

THE SCHOLASTIC.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE STUDENTS.

Volume VII.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, APRIL 4, 1874.

Number 32.

Geysers in the Distance.

No. IV.

GRAND FALLS OF THE YELLOWSTONE.

The distance from the upper to the lower falls is about a quarter of a mile; and between the two the river flows over a continuous rapids, until within a hundred yards of where it takes its leap it becomes smooth and rushes swiftly on in a deep dark-green volume. The waters have found it useless to struggle in their downward course, and—resigning themselves to fate—silently flow onward to the brink. There they waver for a moment, receiving the last bright caresses of the sunlight,—and the next, in one unbroken sheet, plunge *three hundred and ninety-seven feet* into the gloom of the imprisoning Cañon. The sublimity of this magnificent cataract is only appreciable when, standing on some near rock, you hear and *feel* the grand deep roar, and gaze on the immense volume of dark-green water falling with an earthquake shock from such a height into the deep abyss. But for the benefit of some of my local readers, let me make a comparison. Suppose the length of the College be doubled, and six other buildings as long and of the same height be placed on top of it; then imagine a sheet of water three feet in thickness falling from that altitude, and you will probably have an idea of the height and breadth of the cataract.

But how little “height and breadth” conveys! I now see that my comparison is no aid to my description, and think it is better to ask you to stand with me on the edge of the Cañon, and with the eyes and ears of imagination paint for yourself the scene. As I stood on a ledge of rock jutting out from the great wall, the beams of the setting sun slanting down the gorge were resting on the brink of the falls, and converted the waters into a broad glittering band of gold foil. How the river quivered in its reluctance to part with its fleeting glory! Slowly it curved from the sunlight, and with quickening motion the breadth of darkening water fell down—down—for three hundred feet, and was lost in the veil of white mist that forever will hide from mortal eyes the rest of the descent. From out the waving spray the myriad voices of the waters uniting in Nature’s grandest symphony suggested thoughts of Eternity; and as there is in every soul a key-note vibrating in unison with the sublime harmony, my own spirit caught faint echoes of its own immortality. Turning, I gazed down the terrific gorge, and again might have said “How grand is the majesty of color!”

The gigantic walls, towering two thousand feet from the shadowy depths, are variegated by the most brilliant tints—but all blended in the softest shades, leaving no one color predominating to afflict the eye with a painful glare. Here might be the palette where the Great Artist who paints the bended arch in all its beauty mixes its wondrous

tints, and from which with His deft brush He traces the sunset glories in the evening sky; from here He may take the soft shades of the Aurora, and blend the Northern Lights as they quiver in the blue zenith, faint shadows of color. The splendor and magnificence of the wondrous rocks is beyond conception, even when the imagination is fed by the most vivid description, or aided by Moran’s great picture of the Yellowstone Cañon, which hangs in the rotunda of the Capitol. Nearly all who gaze on the latter—a masterpiece of art—think that the artist has drawn on his fancy for his brilliant coloring; and yet the living tints of the original are dwarfed and but dimly shadowed forth on the glowing canvas. Long I gazed, and feasted on the grandeur of the scene and its great beauty; then, turning to the edge of the Cañon, I obtained for the first time some idea of the immensity of depth. I looked at the waters coming out of the mist at the foot of the falls, and then at those above the brink, and wondered if it were possible they could be the same. The river above was a broad, swift stream; while below, although of the same width, it looked as if I could stand with a foot on either bank. With our field-glasses we could see that its channel was filled with great rocks and boulders, and that the waters were surging amongst them in rushing foam; yet not a sound of their furious struggles was carried to our ears from the immense depth. Rolling a large stone to the edge of the cliff, I pushed it over, and *seventeen seconds* elapsed before it reached the bottom. When it did strike on the border of the river it burst into so many minute fragments that it disappeared as though driven far into the solid rock. Those who have made the perilous descent and stood by the imprisoned river, state that the atmosphere is almost suffocating on account of the sulphurous vapors arising from the many boiling springs and steam-jets coming out of the side of the Cañon. Having recourse to our field-glasses, we could see down near the edge of the river a large volume of water spouting from the wall, accompanied by rushing clouds of steam; but so great was the depth, that to the unaided eye this phenomenon was invisible.

Three miles below the Grand Falls the walls of the Cañon approach more closely, and have a perpendicular face of nearly *three thousand feet*. One gazes from these tremendous cliffs into nothing but obscurity black as starless night; no ray of light penetrates to the depth of the abyss, where, in eternal shadows, the tortured waters make their gloomy pilgrimage. No sight or sound of life is in the fearful chasm; even the sunbeams half way down have died—smothered by the intensity of the all-pervading darkness. One cannot look long into this terrific nothingness, and willingly the eyes turn to objects which reflect the light; and, in their brightness, the oppressive feelings engendered by the gloom vanish, and soon after are forgotten.

When we returned to camp there still remained some few

minutes of sunlight, and in the crimson glory we seated ourselves on a point of rocks to view the upper falls. These lack the majestic sublimity and splendor of the lower cataract, yet have a graceful beauty peculiarly their own. A few hundred yards above the verge, the river leaves the low grassy banks it has wandered through in its peaceful windings from the lake, and, springing into a narrowing rapids, is churned to snow-white foam. On reaching the brink, the fleecy waters tumble over the curving ledge, one hundred and fifty-five feet, into the waving clouds of spray, but midway in their airy flight are caught by a rounding rock, which carries the foamy sheet fifteen feet beyond its vertical base, and gives to the cataract a strange and novel feature. Another peculiarity is that the falls are situated in a sharp angle or bend in the river, and one standing on the bank a few hundred yards below can see nothing of the river above the verge.

Having fed our spirits on the 'living beauty of Creation', all of us were thinking of the advisability of attending to our bodily wants in a somewhat more substantial manner; and as thinking and acting in such matters are generally one—if eatables are convenient—we accordingly were soon seated in the mess-tent, and—but what need of further comments? This is the season of mortification, and if I was to eat that dinner over again in imagination I would be breaking my fast. So, resolving to mention nothing in regard to the delicious stew, or the broiled venison-steak, grouse, hot biscuits and coffee, I will simply state as my honest conviction that of the group gathered round the camp-fire that night not one was hungry. Lying on our robes in front of the blazing cedar logs, cosily puffing some fragrant 'havanas'—which had been brought to light from the depths of some mysterious pack, in honor of the Grand Falls—we talked over the day's experiences, and exhausted our frontier vocabulary in expressing our delight and admiration for the numberless beauties we had witnessed. By the time the second "La Rosa" was finished, the great vault was a sparkling, trembling mass of numberless bright worlds; the moon in silvery clouds trembled on the tops of the eastern pines, and we trembled with cold in the chill night air. Discovering this to be the state of affairs, we arose and went into the tent; and while we slept, Nature's grand orchestra played the solemn overture to Night.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

The Eleventh Hour.

I.

The old man reclines in his easy chair;
His eyes are fixed on the wall above;
His forehead is wrinkled with time and care;
His hands, thin and wan, grasp tightly a glove.

II.

The fire on the hearth, glowing bright and warm,
Disperses the gloom as it tries to creep
Round the chair supporting that silent form,
Thus making dark shadows so strangely deep.

III.

Stretched on the rug is the good old cat,
For she loves the fire as cats only can love;
In her mouth is the rim of the old man's hat,
And torn in her paw is the old man's glove.

IV.

He who sits listless and so silent there,
Is thinking intently of days gone by;
Unconscious of pussy's sharp scratch and tear,
The clock's slow tick, or the wind's moaning sigh.

V.

His mind is wrapt up in musings most deep,
O'er his record of actions, some good and some bad;
He sighs as he sees a dark blot on a sheet,
"Too late to erase! Oh, I must have been mad!"

VI.

Trembling, he clutches an arm of the chair;
His voice, low and feeble, then speaks of life's roll;
Now in words of reproach, now in words of despair,
He murmurs, while conscience accuses his soul:

VII.

"Why rendered I thus my existence so foul?
Why washed not away those dark stains full of gloom,
Which have dimmed the bright lustre that once lit my soul
And condemned it to dwell in a fiery tomb?"

VIII.

"If to me could be giv'n but one slender chance more
To atone for the past, what a life I would lead!
The sands of time granted on life's busy shore,
I ne'er would indent with an evil deed."

IX.

As the old man uttered these words so low,
The door softly opened, and—dearest to him—
A bright little girl bounded in on tiptoe;—
"Why, grandpa! see: pussy has torn off your rim!"

X.

Then pussy looked up in the happy young face,
And seemed to enquire, What's my name mentioned for?
Then thinking she did something much out of place,
She rubbed past the chair and sped out of the door.

XI.

"Oh, grandpa! just look at the rim of your hat!
And there's your glove too, all tattered and torn!
We surely must part with that naughty old cat,
Last night too she let the rats eat up our corn."

XII.

"Never mind that, my darling," the old man then said,
"But go now and tell Father Brown to come here."
The good child looked ere she did what was bid,
And wondered why grandpa was acting so queer.

XIII.

Alone, he now gazed at the torn hat and glove,
And thought of the long life entrusted to him
By the bountiful hands of an Infinite love,
And how he had sullied and torn it by sin.

XIV.

Father Brown, who lived near, wondered too—thought it
strange
His peculiar old neighbor should send after him;
Nor could he account for this wonderful change.—
Three times had he called there—but never got in.

XV.

Yet, donning his hat, he now followed his guide,
Who led him direct to her grandpapa's room;
The old man, on seeing him, raised up and smiled,
"Thank you, sir; thank you, for coming so soon."

XVI.

"I cannot live long, sir; I'm going to die,
And something has told me to send now for you;
Tell dear little Nelly, please, she must not cry,—
She is all I have here,—and to her I've been true."

XVII.

"To you, sir, I've got a confession to make,
If I can but make it,—yes, yes, I will try.
What little I have, please keep for her sake,
I know you will do it,—'tis hard, sir, to die!"

XVIII.

The good priest then heard the confession of sin;
Performed his high duty of kindness and love;
Unburdened the soul of its sad weight within;
Ere wafted by angels to regions above.

H. V. H.

Artists.

No. III.

"You must have heard, Louis, of Horatio Greenough, and his statue of George Washington. It is one of the most conspicuous objects on the public grounds at Washington. A duplicate is to be seen in the Rotunda of the Old Boston State House; and so highly is it prized that it can only be seen through a glass door, by ordinary visitors. Mr. Greenough died in the flower of his age, but he was not poor. His family have enjoyed not only the comforts but the luxuries of life, and have had every means of culture and refinement at their hands."

"Then I must yield the point to you, Gus, in regard to Horatio Greenough. He was not only famous, but he enjoyed the goods of this world while he lived, and his family have enjoyed the same privileges since."

"There was a young artist in Rome at the same time, or nearly the same time, as Mr. Greenough; Thomas Crawford. I have seen his beautiful statue of Orpheus, in Boston, and his bronze doors in the Capitol at Washington. And just think of it, Louis! This man was not forty years old, indeed only a little over thirty, when he died. He did not live to see his designs for the doors cast in bronze. I saw them in the plaster casts at the foundry in Chicopee, Massachusetts, where they were afterwards put into bronze. This Thomas Crawford was a man of genius, *real* genius."

"But why did he die so early? Starved to death, I suppose!"

"No, indeed! He married a very accomplished New-York lady, from a family to which Art was no stranger. The bust of his wife, in her bridal wreath and veil, was presented to her mother when they left America for Europe. There were no hardships in the way of Crawford, so far as money could remove them. But a cancer attacked the nerves and muscles of the eye. He died when his fame was just putting forth its fairest blooms, and wealth was more sure to him than to the East India merchant."

"Well! well! All of us had better turn artists, according to your story, Gus."

"You must wait awhile, Louis; I have a good deal more to tell you. You have heard of Chief Justice Story and his famous legal decisions. He had a son, William H. Story, who wished to become an artist. He had enjoyed, like Mr. Allston and Mr. Greenough, all the advantages for a liberal education; but I never heard that the old Chief Justice thought William H. was in danger of being a poor man because he was an artist—and above all, a sculptor. In the little Chapel at Mount Auburn, there are life-size, full-length statues of the early dignitaries of his native State; so perfect as to resemblance, so dignified in their bearing, and so beautiful in their execution, that one cannot help admiring them. But in the Library of Boston is a statue by William Story that would just take your heart and eye, Louis. It is called the Arcadian Shepherd Boy. He is sitting on the stump of a tree, or rather half leaning and half sitting, so as to have one foot free, and playing a rustic lute. For all the world, Louis, you would take him for one of our handsomest Juniors who has learned to play a flute and is charmed with his own music. But Mr. Story's last great work, Louis, is one that makes me feel more and more how noble a thing it is to be a true artist. It is called the Libyan Sibyl."

"But Michael Angelo painted a Libyan Sibyl on the

ceiling of the Sistine Chapel. I suppose, Gus, this Libyan Sibyl by our countryman is only Michael Angelo's in marble."

"Is that the respect you have for your countrymen, Louis, to call them mere copyists! Shame on you!"

"Really, Gus, you are making out such a fine story that it seems hard to believe you. I never heard about those wonderful artists."

"That is possible, Louis; but it only proves how little you know about artists—how little you *would* know about them, when talking as if they must be *poor* all their lives!"

"Dear Gus, I beg your pardon. It was mean to speak as I did about our countryman. But tell me now about this Libyan Sibyl."

"The figure is of heroic proportions. It represents, of course, the prophetic genius of Africa. Not Africa, the home of the wild negro of Guinea; but that Africa where Thebes and Memphis and Heliopolis flourished. That Africa where the Christian Pautæus and Clement had their seat in Alexandria as the noble teachers of Christian scholars, and under the shadow of whose school grew up that Catherine of Alexandria who was not only a saint, a virgin and martyr, but the most accomplished woman of her native city. This Sibyl, then, is the prophetic genius of historical Africa, and she seems to be sitting under some palm tree on the sands of the desert, within the shadow of the great Egyptian pyramids. The chin rests on one hand; the other hand is at her side, holding a scroll. The features keep the African mould just enough to remind one of her country; the hair, too, hangs down her back in the very same narrow braids, no wider than your finger, which we have all seen on the heads of African women; and the ornament over the forehead is curved upward in the most exquisite manner, yet so as to remind one of the proboscis of the African elephant. And under all this wonderful fitness of physiognomy and adornment, what a look goes out from those far-seeing, prophetic eyes! She seems to gaze across the sands of the vast Libyan waste, across the waters of the blue Atlantic, and to watch the procession of thousands on thousands of the children of her own sunny Continent going forth to bondage in the New World! O Louis, when I saw that statue, I said to myself what a noble thing it is to be a true artist! He put the African *soul*, Louis, the beauties of that tropical race without any of its defects; put the sympathetic African heart and the luxuriant African imagination, into the block of marble, and sent it to America, as an act of reparation for the wrongs we had committed against her children! Now do not ask me, Louis, if William H. Story is a successful artist according to your standard. Let me tell you, before you ask, that he has received from the hands of Pope Pius IX the order of knighthood; that he has received every courtesy which the Roman Pontiff can confer upon our American citizen; that the home of William H. Story is one to which any nobleman in Europe would consider it a compliment to be invited; and I think many an East India merchant who could not say all this for himself would still consider that his career had been a successful one."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A young lady lately called upon a photographic artist and asked him to take her picture with an expression as if composing a poem.

The Scholastic.

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NOTRE DAME UNIVERSITY.

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TERMS:

One year.....\$1 00

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Holy Week.

The grand service which the Church prescribes for the three last days of Holy Week was duly observed at Notre Dame, and the ritual was fully adhered to throughout. In few places in America, if in any, are the beautiful ceremonies of the Catholic Church observed with so much accuracy, and performed with so much dignity and decorum, as in the College church. This year, though there was something lacking to those who year after year have made it their delight to be present at *Tenebræ* and the other Offices of Holy Week, the chant was remarkably fine. Even when voices are not well cultivated and somewhat harsh when heard separately, the sound of a hundred or more men's voices praising God produces a magnificent effect. But this effect is immensely enhanced when, as was the case here, there are many well cultivated and melodious voices. We were particularly struck by the voice of one of the members of the St. Gregory Society, which to our mind comes up to if it does not surpass in *timbre* all the celebrated solo singers of years past. We cannot give the name, as we do not know it, but we are sure that every one who reads this and who was present at the Office of *Tenebræ* and heard the chanting of the glorious Psalms of David, will call to mind the full, round, silvery voice that rose distinct and clear over the heavier tones of grown-up men. It was a treat to listen to it. Beginning on Wednesday evening at half-past seven o'clock, the Office of Holy Week ended on Saturday, at noon, with joyous Alleluia announcing the Paschal Time.

SEVERAL students were permitted to go home for Easter.

WE had the pleasure of welcoming Mr. James Ohlen, of Columbus, Ohio, to the University on the 31st ult.

WE are glad to hear that the Cornet Band is to play in Church to-morrow. This will be the first time for it this year.

VERY REV. FATHER GENERAL has decided to join the American Pilgrimage and will start for Europe on the 16th of May prox.

TOM EWING, of Lancaster, Ohio, is with us at present and will remain a few days. We are always glad to have Tom with us.

WE have received, but not yet read, the speech of Hon. Norton B. Chipman, of the District of Columbia, in the House of Representatives, the 28th of last February, on the relation of the District of Columbia to the General Government.

WE had the pleasure of receiving the visit of Alexander André, Esq., of Saginaw City, who came here last Monday with his son. Mr. André is one of the self-made men of our day—one whose intrinsic worth we can highly appreciate, and whose visits are always enjoyable.

GREITH'S Grand Mass, arranged for an orchestral accompaniment, and one of the most celebrated in the repertoire of the St. Cecilia Society of Germany, has been in preparation for Easter Day at Notre Dame.

WE think the Rev. Father Michael Dausch is one of the most go-a-head men of America. We get the *Catholic Sunday Companion*, edited by him, and though it is not a specimen of first-class printing, it contains excellent reading matter; and when we consider that the paper is set up and printed by his boys, we easily overlook the defects, and say from our heart: God bless Father Dausch and his glorious Industrial School.

THE plans for the Tabernacle and grand altar of the Church of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart erected here are expected every day from Paris. From the description we have received from the artists in charge of the work, it will be a magnificent affair. We will give full description of it as soon as we can, but fear that it will be impossible to convey a fair idea of it in writing. The friends who have so generously responded to the call made upon them, and by whose subscriptions the new church will possess this monument, will have every reason to be proud of it.

A Logansport paper, sent us by a friend—who, by the way, initializes our name with a C, when our name isn't Charley—though we like the name—gives an account of St. Patrick's Day in that city. Our absence from home prevented us from noticing sooner this act of courtesy on the part of our friend. The celebration was a grand one, and we are glad to see that our old friend J. Lawler, the Pastor of the place, though relying on outside aid and disappointed in his expectations, was fully up to the level of the occasion and delivered a panegyric on the great Saint of the day.

Obituary.

WE regret to have to record the death of one of our students, Mr. JAMES O'TOOLE, of Del Rey, Illinois, who departed this life on Saturday, 20th inst., after a short illness of one week. Mr. O'Toole had been at the College only a few months, but he was an excellent student, and was highly esteemed by his professors and fellow-pupils. He died of a disease of which four of his brothers died before him, namely, inflammation of the lungs and bowels with pleurisy.

Mr. O'Toole's death was a saintly one, blessed with the reception of the Sacraments of the Church. However deep may be the grief of his bereaved parents, they may enjoy the consolation that their son was well prepared to meet his Creator, and that it was no doubt a mark of God's special favor to recall to Himself so early in life a soul adorned with so many virtues. The body was interred in Calvary Cemetery, Chicago, and the funeral rites were performed in that city at the request of his family. *Requiescat in pace.*

Publications.

BROWNSON'S QUARTERLY REVIEW, for April,

Contains the following interesting articles: Refutation of Atheism, by Dr. O. A. Brownson; Religion and Science; Constitutional Guarantees; *Extra Ecclesiam Nulla Salus*; Letters from "Sacerdos;" Brother Phillip, late Superior

General of the Christian Brothers; Literary Notices and Criticisms. *Brownson's Quarterly Review* is published for the Proprietor by Fr. Pustet and Co., 52 Barclay St., New York, at \$5.00 per annum.

THE CATHOLIC WORLD, for April

Upholds its well-earned reputation as a popular Catholic Monthly. The following are the subjects treated of and the stories narrated in this Number:

The Principles of Real Being; On Hearing the "*O Salutaris Hostia*," On the Wing; A National or State Church; The Captive Bird; The Farm of Mulceron; Home Rule for Ireland; Sonnet—Good Friday; Grapes and Thorns; A Looker-Back; Was Origen a Heretic?; Social Shams; To St. Joseph (Poetry); Odd Stories; Epigram; Old *versus* New; New Publications.

THE MESSENGER OF THE SACRED HEART OF JESUS. Published monthly at Woodstock College, Woodstock, Howard Co., Md. \$2 per annum.

The April number has the following table of contents: Considerations for the first Friday in April; St. Nereus, Achilles, and Companions; Fight Cheerfully (poetry); The Acolyte; Sixth Centenary of St. Thomas Aquinas; Never Despond (poetry); What was thought of Frequent Communion before Jansenism; The School of Christ; A Word on True Hope; The Heart of Jesus the Fortitude of the Just; General Intention; Graces Obtained.

DIE KANZEL. Eine Homiletische Monatschrift. Regensburg, New York, and Cincinnati: Fr. Pustet.

The April number of this excellent publication contains a Sermon for Easter and the other Sundays throughout the month of April, an Address to the Third Order of St. Francis, Instructions and Exhortations to female Religious, and a little devotion for the Sundays and Festivals that occur during the month of May.

CÆCILIA, for April. Vereinsorgan des American Cæcilien Verein. Published by Fischer & Bro., Dayton, Ohio. \$1 per annum.

The April number of this new and interesting publication contains letters of approval from Most Rev. Archbishop Purcell, Right Rev. Bishops Dwenger, Heiss and Fink. We are glad to see from its correspondence that the Masses of Witt, Stehlé, Kaim, and others of the same school, are gaining favor, and are being performed in several places to the edification of both singers and hearers.

CIRCULAR OF THE CATHOLIC COMMISSIONER FOR INDIAN MISSIONS.

THE YOUNG CRUSADER, for April. Published monthly, at 803 Washington street, Boston, Mass. \$1 per annum.

THE YOUNG CATHOLIC, for April. The Catholic Publication Society, 9 Warren street, New York. Five copies per annum for \$2.00.

PETERS' MUSICAL MONTHLY, for April.

All Around.

"PLEASE don't look over our shoulder."

MARCH went out like a tame lion.

MONDAY will be a day of general recreation.

DON'T fail to get your Easter eggs, and we will have a good fight.

THE members of the fasting tables will adjourn *sine die* to-night.

THE base-ball clubs are fixing up their grounds. A lively season is anticipated.

THE old boats are still to be kept on the lake, and will also run a race on Commencement Day.

A new B. B. Club has sprung up among us, the Star of the South. The Star of the West is no longer visible.

WHISTLING may come in nicely sometimes to enliven one's spirits, but we don't like to see a person put himself and neighbors to an inconvenience for the enlivenment of his spirits.

THE new boats have arrived, and fully realize the expectations of all. They are 35ft. long and about four wide. They have not yet been launched, but will be on Monday, if the weather is favorable.

Now, as the new boats are here, and will run in the race in June, it has been suggested to have two races on Commencement Day. Surely there is stuff enough in the Boat Club for four good crews, and it would be a good plan.

NOTWITHSTANDING the advanced state of the session, new students continue to come in. No doubt many select this season for their stay away from home in order that the fine weather will not permit them to get *homesick*.

OPTICAL delusions often lead to very serious consequences. For instance, when a fine young man goes visiting in base-ball shoes, he *mocks the shodesty* of the natives, who are under the impression that he came *discaiceatus*, but with stockings on.

SOLEMN and mournful was the tread of our honorable Faculty on Wednesday morning when they, armed with paper, pen and ink, repaired to their sacred chamber to seal the destiny of the students by making out the Bulletins. They sat in wise consultation one hour, more or less.

WEDNESDAY, All-Fools' Day, was observed by some of our students, who claim it as their patronal festival. There were a few pretty badly sold. There is one dormitory where the day was anticipated. Some one warned the inmates to look out for their apparel, lest a sly fox should come in the night and change it for them. On this hint they all tied their coats, pants and vests fast around the bed-posts, and placed their boots in a convenient place for self-defense in case of an attack. On Wednesday morning, however, when they awoke, they found they had been made April-fool victims.

Arrivals.

Claude Lepeltier,	Detroit, Michigan.
William C. Brewer,	Hillsdale, Michigan.
Joseph W. Andre,	Saginaw City, Michigan.
Frank B. Shultz,	Logansport, Indiana.

Roll of Honor.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING FRIDAY, MARCH 27th, 1874

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

J. Abbott, J. Browne, W. Ball, C. Bowman, J. Berry, M. Bastarache, J. Brogan, C. Berdel, G. Cunnea, O. Corcoran, H. Cassidy, J. Crummey, G. Crummey, W. Clarke, J. Christy, A. Chapoton, T. Cashin, T. Cochrane, P. Cooney, J. Caren, E. Dunn, H. Dehner, F. Devoto, T. Dailey, C. Dodge, B. Evans, J. Egan, H. Esch, M. Foley, J. Flaherty, J. Girard, T. Grier, E. Graves, E. Gribbling, C. Hess, A. Horne, J. Hogan, T. Hansard, H. Hayes, R. Hutchings, D. Hynds, J. Handly, M. Jeffreys, J. Kennedy, M. Keeler, J. E. Kelly, J. Lyons, J. Lonergan, J. Luby, L. Murphy, J. McManus, S. Marks, T. McDonough, B. Mc-

Ginnis, D. McGinnis, J. McDermott, M. McCullough, J. McMahon, E. McSweeney, T. Murphy, E. Monohan, A. Mooney, D. Maloney, E. McLaughlin, P. McDonald, J. Ney, J. O'Brien, P. O'Sullivan, P. O'Meara, P. O'Mahony, T. O'Mahony, E. O'Connell, C. Otto, J. O'Connor, J. O'Toole, J. Ott, C. Proctor, L. Prudhomme, J. F. Rudge, J. Rudge, G. Rudge, G. Roulhac, C. Ruger, B. Sanders, C. Scrafford, R. Staley, P. Skahill, S. Studebaker, J. Van Dusen, J. Wolfe, H. Walker, C. Walter, L. C. Watson.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

B. J. Baca, J. Beegan, W. P. Breen, J. Buchanan, A. Crunkilton, C. Campeau, J. Cullen, J. Cohen, F. Ewing, J. Ewing, F. Frazee, C. Freese, C. Furer, W. Green, G. J. Gross, D. Gorman, C. Hake, M. J. Kinsella, S. Kennedy, J. Kinley, L. Loser, B. LeFevre, W. N. Lawless, G. Lehman, J. Borie, G. McNulty, J. D. McIntyre, T. McNamara, J. P. McHugh, N. J. Mooney, W. S. Meyer, F. Miller, J. Nelson, P. Moran, C. Peltier, H. Quan, E. Riopelle, E. S. Ratigan, F. Stoppenbach, R. Sobey, J. F. Soule, L. Smith, J. Smith, T. Solon, E. J. Wood, F. Weisenberger, H. Zuber.

Class Honors.

COMMERCIAL DEPARTMENT.

FRIDAY, MARCH 27th, 1874.

SENIOR CLASS—B. Baca, J. Beegan, J. Berry, J. Boyles, L. Best, J. Callery, J. Christy, G. Cunnea, E. Dunn, H. Esch, C. Furer, E. Gillen, W. Green, G. Gross, D. Hynds, A. Horne, M. Keeler, C. A. Kreiter, L. Looser, J. McDermott, M. McCullough, J. McMahon, A. Martineau, H. Mathews, J. Mullen, J. Mathews, G. McNulty, P. Moran, C. Meyers, W. Meyers, C. Nichols, C. Otto, J. E. O'Brien, R. O'Connor, C. Ruger, J. F. Rudge, F. C. St. Aubin, L. Sanders, H. Scrafford, T. Solon, J. Soule, L. C. Watson, J. E. Wood.

JUNIOR CLASS—T. Cashin, J. Flaherty, J. Girard, D. Gorman, F. Miller, E. O'Connell, J. O'Foole, G. Rudge, James Rudge, H. Skahel.

Subscriptions to the New Tabernacle.

[CONTINUED]

Bernard McCaffrey, Steubenville, Ohio.....	\$ 25 00
E. Blaine Walker, Montana.....	10 00
Jeremiah Ryan, Baltimore, Md.....	10 00

[TO BE CONTINUED]

The Moot Court.

MR. EDITOR: On Saturday evening, the 21st inst., we had the pleasure of being present at a meeting of the St. Cecilia Philomathean Association. Among the guests who assembled on that occasion in the palatial room of the representative Society of the Junior Department, we noticed Rev. Father Lemonnier, C. S. C., Prof. Jas. F. Edwards, Mr. Edward McSweeney, a distinguished member of the Law Class, and—and—but no—our innate modesty will never permit it.

The exercises of the evening, which you must know were of an extraordinary character, consisted of what is called a moot court. The case was what lawyers denominate an action *in assumpsit*, wherein F. Miller, by his attorneys, Ewing and Breen, complained of B. LeFevre, stating that he, the said plaintiff, in the month of April last, sold and delivered to the said defendant one black horse, for the sum of one hundred and fifty dollars, which the defendant promised to pay in the month of October following, but though often asked and requested, the said defendant uniformly and obstinately refused so to do, to the damage of aforesaid plaintiff of two hundred dollars, wherefore

he brought his action. Hereunto the defendant, B. LeFevre, by his attorneys Freese and Mooney, replied that he had not promised to pay the plaintiff in manner and form as he hath alleged in his declaration, and of this he put himself upon the country. And for a further plea, the said defendant alleged that there was a warranty annexed to the aforesaid rule, wherein the plaintiff warranted that the said horse was "sound, and free from disease." And the said defendant further alleged that the horse at the time of sale was infected with a chronic disease, whereof he died in May, scarcely one month from the date of sale; wherefore the defendant averred that the consideration for the promise alleged in the plaintiff's declaration had wholly failed, and this he was ready to verify. The plaintiff, in his replication in answer to the defendant's plea, affirmed that the horse was "sound, and free from disease," at the time of sale, and this he prayed might be inquired of by the country. The defendant in his rejoinder did the like. The issue between the parties was evidently an issue of fact involving this one point: "Was the horse sound, and free from disease at the time of sale?"

The parties having come to an issue, the case was now ready for trial. A jury was empanelled, consisting of twelve of the most sapient members of the Association, with Master Schmidt as foreman, himself the twelfth, as the Professor of Greek would say. The lawyers above mentioned took their positions, looking daggers and pistols at one another; so that your correspondent—who, by the way, is naturally of a nervous and timid disposition—trembled under the apprehension that the moot court would terminate in a real tragedy, the maxim "*ex nihilo nihil fit*" to the contrary notwithstanding. The Judge, Mr. Edward McSweeney, from his elevated tribunal, like old Jove on Mount Olympus, signified with a nod his desire that the lawyers should proceed at once to the examination of the witnesses. The testimony was of a somewhat miscellaneous character, and much of it inconsistent and contradictory. As far as our limited acquaintance with those matters enabled us to form a judgment, it seemed that the facts elicited from the witnesses tended to establish three points: 1st, That the plaintiff had made a warranty, in manner and form, as alleged by defendant: 2dly, That at the time of sale, the horse "was not sound, and free from disease" (which was the real issue)—but on the contrary, that he was infected with a chronic disease: 3dly, That the defendant had overworked the horse; and that his overwork, together with the latent disorder from which he was suffering, was the immediate cause of his death.

After the examination of the witnesses, the lawyers, Master Breen in behalf of the plaintiff, and Master Mooney in behalf of the defendant, addressed the jury in very well prepared speeches, in which they analyzed the testimony and expounded the law. Each of them seemed confident that he had established the equity of his client's cause "beyond the possibility of a reasonable doubt," and concluded by exhorting the jury, "in the name of justice," to find a verdict accordingly.

The Judge then gave his instructions to the jury, in which he explained to them the nature and legal effects of a warranty. The jury retired for deliberation, and left us in the court,—"waiting for the verdict." After an absence of ten or fifteen minutes they returned, and to the inexpressible surprise of all present, gave their verdict in favor of the plaintiff.

Thus terminated the moot court; and I must say the St. Cecilians deserve much credit for the manner in which they conducted it. Their guests were all evidently well pleased with the exercises of the evening; in the words of Homer

—"*oude ti thumos educto daitos eises.*"

And now, Mr. Editor, gathering up all the energies of my soul for one final effort, we will thunder for the "*Vivant Juniores!*" and then endeavor to subside—remaining, however,

Yours chirographically.

HAPAX LEGOMENON.

SAINT MARY'S ACADEMY.

ST. MARY'S ACADEMY, March 22, 1874.

TABLET OF HONOR.

SENIORS.

Miss L. Niel, M. Kearney, A. M. Clarke, R. Devoto, M. Brown, R. Spier, L. West, L. Black, N. Langdon, L. Dragoo, J. Walker, A. Lloyd, B. Reynolds, L. Deat, M. Letourneau, E. Boyce, A. Curtin, M. Walker, J. Fanning, A. Keeline, A. T. Clarke, N. Foote, M. Riley, M. Quan, G. Phillips, C. Nason, E. Sweeney, M. Johnson, E. Denehey, E. Dougherty, L. Arnold, R. Burke, L. Bradford, A. Conahan, N. McEwen, F. Moore, J. Bennett, M. Emmons, L. Wyman, L. Keena, R. Roscesco, M. Kengel, A. Sullivan, M. Barry, M. Bell, M. Hoover, F. Lloyd, A. Minton, L. Henroton, E. Ross, R. Canoll, R. Klar, C. Miller, L. Johnson, L. Kelly, E. Gosse, K. Graham, M. O'Mahoney, H. Miller, F. Gunzert, A. Mertz, F. Howard, J. Haney, S. Murrin, M. Poquette, N. O'Connor, M. Klotz, M. Shiel, A. Boser, A. Garies, C. Morgan, K. Irmiter, K. Engel, J. Adams, R. Neteler, J. Riopelle.

HONORABLY MENTIONED IN LESSONS.

GRADUATING CLASS—Miss A. M. Clarke, M. Kearney, L. Niel, R. Devoto, N. Langdon, R. Spier, L. West, M. Brown, L. Black, L. Dragoo, N. Gross, J. Walker.

1ST SR. CLASS—M. Walker, A. Curtin, M. Letourneau, E. Haggerty.

2ND SR. CLASS—G. Phillips, N. Foote, R. Burke, Bradford, A. Keeline, A. T. Clarke, G. Walton, M. Riley, M. Quan, A. St. Clair, J. Stimpson, E. Denehey.

3RD SR. CLASS—L. Pfeiffer, N. McEwen, F. Moore, L. Keena, M. Barry, M. Cummings, M. Bell, L. Ritchie.

1ST PREP. CLASS—L. Johnson, H. Miller, K. Casey, E. Ross, L. Lilly, M. O'Mahoney, F. Gunzert.

2ND PREP. CLASS—J. Adams, R. Neteler, J. Haney, C. Sottrup, J. Riopelle, A. Sweeney, K. Irmiter, C. Morgan, A. Garies, A. Boser, M. Shields, M. Klotz, N. O'Connell, M. Poquette.

JUNIORS.

E. Richardson, A. Smith, M. Faxon, M. Resch, M. Carlin, K. and M. Hutchinson, I. Fisk, K. Morehead, M. O'Connor, B. Wilson, M. Reynolds, M. Martin, M. Walsh, M. Pritchard, M. Ewing, E. Lang, M. Brown, J. and M. Thompson, M. Kaeseburg, M. A. Schulthies, J. Brown, D. Allen, L. Germain, B. Golsen, J. McDougall, L. Walsh, E. Lappin, J. Andrews, C. Orr, A. Goewey, K. Lassen, G. Barry, S. West, M. Ware, E. Simson, B. Gallary, N. and I. Mann, M. and C. Hughes, E. McDougall, F. and J. Dee.

HONORABLY MENTIONED IN THE

1ST SR. CLASS—E. Richardson, A. Smith.

3RD SR. CLASS—M. Faxon, A. Walsh.

1ST PREP. CLASS—M. Resch, M. Carlin, K. Hutchinson, K. Morehead, M. O'Connor, I. Fisk, M. Reynolds, M. Walsh.

2ND PREP. CLASS—M. Pritchard, E. Lang, M. Brown.

JR. PREP. CLASS—J. and M. Thompson, M. Jackson, M. Hutchinson, M. Kaeseburg, M. Schulthies, A. Cullen, D. Allen, L. Germain, B. Golsen, J. McDougall.

1ST JR. CLASS—C. Orr, E. Schnoback, A. Ewing, A. Goewey, K. Lassen, G. Barry, S. Lynch, M. Ware, E. Simson, B. Gallary, N. Mann.

2ND JR. CLASS—N. Mann, M. and C. Hughes, E. McDougall, J. Dee.

4TH CLASS—A. Boser, J. Locke, M. Hutchinson, J. Bennett, A. Keeline, C. Morgan, J. Stimpson.

2ND DIV.—B. Wilson, L. Henroten, M. Hoover, M. Brown, L. Pfeiffer, N. Huber, E. Boyce, C. Miller, A. T. Clarke, M. Klotz, R. Roscesco, B. Golsen.

5TH CLASS—M. Pritchard, L. Bradford, M. Commings, M. Kaeseburg, M. Faxon, K. Finley, G. Phillips, L. Lilly, M. A. Roberts, A. Conahan, F. Howard, F. Lloyd, C. Sottrup, J. Andrews.

6TH CLASS—S. Sweeney, A. Curtin, M. Reily, L. Germain, S. Bohan, C. Orr, M. Schulthies, A. Mertz.

2ND DIV.—R. Canoll, E. McDougall, H. Miller, F. Gunzert, N. McAuliffe, J. McDougall, E. Schnoback, A. Sweeney, I. Fisk.

7TH CLASS—E. Doherty, R. Gallary, E. Neteler, E. Keena, E. Lappin, M. O'Connor.

8TH CLASS—F. Dee, E. Simpson.

9TH CLASS—K. Graham, M. Poquette, L. Brown, C. and M. Hughes, M. and A. Ewing.

HARP—J. Walker, M. Wicker.

2ND CLASS—M. Walker.

HARMONY—R. Spier, E. Black, J. Walker.

THEORETICAL CLASSES—E. Denehey, M. Wicker, A. Smith, M. Quan, N. McEwen, A. Smith, A. Minton, M. Letourneau, A. Curtin, L. Niel, L. Henroten, N. Foote, M. Emmons, A. Roberts, G. Phillips, M. Kengel, A. St. Clair, E. Richardson, J. Kearney, M. Faxon, L. Wyman, J. Locke, M. Walker, L. Lilly, L. Germain, L. Ritchie, L. Bradford, F. Howard, H. Peak, L. Keena, L. Johnson, A. Sweeney, C. Orr, H. Hand, J. McDougall, A. Mertz, M. Brown.

ST. MARY'S ACADEMY, March 31st, 1874.

TABLET OF HONOR, SENIOR DEPT.

Misses L. Neil, M. Kearney, A. M. Clarke, R. Devoto, M. Brown, R. Spier, L. West, L. Black, N. Langdon, L. Dragoo, J. Walker, A. Lloyd, B. Reynolds, M. Wicker, V. Ball, L. Ritchie, L. Dent, M. Letourneau, E. Haggerty, E. Boyce, K. Finley, A. Curtin, M. Walker, G. Walton, J. Fanning, A. T. Clarke, N. Foote, M. Riley, A. St. Clair, M. Quan, G. Phillips, J. Stimpson, C. Nason, E. Sweeney, F. Bohan, E. Denehey, E. Dougherty, S. Sweeney, R. Burke, L. Bradford, B. Wade, F. Moore, J. Bennett, N. Huber, A. Nichols, M. Emmons, L. Wyman, A. Minton, L. Keena, R. Roscesco, M. Kengel, A. Sullivan, M. Barry, M. Bell, M. Hoover, M. Cummings, L. Henroten, E. Ross, R. Canoll, R. Klar, L. Lilly, L. Johnson, L. Kelly, N. Graham, C. Miller, M. O'Mahoney, H. Miller, F. Gunzert, A. Mertz, F. Howard, M. Poquette, M. Klotz, M. Shields, A. Garies, K. Irmiter, K. Engel, J. Adams, B. Neteler, J. Riopelle.

JUNIOR DEPT.

E. Richardson, A. Smith, M. Faxon, A. Walsh, M. Resch, M. Carlin, K. and M. Hutchinson, K. Morehead, M. O'Connor, I. Fisk, B. Wilson, M. Reynolds, M. Walsh, L. Harrison, H. Hand, M. Pritchard, E. Lang, M. Brown, J. and M. Thompson, M. Jackson, M. Kaeseburg, M. A. Schulthies, J. Brown, A. Cullen, D. Allen, L. Germain, B. Golsen, J. McDougall, L. Walsh, E. Lappin, C. Orr, E. Schnoback, A. Goewey, G. Barry, S. West, S. Lynch, M. Ware, E. Simson, R. Gallary, N. and I. Mann, C. and M. Hughes, E. McDougall, F. and J. Dee.

HONORABLY MENTIONED IN THE

1ST FRENCH CLASS—M. Quan, M. A. Clark, N. Gross, L. Dent, J. Kearney, M. Letourneau, M. and J. Walker, M. Poquette.

2ND CLASS—L. Ritchie, J. Stimson, M. Barry, C. Sottrup, M. Resch, E. and M. Thompson, B. Wilson, L. Niel, N. Langdon, M. Brown.

3RD CLASS—L. Dragoo, A. Smith, F. Moore, A. T. Clarke, M. Riley, L. Bradford, C. Morgan, A. Conahan, B. Golsen, K. Morehead, K. and M. Hutchinson.

1ST GERMAN CLASS—Misses H. Miller, L. Pfeiffer, A. Mertz, F. Gunzert, M. Klotz, A. Garies, M. A. Faxon, M. Kengel, L. Black, K. Irmiter.

2ND CLASS—Misses E. Richardson, K. Engel, E. Denehey, R. Roscesco, B. Golsen, M. A. Schulthies, M. Kaeseburg, M. Minton, E. Koch, C. Germain, M. Hoover.

3RD CLASS—Misses G. Phillips, C. Miller, E. Schnoback, L. Kelly.

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MURDER? NO.

But a man can save with this **WELL AUGER**, in good territory. Wells are bored any size, and at the rate of 10 feet per day. Augers made of Cast-steel and warranted. Always successful in quicksand. Best tool in the world for prospecting for coal or for lost farm, Township and County rights for sale. Send your P. O., Co. and State, and get descriptive book with explanations. Address Auger Co., St. Louis, Mo.

UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME, INDIANA.

Founded in 1842, and Chartered in 1844.

This Institution, incorporated in 1814, enlarged in 1866, and fitted up with all the modern improvements, affords accommodation to five hundred Students.

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Matriculation Fee,	\$ 5 00
Board, Bed and Bedding, and Tuition (Latin and Greek); Washing and Mending of Linens, per Session of five months,	150 00
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Use of Piano,	10 00
Use of Violin,	2 00
Drawing,	15 00
Use of Philosophical and Chemical Apparatus,	5 00
Graduation Fee—Commercial, \$5; Scientific, \$8; Classical,	10 00
Students who spend their Summer Vacation at the College are charged, extra,	35 00

Payments to be made invariably in advance.

The First Session begins on the first Tuesday of September; the Second on the 1st of February.

For further particulars, address

Rev. A. LEMONNIER, C.S.C.
President.

NILES AND SOUTH BEND R.R.

GOING SOUTH.		GOING NORTH.	
Leave Niles,	9.20 a.m.	Leave South Bend,	6.30 a.m.
"	5.20 p.m.	"	11.00 a.m.
"	7.35 p.m.	"	6.15 p.m.
SUNDAY TRAINS.			
Leave Niles,	10.00 a.m.	Leave South Bend,	8.00 a.m.
"	7.35 p.m.	"	5.00 p.m.

S. R. KING, Agent, South Bend.

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JERRY KNIGHT, } Proprietors.
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nov 15-1f

MICHIGAN CENTRAL RAILROAD
Time Table.

From and after March 1st, trains on the Michigan Central Railroad leave Niles as follows:

TRAINS EASTWARD.	
Night Express,	12.22 a.m.
Mail,	9.10 a.m.
Day Express,	11.50 a.m.
Accommodation,	7.35 p.m.
Way Freight,	8.00 a.m.
TRAINS WESTWARD.	
Evening Express,	2.20 a.m.
Pacific Express,	5.10 a.m.
Accommodation,	6.50 a.m.
Mail,	4.20 p.m.
Day Express,	5.20 p.m.
Way Freight,	1.45 p.m.
AIR LINE DIVISION.	
EASTWARD.	
Mail,	9.15 a.m.
Three Rivers Accommodation,	7.40 p.m.
Atlantic Express,	9.00 p.m.
Way Freight,	10.30 a.m.
WESTWARD.	
Three Rivers Accommodation—Arrive	6.45 a.m.
Mail,	3.50 p.m.
Pacific Express,	5.05 a.m.
Way Freight,	5.05 p.m.

NILES AND SOUTH BEND DIVISION.

LEAVE NILES.

9:20 a.m.—Connects at Niles with trains from Chicago and Michigan City.

5:20 p.m.—Connects at Niles with trains from Detroit and all stations on Main and Air Line.

7:35 p.m.—Connects at Niles with trains from Kalamazoo, Chicago, and Three Rivers.

LEAVE SOUTH BEND.

6:30 a.m.—Connects at Niles with Kalamazoo Accommodation direct for Chicago. 11:00 a.m.—Connects at Niles with fast Day Express east over the main line. 6:15 a.m.—Connects at Niles with Atlantic Express, Kalamazoo and Three Rivers Accommodation.

H. E. SAKGENT, Gen'l Superintendent,
CHICAGO.

Mar 14-1f.

L. S. & M. S. RAILWAY.

On and after Sunday, December 14, 1873, trains will leave South Bend as follows:

GOING EAST.

1.47	A. M. (No. 8), Night Express, over Main Line, Arrives at Toledo, 9.50; Cleveland, 2.15 P. M.; Buffalo, 9.10 P. M.
10.10	A. M. (No. 2), Mail, over Main and Air Lines; Arrives at Toledo, 5.10 P. M.; Cleveland, 9.50 P. M.
11.58	P. M. (No. 4), Special New York Express, over Air Line; Arrives at Toledo, 5.25; Cleveland, 9.40 P. M.; Buffalo 4.20 A. M.
9.09	P. M. (No. 6), Atlantic Express, over Air Line. Arrives at Toledo, 2.40; Cleveland, 7.05; Buffalo, 1.25 P. M.
3.45	P. M. (No. 70), Local Freight.

GOING WEST.

3.20	A. M. (No. 3), Express. Arrives at Laporte, 4.25; Chicago 6.55 A. M.
5.20	A. M. (No. 5), Pacific Express. Arrives at Laporte, 6.15; Chicago, 8.30 A. M.
6.34	P. M. (No. 7), Evening Express, Main Line. Arrives at Laporte, 7.30; Chicago, 10 P. M.
5.45	P. M. (No. 1), Special Chicago Express Arrives at Laporte, 6.40; Chicago, 9.00.
9.05	A. M. (No. 71), Local Freight.

NOTE. Conductors are positively forbidden to carry passengers upon Through Freight Trains.

J. W. CARY, General Ticket Agent, Cleveland, Ohio.

F. E. MORSE, General Western Passenger Agent.

J. H. PARSONS, Supt Western Division, Chicago.

W. W. GIDDINGS, Freight Agent.

S. J. POWELL, Ticket Agent, South Bend.

CHARLES PAINE, Gen'l Supt.

Passengers going to local points West, should take Nos. 7, 9, and 71; East, Nos. 2 and 70. Warsaw Express (connecting with No. 4) leaves Elkhart at 12.30 P. M., running through to Wabash. Through tickets to all competing points in every direction. Local Tickets, Insurance tickets, R. R. Guides, etc., will be furnished upon application to the Ticket Agent.

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DOUBLE TRACK RAILROAD.

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Three daily Express Trains, with Pullman's Palace Cars, are run between Chicago, Pittsburgh, Philadelphia and New York without Change.

1st train leaves Chicago 9.00 p. m.	Arrives at New York 11.30 a. m.*
2d train " " 5.15 p. m.	" " 6.41 a. m.*
3rd train " " 9.00 p. m.	" " 11.30 p. m.*

Connections at Crestline with trains North and South, and a Mansfield with trains on Atlantic and Great Western Railroad.

J. N. McCULLOUGH, Gen'l Manager, Pittsburgh.

J. M. C. CREIGHTON, Assistant Superintendent, Pittsburgh.

D. M. BOYD, Jr., Gen. Pass. and Ticket Ag't, Philadelphia.

F. R. MYERS, Gen'l Pass. and Ticket Ag't Pittsburgh.

W. C. CLELLAND, Ass't Gen'l Pass. Agent, Chicago.

* Second day.

CHICAGO ALTON AND ST. LOUIS LINE.

TRAINS leave West Side Union Depot, Chicago, near Madison Street Bridge, as follows:

	LEAVE.	ARRIVE.
St. Louis and Springfield Express, via Main Line	*9:30 a.m.	*8:00 p.m.
Kansas City Fast Express, via Jacksonville, Ill., and Louisiana, Mo.	*9:45 a.m.	*4:30 p.m.
Wenona, Lacon and Washington Express (Western Division)	*9:30 a.m.	*4:30 p.m.
Joliet Accommodation,	*4:10 p.m.	*9:40 a.m.
St. Louis and Springfield Night Express, via Main Line,	*6:30 p.m.	*4:30 a.m.
St. Louis and Springfield Lightning Express, via Main Line, and also via Jacksonville Division	*9:00 p.m.	*7:15 a.m.
Kansas City Express, via Jacksonville, Ill., and Louisiana, Mo.	*9:45 p.m.	*7:15 a.m.

* Except Sunday. † On Sunday runs to Springfield only ‡ Except Saturday. § Daily. ¶ Except Monday.

The only road running 3 Express Trains to St. Louis daily, and a Saturday Night Train.

Pullman Palace Dining and Smoking Cars on all day Trains.

JAMES CHARLTON,
Gen'l Pass. and Ticket Agent,
CHICAGO.

J. C. McMULLIN,
Gen'l Superintendent,
CHICAGO.

LOUISVILLE N. ALBANY & CHICAGO R.R.

On and after Sunday, Nov. 12, 1873, trains pass New Albany and Salem Crossing, as follows:

GOING NORTH.

Pass.....7.29 P. M.	Pass.....8.23 P. M.
Freight...2.48 A. M.	Freight...10.47 A. M.
Freight...8.57 P. M.	Freight...4.45 A. M.
Pass.....9.21 A. M.	Pass.....11.23 A. M.

H. N. CANIFF, Agent