

THE SCHOLASTIC.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE STUDENTS.

Volume VII.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, MAY 16, 1874.

Number 38.

FILIAL LOVE.

A Drama of the Fourteenth Century.

ACT FOURTH.

SCENE I.

A Garden of the Palace. Sunset.

(RAYMOND, GONSLAN, REGINALD and ATTIVO meet to talk over what has happened.)

RAYMOND. You may say what you please, but I know what I know; and be sure of it the Duke is mad. Why, says he, I'll give my dukedom to a beggar, if I like—isn't it my own?

GONSLAN. Of course he can do what he pleases with it. Wish he'd give it to me. Don't you think I'd make a glorious Duke?

ATTIVO. We might draw lots for it. I've often fancied myself born to be a duke some day.

ALL. Ha, ha, ha! Capital idea—Duke Gonslan!

REGINALD. Why not? Ha, ha, ha! We are all born dukes and princes!

(Enter BOIS-BIEN.)

BOIS-BIEN. Ha, ha, ha! good morning, my lords and princes. Behold in me your rightful liege! I'd set my throne on my biggest kettle, and allow your lordships to sit around me on casks of old port.

ATTIVO. What a Court! Believe me we'd drink the duchy and all the provinces in less than six months.

GONSLAN. So we would—I'd answer for that.

BOIS-BIEN. The Duke knows that right well, and so he gives the duchy to that urchin.

REGINALD. And no one knows why, there's a mystery in it.

BOIS-BIEN. Mystery! Tut 'tis plain as day! The Duke promised the lad, and the lad holds him to his word—and so we have a new Duke.

ATTIVO. But how did the young scapegrace come by his good luck, that's what I'd like to know?

BOIS-BIEN. O that's another thing. They tell different stories about it.

REGINALD. I heard that his grandfather was some way related to the Duke's grandmother, and—

ATTIVO. Stuff! You'd swallow any nonsense. The fact is he had no grandfather, and his father is one of those romantic knights who—

BOIS-BIEN. Don't bother us! All we know is that the lad is a lucky fellow: and, my word for it, he'll not be homesick here if his honor Mr. Labrisse and the others don't weary him to death with their courtesies.

GONSLAN. Why, I heard they disliked him very much!

BOIS-BIEN. Not at all. They disliked him for half an hour; and when they found it was no use, they loved him more than if he were a little brother.

GONSLAN. Well, well, may be so; but I have my misgivings. I'd swear that they hate him yet, and that he is not happy here.

BOIS-BIEN. Tut man! Believe me, Mr. Labrisse would stand on his head to please the boy. Listen. Yesternight his honor Mr. Labrisse called me—secretly, you mind—to his chamber. "Bois Bien," said he, "art thou not the best cook in the realm? I have need of thy skill." Of course I did not understand for some time what he meant. "Perhaps," said I, "an emperor has come." "No," said he, "'tis not even a count." "Plague on him," said I, "I'll not serve him even with rabbits." He then became more

earnest, and said, "Trout and game will scarcely do for him. By my troth I'll make a knight of thee, if we have a right royal feast. But I'll explain to thee. Listen: A youth, a prince forsooth they call him, must be captivated. It is necessary that we use all means to allure him: feasts uninterrupted, where sport and sweet music shall rule the hour; and the purest juice of the grape to gladden his heart. From this realm of pleasure, so the Duke orders, the youth shall not depart. I too have set my heart on it; do you hear? I too desire it. The Duke's wedding was no such feast as this must be." And so he left me. Ha, ha, ha! so you see there is to be a right royal feast.

ATTIVO. Well from my heart I wish the lad well in his new fortune. But here comes Mr. Labrisse, we must be going. (Enter LABRISSE.)

REGINALD. Indeed he seems much occupied with his own thoughts. Truly this boy has set him crazy. (Exit.)

LABRISSE. Well, well, everything goes on admirably. The courtiers have just entered the Prince's apartments. Ha, ha, ha! In good sooth, they cannot serve my purpose better. Bois Bien too grows quite enthusiastic. He catches my meaning perfectly. The minstrels will so charm him that he will forget even his father's name. Surely so petted a fine gentleman, in his rich attire, will feel ashamed to recognize a lowly, poor-dressed peasant for his father. Ha, ha, with a few trinkets the dukedom will be saved, and I shall win it by feasting the boy. Aye, the charmed youth, held in the enchantment of pleasure, will meet an untimely fate and vanish from the scene.—(frightened by fancied noise.) Eh!—did I hear anyone?—Perhaps it was but the echo of my words. Humph! what have I to fear?—A boy's murder! He is in my way—and then I kill him not; I spill not his blood. He basely disowns his father, justice overtakes him—how am I to blame? Moreover, after the Duke, this duchy reverts to me of right. I am his cousin, the first lord of the State. I shall assert my right in spite of the Duke's foolish promise. Yes, this puppy shall be put out of my path. But prudence—discretion—this is my motto. Ho, here comes Gusman. (Enter GUSMAN.) Well, good Gusman, hast thou seen the Duke of late?

GUSMAN. I have, your lordship (in a melancholy mood.) The Duke is not well over the accident yet.

LABRISSE. How so, Gusman?

GUSMAN. Well, he takes it much to heart, and swears that his will shall be supreme. He called the chancellor during the night, and searched the family records, wherein he seemed deeply concerned; and when he dismissed the chancellor his mind seemed much relieved.

LABRISSE. And what think you was his object in searching his ancestors' chronicles?

GUSMAN. To learn whether he had any distant heir to his estate; for since his son's death it has preyed on his mind to find a successor to the throne.

LABRISSE. I dare say the Duke is short-sighted.

GUSMAN. "If justice witnesseth," said he to the chancellor, "she cannot claim a farthing from us; therefore is it meet that we adjudge to ourselves during our lifetime the right to bestow our duchy on a worthy successor."

LABRISSE. And this successor?

GUSMAN. Who but the young Prince. The Duke is now in quest of his father. He dreads that his coming may prove annoying to the lad, and—

LABRISSE. He wants to discover him. I understand. The Duke should, at all hazards, remove such a danger; for indeed I'd not give much for the son's filial love if the lad and his father meet again, (aside) and we shall take care of that. Well Gusman, I am called elsewhere. You

must know that I take a great interest in the lad, and will spare nothing to make him happy. (*Exit.*)

GUSMAN. I fear the prince is exposed to some hidden danger. The charge which the Duke has imposed upon me leaves me neither peace nor rest. I have many misgivings—many misgivings! Something is going wrong. (*Exit.*)

SCENE II.

Time—Night.

(*Enter BOIS-BIEN, much concerned.*)

BOIS BIEN. I was a simpleton to listen to Mr. Labrisse and all his chattering, without striking a good bargain with him—hem! Moreover, ill luck and every misfortune have been attending me ever since. What have drunken rascals and stupid puppies to do with that beardless shaver? I'd like to know. Doctor Gusman bothers his brains to get one smile from him. Faith it will take many a feast to stuff the chap into a decent shape. He is too thin for me! I like fat fellows—Puff! I am roasting with the heat! (*fans himself.*) There is some roguery in this business, I'll bet! I don't need book-learning to tell me that. I have seen enough to judge that there is something in it besides a whim. I look stupid, confoundedly stupid, they tell me, but I can tell a ghost from a man; and, by my pots and kettles I don't believe in shadows!—Eh? who comes there—at this hour? (*Enter THEODEBERT.*) People sometimes walk in their sleep—can this be one?—Mercy on me, I'll leave him to himself. (*Exit. Soft music.*)

THEODEBERT (*in a subdued tone.*) Uncertainty is harder to bear than the saddest reality. What am I to think? That it was a vision! O deceitful eyes, have you so far failed me? Wretched father that I am, must I doubt my own son, and in this dreadful suspense retrace my steps to the hamlet where I bade him adieu? (*absorbed.*) At that parting he had not the cheerful look that beamed on his countenance to-day amid the Duke's courtiers. His eyes are bright enough in this gay company—'twas not so as we parted in our humble cottage—nor had he then this regal step. Now he moves like a prince; happiness beams on his countenance; everyone congratulates him on his elevation, and wishes him continued prosperity. 'Tis this that lightens his heart and spreads over him this marvelous grace. How worthy of affection he seemed to-day! I longed to embrace him as the son whom he so closely resembles. Alas, perhaps this is why I fancied 'twas he! Was it but a fancy? Must I banish this sole comfort from my breast? Disclaim this youth?—forget the pleasing vision that so warmed my fatherly heart? Kind Heaven, what shall I believe?

Yet, how should Bellarosa be a prince? Is not this palace a place of delusions and phantoms? Why should the Duke hail my child as a prince? why should the courtiers seek to gain his favor? Idle tales are easily told—but I saw this myself. Bois Robert and the archers saw it also. Would they dare to play on the youth's simplicity, use him for the sport of the moment—make a mock-prince of my boy? Alas, they have bewitched him, turned his affections from all he once fondly cherished! (*Becomes cooler.*) But one thing they cannot change—the blood that flows in his veins. He is my son, mine by the laws of Heaven and earth. (*Grows wild.*) Yes, this I dare claim, in spite of regal state or power—I will have my own flesh and blood—but I grow distracted!—what if after all he be not my son—if this be in reality a prince! (*Hears a noise.*) These walls have ears. I must go from here and unravel this mystery before the night is past. (*Exit.*)

SCENE III.

Same scenery. In the Background the Prince's Balcony.

(*Music. Villagers enter on the stage in great glee, some carrying festoons of flowers, garlands, torches, etc.*)

SIGEFROID. Now, my gay villagers, here is the Prince's dwelling; now for a merry song! sing loud and strong in honor of his highness. (*They sing a stanza, after which the DUKE enters, followed by LA ROVERE, GONSLAN, LABRISSE, LAFERE, TRISTAN and pages.*)

DUKE. My good people, the Prince will be delighted with your songs, and we ourselves are much pleased with them. When the night is far gone, however, you will sing

some gentle strain in a low tone: after a festival day sweet repose is grateful even to princes.

GONSLAN. In singing your praise, my lord, they best show their own happiness. (*Duke retires.*) Resume your songs, gay villagers; the prince will gladly listen. (*Exit. They sing again.*)

A laurel crown we twine for thee, of Daphne's richest treasure;
We welcome thee, with joy and glee to mirth and noble pleasure:

Chorus:

Cheer, O cheer, our noble, our noble lord! (*Repeat*)

Then wear, great prince, the wreath we twine, thy honored frontlet shading;
And be its happiness type of thine, in all except in fading:

Chorus:

Cheer, O cheer, our noble, our noble lord.

(*Enter THEODEBERT and BOIS ROBERT. BELLAROSA appears on the balcony, and sings.*)

This ovation, my good subjects,
Hath both flattered and surprised me;
Your rejoicings, so light-hearted,
Joy from you hath not departed—
Alas, from me, ah! from me, it is vanishing.
Not so happy, so happy, now am I.
But I thank you for your greeting,
And the honor of this meeting. (*Retires.*)

(*Villagers resume their song. Enter GUSMAN eagerly.*)

GUSMAN. My friends, the Prince invites you to the feast. There is pleasure and plenty in store for all. (*Villagers take up the song again and follow GUSMAN.*)

THEODEBERT. I'd think this a fairy scene had I not seen him. But I am not dreaming; I can no longer doubt it; 'twas my son, my Bellarosa.

BOIS ROBERT. The saints forbid! (*Songs of villagers heard within.*)

THEODEBERT. Why do you disbelieve, Bois Robert? Did you not mark him well?

BOIS ROBERT. Because, if he is— But, no, my eyes could not deceive me!—I confess I too saw the boy—Nay, he saw you, when you stooped in the hall—

THEODEBERT. He saw me, you say!

BOIS ROBERT. Aye, and was shocked methinks at seeing you there; for the ill-mannered—no, no, 'tis not your son, after all—he stepped back with a shriek. I speak sooth, for how could Bellarosa be a prince?

THEODEBERT. Even if my eyes betrayed me my heart would still be true—a father's heart can make no mistake; 'tis my boy. I must search him out; I must unravel the mystery. Come, let us go. (*Exeunt, BOIS ROBERT shaking his head incredulously. Song within.*)

(*Enter DUKE, alone.*)

DUKE. It is strange, very strange indeed! These festivities, instead of giving joy to the lad, only cast a deeper gloom over him. He looks the very picture of melancholy. I see the cause well enough. No earthly pleasure can compensate for the loss of one dearer than all the delights of a kingdom. I have wronged the boy—wronged him cruelly. Why have I tempted him to deny his father! What right had I to his affections? I wonder, though, what can be the meaning of this device of Labrisse? Does he hope the lad will actually disown his parent? If so, he must wish his death. Can it be a base plan of his? In the hope of inheriting the crown, does he seek the murder of the Prince—I fear it. Well, I shall act with all prudence, and if he prove guilty he shall meet with his deserts. To-night he has again ordered festivities. He hopes to discover the lad's father, at the fittest moment to try the boy's filial love. I will allow him but this last trial, after which the base conspirator shall receive his due. Bad enough to witness the suffering of innocence, but to be its cause would be a base crime—and, in my case, ingratitude. (*Exit.*)

SCENE IV.

At the door of the Festival Hall. Bois Robert on guard. Tristan and Labrisse in earnest conversation. (*Music*)

TRISTAN. This affair, my lord has all my interest; and if I judge rightly, it has now assumed a shape which bids fair for an early discovery of the youth's father. You are certain that he is one of the Duke's archers?

LABRISSE. The boy himself so informed the Duke,—

indeed I am inclined to suspect that old man who stood looking on in amazement while the Court were paying their homage to the Prince.

TRISTAN. That man was here mounting guard but a moment ago—he must be within call (*looks around.*) I will question his companion here,—who is this? (*enter SESMOND, in a fright.*)

SESMOND. My lords! my lords!—

TRISTAN. Speak man! What is it?

SESMOND. My lord, treason! there are traitors within the walls!

LABRISSE. Traitors! are you crazy?

TRISTAN. Humph! the fellow may be right.

SESMOND. Nay, my lord, the Prince is in great danger.

LABRISSE. Speak more to the point, sir; what danger?

SESMOND. Of being assassinated!

LABRISSE and TRISTAN. Assassinated!

(*Enter GUSMAN.*)

GUSMAN. Aye! assassinated!

LABRISSE. And who, pray, could plot such a crime?

GUSMAN. His name I cannot tell—but one thing is a fact, some one's after the Prince.

LABRISSE. Bah! bah! 'tis a poor joke.

TRISTAN. Silly brains believe anything, ha, ha, ha!

GUSMAN. Well, please your humor, my lords; but I assure you the pages thought it no joke last night, when they were frightened from the Prince's chamber, and called the guards to the rescue. The villain had wellnigh reached the princely couch—I tremble to think of it!

LABRISSE. Ha, ha, ha! and when the guard came the ghost disappeared! (*Laughs.*)

TRISTAN. But, tell me, how could the fellow guess it was the Prince's chamber?

GUSMAN. That is a mystery to me. A solemn, sad chant was heard late last evening. The archers said it was the song of the mountaineers of Golan.

LABRISSE. Well, what of that?

GUSMAN. Some one from the palace balcony repeated some verses of the marvellous song.

LABRISSE. Some minstrel, no doubt, or perhaps, a confederate.

GUSMAN. I know not; but, soon after, the pages were frightened by hearing the steps of some one walking in the dark, just below the Prince's chamber.

TRISTAN. Tut! 'twas the guard—when you saw the guard did not the ghost vanish?—now be honest!

GUSMAN. So he did. But in the night the Prince was heard repeating the song in his sleep,—so distinctly that the pages have learned it by heart. Here they come, and you can ask them.

(*Enter Pages.*)

LABRISSE. I am curious to know the song, though I am of opinion that this mysterious minstrel was simply afflicted with the nightmare.

GUSMAN. Well, good pages, do you remember the song the Prince sang in his sleep last night?

GENSANO. But little, dear Gusman. We questioned the Prince about it, and he seemed both surprised and confused.

AMITUS. He knew not what we meant, he said.

SERVILIUS. He asked us where we had heard it before.

GUSMAN. And yet he sang it himself in his sleep; you heard him?

GENSANO. Even as we hear you now,—it was the same song we heard last evening in the garden.

LABRISSE. Indeed, I am curious to hear the song; besides, it may amuse the Prince, and I shall have this minstrel brought into his presence.

GUSMAN. I would not trust him, my lord; he may do him harm.

SESMOND. I vow he knew every door in the castle. (*Exit.*)

GUSMAN. I shall search every room, and take no rest till I have ferreted out the mystery.

LABRISSE. Spare no pains to secure the Prince's happiness. You are aware, Signor Gusman, of the festivities that have just begun. The new Prince is to be most pleasantly entertained. (*In a low voice*) This evening, above all, let him be made happy; let all recollections of former days be banished from his mind, his filial affection drowned in pleasure. I have a little point to carry, you see; and if I judge aright you are the best man in the world to interest and please the youth.

GUSMAN. You overwhelm me with confusion, my lord. LABRISSE. Go, Signor Gusman; our excellent Duke has set his heart on this boy. He will reward you well.

GUSMAN. The Prince is a jewel, my lord, a jewel; O I shall spare no pains to please him. (*Exit with Pages.*)

LABRISSE. (*to TRISTAN*) Gusman could not do more to further my plans. Yet I fear he will frighten the lad with his stories, and make the whole palace the haunt of ghosts and goblins.

TRISTAN. Such stories would be ridiculed by the whole Court.

LABRISSE. This minstrel must be either the Prince's father, or some daring thief. That it is the father, I doubt very much; the youth would have warned him before this—he would have told him of the secret pledge that binds him to the Duke.

TRISTAN. Yes, and the father would be shrewd enough to avoid the Court.

LABRISSE. No, it is some villain, who has grown bolder by the confident security of the inexperienced youth.

TRISTAN. A daring rascal he would be—

(*Enter LA ROVERE, with a written order for TRISTAN.*)

LA ROVERE (*to TRISTAN.*) From his Excellency the Duke.

TRISTAN. (*taking the paper.*) From the Duke! (*reads:*) "The archers are hereby detailed as the special guard of the Prince's person."—(*Exit LA ROVERE.*)

LABRISSE. Confound it! The very thing that must be prevented; this is the result of those senseless stories that have found their way even to the Duke.

TRISTAN. But, my lord, what motive can make you averse to this order?

LABRISSE. (*Confidentially.*) The archers are strangers to us; they may be attached to the Prince, and—

TRISTAN. Will protect him. This is what you must infer—and thus you will succeed the sooner in your discovery. Are you not interested in the Prince's life?

LABRISSE. I think I should be.

TRISTAN. Then, my lord, I promise you that I shall soon deliver into your hands this villain who annoys the youth.

LABRISSE. I will reward you well, Captain. (*Aside—Curse my luck!*) Well, let us to the feast. (*Exeunt.*)

[*End of Scene IV, Act IV.*]

FOUR GOOD HABITS.—There were four good habits a wise man earnestly recommended in his counsels, and which he considered to be essentially necessary for the management of temporal concerns; and these are punctuality, accuracy, steadiness, and despatch. Without the first of these, time is wasted; without the second, mistakes the most hurtful to our own credit and interest and that of others may be committed; without the third, nothing can be well done; and without the fourth, opportunities of great advantage are lost, which it is impossible to recall.

As an instance of the effect of heat and cold in expanding and contracting the iron of the dome of the national Capitol, it is stated that the colossal statue surmounting it inclines four and a half inches to the west in the forenoon and the same distance to the east in the afternoon. This fact has been ascertained by fixing a plumb line to the statue and dropping it to the rotunda below. As the morning sun upon the east side of the dome heated the iron and caused an expansion on the side of the statue, it was thrown westward four and a half inches. In the afternoon, when the sun upon the west side heated and expanded that part of the dome, the statue inclined to the east a similar distance.

WHEN George William Curtis was in London, he went into a tailor-shop one day, and innocently supposing himself sufficiently cosmopolitan not to betray his nationality in person or voice, he asked to look at materials for vests, and was amazed at the response of the proprietor, who called out, "Arry, show the Hamerican gentleman the flowery weskets."

A little boy, while playing on a pile of wood the other day fell down and hurt himself. As he lay crying very bitterly, some one passing lifted him up and said to him, "Come, my little fellow, don't cry, it will all be well to-morrow." "Well," said he, "then I will not cry to-morrow."

The Scholastic.

Published every Week during Term Time at
NOTRE DAME UNIVERSITY.

All communications should be sent to Editor SCHOLASTIC
Notre Dame, Indiana.

TERMS:

One year.....\$1 00
Single copies (5 cts.) of the publication can be obtained at the Students' Office.

FATHER MARINÉ arrived from France on the 9th.

OUR friend John Hagerty, of the firm of Hagerty & Tong, was elected City Judge of South Bend by a majority of 294 votes. John ran far ahead of his ticket.

FATHER PETER LAUTH, the worthy pastor of South Bend, was the first to visit us in our new Sanctum. We had the pleasure of reading over a good letter from an old friend in Texas. Such visits to the sanctum are always welcome.

REV. FATHER JOHN LAUTH, C. S. C., arrived from Germany on the 12th inst., with eleven recruits from Fatherland. Father John is looking remarkably well, being evidently improved by his ocean trip. He hasn't a 'shake' in him, unless it is from a hearty laugh.

SOME are complaining that we have no Spring this year; but we opine that the leap old Sol has made in the zodiac from the Fishes to Cancer—from March to the latter end of June—jumping over the backs of the Ram, the Bull and the Twins, is a spring not to be sneezed at.

WE are informed there is a laudable spirit among the more advanced violin pupils to make the Examination in Music a success. Already five overtures have been selected, and as many more could be performed by others who have not yet made their selection or who prefer melodies with brilliant variations. We hope the corps of pianists will not permit themselves to be thrown in the shade by their companions of the "light bow brigade."

WE have received from our jovial Steward a Programme of the first Annual Reunion of the Young Men's Catholic Association, Trenton, N. J., in which we find the names of our old students, James and Laurence F. Wilson, the former as having sung "The Harp that once through Tara's Halls," and a duet with Mr. Williams; and the latter is down for a declamation. We are always glad to hear from our old friends.

THE straw brigade is beautiful to view. We know not whether each individual member of the splendid band feels like a big sunflower—but sure are we that no sunflower could expand like one of these. Some of the expertest of the experts pertaining to the Surveying Class made the circular measurement of the periphery of several of these hats and found it to equal a considerable lot—almost a corner city lot. But the owner of one of them found out by actual experiment, on a windy day, that one of them would cover a three acre field handsomely.

THE JOURNAL OF EDUCATION, Quebec. April. This "exchange" is always a welcome comer to our sanctum.

WE acknowledge receipt of the Report of the Civil Service Commission to the President. It should have been sent on three weeks ago; the weather is altogether too hot for such heavy reading.

THE CATHOLIC RECORD for the Month of May has articles by Chas. H. A. Hesling, Dr. Moriarty, Lady Fullerton, Hon. Jos. R. Chandler, Miss Fannie McDonald, and Dr. J. J. Barry, besides other no less readable ones from anonymous writers. Published by Hardy & Mahony, 505 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

MR. CLIFFE M. BROOKE has gone into partnership with Mr. Abram B. Clarke, and the two get out the best local papers we have glanced over for many a day. Their paper, *The Mail and Magnet* is published weekly in the thriving, driving town of Plymouth—which has no rock, but many of its denizens have plenty of 'rocks'—and we have no doubt that it will be ably supported as it will be ably edited.

WE have just received THE MONTH AND CATHOLIC REVIEW for May, published in London, by Simkin, Marshall & Co., and by Burns & Oates. It can also be had from Kelly, Piet & Co., Baltimore. We know of some Catholic libraries that subscribe for various foreign periodicals and yet have not this best of all English publications on their list. This should not be so. It is an injustice both to the publishers of the periodical and to the contributing members of the Library.

We take from the daily papers of the 11th the following telegram:

FT. WAYNE, Ind., May 10.—Bishop Dwenger, of the Ft. Wayne Diocese, with a number of Roman Catholic clergymen, leave at 11 o'clock to-night for New York City, whence they sail for Europe on the 16th inst. To-day all the Catholic societies in the city paraded the streets, accompanied by three bands of music, in honor of the event. Pontifical High Mass was celebrated at the Cathedral, in presence of an immense assemblage. The Bishop blessed the new banner at St. Paul's Church, and delivered a touching farewell address. The party will visit Lourdes, France, and the shrines of the Apostles.

We are glad, and not at all surprised, at the noble stand taken by Mr. Onahan of Chicago against Messrs. Raster and Rosenthal, of the same city, in reference to the question of the purchase for the Public Library of books written by Catholic authors. The latter gentlemen aired their bigotry for a short time, but admitted the false position they had taken by changing their front in a public letter, in which, protesting against what had not been in question, they tacitly admit their error and the soundness of Mr. Onahan's views. It is curious to observe that both Mr. Onahan and Raster accuse the *Chicago Times* of misrepresenting the controversy between them; it is not so curious though, after all, but quite in keeping with the character of the paper. Mr. Raster says the report was made by "one devoid of truth and honor." Pretty hard on the *Times* reporter.

First Communion.

One of the most important events for the young Catholic students of Notre Dame is the First Communion, which usually takes place on the Feast of the Ascension or of Corpus Domini. This year the following young students had the happiness of making their First Communion: C. Meyer, P. McBride, A. Green, T. Reed, E. O'Connor, S. Kennedy, J. Buchanan, E. Buchanan, T. Hunt, J. Kielty, J. Hurter, P. Schnurrer, C. Nowlan, E. Cleary, T. Hooley, C. McKinnon, O. Linberg; and the following, who had made their First Communion last year, were admitted to the spiritual retreat and to Holy Communion with the above: C. Clarke, J. O'Meara, F. Carlin, S. Goldsberry, F. Ewing, C. Green.

Before the Communion on Ascension Day, the young lads were well prepared by Very Rev. Father Granger by a spiritual retreat, which was conducted on the beautiful grounds of the Professed House. On the festival, at High Mass, Very Rev. Father Granger was celebrant, Father Carrier and John Lauth were deacon and subdeacon. Father Toohey preached a beautiful sermon. At Vespers the solemn renewal of baptismal vows was made by all the young communicants, and Cicero McKinnon read the Act of Consecration, after which they were all enrolled in the Confraternity of the Scapular and the Association of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart.

Between the High Mass and Vespers the young boys were entertained by Very Rev. Father Granger at the Professed House, in which a dinner was prepared for them, and where they remained the afternoon.

It is to be hoped that the young boys understood well the great act which they performed that day; for certainly the Catholic Church, in her wisdom, is right in admitting young people to the great Sacrament of the altar; and if through the thoughtlessness of their young years they may not in some things give satisfaction to the older lookers-on we know that the grace of God is there, and that man's eye doth not see what God seeth—the innocence of heart and the rectitude of intention.

May this day be one to which all these boys may look back with pleasure in years to come, and the anniversary of it the renewal of the beautiful scene in the church on Ascension Day.

Departure of Very Rev. Father Sorin for Rome.

The departure of Very Rev. Father Sorin from Notre Dame to join the Pilgrims in New York had been announced for Sunday evening, but we had the happiness of having him with us several days longer, as he did not start until Thursday morning.

Early that morning, the Faculty and Students bade farewell to him in addresses read by Mr. T. F. O'Mahony and Mr. C. A. Berdel, both of which will be found in this issue of the SCHOLASTIC. Accompanied by Brother Vincent, Father General then went to St. Mary's, where farewells were said all round, the pupils of St. Mary's, both Seniors and Juniors, being represented by Miss Libbie Black in an address that did honor to herself and companions, as well as to Very Rev. Father General.

At 11 o'clock Very Rev. Father General and Brother Vincent took the train at St. Mary's station on the Michigan Central Road, all the pupils of St. Mary's and a large concourse of the members of his Community of Notre Dame being present. A pleasant and prosperous trip across, and a speedy voyage back, to Very Rev. Father Sorin and good Brother Vincent!

ADDRESS FROM THE FACULTY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME, BY T. F. O'MAHONY.

VERY REV. AND DEAR FATHER GENERAL:—I have the honor as well as the extreme pleasure of addressing you a few words in behalf of the Faculty on this the solemn occasion of your departure for the Old World. Many times in the history of Notre Dame have the Faculty and Students of the University assembled on this spot to bid you a kind adieu and wish you a God-speed on a distant journey, but never, perhaps, on an occasion of greater solemnity and significance than the present. In your old age, your head whitened with the snows of over three-score winters but with heart as full as in the days of your youthful vigor, with ar-

dent zeal and indefatigable devotion in the great cause to which you have consecrated your life, you are now setting out, with your faithful co-laborer, the venerable Brother Vincent, and a large number of American Catholics, on a solemn pilgrimage to the Grotto of Lourdes in sunny France, and the Tombs of the Apostles in the Eternal City. What a noble example of genuine apostolic zeal, reviving in a measure in this nineteenth century the spirit of the early ages of the Church when the humble and devout followers of Christ thought that no personal sacrifices could be too great in the cause of religion and truth! And what a consolation it will be for the Holy Father, the saintly Pius IX, in these trying days of his affliction to receive and bless this noble band of American pilgrims who go to present to him the homage of the infant Church in America, and to assure him of her unwavering devotion to the cause in which he suffers. That God may bless those devoted pilgrims and infuse into the hearts of the people far and wide the same spirit of self-sacrificing piety, is the earnest prayer of every Catholic in America who is really interested in the temporal and eternal welfare of the human kind.

Let the infidel and the unbeliever scoff at the simplicity of our faith—let them coldly ridicule those extraordinary acts of devotion, such as pilgrimages to holy places, which, in their superior enlightenment, they declare to be the legitimate results of a superstitious ignorance or a blind credulity; in spite of those reproaches, our Holy Mother, the Church, ever true to her divine mission, will still continue to cherish and encourage them as a most efficacious means of increasing and strengthening our faith and obtaining the blessings of heaven.

No one can deny that the circumstances of the times in which we live call loudly for such exemplary acts of piety and zeal. At no time, perhaps, from the days of Constantine to the present, has the condition of the Church and of society demanded greater zeal and devotion on the part of Catholics in every land from the rising to the setting of the sun, and it behooves every true follower of Christ to endeavor to be among the ten just men whose prayers and virtues will avert the anger of God from a sinful and rebellious world.

In these days the powers of earth seem to have entered into a league for the purpose of destroying the Church, or at least of crippling her power, because her teachings are and ever must be in direct opposition to their ambitious and wicked designs. In many countries to-day she is suffering an open persecution, while in others she is merely tolerated by the civil authorities. In Germany, her priests and Bishops are fined and imprisoned because, for conscience' sake, they nobly refuse to comply with laws which have been enacted at the instance of a bigotted and ambitious prince for the express purpose of depriving them of rights which they hold sacred and indefeasible. In Italy, favored Italy whose soil has been sanctified by the blood of saints and martyrs, the Vicegerent of Christ upon earth has been robbed of his patrimony, deprived of one of the most legitimate sovereignties in the world, and reduced, practically at least, to the condition of a prisoner in his own palace. In such circumstances as these, I say it behooves Catholics in every country to redouble their devotion and attachment to the Church of their fathers and their loyalty to the Sovereign Pontiff. But, at the same time, they should not be alarmed beyond measure for the safety of the Church. She has triumphed over more formidable enemies than those who are now arrayed against her,—bold, presumptuous men, vainly endeavoring to destroy an institution which is founded on the eternal rock of truth and sustained by the power of God.

A Judas may kiss and betray her; a Pilate may declare that he finds no cause in her and at the same time deliver her up to an infuriated and passionate rabble who cry out "Away with her! Crucify her!" and a modern Herod may strip her of her garments and scourge her at the pillar, but in spite of all this, the true Catholic, reposing with unlimited confidence on the infallible promises of Christ and the history of past ages, should never lose hope for a moment. He knows that those

days of trial and persecution will soon pass by, and that the Old Church, the Mother of saints and heroes, must and shall prevail over all her enemies. So it ever has been in the history of the Church from the days of Nero to those of Bismark and Victor Emanuel, and so it ever shall be to the consummation of ages, "*Magna est veritas et praevalabit.*" Yet, truth, eternal and immutable, is great, and must prevail over the temporary passions and prejudices of wicked men and bury them beneath their own ruins, and none will be left "so poor to do them reverence."

And now, Very Rev. and dear Father, before I conclude allow me to request that you remember your anxious and affectionate friends at Notre Dame when you kneel in solemn prayer at the sacred Grotto of Lourdes which has been sanctified by the visible presence of the Queen of angels, and also at the holy Shrines of Rome, which were consecrated with the blood of the Apostles. Praying that God who rules the winds and the waves may grant you a prosperous voyage, and hoping that you will soon return in safety to Notre Dame, we bid you a kind and affectionate *adieu au revoir.*

ADDRESS FROM THE STUDENTS OF NOTRE DAME, BY CHAS. A. BERDEL.

VERY REVEREND AND DEAR FATHER GENERAL:

It is with a thrill of tremulous emotion, assignable to love and esteem, that we are assembled to offer you in social union this manifesto expressive of our best wishes and sincerest veneration. Apprised, through the media of editorial announcements and dear friends, of your determination to take part in the Pilgrimage instituted for the purpose of honoring Our Lady of Lourdes, and conscious of the many dangers to which you will be necessarily exposed, we tender you our filial affections, trusting that the knowledge of their bestowal may be a source of comfort and sweet gratification in an hour of solitude. Contemplating the effects which your absence from our happy circle must inevitably establish, we conscientiously admit that deep regret will penetrate the hearts of all. The members of Holy Cross will be denied that pleasant association and gracious smile which they have ever courted and cherished; if such solicitude is evinced by your worthy coadjutors, how much more should we, who feel the need of your gentlemanly and venerable bearing, deplore your departure. When you are away, dear Father, it seems as though we are encompassed by a veil of darkness; but when with us, all is sunshine. In an allegorical sense, we might appropriately utilize a beautiful quotation, one especially applicable to the position you occupy in relation to ourselves, from the great lyric, Thomas Moore. Eulogizing sunshine, he says:

"Blest power of sunshine! genial day;
What balm, what life are in thy ray!
To feel thee is such real bliss,
That had the world no joy but this,
To sit in sunshine calm and sweet—
It were a world too exquisite
For man to leave it for the gloom,
The deep, cold shadow of the tomb."

Wishing you health and happiness on your journey, and a thought in reference to ourselves occasionally, we bid you farewell, trusting that through the instrumentality of our prayers God will protect and restore you to us in a short lapse of time. These, dear Father, are the gratulations of your devoted children in Christ,
THE STUDENTS OF NOTRE DAME.

ADDRESS FROM THE PUPILS OF ST. MARY'S ACADEMY, BY MISS LIBBIE BLACK.

VERY REV. FATHER GENERAL: Our loved and venerated Father, we have gathered here to wish you good-bye and a pleasant voyage and most consoling results from your pious Pilgrimage. We are pleased to hear that you will soon return to dear St. Mary's; but we of the Graduating Class feel that if

we succeed in our earnest aim, to us indeed this is perhaps the last time that we shall have the honor and privilege of gathering around you as children around their devoted Father.

For though we shall ever claim the right to call you Father, yet we will no longer have the pleasure of receiving from you the rewards and honors which you so love to bestow, and which have an additional value when received from your consecrated hands.

Oh! we shall so miss you, dear Father, at the closing of our Academic life. For your venerable, dignified figure always stands in the foreground of every important tableaux that memory has pictured on our minds; and we feel that without you there is a grand want that cannot be supplied.

May we not, Very Rev. Father, take advantage of this occasion to thank you again and again for your earnest devotedness to our true interests; to thank you for the kindness with which you have encouraged our little efforts to be entertaining; but above all, to thank you for the beautiful instructions by which you have enriched our minds with heavenly truths. The seeds of virtue you have sown will, we hope, bring forth good fruit; and if we prove superior to the imperfections of our nature, we shall have to thank you, our devoted Father, for your untiring zeal and holy counsels. May God reward your charity, for we can offer only thanks and prayers.

We beg, in the name of all, that you remember us at the holy Shrines you are about to visit; and, craving your blessing, we say in the name of all the school, farewell, dear Father.

Roll of Honor.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING THURSDAY, MAY 14, 1874.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

M. Allen, J. Browne, L. Burridge, W. Ball, J. Berry, J. Burnham, C. Berdel, M. Bastarache, G. Cunnea, J. Carren, H. Cassidy, J. Crummey, G. Crummey, W. Clarke, T. Cashin, P. Cooney, T. Cochrane, H. Dehner, F. Devoto, T. Daly, C. Dodge, W. Dodge, B. Ewans, M. Foley, J. Flaherty, J. Girard, T. Grier, T. Gallagher, J. Gillen, E. Graves, C. Hess, A. Horne, J. Hogan, L. Hayes, H. Hayes, D. Hinds, J. Handley, E. Kimm, J. Kennedy, M. Keeler, J. E. Kelly, J. F. Kelly, P. Lilly, J. Luby, J. Mullen, J. J. Mathews, S. Marks, T. McDonough, B. McGinnis, D. McGinnis, J. McDermott, J. McMahon, E. McSweeney, E. McLoughlin, P. McDonald, T. Murphy, E. Monohan, A. Mooney, D. Maloney, J. Ney, R. O'Connor, J. O'Brien, P. O'Meara, P. O'Mahony, T. O'Mahony, C. Proctor, L. Prudhomme, J. F. Rudge, J. Rudge, G. Rudge, C. Ruger, C. Spears, F. Scrafford, R. Staley, P. Skahill, S. Studebaker, H. Walker, C. Walter, L. Watson.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

B. J. Baca, J. F. Beegan, W. P. Breen, J. Buchanan, C. Burger, A. Crunkilton, J. Cullen, J. Cohen, J. Dally, N. Dryfoos, J. Delvecchio, W. Darst, J. Ewing, F. Ewing, H. Faxon, C. Freese, F. Frazee, G. J. Gross, J. C. Golsen, O. Gove, E. Grambling, C. Hake, S. Kennedy, J. Keilty, M. J. Kinsella, B. LeFevre, T. McNamara, J. McIntyre, J. Marks, P. Moran, W. S. Meyer, F. Miller, J. McHugh, T. Monahan, J. Minton, N. J. Mooney, C. Nichols, D. Nelson, J. O'Connor, E. O'Connor, D. J. O'Connell, W. Ohlen, Frank Perll, F. H. Farrell, C. Peltier, H. Quan, J. Rider, E. L. Ratigan, T. Reed, E. Riopelle, W. Robinson, J. F. Soule, F. Stoppenbach, Louis Smith, J. Smith, A. Schmidt, G. Sugg, R. Sobey, T. Solon, C. Stucker, A. Thomas, E. Washburn, F. Wittlesburger, J. E. Wood, R. West, R. Walker, J. D. O'Hara, D. Gorman, J. Borie.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

M. McAuliffe, F. Carlin, H. Canoll, J. O'Meara, E. Cleary, F. Shultz, S. Goldsberry, L. Goldsmith, T. Hooley, A. West, E. Buchanan.

Class Honors.

WEEK ENDING MAY 14, 1874.

PREPARATORY DEPARTMENT.

SENIORS.—J. W. Andre, W. J. Ball, T. Cochrane, J. Egan, C. Favey, W. Henry, M. Jeffreys, L. D. Murphy, F. Morass, T. McDonough, D. McGinnis, J. O'Connor, L. Proudhomme.

JUNIORS.—M. Burke, J. Buchanan, J. Borie, J. M. Crumme, C. Campeau, J. Cullen, W. Chapoton, F. Claffey, J. Cohen, P. Daly, J. Daly, W. Darst, J. Doyle, R. Downey, J. Ewing, H. Faxon, J. French, P. Fitzpatrick, F. H. Farrell, O. Gove, F. Hoffman, H. Hoerber, T. Hunt, C. Hake, J. Hayes, J. Kielty, J. Lyons, J. Lambin, N. J. Mooney, J. McIntyre, J. Marks, J. Minton, D. Nelson, D. O'Connell, E. O'Connor, W. Ohlen, Jas. O'Connor, C. O'Connor, J. D. O'Hara, F. Peril, C. Peltier, H. Quan, T. Reed, E. Ratigan, J. Rider, C. Stucker, P. Schnurrer, L. Smith, J. Smith, H. Schilt, J. Schermerhom, R. Soby, F. Wittlesberger, R. Walker, E. Washburn, H. Zuber.

SAINT MARY'S ACADEMY.

ST. MARY'S ACADEMY, May 11, 1874.

The weather is lovely. Botanical excursions are rewarded by a rich harvest of floral specimens.

The German Classes went last Thursday on a picnic to the poetic village of Bertrand. The store was bought out, and the girls felt fully repaid for their heavy investment in goodies. Some of the most sentimental of the damsels have dubbed Bertrand "The Desolate Village."

The surroundings of the Academy are now most charming. The early hours of morning are made harmonious by the sweet singing of the Children of Mary who chant the Litany of Loreto as they wend their way through the beautiful parterres, and by the river bank, to the chapel of Loreto, where at six A. M. they assist at the Holy Mass.

Tablet of Honor.

SENIOR DEPT.

Misses L. Niel, M. Kearney, A. M. Clarke, N. Gross, R. Devoto, M. Brown, R. Spier, L. West, L. Black, N. Langdon, L. Dragoo, A. Lloyd, M. Letourneau, E. Boyce, A. Curtin, A. Keeline, A. T. Clarke, N. Foote, G. Phillips, M. Quan, E. Bohan, E. Denehey, E. Dougherty, L. Arnold, L. Bradford, N. Ball, F. Moore, L. Ritchie, J. Bennett, L. Wyman, L. Tinsley, M. Kengal, A. Sullivan, M. Bell, E. O'Connor, L. Johnson, K. Graham, M. O'Mahoney, H. Miller, R. Nettler, M. Poquette, M. Klotz, M. Shiel, A. Garies, K. Irmiter, K. Engel, J. Riopelle.

JUNIOR DEPT.

E. Richardson, A. Smith, M. Faxon, A. Walsh, M. Resch, M. Carlin, K. and M. Hutchinson, K. Morehead, M. O'Connor, I. Fisk, B. Wilson, M. Reynolds, M. Walsh, L. Harrison, H. Hand, M. Pritchard, M. Ewing, E. Lang, M. Brown, J. and M. Thompson, M. Summers, M. Jackson, M. A. Schultheis, J. Brown, A. Koch, A. Cullen, D. Allen,

L. Germain, B. Golsan, L. Walsh, E. Lappin, E. McDougall, E. Schnoback, A. Ewing, A. Goewey, G. Barry, S. Lynch, M. Ware, E. Simpson, R. Gallary, N. and I. Mann, C. Hughes, E. McDougall, H. Mier.

HONORABLY MENTIONED IN THE

1ST SR. CLASS—E. Richardson, A. Smith.
3RD " " M. Faxon, A. Walsh.
1ST PREP. CLASS—M. Resch, M. Carlin, K. Hutchinson, K. Morehead, M. O'Connor, I. Fisk, B. Wilson, M. Reynolds and M. Walsh.
2ND. PREP. CLASS—L. Harrison, H. Hand, M. Pritchard, M. Ewing, E. Lang, M. Brown.
JR. PREP. CLASS—J. and M. Thompson, M. Summers, M. Hutchinson, M. Kaeseburg, M. A. Schultheis, J. Brown, A. Cullen, D. Allen, L. Germain, B. Golsan.
1ST JUNIOR CLASS—E. Schnoback, A. Ewing, A. Goewey, K. Lassen, G. Barry, M. Ware, E. Simpson, R. Gallary, N. Mann.
2ND. JUNIOR CLASS—I. Mann, C. Hughes, E. McDougall, H. Mier, J. Dee.

FRENCH CLASS.

1ST CLASS—N. Gross, A. M. Clarke, M. Kearney, R. Spier, J. Walker, L. West, M. Quan, M. Letourneau, L. Dent, J. Kearney, M. Walker, M. Poquette.
2ND CLASS—L. Ritchie, M. Barry, J. Stimpson, J. Kreigh, C. Sottrup, M. Resch, M. Thompson, E. Thompson, B. Wilson, M. Brown, H. Langdon, L. Niel.
3RD CLASS—A. Smith, L. Bradford, A. T. Clark, A. Conahan, F. Moore, M. Riley, C. Morgan, C. Morehead, K. Hutchinson, M. Hutchinson, L. Dragoo, B. Golsen.

HONORABLY MENTIONED IN PLAIN SEWING.

M. Brown, R. Spier, R. Devoto, N. Langdon, S. Dragoo, A. Curtin, A. Lloyd, E. Boyce, J. Fanning, S. Bohan, M. Wicker, V. Ball, H. Ball, J. Stimpson, L. Ritchie, M. Barry, F. Moore, A. Minton, J. Bennett, L. Henrotin, C. Miller, L. Johnson, C. Morgan, A. Sweeney.

GERMAN CLASS.

1ST CLASS—Misses M. Kengel, Klotz, H. Miller, Garries, Irmiter, Pfeiffer, Black, Faxon.
2ND CLASS—Misses Richardson, Roscesco, Denehey, Golsen, Martin, Engel, Schulthies, Martin, Klar, Koch.
3RD CLASS—Misses Phillips, Miller, Kelly, Schnoback.

INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC.

1ST CLASS—J. Walker, E. Black.
2ND DIV.—R. Spier, N. McEwen.
2ND CLASS—N. Foote, A. Smith, L. West, J. Kreigh.
2ND DIV.—M. Quan, A. Roberts.
3RD CLASS—C. Nason, J. Kearney, M. Letourneau, A. Minton, N. Gross, R. Devoto, A. Clarke, M. Barry, M. Resche, K. Hutchinson.
2ND DIV.—M. Kearney, E. Denehey, E. Ives, N. Moore, M. Kengle, L. Wyman, L. Arnold.
4TH CLASS—A. Boser, L. Henrotin, J. Locke, A. Keeline, M. Hutchinson, C. Morgan, J. Stimpson, L. Tinsley.
2ND DIV.—E. Boyce, L. Pfeiffer, A. T. Clarke, B. Wilson, N. Huber, B. Golsen, C. Klotz, C. Miller, R. Roscesco, M. Brown.
5TH CLASS—M. Kaeseberg, M. Faxon, M. Johnson, M. Pritchard, L. Bradford, M. Cummings, L. McKinnon, A. Allen, A. Cullen, K. Finley, K. Engel, M. Jackson.
2ND DIV.—E. Lang, E. Richardson, G. Phillips, M. A. Roberts, L. Johnson, A. Conahan, L. Ritchie, L. Niel, F. Lloyd, M. Brown, C. Sottrup.
6TH CLASS—A. Curtin, L. Germain, M. Carlin, M. Reily, L. Bohan, A. Goewey, M. Thompson, E. Thompson, L. Walsh, M. Walsh, A. Walsh, K. Morehead, H. Hand, M. Schulthies.
2ND DIV.—F. Gunzert, N. McAuliffe, G. Barry, J. McDougall, E. McDougall, A. Sweeney, V. and N. Ball, K. Irmiter, N. O'Meara, J. Adams.
7TH CLASS—M. O'Connor, E. Lappin, R. Gallary, E. Dougherty, E. Netteler.
8TH CLASS—E. Simpson, F. Dee.
9TH CLASS—J. Brown, M. Hughes, C. Hughes.
HARP—J. Walker, M. Wicker.
2ND CLASS. L. Walker.
GUITAR—L. Harrison.

JAPANESE PEAS—200 BUSHELS TO THE ACRE.

SOMETHING NEW!

Farmers and Gardeners Read this!

Agents wanted to sell the Japanese Pea.

These peas have recently been brought to this country from Japan, and prove to be the finest Pea known for Table use or for Stock. They grow in the form of a bush, from 3 to 5 feet high, and do not require sticking. They yield from one quart to a peck of peas per bush. A sample package, that will produce from 5 to 10 bushels of peas, with circulars giving terms to Agents, and full directions as to the time and manner of planting, will be sent, prepaid, to any one desiring to act as Agent, on receipt of 50 cents. Address.

D. L. OSMENT,
CLEVELAND, TENN.

Testimonials.

We have cultivated the JAPANESE PEA the past season, on a small scale, and we are convinced they are a perfect success. Their yield was enormous. For the TABLE or for STOCK they are unsurpassed by any other pea. They grow well on thin land and are bound to be a No. 1 fertilizer.

A. J. WHITE, Trustee Bradley County.
H. HIX.

A. E. BLUNT, P. M., Cleveland, Tenn.

I have cultivated the JAPANESE PEA the past year, and raised them at the rate of 200 bushels to the acre. The bloom excels buckwheat for bees.

F. E. HARDWICK, J. P., Bradley County.

Apr'l 24—2t.

A Great Offer to All!

\$1.00

WORTH
SEEDSAND
Vick's Guide
GIVEN
AWAY.Young Folks'
Rural
AND
TWO
Lovely Chromos.

The Young Folks' Rural is pronounced the "handsomest and best paper for Young People published." It is for city or country, combining numerous features not found in any other periodical, and has proved a wonderful success. For every subscription received before May 1st, at the regular single subscription price for one year, only \$1.50, we will give (in addition to the paper) two lovely landscape chromos, "Morning on the Mississippi," and "Sunset on the Sierras," mounted and postpaid; Vick's Floral Guide for one year, and an order on Mr. Vick for One Dollar's Worth of Flower or Vegetable Seeds (such as you may select) to be sent by him, postpaid! Inclose the money to H. N. F. LEWIS, Publisher, Chicago, saying what you wish.

Sample of paper, 10 cents, postpaid.

Apr. 18—6t.

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.
11.58	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, 3, and 71; East, Nos. 2 and 70. Warsaw Express (connecting with No. 4) leaves Elkhart at 12.30 p. m., running through to Wabash. Through tickets to all competing points in every direction. Local Tickets Insurance tickets, R. R. Guides, etc., will be furnished upon application to the Ticket Agent.

PENNSYLVANIA CENTRAL

DOUBLE TRACK RAILROAD.

PITTSBURGH, FORT WAYNE AND CHICAGO.

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 .m.
St. Louis and Springfield Lightning Express, via Main Line, and also via Jacksonville Division	†9:00 p.m.	†7:15 a.m.
Kansas City Express, via Jacksonville, Ill., and Louisiana, Mo.	†9:45 p.m.	†7:15 a.m.

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

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

Pullman Palace Dining and Smoking Cars on all day Trains.

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

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

LOUISVILLE N. ALBANY & CHICAGO R.R.

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

GOING NORTH.

Pass.....	7.29 P. M.	Pass.....	8.23 P. M.
Freight.....	2.48 A. M.	Freight.....	10.47 A. M.
Freight.....	8.57 P. M.	Freight.....	4.45 A. M.
Pass.....	9.24 a. m.	Pass.....	11.23 A. M.

GOING SOUTH

H. N. CANIFF, Agent