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Geysers in the Distance.

No. VI.

From Sulphur Mountain, I started on alone some time in advance of the others, but after half an hour's travel discovered that I had lost the trail. This knowledge generally produces anything but pleasing sensations and especially in that far-off wilderness. Much time would have been lost had I taken the back track; so with a good deal of rashness I concluded to keep on in a general direction guided by the sun, and fortunately in about a mile again struck into the scarcely observable trail. For the benefit of future tourists I would here remark on the danger of trusting to one's own resources in the pine forests of the National Park. It is very easy to lose the ill-defined pathway in the thick timber—the numerous “game trails” crossing it lead off the careless traveller and leave him following the deceiving avenues between the trees until he finds himself where no man or beast ever trod before.

One of the gentlemen of the first expedition had the double misfortune to lose himself and his horse,—the latter getting away from him the first day, and carrying off gun, blankets, overcoat and fishing-tackle, leaving him wholly without means to protect his body from the cold, or procure food to keep life in it. Over three long weeks he wandered in the wilderness, in constant perils from the fierce mountain lions and other wild beasts—living on pine bark and roots of shrubs, and during the long freezing nights keeping heat in his frail body by hovering over hot springs—when found he was almost naked, reduced to a skeleton—his reason nearly gone, and was crouched under the lee of some rocks, seeking shelter from a snow-storm raging at the time.* I had the pleasure of meeting this gentleman in Washington during the past winter, and also met him on our trip, coming back from the scenes of his perilous adventures, which his curiosity led him again to visit. But the danger of losing the trail is lessening every year, for the number of travellers passing through the country will mark out a well-defined pathway, and soon one can “tour” it through the National Park without the services of a guide being required. But in mentioning that I was lost, I have wandered from the ‘straight and narrow path of my description.’ But with the knowledge of the fact, at this point I once more strike into Memory's trail—a trail beaten by the fleeting footsteps of the hours of a great experience.

Nearing the river, we galloped over grassy meadows, where we had a solid foundation,—travelled more slowly through broad sloughs, and soft marshy places, and about half past twelve reached a group of wonders near the Mud Volcano. We had passed by some boiling “Mud

Puffs” on a whitish slope close to the river; but I will not describe them, as they nearly resembled those already mentioned near Sulphur Mountain. The other phenomena I will allude to in the order in which we visited them, but feel assured I will fail to fill your minds with the awe a near approach to these workings of a hidden power excites. Here again we find that some one has appropriated to his Satanic majesty, the natural curiosities, for the two prominent wonders are named the “Devil's Den” and “Devil's Well.” At the base of a steep bluff near the river is a grotto-like cavity, with a breadth and height of about five feet; and this is the “Den.” The rocks immediately round the cavern, and as far as we could see into it, were covered with a dark-green-splotched-with-yellow substance like the slimy moss seen on old well-buckets. Gallons of clear hot water were thrown out at intervals of about three seconds, accompanied by puffs of steam, and a terrific noise, like the regular working of a gigantic force-pump, preceded every expulsion. One listens to the throbbing of the infernal engine—hears the immense throttle-valve opening and closing—and wonders—who is the engineer?

It is an awe-inspiring spectacle, and is productive of rather queer sensations. I do not know what minerals the waters hold in solution, but strong fumes of sulphur fill the atmosphere, and a whitish crust over the ground in the vicinity I think is of this mineral. About a hundred yards to the left, and thirty feet farther up the bluff, is the “Devil's Well.” This is a large, funnel-like hole, about forty feet in diameter and thirty deep, and has a cone-like formation—sloping down on the outside from the top—of dry, yellowish-grey earth. At the bottom are slimy waters of a light chocolate color, constantly thrown in a terrific current from a low-mouthed cavern next the hill. By throwing in a stick, we could see that there was no actual current, but that the waters were given the motion by a violent rush of steam, and eddied back into the gloomy opening only to again rush forth. Looking into the frightful pool and inhaling the sulphurous vapor, one begins to have faith in satanic agency, and is not so willing to quarrel with the names of the phenomena. It is a perfect hell-broth, and imagination pictures the demon firemen feeding the infernal furnace that boils this delicate soup for the Prince of Darkness. This boiling spring has evidently had “geyser” propensities, in times not long past, but no one has ever seen it in eruption. Our guide thought it had an active period about once a year, and if this is the case it must be a superb “spouter,” for the tops of the pines a hundred yards distant have an incrustation of dry scaly mud. Who can tell what magnificent displays are visible in this land of wonders during the eight long months of winter, when man is driven out by the terrible snow-storms, and the Frost King reigns supreme? If one could stand the isolation, would it not be well worth the while of some scientists to spend a year in the

*A thrilling account of this adventure was published in *Scribner's Monthly* I think in July or August, Number VII.

neighborhood of some of these wonderful phenomena?

Leaving the Devil's territory, a ride of a few hundred yards through the pines brought us to the "Mud Volcano." I much regretted that we did not have the good fortune to reach it during a period of activity, and also that we were unable to remain until its regular time for eruption. But after waiting an hour, during which time it showed no disposition to be obliging, or to gratify our curiosity, we reluctantly left *en route* to camp. I will here remark, that in writing these sketches I have had no articles to which I could refer, but have depended on memory alone. This necessarily renders my statement of facts—except those coming under my own observation—rather limited, and makes me cautious in quoting from the different scientific accounts I have read. If I remember correctly, however, Dr. Hayden states in his reports that the Mud Volcano has a periodical activity every three or four hours,—throwing the body of slimy water—the diameter of its crater—to the height of sixty and ninety feet, and continuing in eruption from eight to fifteen minutes. What a magnificent spectacle this must be? The basin or crater, about six feet below its rim of chalky-looking earth, is *twenty-two feet* in diameter, and filled with a slimy mixture about the color and consistency of the waters in the 'Devils Well'—While we remained near it, it was only boiling with a quiet simmer, but after we had seen the 'geysers' we could readily imagine the tremendous activity of the wonderful fountain, throwing its massive column of muddy waters far above the tops of the pines.

The remaining four miles of the afternoon's ride was pronounced by all members of our party to be the most pleasant and delightful of any we had yet had. It was along the pine-covered banks of the Yellowstone, and close to the margin of the river. The forest was comparatively free from dead and fallen timber, and we galloped through the long colonnades of stately pines, sheltered from the sun's rays, by the arching foliage sixty feet above us. We all enjoyed the blessing of perfect health, and found an outlet for our exuberant spirits in singing a rollicking chorus, which awakened the echoes far and near. Occasionally I thought I could distinguish the voice of the least musical young lady of our party, but it might have been only the melody of a flock of wild geese, scared from the river by such unusual noises. About halfpast two we neared the border of the woods, and a simultaneous shout was sent up in our enthusiasm—for there, but a short half-mile distant, the dark blue waters of the Yellowstone Lake glittered in the sunlight. Eagerly leaning forward in our saddles, we urged our horses to their utmost speed, and flying over the green meadows soon reached the pebbly beach. We selected a camp in a grove of pines near the head of the river, and unanimously resolved to rest over in the beautiful place for at least one day.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HERE are two jokes about the river which gives its name to the port of Liverpool: A wag, crossing to Woodside Ferry, and observing the muddiness of the water, remarked that Shakespeare was quite correct in stating that "the quality of *Mersey* is not strained." A Liverpool pilot, adrift in the Irish Sea during a dense fog, is said to have fervently uttered a familiar couplet from Pope:

That Mersey I to others showed,
That Mersey show to me.

Recollections of Greatness.

TO THE MEMORY OF HON. THOS. EWING, OF OHIO.

I.

Softly the evening casts its deep'ning shade
O'er Nature's grandeur, hiding from the eye
The majesty which noonday late displayed
In all its forms of varied harmony—
Filling the soul with gratitude and joy,
As with delight the imposing scenes I trace—
Yet lingers still the sense that round me lie,
Though veiled from view, the same majestic grace
That charms the soul when day smiles o'er earth's lovely face.

II.

What though the eye no longer rests its gaze
Upon the radiant glories of the scene!
What though the night's impenetrable haze
Enshrouds the lofty mount and valley green!
Is earth less nobly grand because unseen?
Can darkness bind the torrent with its chains,
Or night contract the mountain's lofty mien?
Not so: the same majestic grandeur reigns,
When night obscures, as when the sunlight gilds the plains.

III.

'Tis thus with men whose deeds of worth inspire
The mind with lofty thoughts, the heart with joy;
Whose noble nature lights the beacon fire
Of principle and justice, to destroy
Those murky shades, that serve but to annoy
The champions, weary with the heat of day,
Who in the cause of honor, truth, employ
Their energies.—Such men may pass away,
But still they *live*, and point to man bright honor's way.

IV.

We may regret the absence of that form—
The mansion-house of the immortal mind—
Whose presence charmed away grief's chilling storm
When sorrows deep, to cloud our life, combined,
And taint with bitterness each joy refined;
Yet still we know, though vanished from our sight
For a brief space, we soon again shall find
That form more nobly grand, when time's brief night
Has yielded to eternal day's unclouded light.

V.

And, too, in our bereavement, we rejoice
In memory's faithful picture of the grace
And grandeur native to that form and voice;
And still the noble deeds we fondly trace
In fancy, as when Nature hides her face
Beneath the dusky folds of Night's dark veil
We still recall the charms of each loved place—
Yes, pleased, we roam in fancy's sunny vale,
Waiting till bright reality again prevail.

VI.

'Tis thus, great Ewing, often I recall
The deep emotions born within my breast
On that bright day when first I trod thy hall,
A welcome, happy, though but transient guest.
I felt that day that earth was honored, blest,
With one true life—just, noble, honest, brave—
Who, in life's struggle, never stained his crest;
Whose deeds no shelter of concealment crave;
Whose memory *must* survive the test of worth—the grave.

VII.

Gladly would I portray thy just renown
In golden lines, but fear restrains desire;
An abler pen—or mine more vigorous grown—
Must yet record the deeds that now inspire
A world's respect—till latest time expire
Must *ever* win the grateful, proud, esteem

Of all whose thoughts to truth and worth aspire,
But chief of those on whom the golden beam
Of Freedom's sun bestows its brightest, warmest gleam.

VIII.

O, happy land! O, land of all most blest!
Great in thy worth, more great in such a son!
Thy children wept when EWING went to rest,
Yet envied not the glory he had won;
For his renown on them benignly shone,
Sharing its lustre with the feebler flame,
As when the glowing sun looks down upon
The brilliant diamond, adding to its gleam;
So EWING's deeds enhance his brother freemen's fame.

IX.

Sire of an honored house, a nation's praise
Is but the echo of the joyous song
Chanted by angels, as, in life's last days,
The crowning triumph, waited for so long,
Placed thy great soul among the sainted throng,
In that stout ship, launched by the Hand Divine,
On life's broad sea, where both the weak and strong,
Must perish else. May thy example shine
A brilliant guide to TRUTH's ONE CONSECRATED SHRINE.

M. B. B.

NOTRE DAME, Easter Monday, 1874.

FILIAL LOVE.

A Drama of the Fourteenth Century.

WRITTEN FOR THE ST. CECILIA PHILOMATHEAN SOCIETY,
BY THE REV. A. LEMONNIER, C. S. C., DIRECTOR.

PERSONS REPRESENTED:

BELLAROSA, a youth of fifteen, son of Theodebert.
DUKE of Mantua, a true Knight.
THEODEBERT, an old man of seventy, father of Bellarosa, an archer.
BOIS ROBERT, a soldier, about fifty years of age, friend of Theodebert, also an archer.
LABRISSE, officer of the Duke.
GUSMAN, old preceptor of the pages.
GONTRAND, first Courtier.
LAFÈRE, second Courtier.
SERVILIUS, page.
AMITUS, page.
GENSANO, page.
BOIS-BIEN, cook.
ALBRANTIN, lord of the Court.
HERMAN, lord of the Court.
FAVORITO, minstrel.
JERONIMO, minstrel.
HOËL, minstrel.
FERRAND, archer.
BRISBAN, archer.
QUIVALA, archer.
RAYMOND, archer.
SESMOND, soldier.
GONSLAN, soldier.
ATTIVO, soldier.
REGINALD, soldier.
LA ROVERE, officer of the Duke.
TRISTAN, officer of archers.
SIGEFROID, burgomaster.
GODFREY, Marshal of the Palace.
Villagers, Archers, and Soldiers.

ACT FIRST.

SCENE I.

Interior of a cottage of the time. In the centre a table, Theodebert sitting on one side, Bois Robert resting his elbow on the other. Bows and quivers over a chimney in the background.—Time, sunset.

BOIS ROBERT. Yea, Theodebert, the day is come when every arbalast must needs be strung again in defense of our country.

THEODEBERT. It is true that the news from over the mountain is bad enough, yet I see no great room for alarm.

BOIS ROBERT. Aye, more than you imagine; the couriers of the Duke are scouring the whole country round, while all our mountain lads have come down to the city.

THEODEBERT (*growing interested*). Then a general levy of bowmen may be expected?

BOIS ROBERT. This very day perhaps, for the evening is rapidly advancing and hard work may be looked for.

THEODEBERT. In good sooth! if, as they say, the Duke has been driven from his main army.

BOIS ROBERT. The enemy far outnumbers him; but believe me, Theodebert, I know them of old: they have neither the nerve nor the daring of our lads.

THEODEBERT (*Rising excitedly*). No, nor have they the spirit of the long-tried archers who fought the battles of the old Duke. Bois Robert, you see yon bow, blackened by the smoke of this peaceful hearth; once it glistened bright and new. I have counted the foes it laid low on the field of battle. If the Duke needs help from us, if the bugle but sound the call to battle, then will I take it down and tighten once more its strings, and loud shall be the din of war, loud again the clatter of arms!

BOIS ROBERT. Theodebert! . . . Do you forget that for you battles are no longer pastimes? Your age forbids it: brave young hearts will take your place.

THEODEBERT. My last bolt is not sped yet, Bois Robert; and our youth may still need an old man's example, lest they wince in presence of the foe. (*Noise without*) What clamor is this? (*BOIS ROBERT rushes to the door.*)

BOIS ROBERT. Our people seem panic-stricken. Can it be possible that they are pursued? Look! look! how they run!

THEODEBERT (*Rushing for his bow.*) What! without a warning! (*Bending his bow.*) Then we will make a brave stand.

BOIS ROBERT. No, no. It is a false alarm. 'Tis the Duke's provost, with the aldermen of the town. They are calling the people together. I fear our affairs are taking a bad turn.

THEODEBERT (*Going to the door.*) Let us go and see the provost.

(*Enter FERRAND.*)

FERRAND. Theodebert, Bois Robert, to arms! to arms! The enemy will soon be at the mountain pass, and no one there to defend it.

THEODEBERT. What! the Duke defeated!

FERRAND. It must be so, for the provost is calling out every man able to bear a bow. See how they hurry to the hall for arms!

THEODEBERT. Then there is no time to be lost.

BOIS ROBERT. The pass is but an hour's march. We can reach it in half that time. (*Both arm.*)

THEODEBERT. Think you our lads will fight?

FERRAND. Not a man will fail the Duke.

BOIS ROBERT. Look: they are on the march.

THEODEBERT (*Putting on his quiver, etc.*) Not a moment is to be lost. Where is Bellarosa?

BOIS ROBERT. Here he comes, in great haste.

(*Enter BELLAROSA.*)

BELLAROSA. Father, father, the soldiers are pouring into the town from all the mountains! But what is this? why are you in arms?

THEODEBERT (*with agitation*). My boy, I too must go; the country is in danger, and my place is with the people.

BELLAROSA. O, father! in your old age! Do not expose your life; others will fight for you. O do not go!

THEODEBERT. There is work for all of us, my son. Would you turn your father from his duty, Bellarosa! All our people are flocking to the standard of the Duke: would you have me alone stand back, because of my grey hairs? (*BELLAROSA sinks dejected into a chair.*)

BOIS ROBERT. Here they come! In good sooth they count upon you, Theodebert.

(*Enter young men*)

ARCHERS. God save our country! Three cheers for the Duke. Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

THEODEBERT. Bravo, bravo, my noble boys; may Heaven reward your valor!

FERRAND. We place ourselves under your command; lead us to the fight.

BRISBAN. Yes, you shall be our chieftain, and lead us on to victory.

THEODEBERT. Do not flatter an old man. My arm is no longer a terror to the foe; but with God's help we shall put them to the flight once more.

QUIVALA. That will we, or die like men.

BOIS ROBERT. Spoken like a hero! Who dare meet us in the battle? (*Looks around proudly.*)

THEODEBERT. If I fall, my friends, rally around Bois Robert, the bravest of the Duke's bowmen.

BOIS ROBERT. Thanks, old friend; but no praise shall make me vain. I fight in the ranks, and seek no other glory. But night draws on.

All. Let us be off!

THEODEBERT. (*To soldiers.*) Be ready, men. I shall be with you presently.

All. We wait your coming. (*Exeunt*)

BOIS ROBERT. I will be your guide through the secret pathways of the mountains.

(*To THEODEBERT.*) Do not tarry—at any step we may chance to meet the foe. (*Goes—THEODEBERT leading him to the door and making signs of soon following.*)

THEODEBERT. (*Returning to BELLAROSA, who is bowed down with grief.*) O my son Bellarosa, when every hand is ready for battle would you hold back your father from the field of honor, and have him betray his Duke and his country in his old age? (*Soft music.*)

BELLAROSA. I would save you from danger; yes, for I fear if you go you will fall in the strife! You have fought enough for your prince and your country. O do not go to this war, my father!

THEODEBERT. It would be a soldier's death. But a few years are left me; you would not have them a burden on my soul. I must go; my word is pledged; honor and duty call me. But, my son, do you remain in this secure retreat, and beware of the camp—it is your father's will.

BELLAROSA. I will obey.

THEODEBERT. And that God may watch over me, take this offering, my son, to the poor hermit, our old friend, and beg his prayers in our behalf; and do thou, my boy, have confidence in God. Farewell, Bellarosa; farewell my child; may God protect us both. Beware of going far from home; God bless thee, my son! (*they embrace*) God bless thee! (*BELLAROSA falls into a chair. THEODEBERT, leaves still looking at BELLAROSA.*)

BELLAROSA. He is gone. Oh, Holy Providence of God, watch over him and bring him safe home again! (*Looking at the offering.*) Ha! this is to be taken to the hermit. I must make no delay! The good hermit's prayers will be his defence; I must go. How dark is the night! the valley is shrouded in gloom. God grant I may not lose my way. (*kneels*) Oh, Holy Providence! watch over us and guard us from danger. (*Rises and departs.*)

Enter LABRISSE, LAFÈRE, and GONTRAND.

GONTRAND. Thus far we have escaped.

LABRISSE. This seems a safe retreat for the night: the house is quite deserted.

LAFÈRE. Yes, we are safe here: and see, the hearth is still warm; we shall pass a pleasant night.

LABRISSE. Impossible! I must meet the Duke this very hour in the mountains.

GONTRAND. O, let us rest a while.

LABRISSE. What think you of our prospects, my lord?

LAFÈRE. I have ceased to think of them. The game is up. Further attempts are useless.

GONTRAND. Just my opinion. We risk our lives in a vain contest. What can a handful of men do against a host flushed with victory?

LABRISSE. I believe you are right. The Duke alone pretends to hope.

GONTRAND. Forsooth, a great strategist is the Duke!

LAFÈRE. In words.

LABRISSE. He has a new plan.

GONTRAND. What is that?

LABRISSE. O, 'tis his secret. And now it is near the hour I should meet him.

GONTRAND. My lords, our lives are more precious than all the Duke's secrets; I say it is madness to expose them now.

LAFÈRE. And where are you to meet the Duke?

LABRISSE. In the pass, at midnight. (*Aside*) Why did he appoint such a spot?

GONTRAND. (*Aside to LAFÈRE*) We must guide him as-

tray, come. Well, let us on. The night is very dark.

LAFÈRE. Dark as a tomb. Which way?

GONTRAND. (*Without.*) This way. (*Exeunt.*)

(*After a short time enter BELLAROSA.*)

BELLAROSA. I have accomplished his wish. The good hermit's prayers are powerful before God. I am at ease. How lonely it is here! (*Looks at his guitar.*) My only companion now—but I cannot play—no! no more till he return. (*Looks at his bow.*) Where is my quiver? This house is not safe without arms. (*Finds his quiver.*) Ah, here it is. (*Puts it on his shoulder.*) The good hermit gave me this blessed medal. "Wear it, my son," he said, "and our Blessed Lady will protect you." I feel stronger with it on. But what do I see? What light is that? Gracious heavens! (*Takes his bow to start.*) It cannot be our people.—The village is on fire! The enemy—I must fly to the mountain pass. (*Exit.*)

SCENE II.

Mountains—a Hermitage. Time, Midnight.

(*Enter BELLAROSA.*)

BELLAROSA. Heaven has guided my footsteps through the darkness of the night. This is the hermitage. In this solitude I need fear no danger. The good hermit is now in quiet slumber; I must awake him (*knocks.*) No answer; he is fast asleep (*knocks again.*)—(*Noise without.*) What is that? Some one calling.

DUKE. (*Without.*) Labrisse! Labrisse!

BELLAROSA. Doubtless there are thieves in the mountains. Driven from the plains, they call to one another for help, or to go prowling about the camps. (*Knocks again.*) I fear they will overtake me; I cannot rouse the good hermit. What shall I do?

DUKE. Labrisse! Ho, Labrisse!

BELLAROSA. They come nearer; I must avoid them. There is no safety even in this hermitage. Would I were with my father! Our Lady, be my help. (*Goes to a rock.*) Here will I hide; there is danger everywhere; blessed angels, guard me—they are coming (*hides.*)

DUKE. (*Entering cautiously.*) Labrisse, I say! Labrisse. God forbid that he should miss the road or be overtaken by the enemy! I am in an agony of suspense. It is the hour he promised to meet me. A moment too late and all is lost. In this darkness a messenger might pass the enemy's lines and reach our friends. On this hangs my fate. A man to carry this message (*holds out a paper*) now, and all may yet be well. Yea, though the foe surrounds me, though they have driven me to these rocks, yet could I but reunite my scattered army I should still be victorious and regain more than I have lost: nay, I could annihilate their slumbering legions, and by one blow win the crown of those fair domains whose lords now mock me in the flush of victory. Is it a dream that in my present disgrace such a conquest is within my grasp? Nay, it is mine, could I but give word to my friends before the dawn of day. Ho, Labrisse! Labrisse! I'd give him half my dukedom could he but hear me. Heaven frowns upon me—I am fated never to recover my fortunes. (*Goes to the rock.*) Perhaps he has fallen asleep—but no, this spot would frighten sleep from the dullest eyelids.—'Tis a dreadful place. Ho! ho!—Who is here? (*BELLAROSA bounds upon the rocks above, holding his bow bent upon the DUKE.*) Hold! hold! (*draws back*) (*Aside.*) Is this a vision, an angel from heaven, or is it the genius of the mountains? Stay, who art thou?

BELLAROSA. Stand back! Another step and I transfix you. Do not dare approach, as you value life!

DUKE (*aside*). As I live, a brave youth, and a gentle! Young archer, Heaven forbid that I should harm you. Fear not: I have no evil intent. I but seek an officer of the Duke's; have you seen him in these passes?

BELLAROSA. Your words bespeak a man of honor and truth; and though these wilds are little frequented by warriors, I can well believe that like me, you have sought here for safety. But, to answer you truly, I have not seen or heard of any but yourself.

DUKE. Not for these two hours?

BELLAROSA. No, not since midnight, when the call of the guard in the pass was last heard.

DUKE (*aside*). One hour more and it will be too late,

(*strikes his forehead.*) Yes, 'tis a providence that sends him.—Boy!

BELLAROSA. Sir! (*going up higher.*)

DUKE. Hold, for heaven's sake! Will you serve me? By one bold act you may save the army and the State, save me, your Duke.

BELLAROSA. (*jumping down from the rocks.*) My lord Duke! Can it be! Forgive my bold words; I knew you not. My father and I are your devoted subjects.

DUKE. It is all right, my brave lad. I need such a one as you. Can I command your good will?

BELLAROSA. Anything, my lord. What shall I do?

DUKE. This message must be carried across the valley to the troops on yonder mountains. (*BELLAROSA grows downcast.*)—What! you are silent! you hesitate!

BELLAROSA. I cannot, your Excellency; I cannot without my father's consent. Though a soldier himself, he forbade me to go to the camp.

DUKE. Were your father aware of his sovereign's wish he would not refuse permission.

BELLAROSA. I cannot disobey him, or forget my own promise to him.

DUKE. (*Aside*) I must tempt him. Boy, upon your decision hangs my fortune and your own. Take the message, and your reward shall be your weight in gold.

BELLAROSA. (*Raising his head and folding his arms proudly.*) Keep your gold, my lord Duke! I will obey my father!

DUKE. Boy, take the message, I say! And if you reach the camp in time, and we thus gain the victory, half my dukedom is yours. Do you hear, boy! half fair Mantua to carry my message?

BELLAROSA. (*Aside*) Alas! why did I promise—why did my father command?—O, my lord, do not press me, do not tempt me so cruelly! I cannot disobey my father.

DUKE. Boy, if you go not, we lose the battle; and in a few hours thousands of lives will pay for this delay. Your father himself will be among the dead, and you will be his murderer.

BELLAROSA. My father! (*Pauses.*) Be his murderer!—Give me the message! (*going*) I must save him. (*Pausing on the rocks above*) My lord Duke, remember your promise. Half your dukedom if you conquer!

DUKE. Depend upon my honor. I have promised, but I shall insist on one condition. Fear not; my word of prince and knight is plighted.

BELLAROSA. (*Disappearing*) Farewell, my prince, till we meet again.

DUKE. He is gone! Heaven guard his steps and guide him in safety to our army!

(*Looking towards the camp.*) The night is indeed propitious: the heavens are shrouded in the very pall of erebus, and our enemies have abandoned the pursuit until morning. Even then we might perhaps meet them successfully—but, no, it would be too late; the deed must be done while it is night, or not at all. We must strike them while they slumber; in the dark each assailant is multiplied tenfold,—we are but a thousand—they shall believe us a host. But I must watch for the signal-fire; the youth must now have reached the camp (*pauses*).—Ha! (*red fire*) there it is! 'Tis well! they respond quickly. (*Stepping towards the rocks.*) They are ready for the march. I must seek my officers, and be ready to press the enemy hard on this side. Ah, here they come!

(*Enter LABRISSE, officers, courtiers, pages, and lastly archers.*)

DUKE. All is now safe. Heaven be thanked!

LABRISSE. My lord, where is the message?

DUKE. You come late, Labrisse! the message is already in the hands of our allies.

LABRISSE. We lost our way, my lord, and fatigue overcame us.

DUKE. Then let renewed vigor animate your spirits; the enemy is in our power.

LABRISSE. Nay, is this true, my lord?

DUKE. With God's help, we shall celebrate our victory before noonday.—But to your places all; no time now for words. Yonder light is our signal for action—Mantua forever! All. Mantua forever!—(*Exeunt*)

(*Enter RAYMOND and friends, rushing towards THEODEBERT.*)

RAYMOND. Theodebert!

THEODEBERT. Speak, man, what is it?

RAYMOND. Our village is on fire.—The enemy reached it a moment after we left. (*BOIS ROBERT and others listen in dejected silence.*)

THEODEBERT. Good heavens! my son! my son Bellarosa! have you heard of him?

RAYMOND. Not a word. God grant he escaped,—not a soul is left in the village.

THEODEBERT. He is dead, dead! My boy! my boy! they have murdered him!

(*End of the First Act.*)

Our Country.

BY YANKEE.

The latter part of the 15th century was wonderfully signalized throughout Europe by giant strides of awakened genius and intellect; mechanical arts, husbandry, music, architecture, sculpture, painting and literature, made rapid improvement; poetry and song again took possession of their lyres; enthusiastic scholars banded together and prepared their valuable manuscripts, and philosophers debated the profoundest questions of the ancient schools. But greater than this was the spirit of enterprise which then dawned upon many nations, more especially upon Italy; she had hitherto received numerous treasures from rich and storied India, drawn, by laborious efforts, over deserts and rocky mountains, and on them amassed untold wealth; but the process of transportation was too tedious, and the greatest minds were turned towards the grand problem of discovering a direct passage, over the main, for the conveyance of their treasures. Columbus was the transcendent genius destined to afford a solution to the vexatious problem, and under the patronage of Ferdinand and Isabella, the Catholic rulers of Spain, he set out on his voyage, for the purpose of discovering an eastern passage across the ocean. Having discovered the outlines of a new continent, Columbus returned to Spain; and immediately bands of explorers, with many citizens of the surcharged cities of the Old World, inflamed by the terrible fire of excitement which the wonderful discoveries of Columbus had enkindled, flocked in countless numbers to "the beauteous land beyond the sea."

Haughty Albion was the first to send a powerfully equipped expedition for the purpose of colonizing the newly found land; and 'twas the will of heaven that under her tyrannical power should expand the first germs of the existence of our now free and powerful country.

Our fair young land rapidly increased in wealth and strength; her industrious inhabitants carefully sought the sources of the unlimited wealth concealed within her fruitful bosom, and were well rewarded. Devoid of all parental care, our nascent land became the harrassed sport of perfidious Britain, under whom she should have risen to the zenith of her power. Far from exercising that solicitous care incumbent upon a parent towards its offspring, Britain ruled us with a most despotic sway; she swelled her coffers to bursting with the wealth of our homes; she endeavored to crush the manly spirit dominant within our breasts; her oppressive taxes were unjust; and she gave us not even a voice in the legislation of our homes. Such a course was, however, not long to run.

We saw ourselves at birth despised and neglected; proud England did not then deign to cast her greedy eyes upon the poor and struggling colony beyond the sea! No, no! but when she saw it by industrious labor rise to affluence and wealth, she sought to trample it into servitude and make another Erin of our happy land. But, ah! she sought in vain! for our nation's voice called loudly for freedom, and our gallant fathers severed wide the unnatural ties that bound us in serfdom to our tyrannical parent. Their declaration of untrammelled liberty was but the formation of the helm of that glorious bark, our country, which has thus far safely outlived the rough, dark tempests of the ocean of civil discord wherein she was launched, and has borne our homes to a secure haven in the tranquil sea of free and independent prosperity.

From that moment of American disavowal of allegiance

to Britain begins our country. The history of her noble struggle is too well known to call forth comment; she labored proudly, defiantly, honestly, and independently; her cause was just, she could not fail, and the God of triumph placed upon her brow the victor's crown.

Proud, crest-fallen Britain withdrew in sullen silence to her lair, while our thankful nation poured out loud hosannas to the God of hosts, and sang with sweet emotions of undying love,

"My country 'tis of thee, sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing,"

The hero of nations, our country stemmed the breakers of financial embarrassment and nobly breasted every tide of opposition; she was not yet perfect, but her groundwork, though rude, was then, is now, and under the protection of the mighty Jehovah will we hope ever be, invincible to the attack of every enemy of civil and religious liberty.

Our country sought not, in her separation from Great Britain, to gain an individual end; she sought the welfare of her noble sons; and she sought her own prosperity, that she might take her stand 'mid the nations of the earth and cause the intrinsic merit of her worthy children to be known and recognized. That glorious object was soon obtained; her starry banner floated proudly over the foam-tipped waves of many seas; the voice of her ambassadors wielded magic influence in kingly halls, and her trade was sought by every nation of the globe. The words of the poet:

"When Freedom from her mountain height,
Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
And set the stars of glory there,"

were at that time proved true; Columbia had riven asunder the dark and oppressive gloom of tyrannical royalty, and in its place set the heavenly luminaries of untrammelled freedom, which shone with a sweet, beneficent light on the civilized world.

Knowledge, nurtured on the breast of Freedom, shed its blessings over the land, and her gracious seeds sprang up with manly vigor in countless hearts. Our country was the people's, and for the people; its every act was conducive to their welfare, as it was they who, in union, ruled themselves. No difficulties, which at times arose—not all proud England's futile efforts to shake our country's basis, could mar its prosperity; Liberty's offspring, blessed by God, her star ever continued in the ascendant; and though it now shines with celestial glory, the admiration of the world, it has not yet attained the height of its meridian. Though at birth dependent upon the Old World for many necessities, she soon cast off all dependence, as her vast resources were laid open; and at the present day, instead of relying upon the productions of foreign lands, there is not a civilized country which does not acknowledge the worth of American manufactures, and which is not in some manner indebted to the New World. Our country has never made a retrograde movement; her march has been progressive, onward and upward to perfection.

Where, eighty years ago, grand and sombre forests spread in wild confusion, to-day the busy hum of labor and turmoil rises 'mid the commotion of the bustling, surging populace of crowded cities. The shrill whistle of the locomotive no longer makes loud echoes in umbrageous solitudes, and startles from its nest the frightened bird, but serves to add to labor's ever ceaseless tumult.

An age of wonderful progress has dawned upon our country; mechanical arts of other days pale into insignificance before the wonderful ingenuity of the masters of to-day; her star of fine arts is in the ascendant; and though in literature her improvement is less rapid, she may with unblushing cheek aspire to an equally exalted position with any nation of modern times.

But, as Chateaubriand says, the most precious gift contained within the bosom of our country, is *liberty*; not the liberty of manners or force, as that of the aborigines—the early inhabitants of her lordly forests, but the offspring of reason and wisdom. This liberty shines more brightly on account of the age of oppression which called it into being; and, far from becoming enfeebled by time, it strengthens with age and proudly repels every stratagem of its enemies. 'Tis a liberty of thought, a liberty of worship, a liberty of

speech, and a liberty of action when consistent with the laws of virtue and morality. Under this glorious liberty the persecuted of every land find a happy home. Our country spreads wide her hospitable arms and welcomes with pleasure to her bosom the weary, exiled Celt, and bids the harassed Teuton come and rest in peace within her green and pleasant vales.

Never did a nation rise so rapidly to prosperity; and the fulness of her prosperity, with the admirable peace existing between herself and other nations, distinguishes her as the most favored land on earth. In talent, energy, intelligence, and natural resources, our country is second to none; and it is now, as it has ever been since the foundation of our Republic, the aim of every true American not only bravely to maintain her in this exalted position, but even to urge her still farther onward in her successfully brilliant course of science, art and civilization. Fearlessly, without one thought of hesitation, we may declare our country has become the most advanced and civilized of nations, if we look to the improvement and welfare of its people, wherein the test of civilization lies. The chosen child of fortune and nature, her unbounded freedom, her free institutions, her mild yet beneficial and salutary laws, and her abundant means of support, make her at once the pride of nations and the hope of humanity. Were her moral improvement to keep pace with religious fervor and material civilization, no common mind could conceive the unlimited extent and elevation of "America" our pride and boasts. Her ship of state, the stronghold of her power, still a proudly floats over the billows of time as when first launched on the troubled waters of revolution and struggling liberty; not a timber of her noble frame has yielded to the buffets of a thousand storms; she still remains as staunch as when joined together by that patriot band whose noble spirits are long since laid at rest, and o'er whose mossy graves the weeping willow droops in silent grief—but who, crowned with the laurels of their meritorious worth, from that shadowy land beyond the skies look down with solicitous care upon the glorious fabric marked with the impress of their hands, bearing at its mast-head the beacon star of Liberty, and guided on its course by the pilot hand of Freedom. Though driven from her course at times by Faction's perverse strife, under the protection of that watchful spirit-band she regains her onward path o'er time's dark ocean, towards the supreme goal of earthly glory.

The Position of Catholics in the Present Crisis of the Church.

Such was the title of a very able and interesting lecture delivered by Prof. W. Ivers on last Sunday evening, in St. Joseph's Church, Lowell. The theme was a grand and inspiring one, and the same characteristics may be largely predicated of its treatment. Were we permitted to follow our inclination we would present a synopsis of the many admirable things so admirably put forth by the Professor. Offering a few preliminary remarks on the almost universal warfare now waged against the Church, the lecturer proceeded to explain the three fundamental principles whereon Catholics should build a virtuous life during these troublesome times: Faith, Hope, and Charity must be the primary and practical consideration of every child of Mother Church, the basis of every private and public action, the ægis with which to turn aside the shafts of calumny and the blows of the enemy. To these three cardinal virtues the Professor mostly confined himself, and from the thoughts which they naturally suggested he evolved one of the finest intellectual and literary creations we have relished for some time. We feel confident, too, that our words are but the feeble echo of those pronounced upon it by the large audience in attendance. In addition to the literary interest of the lecture, it was a pecuniary success, the proceeds going to the Catholic school attached to Rev. Father Lauth's Church. Since the Professor has entered the lecturing field with such credit to himself and advantage to others, we trust he will soon serve up another intellectual repast as palatable as the one furnished last Sunday evening.

WEXFORD.

The Unity of God among the Pagans.

AN ESSAY, BY M. B. B.

PART I.—EVIDENCES OF A BELIEF IN ONE GOD AMONG THE ANCIENTS.—POLYTHEISM.

As in the discussion of every question it is of the greatest importance to state clearly the extent of what one undertakes to prove, I shall, before entering specially into an examination of the subject before us, explain briefly in what sense we are to understand the Unity of God in reference to the ancient pagan world. We do not expect to find, among the pagans of old, that clear conception of the unity of God possessed by those who enjoy the advantages of Revelation or of the teachings of the Church; nor do I claim to find amongst them a distinct belief in *one only* God, to the exclusion of all other deities; as reason, unaided by Revelation, could scarcely, if at all, admit such a belief in presence of the many facts which should then be referred to this only God, and which, nevertheless, could not appear otherwise, to unenlightened reason, than unworthy of an infinitely perfect God.

What we do claim to find among the ancient pagans, however, is a distinct, though perhaps not very clear conception of and belief in *one* Supreme God, though they admitted also a multitude of inferior deities, to whom they referred all those events and phenomena for which they could not account by natural means, and which, at the same time, appeared to them unworthy the Supreme Being. Hence when we speak of a belief in the Unity of God among the ancient pagans, we would be understood to mean a belief in *one Supreme* God, though not exclusively in *one only* God. We shall see, however, that although the pagans admitted a multitude of gods and attributed to all of them a divine nature, still all these deities, except *one*, were inferior and in some sense imperfect, and hence we may truly say that they believed in *one Supreme and only true and perfect God*. In this sense, therefore, the pagans may justly be said to have believed in the Unity of God, as the *Supreme and only true and perfect* deity, notwithstanding their error in admitting a plurality of inferior gods. I shall now give a few of the principal evidences of such a belief among them.

First we may join the multitude who assembled in the Areopagus, at Athens, and listen with them to the following words, uttered by the inspired Apostle: "Ye men of Athens, I perceive that in all things you are too superstitious (or, taking the force of the Greek word, *deisidaimonesterous*, too God-fearing, or, too scrupulous in matters of religion): For, passing by and seeing your idols, I found an altar also on which was written: 'To the unknown God.' What therefore you worship without knowing it, that do I declare unto you."—*Acts xvii, 22, 23*.

St. Paul evidently went to Athens to preach the *one only* God, and he declares that the Athenians already worshipped that God, though ignorantly—*agnoountes*, that is without having a clear conception of His character. It was, undoubtedly, in this limited sense that St. Paul used the term *ignorantly*; for had the Athenians been *entirely* ignorant of the true God, they could not have worshipped Him, and yet St. Paul declares that they did worship the true God, or the God whom he had come to preach to them; hence they must have known Him, however imperfectly, and they must have believed in Him since they paid Him divine worship.

Now as St. Paul addressed this language to a large and promiscuous assembly, not only of Athenians, but also of strangers, as we learn from the same chapter, 21st verse, we may reasonably conclude that this was the general belief among the Greeks at the time of St. Paul. If now we go back a little in time, we will find in the writings of the Greek philosophers and poets (the latter of whom have been styled, and not inappropriately, the theologians of ancient times) that the doctrine of *one Supreme and only perfect* God was taught in all ages.

Passing back over a period of about two centuries, we find this belief embodied in a hymn to Jupiter, by the poet Cleanthes, B. C. 240. It has thus been rendered into English:

"Great and divine Father, whose names are many,
But who art *one* and the same unchangeable almighty power;
O, thou, *Supreme* Author of Nature!
That governest by a single unerring law!
Hail King!

For thou art able to enforce obedience from all frail mortals,
Because we are all thine offspring,
The image and the echo only of thy eternal voice."

Here we find Jupiter (for by this name the poet designates the only Supreme God) termed *one* and *unchangeable*, *Almighty*, the *Supreme Author of Nature*. What more could a Christian theologian say, so far as this declaration goes? Moreover, as this hymn was intended, no doubt, for the people, it is but fair to presume that it embodied the general belief of the time. Another citation from Artus, who flourished B. C. 277, in his work entitled "The Phenomena," and we shall take a look into the philosophers. The poet thus speaks, in Book V, p. 5, of the work just cited:

"Jove's presence fills all space, upholds this ball,
All need his aid, his power sustains us all;
For we his offspring are."

Here the omnipresence and almighty power of Jove, the Supreme God, are clearly indicated.

Passing back another century, we find Aristotle teaching the doctrine of *one supreme* and *only true* God. In his treatise on Metaphysics, having established his distinction between matter and form and explained the various species of causes, he goes on to show that there must necessarily be an eternal *form*, which is the prototype of all existing things, an eternal immaterial *substance*, to serve as the basis of energy (*energeia*), or actuality imparted to existing things, and finally an eternal *mind*, the designer and regulator of the order of the universe. These three; viz. *form*, *substance* and *mind*, he demonstrates to be one and the same, which he calls the deity, or God. He then points out some of the attributes of God, as deduced from his theory. (1) He styles Him the *pure intellect*—the *thought of thought*; (2) *essential life*—He says: "The principle of life is inherent in the deity; for the energy or active exercise of mind, constitutes life, and God constitutes this energy; and essential energy belongs to God as his best and everlasting life. Now our statement is this: that the deity is a living being that is everlasting and most excellent in nature, so that with the deity life and duration are uninterrupted and eternal; for this constitutes the essence of God."—(Book XI, ch. VIII). (3) He declares Him to be one and indivisible. These are his words: He (the deity) is "devoid of parts and indivisible; for magnitude cannot in any way involve this divine nature; for God imparts thought through infinite duration, and nothing finite—as magnitude is—can be possessed of an infinite capacity"—(ibid.) (4) He declares that he is "*impassive and unalterable*"—(*apathe kai analloiōton*.)—(ibid.) (5) He declares Him *ever blessed and everlasting*. He says: "The mode of the divine existence is essential energy, and, as such, it is a life that is most excellent, blessed and everlasting." (ibid.)

Although Aristotle represents this deity as immovable, dwelling alone, and utterly indifferent to human affairs, still it is evident that he had a tolerably clear and correct conception of the deity as the *one Supreme and only true* God; and his opinion of the popular polytheism of the Greeks, as given in Book XI, 8, of his Metaphysics, shows that he did not consider the inferior deities of the time as really gods, but simply as the agents of the *one Supreme* God, to whom a certain degree of the divine nature was imparted to render them capable of fulfilling their mission.

Plato, who preceded Aristotle by a few years, held views regarding God which approximate, perhaps, more nearly the Christian conception of the Deity, than those of any other pagan philosopher, and show beyond doubt that he believed in *one Supreme and only true* God. His doctrine on this point is thus summed up by Dr. Cocker, in his excellent work, "Christianity and Greek Philosophy": "Beyond all finite existences and secondary causes, all laws, ideas and principles, there is an intelligence or mind, the first principle of all principles, the supreme idea on which all other ideas are grounded; the Monarch and Law-giver of the universe, the ultimate substance from which all other things derive their being and essence, the first and efficient cause of all the order, and harmony, and beauty,

and excellence, and goodness which pervades the universe, who is called, by way of pre-eminence and excellence; The Supreme God, *the* God—(Ho Theos.), the God over all—(Ho epi pasi Theos.) This resume of Plato's doctrine is fully borne out by his writings; for if we examine his works we will find such terms as the following applied to God: "The Supreme mind," "incorporeal," "unchangeable," "infinite," "absolutely perfect," "essentially good," "unoriginated," "eternal," "the Father and Architect and Maker of the Universe," "the efficient cause of all things," "the Monarch and Ruler of the world," "the Sovereign mind that orders all things, and pervades all things," "the sole principle of all things," "the measure of all things," "the beginning of all things," "the foundation of all law and justice," "the source of all beauty and order," "the cause of all good," "the beginning the middle and the end of all things."

These testimonies are valuable, not only as giving the individual views of the philosophers who furnish them, but also as an embodiment of the belief of the times; for whether we suppose that the philosophers merely expressed in a connected form the general belief of the people, or not, we are still justified in concluding that such *was* the general belief, since the philosophers were not only the writers of the period, but also the teachers, and they were held in such high esteem, that their views readily became the doctrine of the multitude.

I might still cite the testimony of Socrates, of Zeno, of Elea, Parmenades, and others, but the limits which I have fixed to this Essay will not permit me to do so. I will therefore content myself with a brief quotation from the poet Xenophanes, who flourished about the time of Socrates, and who expresses substantially the doctrine of that period. He says:

"There is *one* God, of all beings divine and human the greatest. Neither in body like unto mortals, neither in mind: All sight, all ear, all intelligence:

"Wholly exempt from toil, He sways all things by thought and will."

Considering the fact that the poets and philosophers were at once the teachers of the people and the exponents of their religious belief, and that those brought forward in testimony, are fair representatives of both classes, we may reasonably conclude that the doctrine which they support so clearly; viz.: that there is but *one Supreme* and only *true* God, was the common belief of the ancient pagans; for what I have shown to be the belief of the Greeks was equally the belief of the other peoples of antiquity.

The question, however, here presents itself: If they did believe in one only God, how did it happen that they worshipped such a multitude of gods? This leads us naturally to an enquiry into the nature of polytheism as it existed in antiquity.

From what we have already seen, it is evident that the pagans believed in one Supreme and only true God; yet, without the aid of Divine Revelation or the guidance of some other infallible teacher, the human mind, naturally religious, can scarcely avoid running into polytheism. For, as I have already intimated, there are facts and phenomena which cannot be accounted for from natural causes, and still, to unaided reason, appear unworthy of the infinitely perfect God, which naturally lead to the admission of inferior divine agencies; and this, just as naturally, leads to the worship of these agencies as participants of the nature of the deity.

Taking Aristotle and Plato as the best exponents, though not necessarily the originators, of the two distinct systems which underlie all pagan Philosophy and Theology, I would thus account for the rise and development of polytheism. Aristotle, as we have seen, taught that the Supreme God dwelt apart, immovable, and utterly indifferent to human affairs. He, therefore, and those who held this theory with him, naturally believed that God took no part, directly at least, in the government of the world, and yet, seeing, as every rational being must see, that the world is unquestionably governed by some power superior to man, they very naturally supposed that there must be inferior Gods, to whom the Supreme deity imparted some degree of his own nature and power, and at the same time committed to them the government of the universe. Of this class were those who worshipped certain invisible gods

who were supposed to preside over the destinies of men. This explanation of the origin of this species of polytheism is supported by the stories and fables, universally current among the ancients, of the punishments inflicted upon these inferior gods, by the Supreme Deity for faults of government, and for acts unworthy their high station.

The system espoused and developed by Plato, held that the Supreme God Himself ruled and governed the universe; that He was infinitely perfect; that all things were His work, and consequently, that all things partook, more or less, of His perfections. From this belief it was natural and easy for unaided reason, urged by the imagination and religious feeling, to lose sight of the fact, so simple and plain to us, that all things created merely *manifest*, in some degree, the Divine perfections, and to suppose that they partook substantially of them. This led men, as a natural consequence to worship created things, as in part at least divine, instead of merely honoring them as reflecting the perfections of God. Next came the erection of idols, or the images of those creatures which were supposed to be more largely endowed with the Divine nature and perfections, and in which they easily imagined the Deity dwelt in a special manner, on account of the more perfect objects which they represented. But in all these cases it was the Deity Himself whom they worshipped, although they directed their adoration towards sensible objects, which, they foolishly imagined, He honored with His special presence.

It may be true, and probably is so, that a few of the more ignorant of the people gradually forgot the supposed indwelling Deity, and paid their homage and directed their adoration to the sensible object itself, as to a God; but it is, in my opinion, conclusively proved by Dr. Cocker, in his work already referred to, that in all phases of polytheism, adoration, properly so called, was paid to one supreme invisible Deity, and that the worship given to the inferior gods, or to the sensible objects, was also of an inferior kind, and given in consideration of the divine perfections supposed to have been communicated to these by the Supreme Deity.

The correctness of this view will appear quite evident if we but recollect that man possessed in all ages the faculty of reason, in consequence of which it would be absurd to suppose that he could, at any time, actually believe that the piece of wood, or other material, fashioned into the shape of a man or of one of the inferior animals, really became a God, possessed of a supernatural power. This could not, at least, happen in the case of men possessing ordinary intelligence, and capable of reflection, even in a low degree.

Such, then, was the nature of polytheism in ancient times. Men did not worship a multiplicity of gods, *with an equal worship*, but paying supreme homage to the one supreme God, they gave a secondary, or inferior, worship to a number of inferior gods, their error consisting in supposing it possible that inferior and imperfect beings could be endowed with divine perfections. Moreover, the term *idolatry*, in the sense of paying divine worship directly to sensible objects, so sweepingly applied to the worship of images by the pagans, is, I think, seriously incorrect, except in those few exceptional cases above alluded to. Superstition would be a far more suitable term in the case, as St. Paul showed by using it in reference to the mistaken worship of the Athenians.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THEY who respect themselves will be honored; but they who do not care about their character will be despised.

PRECOCITY IN CHILDREN.—The *Science of Health* says well and truly: "Precocity in children is to be deplored, not encouraged. A dull, sleepy child makes the best man. The business of childhood is to grow, rather than shrivel up in school and die. Would not a little physiological training be more useful than so much Greek, Latin and rhetoric? Precocious boys and girls should not be kept in school, but out of doors—in the garden, on the farm, in the play-ground, rolling hoops, flying kites, riding horses, climbing hills—all in moderation—and, if properly fed, clothed and *trained*, they will learn enough later in life. They should also sleep abundantly. Children grow most when they sleep best."

The Sister's Revenge.

The year 1832 was sadly signalized in Paris by scenes of disorder and bloodshed. The tide of revolution had swept over that fair city, leaving behind it naught but devastation and poverty. To add to the other horrors which severely tried the noble spirit of the French people at that period, cholera, that terrible epidemic, the scourge of nations and terror of humanity, burst forth amongst them. Hundreds were carried off daily by that awful malady, which left many a happy home desolate. The hospitals and charitable institutions were crowded to suffocation, so much so that some of the sufferers were forced to share the couches of those whose souls had already flown to the judgment-seat of God. Devoted priests were always found at the bedside of the afflicted, whispering words of comfort and hope to those whose eyes were about to close in the sleep of death; religious persons might be seen flitting from couch to couch but certain angelic forms in particular might always be found bending over the sufferers, pressing the crucifix to the pallid lips of the dying, and when the vital spark had flown, closing their glossy eyes with the tenderness of a loving mother. These were the Sisters of Charity. On a certain day, as one of these ministering angels was hurrying along on a mission of mercy, she was followed by a young man who grossly insulted and would have struck her were it not for the interposition of some bystanders. The good Sister knew only how to pardon and pray for him who had so insolently abused her.

A few mornings subsequent to this incident, a new patient was brought to the hospital in a dreadful condition. The officers of the establishment cried out: "No more room! No more room!" Sister Mary, who was passing at that moment, recognized in the man the person who had insulted her some days previous; she advanced eagerly to the open door and said: "Pray do not send him away! I will take care of him myself and find some corner in which he may repose!" From that time she was almost continually by his bedside, now fanning his fevered brow, now raising soothing potions to his parched lips. His disease was fast disappearing when, one morning, he missed the form of the good Sister from his bedside. His eyes eagerly scanned each figure that passed, but his protectress appeared not. He called her name, but his voice could not pierce the vault of death, where Sister Mary, shrouded in the robes of the Lamb, slept her last long sleep. She had contracted the fatal disease, and, the night previous, her pure soul had winged its flight to that bright land where cares cease and troubles are at an end. Her remains had that morning been consigned to the grave, and a simple Cross alone marks the spot where rests the heroic Sister. The hoarse winds chant drearily among the trees which shelter her tomb, and if you visit it when the golden rays of the morning sun gilds the flowers, or when the moon silvers the velvety grass that carpets her grave, you will always meet there one who, if he has sinned deeply, has repented more deeply still.

FEW persons realize that gases are heavy, and yet one cubic mile of atmospheric air weighs 5,621,000 tons; and one cubic mile of pure hydrogen, the lightest known substance, weighs no less than 389,000 tons.

SECCHI, from observations on radiation, estimates the temperature of the sun at 10,000,000 deg. C.; Ericsson, from observations of the same kind, at 4,036,000 deg. F., equal to 2,243,000 deg. C. Zollner estimates it at 68,400 deg. C.; Lane at 55,450 deg. F., equal to 34,788 deg. C. Spörer estimates it at 27,000 deg. C. Although these estimates widely differ, they all seem extremely high, and probably vastly in excess of any temperature that ever existed in the universe. In the year 1838, Pouillet estimated the temperature of the sun as somewhere between 1461 deg. and 1761 deg. C. Last January M. E. Vicaire, using Secchi's data, and reducing them by means of Dulong and Petit's formula for the intensity of radiation, found that the resulting temperature of the sun was 1398 deg. C.; and from an extended discussion of the subject, he concluded that the temperature of the solar surface is entirely comparable with that of terrestrial flames. His paper was presented to the French Academy, and after its reading a number of

savants present expressed their substantial concurrence in his views, their estimates of the probable solar temperature all lying between 2500 deg. and 3000 deg. C.

The Benedictine Prier.

In the church of Senones, in France, a solemn ceremonial lately accompanied an act of national gratitude, upon the occasion of the unveiling of a noble statue of the great, the good and learned Augustine Calmet, the distinguished Biblical scholar, and the not less illustrious prior of the Benedictine Abbey of Senones. Two hundred and one years have passed since his birth, in Lorraine, and one hundred and sixteen since his death in the cloisters of Senones, and a more appropriate occasion than the present could scarcely have been chosen for paying honor to his literary achievements and to his saintly memory, as a protest against the irreligion and ingratitude of the times. The ceremonial was full of interest. A solemn High Mass was sung by the Bishop of S. Die, and an eloquent oration on the life and the works of Calmet was preached by the Bishop of Angers. The faithful of the Vosges, and from the country of the Lorraine, gathered in crowds to the celebration, and listened with delighted attention as the distinguished prelate discoursed of the great Benedictine, and explained the full force of the epitaph, which Dom Calmet had written for his tomb—"Legi, scripsi, oravi, utinam bene"—"I have read, I have written, I have prayed—God grant that I may have done so with profit." The words have been engraved on the statue, and in concluding his discourse the venerable prelate said: "Such are the lessons which, in these words, you have chiselled on this marble for the advantage of generations yet to come; and each time that the children of Lorraine will come to Senones to contemplate the picture of their national historian, they will learn to appreciate all the better, and to cherish the more fondly, the three objects which he loved, defended and served—country, learning and religion."

Why is a beefsteak like a locomotive? It's not of much account without its tender.

How many apples did our first parents eat in the Garden of Eden? Eve 8 and Adam 2.

In reply to a young writer who wishes to know "which magazine will give me the highest position quickest," a cotemporary advises "powder magazine, if you contribute a fiery article."

A scientific writer has made the discovery that a "tinker's dam" is not profanity, but simply an enclosure commonly made of bread around the hole to be mended, that the melted solder may be contained till it cools off around the bread. After being subjected to this process the bread is burned and spoiled, and is a fitting type of utter uselessness.

THERE is no place where the real nature of a boy is more readily determined than when he is in charge of a horse. If of an irritable disposition there will be frequent outbursts of passion; but if possessed of a gentle nature, the affection manifested between himself and the animal will be unmistakable. The horse soon learns to love a kind master, and enjoys his presence, and will acknowledge this pleasure by obedience. The management of horses affords an excellent opportunity to practise patience, gentleness and humanity, and this practice will be of lasting value.

A correspondent of a neighboring journal tells of a clerk in a rural town who had a pet calf which he was training up in the ways of the ox; the calf walked around very peaceably under one end of the yoke, while Mr. Clerk held up the other end, but in an unfortunate moment the man conceived the idea of putting his own neck in the yoke, to let the calf see how it would seem to work with a partner. This frightened Mister Calf, and elevating his tail and his voice, he struck a "dead run" for the village, and Mr. Clerk went along, with his head down and plug hat in his hand, straining every nerve to keep up, and crying out at the top of his voice, "Here we come, darn our fool souls; head us somebody!"

The Scholastic.

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REUB, as usual, delighted us on Saturday night.

TOM EWING, of Lancaster, Ohio, after spending a few days with us returned home on the 14th.

BLAINE WALKER left us to return to his Montana home. We wish him a safe journey, and hope soon to hear from him.

WE were much pleased to see Mr. Foote, of Burlington, gracing with his presence the Exhibition on Saturday evening, and encouraging the young gentlemen by his appreciative applause.

WE are sorry we had no opportunity of conversing with two friends of Notre Dame, Messrs. Hake and Crummey, who were present at the Exhibition Saturday evening and remained with us over Sunday.

We could give many commendations to the young gentlemen who entertained us on Saturday night, but as this is done by an abler critic in another column of the SCHOLASTIC, we do violence to ourself, and restrain our willing pen.

WE have received some advance sheets of the May number of *Benham's Musical Review*, which contain an account of a precocious musician, Miss Rose Mansfield Eversole, daughter of Dr. A. C. Eversole. This young lady is now four years and seven months old, and from the account is a musical prodigy. *Benham's Monthly* is published in Indianapolis; terms \$1.00 per annum.

WE never like to give an adverse criticism on a good thing, and yet we must as an impartial journalist severely refrain from praising the managers of the last Exhibition, who surfeited us with sweets and made us sit four mortal hours looking at and hearing good things that we were wishing we could enjoy, but could not, simply from the fact that sitting two hours in the same position to witness the first part of the performance made us too tired to enjoy the good things that were presented, and well presented, to us the last two hours, or two hours and a half. We maintain our old creed, that a college exhibition should never last beyond two hours and a half, and if it finish in two hours it is so much the better.

Apart from its enormous length, the exhibition was excellent, and would have made two splendid evening entertainments.

It is with deep regret we chronicle the death of Major Palmer, whom we had the pleasure to be acquainted with these several years past on our occasional trips to Chicago and back. On those trips we have met with many conductors,—very likely with all who 'run' between Elkhart and Chicago,—and though we have met with courteous treatment from them all, and received from all the little nod of recognition generally given to regular passengers,

or the hearty 'shake hands' of others with whom circumstances placed us in closer intimacy, we always had a weakness for Major Palmer, who was uniformly one of the most even-tempered and gentlemanly men that we have ever seen pestered by nervous travellers, and questioned by foolish individuals, who seemed to think that the 'Conductor' was put on the train simply to answer innane questions, the answer to which they knew as well as, if not better than, the conductor himself. The Major was always a gentleman, and we have seen him in nearly all the phases of a conductor's public life. Once on coming out from Chicago on a train of which the Major was conductor, a train (on the Chicago, Fort Wayne & Pittsburg road, that runs parallel with the M. S. & L. S. Railroad for many miles east of Englewood) attempted to pass us, and the excitement among the passengers became almost as intense as among the passengers of Mississippi boats when all steam is put on and a negro is sent up to sit upon the safety valve.

The Major's train was a heavy one, and did not start off readily; but when the powerful locomotive had pulled it a mile or so the momentum of the grand train sent us along at a rate that would have been startling to weak nerves, and soon put us far ahead of the Pittsburg train—which, being lighter than the Major's, had gained upon him at the start. We beat them by great odds. After the trains had separated—one coursing on to Laporte and South Bend, the other diverging to Valparaiso and Fort Wayne,—we spoke to the Major, and never shall we forget the mingled look of pride and deprecation he gave us when, after we had asked him: "Major, can you tell me the rate we are going?" he questioned us: "Why, sir, did you think there was any danger?" And when we assured him that we were not thinking of danger but only of beating the other train, he spoke a few words in praise of the engineer and "that locomotive," and seemed to take it for granted that as we knew him we knew that there had been no danger, for had there been he would not have allowed the little race.

The company has lost an excellent, faithful officer, and his family a good father,—and this we affirm, not by any knowledge of Major Palmer's private life, but by the terms his son, now also a conductor on the road, spoke of him to us just a few weeks before his father's death and when it was by no means expected. We tender him our sympathy in the sorrow which he must feel at the loss of his father.

THE play entitled *FILIAL LOVE*, whose first scenes appear in this number, was written in 1869, for the benefit of the young gentlemen of the St. Cecilia Philomathean Association, and at the special request of their worthy President Prof. J. A. Lyons. The author had no thought whatever of seeing the play in print; it was not written to be examined critically, but only to occupy the leisure hours of our ambitious St. Cecilians, and for this purpose we may say it proved quite successful.

The synopsis of the play is as follows: A desperate conflict is raging between the Duke of Mantua and a powerful enemy. The Duke is defeated, but through the assistance of Bellarosa, a youth of fifteen, who, during the night, carries the message to his confederates, the Duke finally triumphs over his foe. Bellarosa was promised by the Duke half of his dukedom for his daring act, on condition however that the lad would never recognize his father (an archer), should he meet him at court. Bellarosa accepted

the offer with the aforesaid condition which he thought would never put his filial love to the test. During the course of the play we witness the elevation of Bellarosa to his princely station; the envy and perfidy of the courtiers, and their plots to ruin him; the struggles of Bellarosa, and the anguish of his poor father, Theodebert (who happens to be one of the Duke's guards); all of which culminates in filial love proving stronger than all the attractions of earthly grandeur.

By a law of the dukedom, a son who should disown his parent was punished with death. The courtiers, who had conceived and planned such a result for Ballarosa, see their base plots defeated; they seek to kill him in revenge, but are surprised in their attempt by the Duke and his Court, by whom Bellarosa and Theodebert are recognized as father and son. The play ends with Bellarosa being finally installed as heir of the Duke, and having moreover the happiness to share the honors of his position with his aged father.

Roll of Honor.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING THURSDAY, APRIL 16, 1874

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

M. Allen, J. Abbott, J. Andre, J. Brown, L. Burridge, J. Berry, J. Burnham, C. Berdel, M. Bastarache, A. Baca, G. Burbridge, G. Cunnea, O. Corcoran, J. Callery, J. Caren, M. Caldwell, H. Cassidy, G. Crummey, W. Clarke, J. Christy, T. Cashin, T. Cochran, E. Dunn, H. Dehner, F. Devoto, T. Dailey, C. Dodge, W. Dodge, B. Evans, J. Egan, M. Foley, C. Favey, J. Flaherty, T. Grier, T. Gallagher, J. Gillen, E. Graves, E. Gribbling, E. Gillen, C. Hess, A. Horne, J. Hogan, L. Hayes, H. Hayes, R. Hutchings, D. Hinds, J. Handley, E. Kimm, J. Kennedy, M. Keeler, J. F. Kelly, J. E. Kelly, P. Lilly, J. Luby, J. Mullen, E. McCunniff, J. McManus, S. Marks, F. Morass, T. McDonough, B. McGinnis, T. McGinnis, J. McDermott, M. McCullough, J. McMahon, E. McWeeney, T. Murphy, E. Monohan, A. Mooney, P. McDonald, J. Ney, J. O'Brien, P. O'Meara, P. O'Mahoney, T. O'Mahoney, J. Ott, M. Proctor, J. F. Rudge, G. Rudge, J. Rofinot, G. Roulhac, C. Ruger, L. Sanders, F. Spears, R. Staley, P. Skahill, S. Studebaker, J. Wolfe, H. Walker, C. Walter, L. Watson, F. Sweeger.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

B. J. Baca, J. F. Beegan, C. Burger, W. P. Breen, J. Buchanan, J. Cullen, J. Cohen, J. Doyle, J. Ewing, F. Ewing, C. Freese, G. J. Gross, E. Grambling, J. C. Golsen, O. Gove, T. Gallagher, D. Gorman, C. Hake, M. J. Kinsella, S. Kennedy, C. A. Kreiter, J. Kinley, L. Loser, C. A. Lewis, B. LeFevre, G. McNulty, F. H. Farrell, N. J. Mooney, W. Meyers, J. E. Marks, F. Miller, C. Nichols, P. Moran, D. J. O'Connell, J. O'Connor, C. Connor, H. Quan, F. Stoppenbach, L. Smith, J. Smith, R. Sobey, J. F. Soule, T. Solon, F. Thalmann, R. West, R. Walker, F. Wittlesberger, E. J. Wood, F. Weisenberger, E. Washburne.

Class Honors.

WEEK ENDING THURSDAY, APRIL 16, 1874.

LANGUAGES AND FINE ARTS.

GERMAN.

C. Burger, G. Burbridge, J. D. Callery, J. Cullen, C. Cohen, I. N. Dryfoos, J. Egan, G. Frauenknecht, C. Furer, J. Golsen, W. Green, J. Girard, R. Golsen, F. Hoffman, A. Kramer, A. Kreiter, W. Meyer, F. Mathews, F. Miller, J. Marks, S. Marks, B. McGinnis, D. McGinnis, E. McSweeney, M. McCullough, T. B. McDonough, G. McNulty, C. Otto, F. Perill, C. M. Proctor, J. Quin, G. Roulhac, T. Ratigan, W. Robinson,

A. Schmidt, E. Sugg, G. Sugg, W. Schulthies, J. Soule, R. Sobey, E. Stichtenoth, F. Stoppenbach, F. Thalmann, F. Wittlesberger, C. Welty, T. P. White, E. J. Wood, C. Walsh,
FRENCH—J. Borie, J. Delvecchio, G. Gross, C. Hake, B. LeFevre, J. Lambin, J. Minton, G. Roulhac, J. Rofinot, C. Stucker, F. Smyth.

SPANISH—V. Baca, A. Horne.

PIANO—J. Borie, W. Breen, C. Burger, W. Ball, G. Cunnea, J. Callery, T. Gallagher, J. Gillen, J. Hedges, C. Hake, A. Kramer, P. Lilly, J. Luby, T. B. McDonough, C. O'Connor, C. Otto, J. A. Smyth, G. Sugg, E. Sugg.

VIOLIN—J. Brennan, W. Chapoton, J. Doyle, J. Delvecchio, C. Freese, T. Gallagher, F. Hoffman, E. Kimm, J. Lynch, L. Loser, J. H. Lyons, J. McHugh, J. Mathews, F. Miller, C. Otto, J. E. O'Brien, J. Quin, G. Roulhac, T. Sauvageot, L. P. Smith, F. Stoppenbach.

GUITAR—J. Burnham.

FLUTE—W. Ohlen, J. Rofinot.

DRAWING—J. Cullen, J. Cassella, N. S. Dryfoos, E. De Groot, J. French, G. Frauenknecht, E. Grambling, V. Hansen, A. Koch, J. Lambin, J. Lynch, E. S. Monahan, W. McClure, J. E. Porter, F. Perill, A. Schmidt, W. Schulthies, C. Stucker, L. Smith, G. Strong, H. Zuber.

Celebration of the Birthday of Rev. A. Lemonnier, C. S. C., President of the University of Notre Dame,

BY THE ST. STANISLAUS PHILOPATRIAN SOCIETY AND
THE COLUMBIAN LITERARY AND DEBATING CLUB,
ON SATURDAY EVENING, APRIL 11, 1874.

The "All Around Man" in the last issue of the SCHOLASTIC was evidently under the impression that the celebration of our much-esteemed President's birthday was over, and that he had given a full account of it in describing what transpired in front of the college on Wednesday morning, when addresses were read by representatives of the various societies of the Senior Department.

Although the Collegiates, as he remarks, may have expressed the sentiments of all the Students on that occasion, still it must be remembered that Young America must have its own say, and does not wish to have others assume any responsibilities on its account, but will talk and act for itself even if great difficulties are to be overcome. Hence on Saturday evening last the little Philopatrians of the Junior Department joined hands and heads with their older brothers, the Columbians, of the Senior Department, and carried out the following programme, dedicated, in the words of Horace,

Quæ cura patrum, quæve Quiritium,
Plenis honorum muneribus tuas,
Auguste, virtutes in ævum
Per titulos memoresque fastos
Æternæ?

to the Rev. Augustus Lemonnier, as their share in the celebration of the anniversary of his natal day.

PROGRAMME.

PART FIRST.

Music,..... N. D. U. Cornet Band
Music,..... Orchestra
Opening Address,..... F. J. Weisenburger

A PUBLIC BENEFACTOR.

Erastus Steele (the Benefactor),..... J. McIntyre
Harry (his Son),..... F. J. Weisenburger
Solomon Longface,..... F. Claffey
Cyrus Caucus,..... W. Darst

Bobby Simpson,..... Harry Faxon
Barney Hoolan,..... T. McNamara
Declamation,..... F. Claffey

THE GREAT ELIXIR.

A FARCE IN ONE ACT.

Waldemar Wiggins (the 7th son of a 7th son),..... R. Downey
Gunnibag Greenbax,..... } Patients { J. Kieley
Nervous Aspen,..... } J. McIntyre
Major Fingers,..... F. Claffey
Charles Freedley,..... P. Daly
Harry Quilldriver,..... Ray West
Herbert Easel,..... W. J. Kinsella
Dennis McGrath,..... T. McNamara
Bob,..... J. Delvecchio

Address from the St. Cecilia Philomathean Society, by W. P. Breen.

THE BRIGAND AND HIS SON.

A MELODRAMA OF DEEP AND THRILLING INTEREST.

Corporal Nicolo Gamba,..... F. J. Weisenburger
Matteo Falcone, (the Brigand),..... T. McNamara
Fortunato Falcone, (his son),..... Henry Quan
Gianetto Sampiero,..... } other Brigands { J. McIntyre
Brozzo,..... W. Darst
Some more Brigands, Soldiers, etc.

Comic Olio,..... T. Gallagher, P. Daly

Followed by the Grand Spectacular Drama (Written Expressly for an Entirely Different Occasion, by a Member of the Faculty), entitled:

THE PRINCE OF PORTAGE PRAIRIE; OR, THE BURNING OF BERTRAND.

Prologue,..... R. Walker
The Prince (Down on his Luck),..... Jno. D. McIntyre
Alexander (One of the B'hoys),..... T. McNamara
Duke of Goshen (On the Treasury Benche),..... H. Quan
Marquis of South Bend (devoted to the Temperance Cause),..... Harry Faxon
Barber of Mishawaka (in the Fence),..... T. F. Gallagher
Hermit of the Valley (an Old Foggy),..... R. J. Downey
Water Spirit (not Spirits and Water),..... F. J. Weisenburger
Butler (a Corporate Body),..... Ray West
Bugler (Who Blows his own Horn),..... J. P. Quin
Drill Sergeant (*Non Compos Mentis*),..... W. Darst
Captain Jack (*Redivivus*),..... M. J. Kinsella
Arkansas Traveller (Original),..... F. J. Weisenburger
Old Man (Down in Rackensack),..... Non Possum
Two Spies,..... A. H. Mitchell, C. W. Welty
Four Servants, J. Quin, E. Riopelle, R. Walker, J. Delvecchio
Necromancer of Niles, ("Old Rats,"),..... F. Claffey
Corporal of Zouaves,..... J. Kieley
A Sailor,..... P. Daily
Tympanotypus,..... Chas. O'Connor
Zouaves, Indians, *et hoc genus omne, ad libitum*.
Musicians,..... J. McHugh, C. Freese, C. Burger
Epilogue,..... T. McNamara
Music,..... N. D. U. C. Band

PART SECOND.

Opening Address from the Columbian Literary and Debating Club,..... J. F. Kelly

HANDY-ANDY.

A DRAMA IN TWO ACTS.

Handy-Andy,..... THOS. CASHIN
Squire Egan,..... J. B. Crummey
Squire O'Grady,..... F. C. St. Aubin
Mr. Murphy,..... G. W. Crummey
Dick Dawson,..... P. G. Lilly
M. Furlong,..... H. C. Cassidy
Edward O'Connor,..... J. F. Wolfe
Simon,..... E. W. Kimm
Farrel,..... } Ruffians { O. Tong
McQuade,..... } A. Horne
Carrol,..... J. F. Kelly
Jerry † (brother to Oonah Rooney),..... J. E. O'Brien
Mad Nick † (brother to Mad Nancy),..... L. B. Sanders
Frank Dawson † (brother to Fanny Dawson),..... L. C. Watson
Interlude I—"Where the Woodbine Twineth,"

† The observant reader will bear in mind that the Stage regulations of Washington Hall are eminently conducive to the development of fraternal relationships.

Music,..... J. A. Rofinot, Reub Hutchings
Interlude II—Delineations of Character,
..... J. A. Rofinot, R. A. C. Hutchings
Spanish Address,..... A. Horne
Song—"Molly Darling," (Johnsonian Edition), Thos. Cashin
Address from the Minims,
Edward Buchanan, James F. Blaine, Frank Campeau
Music,..... N. D. U. C. Band

TO CONCLUDE WITH THE SCREAMING FARCE, ENTITLED BOX AND COX.

Mr. Cox,..... J. A. Rofinot
Mr. Box,..... J. F. Burnham
Uncle Bouncer,..... R. A. C. Hutchings
Closing Remarks,..... Rev. Father Lemonnier
Music for Retiring,..... N. D. U. C. Band

It will be observed that the above was a very long programme; in truth, we must say it was too long for the whole of it to be appreciated, as towards the latter part of it the audience manifested signs of weariness and anxiety for its conclusion, whereas the tendency should have been directly the reverse, by making every one feel enlivened.

This being the first appearance of the Philopatrians since last June, when they became so frightened on the stage, we must not complain too loudly of their giving us the benefit of their labors in producing four plays (!) in one evening and causing us to feel a little fatigued. Notwithstanding its great length, the Entertainment was admirably well conducted, redounding much praise to all concerned, especially doing credit to the zeal and efforts of Prof. Lyons, the worthy President of the Philopatrians, and owing much of its success to the energy and peculiar genius of Prof. Stace, the presiding officer of the Columbians.

"As time and space," those inevitable masters of all reporters, exercise their despotic control over us to an alarming extent, we are able to give our readers only a general review of the Exhibition, considered as a six-headed monster, without entering into details concerning each particular head and the many "bumps" that bespoke as many different characters. The music, as usual, was of an excellent order, and it is useless for us to stop to give our humble opinion of it, as abler pens have frequently extolled the merits of our Orchestra and Band in the columns of the SCHOLASTIC. Expressing, then, the hope that we may be frequently favored with such delicious strains of music as greeted our ears on this occasion, we will pass to a consideration of the Addresses, so teeming full of affectionate sentiments, and kind wishes for the spiritual and temporal welfare of the Rev. Father to whom they were directed for the watchfulness and kindness he ever displayed in performing the duties of a faithful guardian.

The opening Address, by Master Weisenburger, was worthy the warm-hearted Philopatrians; whilst that from the St. Cecilia Society, composed by Master Breen himself, expressed the tender attachment of the whole-souled Juniors, and particularly those of the society that he represented, for him who has always manifested so deep an interest in their success. Mr. Kelly, though not sufficiently audible, still expressed in noble Anglo-Saxon the regards of the Columbians for their Rev. and respected Director; and Mr. A. Horne came forth as the representative Spaniard. But Master Eddie Buchanan, as the brave exponent of the Minims, vindicated the rights and privileges of his companions, and protested their great love for their spiritual father. These addresses, it will be noticed, were interspersed through the programme, which feature we consider worthy of imitation in the future.

As we intimated before, we shall only refer briefly to

the individual characters, trusting that none will imagine themselves slighted, by our inability to "give them more room." Commencing, then, with the more important personages, we find Master McIntyre standing first on the list, and manifesting much self-possession while entering fully into the spirit of the various parts that he was called upon to act during the evening; in this respect he was equalled by Masters Weisenburger and Downey, the latter of whom did admirably well in the rôle of "Waldemar Wiggins." But Masters Keilty and Faxon completely surprised us by their coolness and good acting, and Master Kinsella likewise overcame his natural timidity to such an extent that he startled us in his personification of Captain Jack. He makes a good savage. Master McNamara, our talented little vocalist, sustained well his Irish characters, as also that of "The Brigand," whose little son—Fortunato—Harry Quan, manifested so much composure and bravery in the very face of death. We cannot overlook Master Claffey's acting, for he was a very important fellow, and discharged all his duties with great earnestness; also Master Darst, though a little embarrassed at first, came out with flying colors. Our duties would not yet be performed if we should pass unnoticed Masters West and Delvecchio, as they deserve much commendation for the manner in which they made their first appearance in public. Masters Gallagher and Daly, in the Comic Olio, also, won great applause from their juvenile friends, who were astonished to discover that white boys could transform themselves into such good little "darkies." As auxiliaries to the Philopatrians, Masters McHugh, Burger and Freese furnished the music, the first-mentioned having a natural taste for the comical.

The second part of the programme was in the hands of the "Columbian Literary and Debating Club," and in all sincerity and good will towards the talented young gentlemen of the Association, we must say that it was not executed as well as as the first part. This was, doubtless, owing to the very limited time allotted the members for preparation and the nature of the plays they had in hand, for all are well aware that such a drama as "Handy Andy" cannot be satisfactorily produced until every character in it is thoroughly studied by the individual assuming it. Talking on the stage is not acting. We do not wish it understood that "Handy Andy" and "Box and Cox" were failures, for such was not the case, but what we mean to say, and we will speak plainly, is, that some of the characters were not properly understood and their personators endeavored to draw too much upon their own resources by improvising language and ideas, vainly imagining that their audience could detect nothing out of the way. We do dislike to see actors "killing time" on the stage. It is far from being tragical, and might remind us of the funny pranks of little children—quite meaningless.

Mr. Cashin, as Andy, did not do as well as further experience in the acting of parts will teach him; but as Tom Cashin he could not be beaten, for he is peculiarly himself, and meets with difficulties in performing the rôle of any other character, still his characteristic coolness and genius brought him through safe, and elicited for him much applause. His songs and witticisms were as usual much appreciated. Messrs. J. Crummey and Cassidy had, evidently, studied their respective characters, and hence did better than their comrades; still we could not find much fault with Mr. Sanders, as "Mad Nick," nor with Mr. St.

Aubin. Mr. G. Crummey did not speak sufficiently loud to be heard distinctly; still he did about as well as "Mr. Murphy" himself could do. Messrs. Wolfe and Lilly could not become much excited, and Mr. O'Brien, also, regarded the state of affairs with seeming indifference.

The interludes, which consisted in songs and dances by Messrs. Rofiet and Hutchings, were such as to sustain the former reputation of these young gentlemen in this branch of stage performances. We have heard many persons commenting severely on what they call, and perhaps justly, "negro shows" on the stage. Now, though we agree with those persons in their denunciations of such representations at a University, where the drama in its highest and noblest sense is most expected to receive attention, still a performance in which the character, comical if you choose, of the negro is portrayed, and not unfrequently exaggerated, has its beneficial influence in breaking the solemn monotony consequent to college life, and in reminding the students that fun and innocent amusement are still in existence. But too many plays after the Ethiopian style would not have a tendency to elevate the youthful mind to the enjoyment of the "good," "the beautiful" and "the true." "Box and Cox," the farce of the evening, did not disgust us as it did others, for we enjoyed witnessing the manner in which Ethiopians would proceed to interest us in this well-known play.

The curtain falling, Rev. Father Lemonnier arose, bearing in his hands the ribbon-decked addresses presented him during the evening. He expressed his heartfelt thanks to all, individually and collectively, for their appreciation of what he choose to call his feeble efforts in their behalf, and hoped that the students of Notre Dame would continue to conduct themselves as well in the future as they had done in the past; that if they would assure him of this, he would feel fully recompensed, and perfectly contented that they would, one day, make good and useful members of society, thus causing their Alma Mater to take pride in numbering them among her children.

In conclusion, we will say that in this imperfect account of our Entertainment we have endeavored to avoid the bestowal of undue praise or the giving of too severe a criticism. If we have erred, we beg pardon, but still trust that the Philopatrians and Columbians will not discontinue to regard us as their sincere friend. DION.

All Around.

SPRING Fever is breaking out.

DUCKS in abundance on the lakes.

THE Infirmary is not very full at present.

THE addition to the laundry is nearly completed.

BASEBALL championship games will soon commence.

THE Band has had several good parades of late. We like to hear them out.

THE Philopatrians feel very proud over their success of Saturday night. They have good cause to feel so.

THE tailor-shop is over-crowded with work. Many of the students are getting handsome spring suits made.

RECREATION after supper has commenced. It is very enjoyable, being about the pleasantest time of the whole day.

BRING on your stars, Nathan Dryfoos; we have been looking with our largest telescope and can't see any yet.

THE little shower on Tuesday morning refreshed the

appearances of things in general. The grass, after it, looked quite green and *inviting*.

THE first flower of the season was noticed last week by Father Carrier. It is almost superfluous to say by whom, for all know that he is the discoverer of the first every year. [Father Vagnier saw some three weeks ago.—ED.]

FATHER LOUAGE and his assistants are still at work on the north side of St. Joseph's Lake. They have that bank looking nicer than we ever saw it before.

WE think some of our students could be very appropriately compared with "Spouter's" mule, who, when he once found out a thing was mean and disagreeable, took a malicious delight in repeating it. Yes, some of our *amiable* students are mulish in that respect.

THE students' Mass on Wednesday is now celebrated before breakfast. This Summer arrangement is much more convenient for the students.

THE floor of the Juniors' handball alley has been extended. It is now about the best alley around here.

THREE of our big Seniors undertook to play the Minims nine not long since, and the consequence was that they got sold. After the little chaps had their first inning they thought it was time to quit, and they accordingly did so, leaving the biggest Senior standing at the base with a bat, in his hand and his mouth wide open.

THE Surveying Class, which is unusually large this year, commenced practical operations last Wednesday. It is divided into two corps, one for the morning and the other for the afternoon. The good-natured Professor of the Class commands both.

HEAVY winds still continue to whistle about us. They have delayed the baseball season (and the croquet season, too, we presume) to some extent, but it is time enough yet to do considerable damage to some of the nines of the University.

A COLLECTION for the Tabernacle was recently taken up among the Collegiates. We have not heard the result yet, but we know it is good, for the Collegiates all have the name of being liberal fellows.

POETS are getting quite abundant these days. No one hesitates to aspire to the loftiest realms of the muses, and the result is that many experience heavy falls, while others are lost in the mists of oblivion. Nursery rhymes are good and beautiful in their place, but when brought to bear on an epic subject they lose all beauty and become ridiculous in the extreme.

MR. JAMES BONNEY commenced operations in his new car last Wednesday, and he did a lively business. His car is situated at the northwest corner of the Minims' playgrounds, where he can be found on any recreation day. His prices are reasonable.

FATHER FRÈRE's spirited little equine took a notion into her head, Wednesday, that she would have a good run and a frolic. She took advantage of the driver and dashed away at full speed; the driver pulled on the reins with all his strength, but it did little good; she was too strong for him. A *big* Senior then came to the rescue, but he was soon disposed of without injury, being landed at a safe distance on his *responsibility*. The wild animal was stopped, however, before any damage was done.

HEEDLESS of the proclamation issued some time ago, those plagued felines are still at war, carrying on their battles in the darkness of the night. We can hear the cry of "Blood! blood! blood! at the dead hour of midnight." We heard that they have issued a proclamation counter to

that issued last fall by the municipal authority at the steam-house. If this be the case we will have to see what virtue there is in "the Elixir."

Society Reports.

ST. CECILIA PHILOMATHEAN ASSOCIATION.

The 30th, 31st and 32nd regular meetings were held March 22nd, 29th, and April 6th, respectively. The Moot Court took up most of the time of the 30th meeting. Declamations, Compositions, and the reading of the "Standard," occupied the time of the other two sessions. The following members deserve special mention for compositions or declamations: Messrs. W. Breen, B. Baca, D. O'Connell, J. Ewing, W. Meyers, J. Beegan, B. Le Fevre, J. P. McHugh, J. Campbell, C. Nichols, J. Soule, C. Burger, C. G. Furer, F. Smyth, J. Marks, A. Schmidt, J. Cullen, L. Loser, E. L. Ratigan, N. J. Mooney, E. G. Wood, F. Miller, C. J. O'Connor, W. Green, J. Minton, M. Burge, L. Best, and R. Norris. These over, Mr. Berdel arose and delivered two Declamations, which were loudly applauded. The principal articles read from the "Standard" were as follows: "Criticism on Moot Court," by Fidelio; "Criticism on Thespian Exhibition," by H.; "America," by N. Trix; "Pilgrimage," by Chaucer, Jr.; "An Interesting Letter from New Mexico," by Santa Anna; "Intemperance," by Tom; "Love of Money," by Fidelio; "Mozart," by Dick Harvey; "American Flag," by Jerry. These articles were very interesting. The Locals were very numerous and many of them were received with rounds of applause.

Jos. F. BEEGAN, *Cor. Sec'y.*

SAINT MARY'S ACADEMY.

ST. MARY'S ACADEMY, April 10, 1874.

Good health and cheerfulness reign at St. Mary's. The pleasant weather is enjoyed most heartily, and there seems to be a competition between the girls and birds as to who shall be the most jubilant heralds of lovely Spring.

The Easter Holidays were kept according to the rules laid down, by the great majority. The few who were the exception have returned to school, with the conviction that they will have to *work ever so much* harder than those who remained at their post.

The following were omitted by the printer in arranging the two week's report last published:

DRAWING.

1ST CLASS—Miss G. Walton.
2ND CLASS—Misses A. Boser, M. Cummings.
2ND DIV. 2ND CLASS—Misses M. Resch, N. Huber, L. Harrison, M. O'Connor, M. A. Schulthies, M. Ewing.
3RD CLASS—Misses G. Phillips, R. Neteler, E. Ross, F. Howard, A. Cullen, M. Jackson, L. McKinnon.

PAINTING IN WATER COLORS.

2ND CLASS—Misses N. McEwen, B. Wade, N. McAuliffe.
2ND DIV.—C. Sottrup, M. Kaeseberg, C. Morgan.

OIL PAINTING.

1ST CLASS—Misses L. Black, B. Wade, A. Keeline, L. Pfeiffer.
2ND CLASS—M. Cummings, L. Arnold.

VOCAL MUSIC.

1ST CLASS—Lillie West.
2ND DIV.—C. Miller, N. Foote, E. O'Connor, L. Black, E. Haggerty, M. Quan.
2ND CLASS—J. Walker, J. Kearney, J. Riopelle.
2ND DIV.—J. Locke, M. Kearney, A. Minton, E. Dougherty, M. Riley.
3RD CLASS—L. Pfeiffer, A. Garies, N. Huber, M. Cummings, J. Stimson, L. Arnold, C. Orr, H. Peak.
2ND DIV.—M. Jackson, J. Brown, —Howard, A. and S. Sweeney.

INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC.

1ST CLASS—J. Walker, E. Black.
2ND DIV.—R. Spier.
2ND CLASS—N. McEwen, M. Emmons, N. Foote, L. West, A. Smith.

2ND DIV.—M. Quan, A. Roberts.

3RD CLASS—A. Clarke, C. Nason, E. O'Connor, R. Devoto, N. Gross, A. Minton, M. Barry, M. Resch, M. Letourneau, K. Hutchinson.

2ND DIV.—M. Kengel, A. St. Clair, M. Kearney, A. Nichols, E. Denehey, L. Wyman, F. Moore, L. Arnold.

TABLET OF HONOR.

SENIORS.

L. Neil, M. Kearney, A. M. Clarke, N. Gross, R. Devoto, M. Brown, R. Spier, L. Black, N. Langdon, L. Dragoo, J. Walker, M. Wicker, L. Ritchie, M. Letourneau, A. Curtin, M. Walker, A. Keeline, N. Foote, M. Quan, G. Phillips, J. Stimpson, E. Denehey, R. Burke, L. Bradford, A. Conahan, B. Wade, N. McEwen, F. Moore, R. Roscesco, M. Kengel, A. Sullivan, E. Ives, L. Henrotin, C. Miller, K. Graham, M. O'Mahoney, H. Miller, M. Poquette, M. Sheil, C. Morgan, K. Engel, A. Gareis, K. Irmiter.

JUNIORS.

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

FRENCH.

1ST CLASS—Misses M. Quan, A. M. Clarke, M. Letourneau, M. Kearney, M. Poquette, J. Walker, M. Walker, L. Dent.

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

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

GERMAN.

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

2ND CLASS—R. Roscesco, L. Denehey, M. A. Schulthies, K. Engel, E. Richardson, M. Martin, M. Kaeseburg.

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

LATIN CLASS—A. Curtin.

PLAIN SEWING.

M. Kearney, L. Bradford, K. Casey, M. Cummings, G. Walton, A. Keeline, M. Wicker, R. Klarr, L. Henrotin, F. Gunzert, A. Mertz, K. Irmiter, A. Garies.

HONORABLY MENTIONED IN VOCAL MUSIC.

1ST CLASS—Lillie West.

2ND DIV.—Nellie Foote, C. Miller, E. Black, E. Haggerty, M. Quan.

2ND CLASS—J. Walker, J. Kearney, and J. Riopelle.

2ND DIV.—M. Kearney, J. Locke, N. Gross, E. Dougherty, A. Minton, M. Riley, and A. Smith.

3RD CLASS—L. Arnold, N. Huber, A. Roberts, A. Keeline, J. Stimpson, L. Pfeiffer, A. Garies, M. Cummings, C. Orr, H. Peak.

2ND DIV.—M. Jackson, J. Brown, M. Nettler, M. Klotz, —Howard, A. Sweeney, and S. Sweeney.

INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC.

1ST CLASS—J. Walker, E. Black.

2ND DIV.—R. Spiers, N. McEwen.

2ND CLASS—N. Foote, A. Smith, L. West, J. Kreigh.

2ND DIV.—M. Quan, A. Roberts.

3RD CLASS—A. Clarke, M. Barry, M. Resch, C. Nason, N. Gross, R. Devoto, M. Letourneau, A. Minton, K. Hutchinson.

2ND DIV.—A. Nichols, L. Wyman, M. Kengle, A. St. Clair, M. Kearney, L. Arnold, F. Moore, E. Denehey, E. Ives.

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

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

5TH CLASS—M. Kaeseberg, M. Cummings, M. Faxon, M. Pritchard, L. Bradford, A. Cullen, K. Finley, M. Jackson, K. Engel.

2ND DIV.—A. Conahan, G. Phillips, A. Garies, F. Lloyd, M. Brown, L. Niel, C. Sottrup, L. Ritchie, L. Lilly, M. A. Roberts, E. Lang, E. Richardson.

6TH CLASS—A. Mertz, H. Hand, M. Schulthies, C. Orr, K. Morehead, M. Walsh, L. Walsh, A. Walsh, A. Goewey, M. Carlin, F. Taylor, M. Riley, A. Curtin, M. Thompson, E. Thompson.

2ND DIV.—F. Gunzert, J. McDougall, E. McDougall, N. O'Meara, K. Irmiter, A. Sullivan, J. Adams, V. Ball, N. Ball, E. Schnoback, G. Barry, A. Sweeney, H. Miller, N. McAuliffe.

7TH CLASS—M. O'Connor, R. McKeever, E. Neteler, M. Reynolds, S. Keena, E. Dougherty, M. Martin, M. Summers, E. Lappin, K. Casey, M. Poquette, K. Graham.

8TH CLASS—E. Simpson, F. Dee.

9TH CLASS—J. Brown, C. Hughes, M. Ewing, M. Hughes.

EXERCISES.

N. McEwen, M. Kengle, C. Nason, A. Smith, M. Barry, M. Resch, E. Ives, M. Thompson, E. Thompson, L. Bradford, L. Walsh, A. Mertz, E. Boyce, A. T. Clarke, C. Klotz, M. Cummings, N. Huber, M. Brown, F. Howard, H. Miller, R. Gallary, E. Simpson, M. Poquette, I. Fisk, E. Dougherty.

DRAWING.

1ST CLASS—Genevieve Walton.

2ND CLASS—A. Boser, M. Cummings.

2ND DIV.—M. Resch, N. Huber, L. Harrison, M. O'Connor, M. Schulthies, M. Ewing.

3RD CLASS—A. Cullen, M. Jackson, G. Phillips, L. McKinnon, F. Taylor, E. Ross, F. Howard, R. Neteler.

WATER COLOR PAINTING.

2ND CLASS—N. McEwen, B. Wake, N. McAuliffe.

2ND DIV.—C. Sottrup, M. Kaeseberg, L. Ritchie, C. Morgan, M. Resch, E. Sweeney, L. Henrotin.

OIL PAINTING.

1ST CLASS—L. Black, B. Wade, A. Keeline, L. Pfeiffer.

2ND CLASS—M. Cummings, L. Arnold.

THE members of the St. Stanislaus Philopatrian Association return their sincere thanks to Bros. Leander and Wilfred, Profs. A. J. Stace and J. F. Edwards, and Chas. A. Berdel, for favors, etc.

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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.

THE OLD "RELIABLE" DWIGHT HOUSE, SOUTH BEND, INDIANA.

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JERRY KNIGHT, } Proprietors.
CAPTAIN MILLS, }

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 p.m.—Connects at Niles with Atlantic Express, Kalamazoo and Three Rivers Accommodation.

H. E. SARGENT, Gen'l Superintendent.

Mar 14—1f.

CHICAGO.

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.
11.53	A. 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, Sup't Western Division, Chicago.

W. W. GIDDINGS, Freight Agent.

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

CHARLES PAINE, Gen'l Sup't.

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 Ticket; Insurance tickets, R. R. Guides, etc., will be furnished upon application to the Ticket Agent.

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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 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. § Except Monday.

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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.....	9.24 a. m.	Pass.....	11.23 a.m.

GOING SOUTH

H. N. CANIFF, Agent.