent of the infernal sects,—an enemy of God, of virtue, and of truth. Nay, frown not! Though alone here, I fear ye not. I would say the same with my last breath.

GIACOMO. Your last breath it shall be, dog! *(Raises his dagger to stab PAUL in the back. TIM springs from his concealment and catches the assassin's arms, then trips him up, and GIACOMO falls. PAUL seizes STEFANO.)*

TIM. Hould on to the other vagabond, Misther Paul dear, till I tie up this one. *(Binds GIACOMO hand and foot. Then does the same office for STEFANO.)* Lord be praised, Misther Paul, I'm crazy wid delight at seein' you. Come on, me jewel, there's a house a mile from here, where we can rest for the night. There are warmer blankets than the sky, Misther Paul. Come on,—we can explain things while we're marchin'!

PAUL. But, Tim, what are we to do with these men?

TIM. Faix, I dunno. I'll shoot thim if ye say the word.

GIACOMO and STEFANO. *(Loudly.)* Ah! kind gentlemen! mercy! mercy! mercy!

TIM. *(Raising his gun.)* Say yer prayers, ye blaguards. Ye have only a minute to live!

G. and S. Oh—oh—oh!—mercy!—*(Their teeth chatter.)* Me—me—mercy, blessed Signor!

TIM. When wor ye at confession last, ye thieves?

G. and S. Two, three, four years ago.

TIM. *(Aside.)* Well, I wouldn't like to send thim to the divil before their time, Misther Paul. *(To G. and S.)* What'll ye do, if I let ye off?

G. and S. Anything, illustrissime.—Everything, noble Signor.

TIM. Will ye promise, ye vagabond knaves, to go home, go to confession and have nothin' more to do wid that scoundhrel, Garibaldi?

G. and S. We will, dear signor—we will. O mercy, mercy!

TIM. Very well. I'll set some av our friends to watch which way yego, whin ye get your hands and feet free, which, I'm thinkin', won't be in a hurry, for I've tied very purty knots intirely. Well, good day t' ye, and remember your promise. *(He and PAUL are going.)*

G. and S. But ah,—ah!—won't the noble signor release us?

TIM. Release ye. Faith, it's well satisfied ye ought to be that ye're not danglin' from a three. Release ye! Here's a brace av modest jokers, be me word. Wriggle yourselves out av your ropes, me frinds. It's a pinince I put on ye. Good day. *(Exit TIM and PAUL.)*

GIACOMO. Oh—oh—oh!—curse Garibaldi. We shall be eaten alive.

STEFANO. Ah—ah—ah!—malediction on Garibaldi. I hear the wolves howling. We shall die. A priest! A priest!

SCENE IV.

PLACE—A Camp near Rome.

(GENERAL KANZLER, COLONEL CHARETTE, CAPTAINS BAYARD, MURRAY, KELLY, and several others, PAUL CARROLL, etc.)

GEN. K. What is the name of the village near at hand, Charette?

CHARETTE. Mentana, General.

GEN. K. Then we shall make Mentana's little town

A proud tradition of the faithful few Who scorned to purchase one deceiving smile From the vile world. Our cause, ye know full well,

Is God's own cause. To-morrow think of this!

And thank Him that to ye, bold, chosen souls!

The privilege is given of the palm

Which martyrs wear. Are the despatches come?

CHARETTE. They are, General.

GEN. K. Are the men paraded?

CHARETTE. They are.

GEN. K. Then, let us go. *(Exit omnes.)*

SCENE V.

(Enter GEN. KANZLER, and all his OFFICERS. The SOLDIERS drawn up in line with three banners—the Pope's, the Tricolor and the Green.)

SOLDIERS. Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

GEN. K. Sons of our Holy Mother Church, I come,

To greet ye in the name of noble Pius, Our glorious Pope, and Vicar of Our Lord.

To-morrow, we shall meet the enemy;

To-morrow, soldiers, we shall do or die,

Strengthened by grace and our Pope's benison.

SOLDIERS. Hurrah!

GEN. K. I see your flashing eyes, and almost hear

The throbbing of your eager hearts to meet

The robber foe! They come, the vile, the base,

Offscum and dregs of faithless Italy,

Led by a mad adventurer, who boasts

His impious purpose 'gainst the Church of God.

Who fears to meet this ragamuffin foe?

Who doubts that when they feel our lusty blows

The dogs will prove their poltroon currish blood

And howl for mercy! Shall we not, my boys,

Those hounds of Crete back to their kennels whip,

Yelping and whining 'neath our manly arms?

Who are those enemies? Gaunt banditti

From wolfish dens amid the Appenines;

Assassins, robbers, sneaking, cowering thieves,

Whose greatest exploit hitherto has been

To filch the pennies from an errand-boy

Or rob the poor-box of a country church;

Beggarly knaves, who for three silver pence

Would pledge their souls unto the darkest deed.

Who fears such trash? Assuredly not we,—

Our cause is just—their's is but infamy!

(Enter SOLDIER.) General, I have just left Garibaldi's camp. Disguised, I heard him speak unto his ruffian followers.

KANZLER. What said the bandit?

SOLDIER. These were his words, my General:

"Ye noble Italians, every man a tower,

Of strength against your Papal enemies,

Shall I with petty strife of petty words

Pretend to give ye courage? No, my braves!

Must I not rather cry: Abate your spleen,

And be not over-rash? Conquer we shall

Those foreign cowards—who now loudly boast

Upon Italia's sacred soil. Think, braves

Of what ye gain in conquering those foes:

I give ye leave to rob the Roman shops,

Except the goldsmith's,—they shall be my prize.

With man and woman ye may do your will.

No one shall dare to say: Ye did it ill.

If any man has stomach for the work

Let him kill me a dozen cardinals.

The priests and nuns will do to people hulks,

After we have selected for ourselves.

Don't kill the Pope,—although—a word to ye—

An accident might be convenient here,—

A thousand scudi for such accident!

We'll make a bonfire of the Vatican,

The princes' palaces,—and an accident—

Ye understand—may fire St. Peter's dome.

Enough,—ye have my mind; and now, my braves,

To-night we'll move upon this Kanzler's camp,

And write our title to imperial Rome,

In blood of enemies.

KANZLER. The infamous wretch!

SOLDIERS. Hurrah! God and the Pope! We'll conquer or we'll die!

(Enter SOLDIER hurriedly.)

SOLDIER. The enemy! they come! I heard but now the heavy march of men. (Cannons open.) Hear ye the guns?

KANZLER. So much the better—I would have it so.

On—on—brave hearts! Behold God's bitter foe! To your post, gentlemen—the batteries advance!—To it, brave sons of Erin and of France! Lash the vile carrion off this sacred soil. God and the Pope! On, on,—victory awaits us!

(Exeunt.)

(Alarms,—continuous sounds of cannon and musketry within.—A red light—shouting of combatants.)

(Enter PAUL.)

PAUL. The fight goes bravely on! Hurrah for Pius! (Exit.)

COL. BAYARD. Vive la France et l'Irlande! Nos hommes s'avancent. (Exit.)

(Enter TIM.)

TIM. I've kilt a dozen av thim,—Horroo! Bad scran to thim! Down wid the thieves! Mollafosther the blaguards! (Exit.)

(Alarms, etc., still continue.)

(Enter TIM and some soldiers, bearing PAUL CARROLL, wounded.)

TIM. Och, Paul dear, spake to me! Sure you're not kilt, darlin'?

SOLDIER. Lay him down here. See, he moves!

PAUL. (Faintly.) Where am I?

TIM. God be praised, Paul darlin', you're not dead!

PAUL. Tim, my poor fellow,—how—how goes the—the battle?

TIM. Shure I don't know at all,—I couldn't see for grief at seein' you fall.

SOLDIER. It's doubtful.

PAUL. God defend the good cause.

TIM. Musha thin, I— Oh, Mither Paul, Mither Paul darlin', pulse av my heart, and blood av my soul, sure you're not goin' to—to die! (Covers his face and is silent.)

PAUL. Why, Tim,—be a man! You give up! If those wretches are not afraid to die for a bad cause, should I fear death for a good one?

TIM. Och! Mither Paul dear, I know—I know. But in a strange land—away from your kindred. Oh, Mother of God! pray for him that he may not die!

(Enter SOLDIERS, bearing in a young FRENCH SOLDIER, wounded. They lay him beside PAUL.)

SOLDIER. Are you better, Jules?

JULES. A little, comrade. How long is it since I was brought here.

SOLDIER. Just this instant.

JULES. How goes the fight?

SOLDIER. But uncertain yet, Jules.

JULES. Ah!—well, God will preserve His own.

SOLDIER. Are you suffering much pain, Jules?

JULES. Did you speak of my mother?

TIM. Arrah! listen to the poor dear. His mind's wandherin' afther his mother, poor boy.

SOLDIER. Do you suffer pain, Jules?

JULES. A good deal. But I would suffer more for God and the Pope. (To PAUL.) You are wounded too, comrade.

PAUL. Yes,—my pledge has been fulfilled, thank God!

JULES. Yes, yes, thank God!

(Cries outside: "Long live the Pope!" "Victory! Victory!" "The day is ours!")

PAUL. What cries are these?

JULES. (Rising up a little.) Listen! (Raises his arm.)

(Enter SOLDIER, shouting.)

SOLDIER. Victory—victory! The red-shirts are destroyed or scattered like chaff. Our troops are riddling them with grape-shot as they fly!

(KANZLER and OFFICERS, SOLDIERS and all march on to the stage. The Pope's banner is held above the

two wounded men, and the Tricolor and Green flag on either side. SOLDIERS stand in a semicircle, and the OFFICERS throng about the wounded.)

GEN. KAN. Brave fellows, are ye wounded dangerously?

SURGEON. (Aside.) Mortally.

GEN. KAN. Can I do anything for you, my noble fellows?

PAUL and JULES. (together.) General, are we victorious?

KANZLER. We are.

BOTH. Thank God! Farewell! we die in a good cause!

TIM. (Catching PAUL's hand and kneeling.) O Paul—Paul! (Bows his head.)

COL. CHARETTE. (Catching JULES' hand, and kneeling.) Jules, son of my ancient friend! must I tell your mother this?

JULES. One request, dear Colonel. I would hear, "Partant pour la Syrie" once more.

(One stanza is sung. Orch. accomp.)

PAUL. And now, for poor old Ireland's sake—one song.

(A verse of the "Exile of Erin," is sung. TIM breaks down.)

PAUL. Comrade give me your hand. (Takes JULES' hand.)

We die, my noble comrade, for our God, So, why should we have fear to meet grim death, When he is master of our life's last breath.—

Long live the Pope! Down with his enemies!—Let traitors learn the day will surely come,

That, like the Tarpeian bracelets, mighty Rome Shall crush the power that dares defy the truth.

I can no more.—O it is right and meet That we, the sons of Erin and of France,

Should die for honor, with our hands enclasped, For ever since the days when Clovis reigned

We have been friends. God guard those nations both,

And give unto them all prosperity.

JULES. Lean your head on me, comrade! Nay, he's gone.

Vive la France—et—Irlande!—our crowns—are —won. (Dies.) (Curtain falls.)

At a time when so much is said about religious and secular education, the following statistics may be of interest:

The clergy of France take charge of about 60,000 children. 42,000 are in the hands of secular priests, 18,000 in the hands of monks of different Orders, 28,000 are boarded in 180 petits seminaires, 82,000 in 200 other religious houses; 44,000 go through a full course of studies, including philosophy; 12,000 do not go further than rhetoric; 4,000 stop at the fourth, third and second classes. These figures are taken from the authentic registers kept in the secretary's office of each bishopric. But they do not include all the children; there are many small establishments not included in the lists, and many children are educated by parish priests and board in the minister's house. More than 4,000 priests devote themselves to private education.

Nothing can be more interesting, and can speak with greater eloquence, than the expenses in day-schools in France; and the expenses of public instruction will be found about the same in every town. We will give a few examples:

At Toulouse, the town paid to the Christian Brothers 30,000f., and they had, in 68 schools, 18,500 children; since lay schoolmasters have been appointed, the town has to pay 88,000f., and they have only 4,000 children. At Montpellier, twenty-eight Brothers have 1,717 children, and cost 18,900f.; two lay schools have 430 children, and cost 8,008f., or 11f. against 18f. 62c. per head. At Béziers, three religious schools contain 825 children, and cost 9,000f., two lay schools contain 290 children, and cost 6,800f. At Lodeve, 309 children cost 3,260f.; and the lay element has one master and 60 children and costs 1,800f. At Montagnac, the Brothers have 160 children, costing 2,800f.; the lay school 150 children, costing 2,600f.

Nothing can show better than these figures the animosity of freethinkers.—Westminster Gazette.

ORIGIN OF TINTED PAPER.—More novelties are the result of accident than is generally supposed. The origin of blue-tinted paper came about by a mere slip of the hand. William East, an English paper maker, once upon a time set his men to work, and went away on business. While the men were at dinner, Mrs. East accidentally let a blue-bag fall into one of the vats of pulp. Alarmed at the occurrence, she determined to say nothing about it. Great was the astonishment of the workmen when they saw the peculiar color of the paper, and great the anger of Mr. East when he returned and found that a whole vat of pulp had been spoiled. After giving the paper made from it warehouse-room for four years, Mr. East sent it up to his agent in London, to be sold "for what it would fetch." "For what it would fetch!" said the agent not understanding the meaning; "well, it certainly is a novelty, but he must not expect too much." So he sold the whole at a considerable advance upon the market price, and wrote to the mills for as much more as he could get. The surprise of Mr. East may be imagined. He hastened to tell his wife, who found courage to confess her share in the fortunate accident and to claim a reward, which she received in the shape of a new cloak. Mr. East kept his secret, and for a short time supplied the market with the novel tint, until the demand far exceeded the supply, and other makers discovering the means used, competed with him.—Printer's Circular.

ORIGIN OF FOOLSCAP PAPER.—The term foolscap, to designate a certain kind of paper, no doubt has puzzled many an inquirer. The origin is not only amusing, but historical. Charles I, of England, granted numerous monopolies for the support of the Government. Among others was the manufacture of paper. The water-mark of the finest sort was the royal arms of England. The consumption of this article was great, and large fortunes were made by those who had purchased the exclusive right to vend it. This, among other monopolies, was set aside by the Parliament that brought Charles I to the scaffold; and, by way of showing contempt for the king, they ordered the royal arms to be taken from the paper, and a fool, with his cap and bells, to be substituted. It is now over two hundred years since the fool's-cap was taken from the paper, but still the paper of the size which the Rump Parliament ordered for their journals bears the name of the water-mark placed there as an indignity to Charles.

An English writer says: "A good editor or competent newspaper conductor is, like a general or a poet, born, not made. Exercise and experience give facility, but the qualification is innate, or it is never manifested. On the London daily papers all the great historians, novelists, poets, essayists, and writers of travels, have been tried, and nearly every one has failed. 'I can,' said the editor of the London Times, 'find any number of men of genius to write for me, but very seldom one man of common sense.' Nearly all editors are of this description. A good editor seldom writes much for his paper; he reads, judges, selects, dictates, alters, combines; and to do all this well, he has but little time for composition. To write for a paper is one thing, to edit a paper is another."

Honorable Mentions.

GERMAN.

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

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

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FINE weather set in definitely on the 27th, after ten days of clouds and rain.

The infirmary is completely deserted at present—not even a tooth-ache can be found within its walls.

VARIOUS rumors were afloat about "The Upstart" starting up again on the stage. Unfortunately they were only rumors.

WE return our thanks to our member of Congress, General Packard, for a copy of the Annual Report of the Board of Regents of the Smithsonian Institution for the year 1870.

THE St. Cecilian Philomathean Society, we are informed, holds its regular meetings, though the Secretary has given in no report. No blame is attached to the Secretary, as the fast-increasing amount of business towards the end of the session is a sufficient excuse for not giving in regular hebdominal reports.

WITH sincere regret we announce the death of JOSEPH A. DOWNING, formerly a compositor in this office. He had been feeble in health for a long time past, and departed this life on the 29th inst., in Washington, D. C. We sincerely trust that his life of suffering was but exchanged for the happy life of eternity.

PERSONS visiting the printing office (unofficially) are requested not to waste the time of the printers, and their own, by attempting to find out what matter is to appear and what not to appear in any of the publications issued therefrom. The office is the only "chest" in which office secrets are deposited, and none other is desired. A word to the wise, etc.

THE fifth number of the *Philomathean Standard* is a worthy companion of its four predecessors, although it was published at a time when all the editors had their hands full of weighty and important business. By an oversight, credit was not given to the *Standard* for the "Snails" which we published in last week's SCHOLASTIC. We balance the account this week by giving credit in our journal.

THE Boating Club, with the characteristic hospitality of sailors, when their feet touch *terra firma*, gave us an invitation to an informal lunch last Thursday. We accepted it, and were highly edified by the lively and harmonious spirit of the club. Bro. Ildfonse sustained his deservedly high reputation as a dairyman, and supplied the club with milk of the first water from his favorite cow, which, if we understood aright the allusions made, had been expressly imported from Holland for the club.

IT gave us quite a "turn" when we found on our table a note, addressed in lead pencil characters, to denote the weight of grief that bowed the writer thereof down, their consequent neglect of mere outward forms of politeness, and also the evanescent transitoriness of terrene animals and things—owls included. The note announced the death of the owl, which but a few short days before we had seen quietly and comfortably perched

on the hand of a graduate, basking in the smiles of all the others of the class, who beamed upon him so brightly that he blinked his big eyes and looked wondrously wise; he even manifested surprise that an owl of his size should enjoy such an amount of felicity,—but he is gone—a sad example of the evil of not leaving well enough alone. A comfortable peach-basket was his resting place, the class-room his habitation, and he was doing well; when unfortunately he thought he was old enough to sing,—that his voice was of a finer timbre and decidedly heavier calibre than that of the pert canary across the way. He yielded to the seductive suggestions of his vain little soul, and attempted to sing! The consequence was that "one of the faculty"—we quote note—banished him to the hall without, which superinduced a severe cold, in consequence of which he dejectedly kicked the peach-basket at eight o'clock.

We shall never see his like again; at least we sincerely hope so.

We tender our regrets to the graduating class that we received the note too late to be present at the funeral; we would have attended it with the greatest pleasure and impunity.

Feast of Corpus Christi at Notre Dame.

The Feast of Corpus Christi was celebrated at Notre Dame with great splendor. Solemn High Mass was sung by Very Rev. Father Provincial, Rev. Father Carrier assisting as deacon, and Rev. Father Toohey as subdeacon. In the afternoon, solemn Vespers were sung by Very Rev. Father General, Rev. Fathers Carrier and Toohey assisting. At the close of Vespers, Rev. Father O'Rourke preached an excellent sermon on the Blessed Sacrament. The sermon over, a procession, under the charge of Rev. Father Letourneau, was formed in the following order:

Banner.
Minim Students.
Banner.
Junior Students.
Banner.
Senior Students.
Manuel Labor Students.
Novices.
Brothers of the Congregation of the Holy Cross.
University Band.
Banner of the Holy Angels' Sodality.
Acolytes.
Banner of the St. Gregory's Society.
Choristers.
Acolyte. Cross. Acolyte.
Seminarians.
Clergy in Chasubles, Copes, etc.
Acolytes with flowers.
Thurifers.
Subdeacon. Celebrant. Deacon.
Papils of St. Mary's Academy.
Sisters of the Congregation of the Holy Cross.
Congregation.

The procession started from the church and moved along the front of the College, past the Infirmary and AVE MARIA buildings to St. Joseph's lake, thence around the shore of the lake to the Novitiate, where the first repository was built. Benediction was there given, and the procession then moved along the shore to the west side, where a magnificent repository was erected by the Sisters of St. Mary's Convent. After Benediction the procession proceeded to the Scholasticate and thence to the Church, having walked a good mile and a half. All along the route of the procession pictures, statues and tapestry were displayed, flags and ribbons and garlands fluttered in the breeze. The repositories erected by the Sisters, and at the Scholasticate by Mr. D. E. Hudson, S.S.C., were

particularly beautiful—though they were beautiful in different ways. The Sisters' repository was grand and showy—the Scholastic's was smaller, yet arranged with consummate taste and skill.

The acolytes were twenty-six in number, and made a very pretty and tasty appearance, and were the objects of much favorable comment.

The boats, at anchor in the lake, were tastefully ornamented with flags and streamers. At intervals the cannon was fired and the bells in the church pealed merrily, the big bell joining in as bass.

We have never heard the Band play so well as they did while they moved around the shores of the lake; the echoes of their music still ring in our ears. For the benefit of our readers in years to come we will mention the names of some of those who took part in the procession:

The Master of Ceremonies at the head of the procession was Rev. Father Letourneau. The first baunner was carried by Joseph Devine, the second by T. A. Ireland, the third by T. F. O'Mahony. The Master of Ceremonies for the middle of the procession was Jno. A. Zahm, S.S.C. The banner of the Holy Angels' Sodality was carried by William Dodge. The acolytes were Messrs. O'Brien, C. McKinnon, Beck, Clarke, S. McMahon, H. Porter, E. O'Brien, E. McMahon, H. Faxon, Morton, Kleine, Kinzie, Shanks, and W. Campbell. D. Tighe, S.S.C., was subdeacon of the cross, with Messrs. Herbert H. Hunt and William Myers acolytes.

The acolytes who strewed flowers were Messrs. Heckert, Kauffman, Breen, Weldon, Jocquel, Dore, Egan, McCormack, McKinnon, and J. Campbell. The thurifers were Michael M. Mahoney and Jas. B. Crumme. The lanterns were carried by Messrs. James McGlynn, Nathaniel S. Mitchell, John D. Hogan and Thomas Murphy.

The order preserved as the procession moved was most truly excellent; and though there were more than a thousand persons walking, yet there was not the slightest confusion from the beginning to the end.

Rev. Father Superior arranged the procession, and to him is due the preservation of order—to him is due the credit of arranging and carrying out successfully one of the finest processions ever gotten up at Notre Dame.

We feel, when beholding such a sight as we witnessed on Thursday, as though we are in a Catholic country, and it is really saddening the thought that outside of the lands belonging to the University there is seldom to be seen such an imposing procession in honor of the Most Blessed Sacrament. E.

Thespian Reunion.

A CARD OF INVITATION.

We take pleasure in informing the old members of the Thespian Association that a reunion on Tuesday, June 25, 1872, at 4½ p. m., has been determined upon, and we take this opportunity of requesting the presence of all the old members of the Association. Though we have sent separate invitations to most of them, still there are some whose address we have not been able to ascertain, in consequence of which we insert this general invitation in the columns of the SCHOLASTIC. We earnestly request those who may chance to see this to confer a favor upon the Association, by informing the old members residing in the same place that they do, of this reunion. And in conclusion would ask a *reply*, and say to the members of former years, we long to welcome you back as old associates, to your beloved *Alma Mater*.

T. F. O'MAHONY,
E. B. GAMBEE,
T. A. IRELAND,
T. WATSON,
P. E. COCHRANE, } Committee.

The 31st of May at St. Mary's.

Many invited guests participated in the literary and musical entertainment given by the pupils of St. Mary's in honor of the patronal feast of the Mother Superior. We have no time this week to give an extended notice of the entertainment, but hope that "Stylus" will give a full account of it next week.

An idea of *matter* can be had from the programme, which we give:

PROGRAMME.

Entrance Overture—"Don Giovanni," (Mozart)
Misses Kirwin, Sherland, Borup
Chorus from Moise in Egitto, (Rossini).....Vocal Class
Address from the Senior Dep't.....Miss M. Letourneau
Song—"Flower-Girl".....Miss L. West
German Address.....Miss A. E. Clark
Vocal Duet—"Roma". Misses R. Devoto and J. Forbes
Address from the Children of Mary.....Miss E. Kirwin
Spanish Bolero song.....Miss J. Hynds. Accompaniment, Miss M. Sherland
Address from the Graduates.....Miss G. Hurst
Vocal Duet—"Return of Spring," (Kucken). Miss Hynds and Miss Tuberty. Accompaniment, Miss E. Plamondon

FRENCH PLAY.

"OUR MOTHER'S FEAST."

CHARACTERS:

Estelle.....Miss Marshall
Madame St. Felix.....Miss H. Tinsley
Mademoiselle Elise.....Miss A. Borup
Mademoiselle Talmont.....Miss J. Forbes
Mademoiselle Eugenie.....Miss G. Hurst
Louise.....Miss Gross
Matilda.....Miss M. Quan
Aline.....Miss A. Todd
Celestine.....Miss M. Letourneau
Julie.....Miss J. Kearney
Eulalie.....Miss L. West
Rhapsodie Hongroise, (Liszt,).....Misses Hynds and Sherland

CANTATA—LA FÊTE CHAMPÊTRE.

Merrily over the Waters..Accompaniment, Miss Borup
Soloists.....Misses McMahon and Devoto
Fantasie—"Alice," (Asher,).....Miss M. Kirwin
Swinging Song.....Misses Logan, Wicker and Shea
Duet—"Lily Bells and Roses,".....Misses J. Hynds and M. Tuberty

Trio—"Skipping Song,".....Misses L. West, J. Forbes and A. Robson
Solo.....Miss G. Kellogg
Duet—"Sunshine,".....Misses K. McMahon, M. Prince, R. Devoto and J. Forbes.

Trio—"Ye Mountain Lands, Farewell!"
.....Misses Hynds, Robson, and Kellogg
Chorus—Misses J. Millis, J. Coffey, H. McMahon, K. Brown, M. Kearney, J. Kearney, F. Moore, A. Rose, A. St. Clair, M. Letourneau, E. Howell, M. Kelly, F. Lloyd, A. Lloyd, L. Pfeiffer, I. Edwards, B. Johnson, M. Brown, A. Emonds, A. Lynch, H. McLaughlin, F. Lynch, M. Carlin, J. Duffield, H. O'Meara, F. Munn.
Transcription—"Erl King," (Liszt,).....Miss J. Hynds

PLAY BY THE JUNIORS.

"THE FOUR SEASONS."

Closing Remarks.....
Sans Souci Gallop, (Ketterer,) for retiring. Misses Plamondon and Todd

The "Play by the Juniors," which occupies such a modest space in the programme, was one of the features of the evening, as the number of Juniors who took part was very large; but we confess ourselves incompetent to pass judgment on the *manner* either of Juniors or Seniors.

CAN anybody write an essay on Neuralgia, and give it fits?

MR. GROSS, of Philadelphia, was present at the entertainment given on the 31st ult. at St. Mary's.

THE Minims (at St. Mary's) had an address on the 31st which was not down on the Programme.

WE were quite surprised at the general correctness of the pronunciation of the young ladies who took part in the French Play.

The Seasons.

"The Seasons," a play played by the Juniors of St. Mary's, was one of the finest little plays we have ever seen. The argument of the play itself consisted of pretty keen arguments between the Juniors who represented the seasons, and the Months. Old Winter, by Adie Byrnes, was accompanied by Snow, Meda Hildreth; Jack Frost, Mamie Ware; Santa Claus, Minnie Booth; Ice, Katie Lloyd. The other Seasons were also beautifully represented and accompanied, as will be seen by the following summary of programme:

Spring, Mamie Faxon; March, Laura McKinnon; April, Belle Quan; May, Maudie DeLong.

Summer, Lizzie Niel; June, Sallie Honeyman; July, Jessie Duffield; August, Frankie Lloyd.

Autumn, Annie Clarke; September, Nellie Gross; October, Julia Kearney; November, Lulu Tinsley.

The conceit of the play was excellent, and was all in the pleasant style and witty repartee, and not a bit in the unaffected representation given by the young pupils. We think it well worthy of being again brought forward, say next 27th of June, on Exhibition Day. In hopes that it may, we reserve our words of encomium for the first vacation number of the SCHOLASTIC.

Tables of Honor.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

May 24.—T. O'Mahony, J. E. Hogan, J. D. McCormick, P. O'Connell, J. McAllister, H. Saylor, P. O'Mahony, H. Schnelker, J. G. Bowen, T. Jones.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

May 24.—S. Marks, W. Kinzie, M. Weldon, J. Carr, J. Leubke, P. Cooney, J. Devine, W. Vestal, E. Marshall, J. Dowe.

D. A. C., Sec.

To Rev. Father Lemonnier, From the Notre Dame Boating Club.

I.

Thrice welcome back to Notre Dame,
Its grand old classic halls,
Its quiet nooks, the most remote,
Where echoed welcome falls;
There falls in sacred solitude
To rise in strength again,
And welcome back the absent one
To friendship's own domain.

II.

Thrice welcome from the sunny South,
To loved and healthy shades,
Where happy union twines the wreath
Of love that never fades,
But ever lingers fair and firm
Around this Eden spot,
Where once impressed on memory's page
Can never be forgot.

III.

Thrice welcome to the little lake
Where merry hearts have met,
And parted, too, when duty called,
With ill-concealed regret;
Regret that such bright happy days
Could not forever last,
Or else that they should cause regret
When once their joys were past.

IV.

With gladsome hearts we gather boughs
To deck our lowly pier;
We raise our starry flags on high
To prove our hearty cheer,
Which humbly clothed by fate to-day
Yet thrills our hearts with pride
To know our loved commander's back
Once more to be our guide.

V.

With willing hands we row our boats
All o'er our bounded sea,
No favored crews on ocean grand
Are favored more than we,—
For bear we not the noble mind,
Across the tiny wave
That first conceived the happy thought
That all these pleasures gave?

VI.

The happy thought that first transformed
This drear and lifeless shore
Into a place of sweet resort
And life for evermore?
'Tis such, my friends, the freight we bear,
Then proud we well may be
To carry such a worthy load
Across our tiny sea.

VII.

Once more we bid thee welcome back
To honest friends and true,
Whom nought but merit on your part
Has ever won for you;
In hopes that health may crown your days,
Your life be blest and long,
Your happy sailor friends now end
Their sincere welcome song.

St. Cecilia Philomathean.

The St. Cecilia Philomathean Society met on Saturday evening, May 25th, and after transacting all regular business a committee was appointed to invite Rev. Father Lemonnier to attend. He came, and kindly consented to take the seat of honor. Mr. C. A. Dodge then read an address of welcome, from the Society, congratulating our kind Director upon his safe arrival, improvement in health, and expressing our happiness in once more having him back with us. We copy the address, which is as follows:

Reverend Father: For the past month there has been a number of conflicting reports regarding when you would return. Mr. Shickey's railroad was watched by the lynx-eyed Juniors most closely, and had you not come during the night you may be sure upon your arrival you would have been greeted by the welcoming huzzas of at least one hundred and seventy-five Juniors. On Thursday morning, May 22d, when it became known that you had at last arrived and were once more amongst us, Reverend Father, it would have done your heart good, and have made your heart feel proud, to have seen the many bright and happy faces congregated in our playgrounds, and particularly your St. Cecilians, who presume to lay claim to a large share of your great heart, all watching to catch a glimpse of your well-remembered and much-loved form. Dear Father Lemonnier, we, the St. Cecilia Philomathean Society, welcome you back in our midst with an affection increased tenfold by your absence. We rejoice to see you looking so much better, and sincerely hope that your trip may have been most beneficial to your health, and that it may have given you renewed vigor and strength. Much beloved Father, that the God of heaven and earth may grant you health, strength, and happiness, together with innumerable other blessings, is the heartfelt prayer of
YOUR ST. CECILIANS.

Father Lemonnier made a few remarks concerning his visit South, stating that while at Galveston he was always informed of our proceedings by means of the SCHOLASTIC, of which there was only one copy received in the city, and that one he had the good fortune to peruse each time. He also expressed his sincere regret at not having arrived in time to witness the Exhibition—saying he was only five hours late.

Declamations were then called for, and Mr.

Charles Dodge, (as prompt as ever), delivered "Parrhasius and his Captive."

It being an advanced hour of the night for Notre Dame students, all adjourned to that interesting locality (dormitory) where the favorite god, Morpheus, could be more conveniently worshipped. W. D.

Characteristic.

Happening one day last week to stroll leisurely around the shady walks of St. Joseph's lake, I saw, not far from the boat-house, thin columns of smoke ascending in beautiful curls through the balmy atmosphere, contrasting favorably with the bright blue sky sparsely interspersed with fleecy clouds, and the limpid waters of the lake surrounded by green flowery banks. The oddity of the occurrence arrested my attention and attracted my steps towards the spot, where, to my surprise, I beheld a jolly crowd of Juniors surrounding and almost smothering a large fire. It being a warm summer afternoon, I was somewhat at a loss how to account for the blazing phenomenon. Upon a nearer approach, however, I quickly discerned its object. Old rusty tin kettles and oyster cans, which had long since been condemned and thrown away as unfit for further use, had been collected and had been partly filled with water, in which upon close inspection one might see a couple of eggs or so. These kettles and cans were delicately poised upon the end of sticks and held over the fire. The eggs had been discovered in some out-of-the-way nest, by the wide-awake Juniors, during one of their many ramblings over the surrounding country, and, with an eye to business, confiscated by the fortunate explorers. It is needless to say that these Juniors were making an experiment in the culinary art,—an art so much neglected and looked upon with disdain by the fastidious of the nineteenth century. Some held in their hands long poles with which they occasionally stirred the fire, having taken the previous precaution of attaching to the end of said poles some fish or frog-legs; others had caught diminutive specimens of turtles, and these they sacrificed upon the burning altar and fireside, in the vain hope of extracting therefrom turtle soup. One Junior especially, whose taste seemed to be more cultivated and refined than that of his companions, and who appeared to superintend the whole department on account of his skill and superiority in laboring under difficulties, had in his possession a snake, which he spared not, but placed it on the burning embers and was broiling to his own satisfaction and the evident delight of his fellow Juniors. I did not learn however that he made a meal of this delicacy, but I thought to myself that *he* at least would never starve in this world. Greatly amused at the preparations, I lingered but a moment when my ears were saluted by the following:

"Say, that water won't boil till six o'clock."
 "It leaks out, Brother, it leaks; take it away."
 "Ho, turtle-soup!"
 "Take that old can away; it puts out the fire."
 "Your's is cooked, Porter."
 "Ha, bull-frogs! I'm going to boil them for supper."
 "Pshaw! it takes a great deal of them to do any good."
 "Never mind. I'll get a bite out of them, just to see how they taste. Joe, did you ever eat bull-frog legs?"
 "Here's an egg."
 "Oh, leave it in, Reub."
 "Whose snake is that? look at it curling! see how it jumps!"
 "Look at old Ben trying to catch some fish."
 "Turtle soup here."
 "That's a-boiling, Egan; take it away."

"Did you hear about our Honorary Vice-President?"

"Who's got any worms, say?"
 "How long has it been boiling?"
 "Oh, get out of the way; you'll put out the fire."
 "It has been boiling for half an hour."
 "Take it away; hurry up, Egan; you'll miss your egg."
 "Rec. to-morrow."
 "Oh, it's rotten!"
 "No, it isn't."
 "Say, keep the fire going."
 "Cool it off."
 "Oh, you're a dead beat."
 "Who wants a bite?"
 "Here, put some more sticks on."
 "Won't you let me have a fish, Brack?"

In the midst of this interesting and spirited conversation, some members of the Boat Club made their appearance, and kindly invited me to take a ride. This I willingly accepted, but was loath to tear myself away from that interesting group. After a pleasant and agreeable ride of one hour's duration I returned.

Juniors, eggs, fish, turtles, and snakes had all disappeared. The smoke had ceased to curl upwards, and the dying embers cast a faint glimmer towards the setting sun. Quiet and solitude again reigned supreme. I.

MR. EDITOR: No doubt you have long ere this concluded that the Notre Dame Boating Club was either very selfish or had ceased to exist. But we are still alive, and as good-natured as ever.

The first meeting of the Club, after "navigation had opened on the lakes," took place on May the 24th, for the purpose of electing officers for the present session. The election resulted as follows:

Rev. A. Lemonnier—Director.
 Prof. M. A. J. Baasen—President.
 J. D. McCormick—Recording Secretary.
 T. J. Dundon—Treasurer.
 M. Keeley—Commodore.
 P. J. O'Connell—Captain of the Pinta.
 J. M. Rourke—" " Santa Maria.

The club at present numbers sixteen active members, including the Director and President.

Respectfully yours,

J. D. MCCORMICK, *Rec. Sec.*

The Amalgamated Society.

Smoke rises from the lighted flame;
 So it is with the pipe of fame.

MR. EDITOR: As this is the first report that has been sent you of this Society, we trust it may find a place in the columns of the SCHOLASTIC.

The Society has been sometime organized; its meetings have been many, and as the meeting I am about to chronicle was an important one, and as the Society is noted for its modesty and does not believe in self-praise, I, an outsider, will venture to let the world know something of it by sending this to you. It must not be expected, however, that I will give anything but a cursory view of this time-honored Association. The meeting:

The President was in the chair; the preliminary business gone through, then came the *regular business* for which the Society was organized: the pipe of discussion was lit; the words of the *speakers* (?) waxed warm, and their very breath showed itself as on a cold, frosty winter morning. The discussion became so *loud* at times that the most dignified President was obliged to call upon them "to let up and not s— (speak) so loud," or rather, I should say, "to remember where they were, and that *he* (not the President) was not blind."

But there happened to be *in illo loco* a stranger, who, having in some way become conscious of the

meeting and knowing that it was not their association room, approached the door; here he stopped, for he plainly saw that the President was summing up the discussion, and, as is his custom "here and there," could not restrain his *natural* wit. But this stranger was quite amused; for when the President had made a witty remark *he* would laugh, and one of the other members would rise and ask "his highness"—I mean "Bedad," the President of the Amalgamated Society—"to be kind enough to tell *them* when to laugh." "Now," the President would puff out. The stranger rapped; the "chair" in a loud yet modest voice cried "Come in!" and he did; but alas! at this moment the *modest* President lost his "gift of gab," his wit gave out, the warm blood rushed to every part of his body and drove the perspiration from his brow; the whole Society, in fact, became so warm that, as the saying is, "they fairly smoked." The good stranger seeing the condition he had thrown the Society into by his *unexpected* arrival, took his departure. After a few moments' silence, the President, raising his eyebrows with a grunt, and in a trembling voice, asked the Treasurer to report, who, in a still more excited condition, replied that "four cents" remained. It was then moved and carried that the Society adjourn to meet *sine die*.

Moral derived from the discussion: Never smoke when it is contrary to the rules of the institution at which you are, and especially do not seek a lime-kiln or a brick-yard. A VISITOR.

The American Game.

It has been our good fortune to have read several ably-written articles in the SCHOLASTIC in which the "dark side" of base-ball was painted in the most vivid colors, and it is because no one has, as yet, noticed the "bright side" of our national game, that we submit to the gentle readers of the SCHOLASTIC this humble essay, in which we will endeavor, so far as we are able, "to set wrong to right."

It is a noteworthy fact that *fault-finders* are at all times and on all occasions ready to give their views; and it often happens that they know little or nothing about that which they criticize, and especially is this the case in regard to base-ball. You do not hear an experienced player finding fault with the game; and why? because he finds pleasure and exercise in it. If players found no pleasure or exercise in playing match games, it would be no easy task to get a *spring-fever*-stricken youth out to play a game; for very few are the number of those who love to work when the sun is *scorching*, and hard indeed would it be to induce them to do unnecessary labor, as base-ball would be if all were of the opinion that it is work, and no amusement or exercise, to play match games. Base-ball is work, when *abused*: but where is it abused? The answer is, "In the professional arena." There and there alone. Here we find men who make it their business, and hence it ceases to be a game with them, but rather an occupation; and even here it is not the players that abuse it,—it is their *employers*; and it is on account of this abuse of the game by outsiders that some one has been so unjust as to speak of the game as closely allied to *gambling*. We should further remark that among both professionals and amateurs, those who participate in the game are not allowed to be in any way connected with any bet upon the game; nor is the rule a "dead letter," as can be proved by the many occasions on which persons have been "ruled out" for this; and, furthermore, in the history of *games* it is impossible to find one in which greater care has been taken to prevent its becoming a gambling affair. It is, of course, impossible to rule outsiders; if they wish to bet, they will, and there is no preventing them. But in this case, which is the case

with all base-ball outside of the "professional arena," neither the game nor the players are to be held responsible for what the bystanders say or do. If they bet, the players or game cannot hinder them; all they can do is to prevent themselves from betting, which they do.

In playing all games, the contending person or persons play for what? To "beat,"—and it is the desire of victory that urges them on to make themselves more proficient in the game, and to learn to use both mind and body to advantage. While playing, most persons in fact do not think of the exercise the game affords them; but it is the hope of being victorious that causes them to exert every muscle of their bodies; and although they may be defeated they have found pleasure even in it; and when they have recovered from the fatigues of the game, they feel that new vigor has been infused into their bodies and limbs. So then we see no reason why players, because they strive for victory in this manly, healthy, life-giving game, and because this victory does, under certain circumstances, receive the name "champion," should be stigmatized by placing it on a level with pugilism; for if we do this, we must place all kinds of ball games on this same level, or below it. For base-ball is the most highly developed of them all, and great care has been and is taken to improve it and make it as near perfect as possible. As proof of its great development we have but to remember that it traces itself back to "Two old cat." No one will presume to deny that there is work in playing a game of base-ball; but show us an out-door game in which there is no work. We cannot hope to find any game so perfect as to find in it no imperfections or labor; and, generally speaking, it is in the labor part of a game that exercise is found; but while there is some labor, there is also much sport in a game of base-ball. The assembled crowd are "ever and anon" amused by a "brilliant play;" the players still more delighted, for they are, as a rule, better able to appreciate a good play. The fact is, did players not find any amusement in playing match games, they would not be very apt to play them spontaneously as they do. There is no amusement in playing when the game is all on one side, and the other has no show at all. Such a game is discouraging to the one side, and demoralizing to the other. Such are the kind of games that first and third nines play. The players feel no interest in it, nor do the by-standers. The only games that are interesting and pleasing to both players and spectators are between nines of different clubs who play a "close game," and these are the only games in which a player can be induced to do his best. Some have gone so far as to indulge their imaginations in regard to the dress of base-ball players when on the field. One speaks of a "pair of tights, a skin-fitting shirt," and says they are dressed like "tight-rope dancers." The person who would make such assertions only shows his ignorance, or else he would feign a poetic flight of the imagination. Base-ballists do not wear their overcoats in hot weather, it is true, like some one we once saw, but dress in the way they will be most comfortable.

As for their early dinner when they are going to play early in the afternoon, we admire their good sense in taking it, for it is a well-known fact that the digestive organs are not active when the body is being exerted, and it would be foolishness on the part of the player to load his stomach if he is to play in a few moments. And now let us turn our attention to base-ball as an exercise.

Base-ball is not perfect, and no one has so far forgotten himself as to call it so; still we do not hesitate to call it the most perfect of all out-door games in which physical exercise is embodied. In it all the muscles of the body are brought into action: throwing and catching strengthen the muscles of the arms and have a tendency to throw back the shoulders; batting strengthens the muscles of

the body and chest—running, those of the legs; and, in fine, the whole man is brought into action.

We often hear base-ball spoken of as being a too violent exercise. To the casual observer this seems to be the case; but the practitioner will tell you the contrary. It is certainly a mistake to call it a very violent exercise: either "hand-ball" or "foot-ball" is more so. Here it must be borne in mind that base-ball is far from being as violent as it was some years ago; this has been effected by the introduction of the "dead ball," and changing some of the rules and adding others; the rule which allows a base-runner to overrun first base as well as the duties obligatory on the umpire in regard to calling balls and strikes, have exerted a powerful influence on the game in this respect. It is difficult and dangerous for a person to be obliged to stop short when at full speed, as he was obliged to do under the former rules of the game; and it became a noted fact that most of the accidents happened at first base; and it was owing to this that the rule was made which allows to overrun and return without being put out. We do not now see practiced nines running their scores into the twenties and thirties; the rule has had the desired effect. And again, the game is now played in about half the time it used to be when the "lively" ball was used and the pitcher was obliged to pitch almost "to the inch" for the striker.

In base-ball a person is not called upon continually to exert himself; even the pitcher has his rests. The game does not now depend upon main strength, but rather upon skill and "head-work;" there is now a science in the game. It is also said that base-ball matches occasion on the part of the players a great mental excitement. This may be true in regard to those who are just commencing to play matches, but every player knows that the cooler he is the better he can play; and hence he takes care to keep cool and ward off this excitement, and the consequence is that after a few times he entirely overcomes it. The great majority of those who play in the present contesting nines of the University do not suffer from anything of this kind. A person when in this state will invariably make "wild throws," "muffs," and bat poorly; and it is here, if nowhere else, that we would claim a great benefit arising from the game, for we should learn to be cool under all circumstances, and we know of no game which is more exciting and at the same time demands more coolness on the part of the player. It does not follow that a person must undergo a great mental excitement in order to care which side wins.

A person in order to play well must use "head-work," and in order to do this he must be cool and reserved, and know at a glance where to throw the ball. Stupidity on the part of a person will show itself in his playing quicker even than in the classroom; for a person who understands the game can catch and bat, will, if stupid, show it in the manner he fields the ball, plays his position, or even bats.

Let, then, the American youth not desist from this healthy, vivifying exercise because some one who knows nothing about the game raises a cry against it because he has read of some one being injured while playing.

A RETIRED BASE-BALLIST.

LEAVENWORTH CITY, KANSAS, May 28, 1872.
To the members of St. Cecilia:

Many times have I wished myself once more a member of your Society, and under the protection of the walls of Notre Dame. Those years of enjoyment spent as a Cecilian will never more return; happy years of enjoyment were they! In my imagination I often see you gathered together, discussing questions of debate, reading compositions, and listening with interest to the speeches of the eloquent members of the Society, which will

ever be the pride and flower of Notre Dame. I know full well that the Faculty will ever look to and consider the Cecilians, the boys of Notre Dame.

May the Society in the future, as it has in the past, be represented by each and every State in the Union, and may those representatives be the intellect that will afterwards help to compose the body which governs free America. And under the control of your efficient president, Prof. J. A. Lyons, it will ever send forth boys who will grow stronger and stronger in intellect and understanding, until they obtain the confidence of, and be respected and honored by, the mass of the people. Hoping, trusting, and praying that you will close this year as gloriously as that of, 70 and, 71, I remain

Truly yours, SCOTT ASHTON.
An Old Cecilian.

Base-Ball.

Star of the West vs. University Nine.

THE LATTER HANDSOMELY DEFEATED.

[From the Philomathean Standard.]

The first game this session between these Clubs for the Championship, was played in the Juniors' yard, on May 8th, and was won by the "University Nine" by a score of 17 to 11. The second game was played on May 16th in the Seniors' yard, and the "Star of the West," playing a creditable game, won by a score of 14 to 7. This left each Club the winner of one contest, and the result of the third was naturally looked forward to with much interest; the friends of the "Star of the West" confident in their ability to defeat the "University 'Combination' Nine," and by remarkable coolness and confidence on the part of the Juniors, won them on this occasion their most creditable victory of the season. The "University Nine" were, apparently, too nervous and anxious to win, and in consequence, they failed in what has hitherto been their forte, viz., fine fielding, as error after error was made on the part of their side.

The game opened well, both clubs being "white-washed," but after the Juniors made ten runs in the second innings they undoubtedly had everything their own way; they however made thirteen runs during the last four innings, while the Seniors were treated to six "goose eggs," and their few runs were made in the 3rd, 4th and 9th innings. It may be well to state, owing to the absence of one of the principal players of the Junior nine, C. Dodge, they were as we supposed compelled to play. And to show the wonderful, and often praised pluck of the "plucky Juniors," they went at it, confident of victory, and by the assistance of "little Mark," at second, gave them the worst thrashing they have yet sustained this season.

The following is the

SCORE.

STAR OF WEST	O	R	I	B	F	O	A	UNIV. NINE	O	R	I	B	F	O	A
S. Dum, c.....	5	1	1	11	2			Staley, p.....	2	2	1	0	4		
McOker, p.....	3	2	0	2	2			Dillon, s. s.....	3	1	2	2	2		
Berdel, 1st b.....	4	2	2	5	0			Thomas, r. f.....	2	1	3	1	0		
Foot, 2d b.....	4	1	0	2	1			Darmody, 2d b.....	3	0	0	7	1		
W. Dum, s. s.....	3	4	2	1	2			Davis, c. f.....	4	1	1	1	0		
Hutchings, c. f.....	1	4	0	2	0			Walsh, l. f.....	5	1	0	2	0		
Hogan, l. f.....	1	3	1	1	0			Gambie, 1st b.....	3	1	1	11	0		
Roberts, r. f.....	3	4	1	0	0			Smarr, 3d b.....	4	2	0	2	3		
Reilly, 3d b.....	3	2	0	3	1			Fitzgerald, c.....	1	2	2	1	2		
Total,	27	33	7	27	8			Total,	27	11	10	27	12		

INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
S. W.....	0	10	0	0	0	0	2	7	1
U. N.....	0	0	3	4	0	0	0	0	4

Umpire—Mr. J. McHugh, of the Excelsior Base-Ball Club.

Scorer—Mr. F. P. Hamilton.

Time of Game—Two hours.

Did you ever go to a pic-nic where nothing was forgotten?

SAINT MARY'S ACADEMY.

ST. MARY'S ACADEMY,
May 28, 1872.

On Wednesday, the 22d inst., the Right Rev. Bishop of Fort Wayne, accompanied by several Reverend gentlemen, visited the Academy. On that occasion the young ladies of the Senior Department presented him a very elegant welcoming address, expressive of their reverence and best wishes for their distinguish visitor.

The Juniors, represented by Miss M. Quan, greeted him in terms of simple welcome. Miss Marian Faxon then proposed that all the Juniors and Minims be individually introduced to the Rt. Rev. Bishop, and called on Misses Anna M. Clark and L. Niel to perform the interesting ceremony. These young Misses went through the affair with much grace, giving to each one when introduced her special characteristic. This seemed so to amuse the Rt. Rev. Bishop that the Juniors were highly delighted with the attentive interest he manifested in them, and are quite proud to believe that he actually knows each one of them by name.

This part of the programme was followed by a vocal and instrumental musical entertainment, in which the performers gave great pleasure by the excellence of their singing and playing.

At the conclusion, the Rt. Rev. Bishop thanked the pupils for the very pleasing addresses presented and the musical treat they had given him, congratulating them on their success in the cultivation of their musical talents and on the beautiful, cheerful surroundings of their academic home. He also spoke to them words of good counsel and kind encouragement. All were delighted with his benevolent manner, and will long remember this visit of our Rt. Rev. Bishop.

The well-merited praise bestowed on the garden of the Junior Second Seniors has excited such a lively emulation among the Third Seniors of the same department that they are taking the greatest pains to make their garden quite equal to any. Indeed it would require a clever florist to decide which of the two classes is ahead just now.

Respectfully, STYLUS.

TABLE OF HONOR—SR. DEP'T.

May 27—Misses K. Zell, A. Mast, M. Cochrane, A. Shea, A. Todd, K. Brown, B. Crowley, V. Ball, A. Piatt, J. Coffey, I. Logan, M. Donahue.

HONORABLY MENTIONED.

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

First Senior—Misses M. Lange, K. Haymond, M. Lassen.

Second Senior—Misses L. Duffield, E. Plamondon, I. Reynolds, F. Butters, L. West, C. Woods, A. Woods, R. Spier.

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

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

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

Third Preparatory—Misses K. Miller, L. Pfeiffer, E. Drake, B. Schmidt, C. Germain, L. Buehler, J. Valdez, R. Manzanares, N. Vigil, K. Greenleaf, J. McNellis, L. Pease, A. Tucker, L. Harris.

Plain Sewing—Misses E. Plamondon, V. Ball, N. Ball, D. Green, L. West, I. Edwards, M. Armsby, M. Roberts, N. Sullivan, A. Hamilton.

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

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

First German—Misses A. Clarke, K. Miller, M. Dillon, M. Bush.

Second German—Misses C. Crevling, R. Klein, M. Faxon, E. Howell.

Third French—Misses A. Todd, M. Lange, E. Culver, A. Robson, A. Mast, I. Wilder.

TABLE OF HONOR—JR. DEP'T.

May 28—Misses G. Kelley, F. Lloyd, A. Gollhardt, A. Walsh, L. Harrison, L. McKinnon, F. Munn, B. Quan, K. Folmer, A. Rose, M. Walsh.

HONORABLY MENTIONED.

Second Senior Class—Misses M. Kearney, L. Niel, A. Clark.

Third Senior Class—Misses M. Quan, J. Kearney, E. Richardson.

First Ppreparatory Class—Misses M. Walker, M. Cummings, A. Byrne.

Second Preparatory Class—Misses M. Quill, L. Tinsley, S. Honeyman, J. Duffield, M. Faxon, E. Park, M. Hepp.

Junior Preparatory Class—Misses A. Lynch, M. Reynolds.

First Junior Class—Misses A. Noel, M. Sylvester, N. O'Meara, M. Booth, M. Carlin, T. Cronin, M. DeLong, E. Lappin, M. Hildreth.

Second Junior Class—Misses S. Lynch, M. Gall, L. Walsh, J. Hunt, M. Thompson, J. Thompson.

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

Plain Sewing—Misses M. Kearney, L. Niel, N. Gross.

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