To undertake the defense of Shakspear may seem an act of ridiculous presumption. In fact the present article should rather be considered as an amende honorable than as a defence. We are sorry to see in a late number of The Scholastic Year an outrageous aspersion connected with the name of the prince of English poetry, and we are not willing that the readers of The Scholastic Year should imagine that that aspersion emana­ted from the general feeling of the contributors to our little paper. It was rather an exceptional expression of opinion by one individual, than the sentiments of our periodical. -We write the present to reestablish our own good name, not Shakspeare's.

What will be the chaos of ideas in the mind of the young student, who having gleaned from the article entitled "Godless Plays," etc, his first, and consequently most lasting impressions, of both Shakspeare and Cardinal Wiseman, will subse­quently come to the knowledge of the fact that the last—the dying work of the latter, was a warm and glowing eulogium on the former?

If the writer of "Godless Plays, etc," had simply stated that persons, whether young or old, of unformed minds, depraved or morbid imaginations or weak heads, would probably derive more harm than good from a perusal of Shakspeare, we might have cheerfully assented. But to couple with the name of an author who for three hun­dred years has been the admiration of the best and wisest men, an insinuation which contains not only a reproach against the author, but also against all those who read his works with pleas­ure, is a thing not to be passed over unrebeked.

There are degraded beings, no doubt, who, like spiders, can extract poison where the bee would gather nothing but honey. To such, works of a graver and less imaginative character than Shakspeare's become fountains of evil. Nay, even the Divine word has been blasphemously profaned in this way.

The present age, as the writer of "Godless Plays, etc," very justly remarks, is emphatically a godless one. It is also emphatically a corrupt one, and par consequent emphatically a fastidious one. Living in a city built of wood, more precaution against fire must be taken than in one built of less inflammable material. Thus, in the corrupt age of Augustus we find the most unexceptionable of the Latin poets—the refined and delicate Virgil. So in our time also, when earnest-minded men are seriously apprehensive of the extinction of the race from hidden vice, we find a fashionable world proposing to substitute "Perspiration Incarnadine" for "Bloody Sweat" in its "refined" devotions. The lan­guage which the Church has always thought fit for the ear of Heaven, is now not good enough for "ears polite."

We do not advocate a return to Shakspearian or Biblical simplicity of diction, but we do con­tend that the modern affectation of refinement, instead of a perfection, as some would seem to think, is no more than a necessary evil, conse­quent on modern corruption of morals. That it is mere affectation is proved by the fact that it extends only to words—not to ideas. In Shakspeare, the profligate and vicious are uniformly exposed as contemptible and odious. Who would ever think of imitating "Falstaff?" And yet how many have been corrupted by the more refined villains of the writers of the present age whose language is considered beyond reproach?

The manner in which the imputation is sought to be cast upon Shakspeare is singularly infelic­itous: "We can only wish that he had lived un­der the reign of a more pure monarch than Elizabed of England." Now, bad as Elizabeth may have been (and we are not writing in her
defence), she was too good a politician to have countenanced anything on the public stage that was beneath what the prevalent ideas of propriety at that time required. What plays were performed before Elizabeth, might have been performed before any other monarch in Europe then reigning.

It is not the object of this article to countenance or defend any blemishes of any nature to be found in the works of Shakspeare. We do not pretend to claim perfection for our author, but we do claim that in the hands of a person of good sound sense and literary education, his works are an inestimable treasure. If there be any who, reading the works of Shakspeare, would be more impressed by the faults than by the excellencies of the author, let them not only avoid Shakspeare, but let them place their whole course of reading under the direction of some very discreet, strict, and well-read friend; and above all things, let them never come out into the public prints to endeavor to give false impressions of authors whom they are incapable of appreciating. The way to heaven is very narrow, it is true, and never narrower than when it passes between the filthy pool of obscenity on one side, and the rocks of over-fastidiousness on the other. Every excuse should be charitably made for any accidents that may happen in this part of the journey, but those who in trying to avoid the pool have injured their brains by dashing their heads against the rocks on the other side, are not exactly the fittest ones to put themselves forward as guides for those that are to follow.

In conclusion, we may beg to pay a just tribute to the value of much, if not most, of what is contained in the article "Godless Plays," &c, and are sorry to have been obliged to take exception to one objectionable paragraph. S.

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CLASS OF ELOCUTION.—Prof. A. A. Griffith, A. M., the great Elocutionist, has again opened his course of Elocution at Notre Dame. Useless to say that the Professor has met with a hearty welcome from his old friends, who, having known him in the past, have readily joined the Class of Elocution formed immediately after his arrival.

We know full well that the time spent under the able training of Prof. Griffith will be profitably spent, and therefore hope to see his course of lessons largely attended. Over a hundred students have given their names already.

VI.—The Exile's Complaint.

BY FANCULLO.

A poor exile, sad and weary,
Wandering on a foreign strand,
Sat him hungry, faint and lonely
On the bare and pathless sand.

Bound him played the gentle breezes;
To their Sovereign Lord on high
Sang the birds in joyous numbers—
He but answered with a sigh.

Now he pressed his throbbing temples,—
Now he wrung his hands in grief;
Then, his soul with courage arming,
Sought in fortitude relief.

Starting up, refreshed in spirit,
Smiling at his former pain;
"Why," he thought, "should change of country
Make a man of will complain."

Ah! how powerless is our courage
When the wound has reached the heart!
Yes—when nature's ties are severed,
Nought but death can heal the smart.

Though the exile smiled at sorrow,
Nature claimed her right to rule;
And his heart again relaxing,
Was to overflowing full.

On the ground him careless throwing,
From exertion still more faint,
Gazing tearful towards the evening.
Thus he spoke his sad complaint.

"Oh! my country! dearly cherished,
Hear my sighs—look on my tears;
Yeirs were days, while I enjoyed thee,
Far from thee days are as years.

"Oh! shall I no more at evening
Sit beside the cheerful hearth?
Shall I ne'er with joyous kindred
Join in sweet and lively mirth?

"Mother, at whose side I nestled
When a child and free from blame,
Let me hear thy whispered blessing,
Let me hear thee speak my name.

"Raging ocean, cease thy clamor—
Let me hear that gentle voice,—
Let me hear a mother's blessing:
Then, though exile, I'll rejoice.

"Ah! how sad I am and lonely.
Brother, cheer my spirit on;—
But the exile has no brother;
Sisters, brothers, all are gone.

"God of mercy! hear my wailing,
Give me back the scenes I love;
Give me back the fields—the streamlets—
Where in youth I loved to rove.

"Or give me back my native fireside
Where delights are chaste, and free
From every after pain of spirit—
But my country's harsh decree."
With that word—decree—returning,
All his past and future woes
Fore the exile’s straining vision
In colossal form arose.
Dropped his head upon his bosom,
Fled his lips strength to complain.
Nature, pitying his bereavement,
Sent the soothing balm of pain.
Deep oblivious sleep descending.
Closed his eyes in calm repose,
But his heart, too strained, relaxing.
Snapped the thread,—he never rose.

Scientific Department.

No. 7.—The Tobacco Plant.

History.—The Tobacco Plant is indigenous to tropical America, and consequently was not known in the Old World before the discovery of this continent by Christopher Columbus. Both the great Genoese and the pious Bishop Bartholomew de Las Casas mention this now famous plant in their respective “Relations.” The former records that in the year 1494, having landed on the island of St. Salvador (now outrageously called Cat Island) he met a great number of natives—men and women—who held in their mouth a kind of pipe or tube filled with a certain dried herb the perfume of which they inhaled. The latter tells us that “who held in their mouth a kind of pipe or tube filled with a certain dried herb the perfume of which they inhaled.” The latter tells us that “the aborigines used to press out and roll the dried leaves of that plant tightly together; one end of the tube thus formed they would set a-burning, whilst they inhaled the smoke with their breath at the other.” He also adds that the smoke of that herb produces a general somnolence, and even a kind of intoxication, accompanied with nausea, etc. Hernandez de Toledo, an eminent Spanish physician and naturalist, was the first who introduced the tobacco plant in Europe. He sent a few seeds of it he had found in the island of Cuba to one of his friends in Spain. Its culture in that country proved a success; so it became in a few years a favorite plant in the gardens of Old Castile. From Spain it rapidly passed into Portugal, where it was soon highly prized and extensively cultivated as a medicinal plant supposed to possess most wonderful and almost universal properties. At that time (1559) John Nicot, ambassador of Francis II, of France, to the court of Portugal, could not but hear extolled the virtues of this exotic plant. He procured a handful of seeds of it from a Flemish merchant who had obtained them from Florida, and sent them to Queen Catherine de Medicis. It was on that account, no doubt, that tobacco was for a long time known in France as the “Queen’s Herb.” In 1568, the celebrated navigator Sir Francis Drake brought it to England directly from the West Indies. Soon afterwards the cultivation of tobacco was general all over Europe, and in many countries of Asia, especially in Persia, India, China and Japan. Lobel affirms that as early as the year 1570 that plant was cultivated everywhere, but only, as yet, as a medicinal plant. Sir Walter Raleigh seems to be the first who introduced into the old world the fashion of smoking it. This fashion, together with that of snuffing and chewing, proved wonderfully contagious; all the severe edicts of kings and despots, condemnatory resolutions of many famous faculties of medicine, the disapproval of many good, great and holy men, the ridicule of distinguished writers, were all powerless to stay its amazing progress. James I. of England (IV. of Scotland), wrote a curious book against the use of tobacco, entitled “Counterblast to Tobacco,” and had most stringent laws passed prohibiting it throughout his kingdom: all to no effect. The Czar of Russia, the Schah of Persia, Amurat IV, Emperor of Turkey, forbade the use of that “nasty and stinking herb” under penalty of having the nose cut off! Who cared? Pope Urban VIII issued a severe edict forbidding it in churches, with but partial effect. When, at last, the sovereigns of Europe and Asia saw their most solemn and terrible decrees eluded and constantly violated, they very shrewdly levied the most vexatious and exorbitant duties upon it. But neither strenuous opposition, nor dreadful penalties, nor enormous taxes succeeded in preventing its further increase.

The tobacco plant can be cultivated from the equator to 50° of latitude, and its cultivation has always been as extensive as its use. Such indeed is the great consumption of this plant, that tea is the only produce that excels it in the amount consumed. It has been stated that the annual product and consumption of tobacco amount to more than four billions of pounds, equal to the weight of wheat consumed yearly by ten millions of men. The quantity of tobacco raised in the United States is about two hundred millions of pounds at the present time (vide Rept. of Agriculture for 1866); but it has been much greater in previous years, especially just before the late civil war, reaching even the enormous amount of five hundred millions of pounds.

Classification.—The tobacco plant belongs to the class Pentandria, and the order Monogynia, of
the Linn. or artificial system; and to the order of Solanaceae, the family of Nightshade, and the genus Nicotiana, of the Nat. System. There are about twenty-five species known of Nicotiana (only four are found in the United States and the Canadas), the most valuable and the best known of which is N. Tabacum of Linnaeus.

Synonymy.—Tobacco is a word derived from tabaco, the name among the natives of the West Indies for the pipe or tube in which that herb was smoked. But the Spaniards, by a well-known figure of rhetoric, applied the name to the contained for the container. The plant itself was called by the native islanders Toili, and by the Brazilians and Caribbeans Petun. Perhaps the mistake in the name might be accounted for in the following manner: the Indians who were smoking it being asked, naturally enough, what was the name of what they had in their mouth, answered “Tabaco;” meaning the pipes and not the plant itself, which was however differently understood by the Spaniards. Be this as it may, the term tobacco, as meaning the plant, has been accepted by nearly every nation in the world who uses it. (In French tabac; in Germ. tabak; in Span. tabaco; in Ital. tabacco; in Russ. tabak; in Irish, tabaco.) Nicotiana was so named in honor of Jean Nicot, who, as we have already remarked, first introduced it into France.

Specific Characters.—N. Tabacum is an annual plant, from four to six feet high; leaves—entire, ovate or lanceolate, decurrent, about a foot and a half in length and six to eight inches in width; flowers—rose-purple, in panicles; calyx—tubular, bell-shaped, half five-cleft, permanent; corolla—funnel shaped, one-petalled, tube longer than the calyx, throat somewhat inflated; seeds—numerous, very small, ovate. It flowers and perfects its seeds at about the same time—in July and August.

Properties.—Tobacco, like all the plants of the family of Nightshade proper (including the tomato, the egg-plant, the potato, the bitter-sweet, the henbane, the red pepper, the ground-cherry, etc.), contains a very active poison—an acrid volatile alkaloid principle, called nicotine or nicotia; the strongest tobaccoes contain about 6 or 7 per cent. of it. The poisonous principle in the plants of the order of Solanaceae is exclusively obtained from the leaves and fruits. Tobacco, as a phar­macon, acts very energetically, both when taken internally or applied externally. When taken internally, even in small doses, it produces nausea, vertigo, vomiting and purging. The smoking, chewing or snuffing of the dried leaves act as a sedative narcotic, causing in those who habitually use it, a kind of gentle repose or blissful dreaminess, very much like that which Asiatics experience while smoking their sweet hashish.

As an external application, tobacco is highly recommended in cases of gout, rheumatism, and several cutaneous diseases, such as the scabies or “scratch,” porrigo or the “scurf,” etc.

A Query.—Is the use of Tobacco an “abomination” or not? We beg to answer this question by adducing a few facts:

1st. All stimulants whatsoever (and tobacco is a marked stimulant) weaken the entire nervous system, blunt the sensibility, impair the memory and lessen the intellectual vigor (except, however, when directly under their active influence). This is undeniable, because supported by scientific proofs; consequently the use of tobacco tends to shorten life and to decrease mental vigor.

2d. A substance containing from 6 to 7 per cent. of a very active poisonous principle, cannot be used internally and habitually without profoundly deteriorating the entire human system.

3d. Tobacco-smoking excites salivation; therefore it renders digestion painful and laborious, and induces dyspepsia.

4th. As many habits as a man voluntarily contracts, as many times he is a slave.

5th. Tobacco, in any of its forms, does not conducive to personal cleanliness.

6th. The rank, peculiar smell of tobacco is highly offensive to persons endowed with delicate sensibilities; therefore cleanliness, politeness and charity demand.—Well! gentle reader, draw your own conclusions.

“ As for tobacco, who can bear it? Filthy concomitant of claret!”—Prior.

7th. Tobacco is a large item of expense in a man’s yearly budget (side an article on Tobacco in a previous number of THE SCHOLASTIC YEAR,) and the money thus unnecessarily spent in gratifying a morbid taste, might be much better employed in a thousand other ways. “Dixi”

J. C. C.

A Pontifical High Mass was celebrated last Sunday, 7th inst., by Right Rev. Bishop Luers, who conferred on Rev. P. Lauth, S. S. C., the order of the Priesthood. The ceremony was very imposing, and was followed by an eloquent sermon from the Right Rev. Bishop.

A Report of an interesting debate in the St. Cecilia Philomathean Society, will appear next week.
A Fish Story.

A whale of great porosity,
And small specific gravity,
Dived down with great velocity
Beneath the sea's concavity.
But soon the weight of water
Squeezed in his fat immensity,
"Which varied—as it ought to—
Inversely as his density.
It would have moved to pity
An ogre or a Hessian,
To see poor Spermaceti
Thus suffering compression.
The whale he lay a roaring,
In agonies gigantic;
The lamp oil out came pouring.
And greased the wide Atlantic.
(Would we'd heeu in the navy.
And cruising there. Imagine us
All in a sea of gravy.
With billows oleaginous!) At length old million-pounder.
Low on a head of coral.
Gave his last dying flounder;
Whereto I pen this moral.

Moral.
Oh! let this tale dramatic
Anent this whale Norwegian,
And pressure hydrostatic.
Warn you, my younfi collegian.
That down-compelling forces
Increase as you get deeper;
The lower down your course is.
The upward path's the steeper.—JiCcAon's*

[Correspondence of THE SCHOLASTIC YEAR.]

Down the Straits of Malacca.

By Geo. F. B. Collins.

Feb. 25th. At 10:50 the fires were started under both boilers—steam both reported ready and pilot aboard. At one "All hands up anchor," and at 1:25 fairly underweigh and leaving the disagreeable town of Penang astern. All the way down these straits may be seen fishing traps composed of long stakes driven through the water into the ground, and shaped similar to a crockery crate. Sometimes we pass so close to them that an outside stake is torn up by our paddle-wheels. We have two pilots aboard—one of whom is a Mohammedan who brought us into Penang harbor, the other an aged Englishman who may as well not be aboard at all on account of his short-sightedness. I doubt if from the hurricane-deck he can see the bowsprit. His piloting powers are displayed at the compass rather than landmarks.

This run from Penang to Singapore is 328 miles. At four bells (6 P. M.) we made a vessel off our port bow with no lights up. At 7 she put up lights on her fore and proved to be a steamer bound up.

Feb. 26th. Sighted, overtook and passed several vessels during the night and to-day. At 10 A. M. sighted light ship. At 11:30 it bore off port beam. This warns us from too near an approach, as there is only six feet depth around it. It also indicates half way between Penang and Singapore. At 2 P. M. the engine was stopped in order to pick up a little canoe which had went adrift from some of the fishing stakes herabout. Brought it on deck, consisicated it, and it will hereafter be used as our gunning skiff. Lat. at noon, 2° 50′, and long. 100° 59′; made 167 knots. About 5 P. M. we came on to a small boat containing three Malays. As we were passing them they raised and waved a flag, which our pilot interpreted to mean "Don't shoot at us." The poor fellows rowed hard towards us, and crossed our bows, at the same time crying out in broken English, "Wantche pilot?" (Do you want a pilot.) No answer was given them. Soon after passed a junk with straw matting sails. It had about ten Chinamen aboard, who folded their arms, stared at us, and said nothing as we passed. At 6:30 made the light-house of a cape on the western shore of Malaya. During the night passed the town of Malacca.

Feb. 27th. On the morning watch a side-wheel mail steamer passed us. At noon passed two islands on the port and one on the starboard side,—lat. 1° 25′, and long. 103° 13′. At 6 came abeam of the Singapore light-house, having a red flag out but no light up. This light-house is built of gray-stone and situated on a small island of red clay about half a league from the Malaya shore. Shortly after five bells (6:30 P. M.) they put up their light, when we commenced steaming faster to gain an anchorage before dark. At 7 "All hands bring slip to anchor," and at 8 let go the port veering to fifteen fathoms of chain.

There is a small brig close to us, and it is feared our chains may become fouled, so we will move away from her in the morning.

Feb. 28th. Moved away at daylight. At 11 saluted the English and American consuls. England's salute was returned gun for gun from a fort behind the government buildings. The Chinese and Mohammedans are busy selling...
their traps and wares before we are hardly out of our berths. We had hoped our next port would be Hong Kong direct, but it appears an American merchantman has become involved in a disturbance on the islands of Borneo, and dispatches from our Admiral order us at once to the scene of trouble. I promise more interesting letters hereafter.

**College Bulletin.**

**Honorable Mention.**


**Rhetoric.**


**Grammar (Sr.).**


**Grammar (Jr.).**

* First Class: William B. Clarke, V. Hackman, L. Wilson, J. Dooley, F. Dwyer.


Among the last letters received from the members of the Second Grammar Jr., those that were most carefully composed and neatly written, the form being minutely preserved throughout, were presented by: A. Cabel, D. S. Bell, S. Dum, C. Walter, N. Mitchell.


**Geography:** William B. Clarke, Geo. McCartney, E. O'Bryan, J. Thompson, C. Walter W. J. Dugdale, C. Morgan.


In the following classes Honorable Mentions are wanting—First Grammar Sr.—Fourth Grammar Jr.—Second Orthography Jr.

**Minim Department.**


* Geography Second Class: W. Byrne, J. Chandonial, C. Jenkins, H. Trentman.

* Geography Third Class: C. Bleasy, F. Butters, H. Fear, J. McCall.

**A Denial.**

"A critic was of old a glorious name, 
Whose sanction handed merit up to fame; 
Beauties, as well as faults, he brought to view; 
His judgments great, and great his candor too."

—Churchill.

Since the appearance of the report of the last Exhibition (vide Scholastic Year, No. 25), some ungenerous tattlers have circulated an untruthful report to the effect "that the Thespian and Philharmonic Societies were not very well pleased" with reference to the critical manner in which said report was written.
On behalf of the above Societies, I am authorized to inform the public that all the members, without exception, are not only well pleased, but very well pleased, and consider themselves highly honored by the criticism, feeling assured that it was not intended as flattery, but made in good faith and candor. And as the report pleased the Societies which were represented that evening, why should those who were not directly interested complain?

The true object of criticism is to turn public attention upon those topics which have a tendency to interest and instruct, and, accordingly, this was a high compliment to those who took part in the entertainment of the evening, showing, as it did, such manifest interest in everything and ever one connected with it, and coming withal from one having no personal interest at stake. Criticism, again, reviews the ideal of the drama, and encourages a patronage of that which merits consideration, discouraging, proportionally, the support of that which indicates a decline,—and, in this view of the case, it devolves upon criticism to distinguish the good as well as the defective points. Therefore, when criticism gives reasons and explains why a particular subject or performance is good; or points out the defects, showing how the same may be improved, then criticism comes in such a form that it may be considered in place and justifiable, and worthy of commendation. Such is, in our estimation, the report of the last exhibition, and such, we hope, will be the character of the report the next time the Thespian and Philharmonic Societies appear upon the stage of Notre Dame.

M.—(A THESPISAN.)

St. Aloysius Philodemic Association.

At a regular meeting of this Association, held March 9th, 1869, a committee was appointed to draw up resolutions of regret for Mr. James Monnot, formerly a member of this organization, who departed this life Jan. 29th, at Charleston, Mo., in the vigor of youth.

The following resolutions were adopted:

Resolved, That in the death of Mr. James Monnot we lost a noble and generous friend, a faithful and obedient student, and a pious and exemplary Christian, whose aim was to do his duty under all circumstances.

Resolved, That we, being in a measure intimate with the deceased, extend our heartfelt sympathy as a body to those friends and relations who, in him, have been deprived of a devoted and faithful friend.

Resolved, That these resolutions be inserted in THE SCHOLASTIC YEAR, and a copy sent to the bereft relations.

J. F. Edwards,
JAMES CUNNEA, THOMAS HEERY,
W. P. McLAIN,
J. M. MORTARTY,
Committee.

REV. A. LEMONNIER, S. S. C., has since the beginning of the year, assumed all the responsibilities connected with the editorial chair of THE SCHOLASTIC YEAR. He wishes to make it known to those who were ignorant of it, and were prevented thereby from corresponding personally with him on matters relating to the management of the paper.

The editor takes this opportunity to return thanks to the many contributors to THE SCHOLASTIC YEAR, whose generous assistance has been invaluable to him by giving him the means of rendering the little periodical interesting.

Our Exchanges.

Our Schoolday Visitor.—The February and March numbers of this well known magazine for the young, have been received. We have only words of commendation for this neat monthly. The young will read, and if they have not good reading matter they will take the bad. THE SCHOLASTIC VISITOR leaves them no excuse for choosing the latter course. Published by Daughaday & Becker, Philadelphia.

The Young Crusader.—An Illustrated Monthly Magazine for the young.—The February and March numbers are before us, and receive our hearty approval. In the columns of the "Crusader" truths of the most important character are presented to the young mind in a new and attractive style. We need say nothing further in its praise. Address: Young Crusader, No. 12 West St., Boston, Mass.
St. Mary's, March 9th, 1869.

**Arrivals.**

March 2d.—Miss A. McCus, Wabash, Indiana.
March 6th.—Miss R. Leskey, ——, Missouri.

**Table of Honor, Sr.**


Honorable Mention, Sr.


First Senior Class.


Second Senior Class.


Third Senior Class.


First Preparatory.

Misses E. Darst, E. Barrett.

Second Preparatory.


Third Preparatory.

Misses J. Davis, M. Clune, N. Burridge, M. Vanhorn, M. Minor, J. Dennie, L. Blaisey.

**Organ.**

Miss A. Walker. **Harp.** Miss M. Sherland. **Guitar.** Misses M. Moore, L. English.

**French.**


**German.**

First Class.—Misses M. Rumely, F. and R. Fox. Second.—Misses L. English, S. O'Brien, K. Zell.

**Drawing.**


Table of Honor, Jr.

First Class Jr.—Misses K. Livingston, A. Carmody. Second Class Jr.—Misses L. English, S. O'Brien.

**Piano.**


**Table of Honor, Jr.**

First Class Jr.—Misses K. Livingston, A. Carmody. Second Class Jr.—Misses L. English, S. O'Brien.

Second Preparatory.—Misses A. Clark, L. Neil, L. Jones.

Third Preparatory.—Misses B. Meyers, L. Jones, A. Robson.

First Class Jr.—Misses F. Taylor, B. Frendsford, E. Price.

Second Class Jr.—Misses N. Strieby, R. Canoll, K. Forman.

**M. S. & N. I. RAILROAD.**

**GOING EAST:**

Leaves South Bend, 8:35 a. m. Arrives at Toledo, 4:26 p. m.
* 8:35 a. m. * 4:26 p. m.
* 8:36 a. m. * 4:28 a. m.
* 12:14 a. m. * 6:40 a. m.
* 12:16 a. m. * 7:30 p. m.

**GOING WEST:**

Leaves South Bend, 6:12 a. m. Arrives at Chicago, 12:00 a.m.
* 6:40 a. m. * 12:00 a.m.
* 7:40 a. m. * 1:00 p.m.
* 4:10 a. m. * 4:45 a. m.
* 8:45 a. m. * 5:00 p.m.