I Love to Stroll.

I love to stroll at the early dawn,
And sit me down on the dewy lawn;
I love to kneel on the flow'ry sod,
And raise my thoughts up to Nature's God.

I love to stroll in the blazing noon,
And list to your river's lonely strain;
To muse on its banks and call from flow'rs,
Bouquets of song thro' the fleeting hours.

I love to stroll at the close of day,
When the setting sun's last parting ray,
Bejewels the west, and crimson the wave,
As down he sinks to his golden grave.

I love to stroll in the summer time,
When my heart-strings pulse in a gentle rhyme,
A fire and a friend, and a book for me—
Neath the hallow'd towers of Notre Dame!

And oh! I love this gay season now,
When bright Christmas smiles on each careworn brow;
When the setting sun's last parting ray,
I love to stroll at the close of day.

I love to stroll on the boundless prairie,
And sing the praises of the fair and free;
Neath the hallow'd towers of Notre Dame!
Musing the while on Eternity!
on this base rests an oblong body of finely polished marble, which measures about four feet in height; the whole is surmounted by a large stone cross. The marble body is ornamented on each side with panels, on each of which is cut a Latin epigraph composed by Bishop Kenrick. The following is a copy and translation:

SACRUM MEMORIE

DEM. A. E. PRINCIPIBUS GALLITZIN—NAT XXIII DECEMB.

QUI SACRISMAE EJUSRAT AD SACERDOTIO EVCUTUS

SACRO MINISTERIO PER TOT HANC. M.M. PERFUNCTUS

FIDES, ZELO, CHARITATE INSIHNS, HEC OBIIT DIE VI

MAI. A. D. MDCCCLXX.

"Sacred to the memory of D. A., a Prince of the Gallitzin family—born the 22d Dec, 1770, who, having renounced schism, was raised to the priesthood. Exercised the sacred ministry through the whole of this region, and distinguished for faith, zeal, and charity, died on the 6th of May, A. D. 1841."

What thoughts fill the mind in the presence of the dead! Stoics may reason, philosophers may speculate, the wicked may ridicule and the foolish may smile, still we instinctively shudder at the silence and gloom of the grave. There sensuality, pride, ambition and revenge, all passions, are laid low in the dust. There the most loving ties of earth are snapped asunder; there Alexander left the world unconquered. There the educated forget their learning, the opulent their wealth, the poor their poverty, the statesman his principles, the soldier his battles. There friend parts with friend, brother from brother, and husband from wife. There the father takes the last long look on the body of his cherished son. There the mother daily moistens the flowers that bloom over the grave that contains her darling infant. There the new-made orphan first learns what it is to love a mother.

We determined to view the interior of the tomb, and were about to retrace our steps to the pastoral residence for the purpose of procuring the key, when we happened to look on the other side of the tomb: there we beheld an old man, with his head uncovered, kneeling on the lowest step; it did not require the evidence of the beads which he held in his hand to convince us that he was praying. We waited till the old man finished his devotions. We then approached and enquired where the key that opens the door of the vault could be procured. When we happened on this base rests an oblong body of finely polished marble, which measures about four feet in height; he informed us that he was keeper of the tomb, and immediately produced the key. We unlocked the door, and bade us descend. After a descent of four or five steps we found ourselves at the entrance to the vault. For a few minutes nothing was discernible; soon a faint glimmer of light, gradually increasing in power, dispelled the gloom, giving us an opportunity to note the interior arrangements. The vault is about seven by nine; the walls and floor are of brick; the roof is composed of stone. In the centre, on a slight elevation, rests the coffin. As it is either a double or treble case, we could not form anything like a correct idea of the size of the holy man it contains. There the educated forget their learning, the opulent their wealth, the poor their poverty, the statesman his principles, the soldier his battles. There friend parts with friend, brother from brother, and husband from wife. There the father takes the last long look on the body of his cherished son. There the mother daily moistens the flowers that bloom over the grave that contains her darling infant. There the new-made orphan first learns what it is to love a mother.

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Heaven's Archangel, will give up their dead. Here we stood over the ashes of one who gave up father, mother and country to enlist in the service of Almighty God. In an instant he sacrificed all that men spend a lifetime in seeking—wealth, honor and fame. For him the gift and glitter of the court had no charm, though just entering the prime of life; at a time when the luxuries of home, the pleasures of society and the company of friends possess their greatest charms, when everything is painted in its richest hues, were the splendor of any hope was dimmed by disappointment, before the heart was wounded, or the mind corroded by the fakeness of an unfelling world. And for what did he surrender all, and dash to the ground the heart-matured plans of an ambitious father, and brave the scorn, contempt and pity of his friends? That he might labor among the poor in the wild recesses of an American forest. That he might follow in the footsteps of His Divine Master by relieving the wants of the poor, reviving the despairing, instructing the ignorant and consoling the dying.

Here the skeptic can learn a lesson when he hears related, in simple language, how the faithful pastor in the midst of embarrassments that would have crushed an ordinary man, never despaired of the goodness of God. Here the admirer of a strong, determined, persevering character can contemplate a model who during forty years of missionary labor never faltered in the performance of his duty: whether it was hewing trees for the construction of a forest chapel, or cultivating the stubborn soil, or erecting mills for his infant colony, or entering the arena against the bitter enemies of his faith. Here the weak, the faltering and the sluggish receive a silent but eloquent rebuke. Here is a subject of meditation for the thoughtful Christian, that age after age God raises up ministers for His Church and so strengthens them that obstacles which appear insuperable are surmounted that the Mystery of mysteries may be celebrated in the most inaccessible regions.

Russia has produced some great men, but we hazard nothing may be celebrated in the most inaccessible regions. America boasts of her enterprise, but we think she could boast of having received the regenerating waters of baptism from his hands; the middle-aged, who offer his daily petitions to the throne of Mercy from the tomb of the pastor of his youth; the middle-aged, who boasts of having received the regenerating waters of baptism from his hands; the child, who ceases its prattle as it at the command of Heaven's Archangel, will give up their dead.

As we emerged from the vault the sun was descending to the distant west. The gilded cross of the Franciscan monastery, overtopping the highest trees, stood before us dazzlingly brilliant, as if prefiguring its beauty and power on that day when earth and ocean, the command of Earthly Paradise, have landed. They are received with hospitality by the elders of the city, who tell the voyagers that 'The heavy trouble, the bewildering care That weighs us down who live and earn our bread, These idle verses have no power to die; So let it suffice me that my murmuring rhyme Piped the drear wind on that December day.

...
they themselves are the descendants of wanderers from some Grecian land. Then one of the old men answers that he knows the Greek tongue, for he was born in Byzantium, but of Northern parents, and before his beard began to grow, was taken back to Norway. There, whilst a pestilence was raging, he with others was persuaded to leave that land of death and seek the happy shores where, as a Breton squire told them, they could escape death. He then tells the sad story of all their wanderings until they come to this "nameless city in a distant sea." In this city they meet with every hospitality, and are invited to remain. They do so; and every month the wanderers and the elders meet together, and after an ample feast two stories are related, one by the hosts, the other by the guests. The elders relate some story of Greece, while the wanderers from Norway tell some Northern legend. Such is a brief outline of the poem. To give an analysis of the tales related—some of which would make separate volumes of goodly size—is impossible for us to do.

Amongst the tales narrated we have those of the imprisonment and escape of Danae, and the exploits of Perseus, her son—of the loves of Cupid and Psyche—of the race of the fleet-footed Atlantes—of the doomed Atys slain by his protector—of the statue of Pygmalion which woke to life, and others of ancient times; while of those belonging rather to romance than to classic song we have the stories of the "Man Born to be King," of "The Writing Image," of "The Proud King," of "The Lady of the Land," of "Ogier the Dane," of "The Fostering of Al¬lans," and of "The Lovers of Guifion,"—all exquisitely told, in the most tender and flowing of verse.

According to one account we have seen of the life of Mr. Morris, he was born in London in the year 1830; however, we have seen another which states that he was born in Walthamstow, in the year 1833. It is said that his father was a merchant of London, and that William is the eldest of a large family of children. His education was begun at the Marlborough College School and was finished at Oxford, where he entered Exeter College. On leaving college he was connected for some time with an architect's office, and at the same time wrote for a magazine which had but a brief existence. It is said that this magazine was published in the interests of the pre-Raphaelites, with whom and their peculiar notions of art he had great sympathy. It was an early inclination to art that led him to establish the business which we believe he follows to this day under the name of Morris & Co., of which firm one or more of the Rossettis are members. It is the object of the firm to carry the fine arts into household decoration. They design beautiful wall-paper; they manufacture artistic furniture and upholstery; and they stain glass windows for churches and houses.

Mr. Morris' first appearance in the field of literature was in the year 1858, when he published his "Defence of Guenevere," of which R. H. Stoddard says: "I hardly know how to describe it; but, at a venture, it is mediæval in spirit, and affectedly modern in form. It could not have been written if Browning had not written his dramatic lyrics and monologues; and it probably would not have been written if Tennyson had not brought the Arthurian romance back into English literature. It is not so much the work of a young man, as the work of a young man who has lived too much with painters; or to be more exact, with the painters of the certain or uncertain school who called themselves, a few years ago, pre-Raphaelites.

It is dedicated to Dante Gabriel Rossetti, the influence of whose art studies is visible in it—more visible, I think than in his own poetry even. In short it is a collection of pre-Raphaelite pictures which have sung themselves into rugged verse. These verse-pictures are a blind groping toward the art of poetic storytelling; but they are nothing more. Many of them are unintelligible, and the most unintelligible have no real 'excuse for being.' "The Defence of Guenevere' made no reputation for William Morris, outside the artistic circle in which he moved; and it is well, perhaps, that it did not, since it might have led him to write more verse of the same kind, of which there was already enough. He seems to have thought so himself, for his next volume resembled it in nothing. The difference between 'The Defence of Guenevere' and 'The Life and Death of Jason' is the difference between the manner of the pre-Raphaelites and the simple style of pure Greek art. 'The Life and Death of Jason,' which was published in 1867, was at once recognized as the production of a poet of a new post who belonged to an old school—the good old school of Chaucer. It was followed, during the next year, by the first part of the 'Earthly Paradise,' which was finished in 1871."

Mr. Morris has lately published in England a translation of the Æneid of Virgil, and it may be soon expected in America. It is spoken of in terms of highest praise by the English press.

Morris, as a poet, is pre-eminentiy a story-teller; he belongs to that great race of which Homer is the head, and to which Virgil and Boearico and Chaucer belong. He is, as an English poet of the present day has said, the greatest story-teller since the days of Chaucer. He has as it were revived the art of dreaming old stories in verse so that they charm the ear and fancy without making any intellectual demands on the imagination of the reader, and we believe that long after Tennyson and Browning shall cease to be read, Morris will continue to please the gentle readers of posy."

Henry C. Watson.

In the death of Henry C. Watson, which took place on the 2nd of December last, the United States has lost one of its ablest art critics and composers. He was of a family, we learn from the affectionate tribute in the Art Journal, paid to his memory by his friend Horat L. Stuart, "all famous for their knowledge of and devotion to music." At an early age he displayed great intellectual powers and a wonderful capacity for comprehending the underlying principles of all kinds of musical productions. With these heaven-voiced gifts, he was endowed with an organization delicate and exquisitely sensitive to the slightest discord; with a voice that in childhood was rarely, if ever, excelled in its tender purity and sweetness; with a personal presence of exceeding beauty; with manners gentle and graceful in the highest degree; with surroundings admirably calculated to excite, encourage and stimulate him to rival the achievements of the old masters of song." His first public appearance was made in his thirteenth year, when he took the part of one of the principal fairies in Wober's Oberon, at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, London. So great was his success that he received the hearty congratulations of everybody. His father was musical Director of Covent Garden, and young Watson continued his connection with this theatre; but soon after, his
voice beginning to break, he, in disgust, threw up his position and went to sea. He made a voyage to the Mediterranean Sea, which lasted but a short while; for he returned, says Mr. Stuart, "more profoundly disgusted than before." On his return he took lessons in thorough bass from Mr. Kearsney, and afterwards from Mr. Edward Leder who some time afterwards married Mr. Watson's sister. He began to write poetry and musical criticism, and some of his songs appearing in the Court Journal attracted much attention and had the honor of being set to music by eminent composers. He then attempted musical composition, and his efforts were attended with the most gratifying results.

When in his twenty-third year, Mr. Watson, with his mother, sister and a younger brother, came to the United States. He brought with him letters of introduction to Wm. Cullen Bryant, Horace Greeley, George P. Morris and others. On his arrival, Mr. Park Benjamin gave him the position of art critic on the New York Tribune, at the time edited by Horace Greeley and Mr. Benjamin. In this position he soon made his mark by the excellence of his criticisms.

In the year 1813 he connected himself with the Musical Chronicle, at the same time contributing to many other journals. About this period he wrote a number of prize songs, for which he received the award. In 1844 he married Miss Francesca Lunti, who survives him. "His wife," says Mr. Stuart "being of Italian origin, and familiar with that language, aided him in translating and preparing libretti and other literary works. Mrs. Watson was also a fine singer, and took a lively interest in her husband's labor, assisting him with all her ability. About this time, Mr. Watson, in conjunction with Charles F. Briggs and Edgar A. Poe, projected and started The Broadway Journal, a short-lived but brilliant and ably conducted periodical. His reputation had now begun to assume national proportions as a littérateur and musical composer of a very high order, second in some respects to no other writer in the country, his only approachable competitor in musical knowledge, versatility and critical acumen being the late William H Fry, whom he succeeded as musical critic of the New York Tribune, on the death of Mr. Fry, in 1863, under the very able managing editorship of Mr. Sydney Howard Gay." Mr. Stuart, continues: "During these years, Mr. Watson was a controlling spirit of all the musical, art and literary activities and organizations of note of the time. He was the projector and founder of the New York Philharmonic Society with C. E. Horne and H. C. Timm, and was one of its most influential and powerful advocates and supporters to the time of his death. He was also the originator and prime mover in establishing the American Musical Fund Association for the aid and support of indigent artists and musicians, and was its first president, a position he held for several years. He likewise originated and organized what is now known as the Mendelssohn Union, formerly the Vocal Society, his sisters, Eliza and Eleanor, and Mr. Stephen Maseett, aiding him. He was spokesman at the reception given to Jenny Lind, Sonora, Catherine Hayes, and other singers. With William Vincent Wallace, the composer, Mr. Watson was on terms of the closest intimacy, aiding him by counsel and by influence. He wrote the libretto to Wallace's opera "Lurline." He was also a warm friend of Mr. Carlos D. Stuart, a chosen companion of the great composer named, and a poet and journalist of high ability, of genial manners, and of a gentle spirit. Mr. Watson, aided by these two gentlemen, organized the Mendelssohn Memorial Concert at Castle Garden, at which an audience of 16,000 persons was present."

In the year 1835, in connection with Mr. Molyneux Bell, he began the publication of three monthly periodicals, and upon the establishment of Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper Mr. Watson was appointed Editor-in-chief, which position he held until 1861, when Mr. Leslie was forced into bankruptcy, and Mr. Watson, with the kindliest feelings towards his old employer, severed his connection with the paper.

In the winter of 1861-'62 Mr. Watson became the successor of William H. Fry as musical critic on the New York Tribune, a position which was tendered him by Mr. Gay at the express request of Horace Greeley. Mr. Stuart says: "As musical critic of The Tribune, Mr. Watson brought to bear all his versatility, and his criticisms were sought for by all the great artists visiting this country, and his pen was always a sure defence and support of the otherwise defenceless and deserving."

He retained his position on the Tribune until the year 1866; but in the year 1863 he began the publication of The American Art Journal, which he continued to edit with great ability under the name of Watson's Art Journal, until the time of his death.

Mr. Stuart, his faithful friend, and companion in the work of editing the Art Journal, after speaking of his attendance at one of Von Bilsow's concerts, says: "Thus ended the public and professional career of Henry C. Watson in life. The public saw him once again as he lay under the dim arches of St. Thomas' Church, draped for the grave, with the bloom of flowers, the tears of mourning friends, and with all the tokens of a profound respect, such as is only accorded to the eminent and good who have benefitted humanity and mankind. The final scene closed amid the dimmed light, the hushed voices of the ministers at the sacred altar, the soul-stirring tones of the great organ, the wondrous and tender beauty of women's voices, great artists mourning for a lost friend and benefactor, giving him a last farewell so touching and tender, so memorable for delicate and exquisite tenderness of expression, that the perfume of violets, the blush on the rose leaf, the first breath of infancy, the shimer of the dewdrop, and the flutter of an angel's wing over the weared soul bowed in prayer alone could be named in comparison."

The Crown Perfumery Poets.

In the New York Sun of December 12th there is a capital burlesque. We have not space to print the whole article, but we will give a few extracts. The writer, who dates his article from Washington, says: "A little more than a fortnight ago there appeared among the despatches sent from Washington to the Associated Press an announcement which was regarded with extraordinary interest by a select circle of literary men. The despatch was as follows:"

"A private letter received here from a literary gentleman now in London says that the Crown Perfumery Company of that city has offered a reward of one hundred guineas for the best prize poem by English, American, or Hindoo authors on the subject of the Prince of Wales's visit to India, to be treated with reference to the grandeur of ancient monuments of ancient architecture, or the mysteries of modern life. The writer says that this news will be of much interest to many American authors, and may induce many to send in contributions, which must arrive in London by the 30th of July."
The writer then goes on to remark that many communications have been sent to the British Embassy at Washington, and says that "a friend connected with the Embassy, and who shares with me a profound admiration for the genius of the poets of America, has taken copies of a number of the manuscripts, and kindly permits me to use them in print. It is not apprehended that their publication here can in any way affect the issue of the competition, and it may preserve to the world gems which would otherwise be lost beyond recovery.

"A day or two after the announcement of the Associated Press, a wild figure, mounted on a mustang, whose features were hidden by the slouched rim of his sombrero, dashed up to the British Legation at a gallop, and reined in his mustang at the very brink of the curb. The strange rider did not dismount, but uttered a war whoop, so loud, so piercing, that the entire flunkey force of the establishment can in any way affect the issue of the competition, and it is not apprehended that their publication here may preserve to the world gems which would otherwise be lost beyond recovery.

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He has left us. Fate has bereft us;
Let us hear his cheerful step no more;
Put away his little playthings:
He doesn't need them on that other shore.
Let us hope no fatal fever,
Nor Asiatic cholera's greedy hand,
Shalt snatch our Prince from Hindoo pleasures
And bear him to the sacred land.*
Gone to meet the Nautch girls.

Soon after this came the following vigorous and breezy composition, like a fresh northwest wind after a warm and gentle rain storm:

O LAND OF O'M!

O land of O'm! Nation of snakers, sate charmers, and chocolate colored beggars. Melonace of living beings, identities, myriads on myriads. One hundred and ninety-one million chuckle-headed idiots, I greet you.

I, with a famous red shirt and a somewhat symmetrical body; I, perfected in every item of robust physiology; I, the boiled down, double distilled, hand sewed, hem stitched, case hardened, quintessence of forty million of freemen, I greet you, poor fools. Wales, your hand!

My chirping game cock, I greet you also. * Were you not born of woman? Was I not produced in the gutter?

Have we not experienced in common the strange, solemn throbbings of manhood?

Will you not die? Shall I not slink into the grave like a maggot?

Houp la! Old Topknot. Equality!

So Rufe was discouraged, and he got up and went Out of the shanty and—well He made plain his intent Of visiting heaven or hell, (For he hadn't no stomach for life,) And he lifted his shooter to shoot. "Stop!" says a voice, "you galoot, Think of yer kids and yer wife!" And Rufe stopped as if he was hit. It was Wales. Says he, "Here, Pocket this dust, It's forty ounce clear, Be a fool if yer must But put up yer shooter and git'up!"

*, in the sad contingency here suggested, Mr. G. W. Childs, A. M., proprietor of the Public Ledger, will take solemn solemnity in erecting in Westminster Abbey a tasty monument to His Royal Highness, together with a suitable inscription, without charge to surviving relatives. Refer to Dean Stanley and the British nobility.

Everybody can see that T'Baily Aldrich is well parodied in the following verses, entitled

IN A CAVE.

Three shadows 'neath the crumbling architrave Above the porch of Elephant's cave In whispered council three conjectures gave.

"He comes," said Brahm, "creating as he goes An empire new where ancient fames prospire From Ceylon's palms to Himalayan snows."

"He comes," said Vishnu, "from the virile West, And fally Mother Ind at his behest Yields richer milk from out a healthier breast."

"He comes," Jark Siva said, "destroying all, He cometh: and regal fictions fall, And elephants and tigers of Benga!".

Bret Harte's peculiarities are well buried in the poem, called

BILL.

Wales? Yes, I knewed him Till he went to the bad, Why, we was pards Wales was and me; Boss hand at cards We allowed him to be, And the way that he had Of turning a Jack From under the pack Was peculiarly touching to see. Him in the papers? Well, now, that's great. The son of a gun What has he done? Way, Wales was a saint With his mild way of shooting, Which men often aint; And he chalked one good deed on his slate, Which the same I will truly relate.

Moisten? Well, thank ye, Don't care if I do— This was in Trisco, In the year fifty-two— The same, sir, to you— Wales had been winning, And the boys which was thar Which had played on the square Yamed oon by one All but Michigan Rufus and he. Then he raked in Rufe's pile With a winsome smile Which was sweet and consoling to see So Rufus was discouraged, And he got up and went Out of the shanty and—well He made plain his intent Of visiting heaven or hell, (For he hadn't no stomach for life,) And he lifted his shooter to shoot. "Stop!" says a voice, "you galoot, Think of yer kids and yer wife!" And Rufe stopped as if he was hit. It was Wales. Says he, "Here, Pocket this dust, It's forty ounce clear, Be a fool if yer must But put up yer shooter and git'up!" Rufus he dusted. Wales d—him, you see He saved him from—why, It's only a winket Got into my eye. Who's Michigan Rufus? That's me.

*, in the sad contingency here suggested, Mr. G. W. Childs, A. M., proprietor of the Public Ledger, will take solemn solemnity in erecting in Westminster Abbey a tasty monument to His Royal Highness, together with a suitable inscription, without charge to surviving relatives. Refer to Dean Stanley and the British nobility.
On this day, when all Christendom rejoices, we cannot refrain from again wishing all our subscribers a merry Christmas! Christmas! how suggestive the very word is of joy and gladness! How the heart thobs with joy even at the mere mention of that Festival which commemorates the birth of the Saviour! We care not for the winds that whistle through the forest and over hill and vale; we care not for the snows which drift through the streets, which fall on the fields and prairies; we care not for the ice which bridges our lakes and streams,—Christmas is here with its mirth and music, its joy and good cheer, and we rejoice and are glad.

And such is the character of the joy which we feel on this happy anniversary of the Saviour's birth, that we are not content to enjoy it alone. We feel that our neighbors must also be glad. We cannot bear to see the face of anyone betokening sorrow. Our hearts expand under the genial feeling which the festival inspires, and we wish all mankind to share in the joy which animates us. Hence it is that the cold of heart are warmed by the charity of Him who, eighteen hundred and seventy five years ago, was born in a stable at Bethlehem; and though through the year they may have passed by, with coldness, the outcast and the unfortunate, they now feel that the greatest joy on earth is to bestow upon the needy all that which may bring joy into their household. The widow and the orphan are comforted in their grief; the wrongs of the year are pardoned and righted; and those who are in want and in sorrow are comforted. It is as if some fairy had, like Puck, in one day girdled the earth with joy and like some magical old brought back to us events that happened in days long gone by.

We, too, feel the joy which inspires all during this blissful season, and in the fullness of our joy wish to all our many subscribers, but more especially to those who have studied here for the last four months,

A MERRY CHRISTMAS!

The Third of January.

We have been requested by the authorities of the College to again call the attention of the students to the fact that classes will recommence on the third day of January next, and also to urge upon them the propriety of their prompt return, to begin in time their regular attendance at all the College exercises. We know that after a week's enjoyment at home it is very difficult to take up the regular routine of studies which has been interrupted. The relaxation from the work of the class-room has not always the effect of quickening students on their return from home. On the contrary, the result is generally the opposite of what parents and guardians expected, and it frequently happens that it takes a number of days after his return for a young man to fall back into his usual habits of hard and earnest study. It is absolutely necessary for everybody, then, to be back in time for the beginning of classes if they do not desire to lose too much time.

We have heard it said by professors of experience that they would, by far, prefer to have no class at all than to have several members absent. They hold that it is a greater detriment to all under instruction to have a number of the students absent than it is to have none at all attend. The reason for this is quite apparent to anyone who considers the matter with any degree of thought. There is not a single class in which some general questions of the utmost importance to the student are not explained, and it may be that a thorough knowledge of the principles then explained (and such sometimes as can be acquired in class only, and from the teacher) is absolutely necessary in order that the pupil understand what may come up for consideration in the future. If the student loses one or more classes by remaining away, he may miss those explanations on which his studies for the year depend.

How is he to make up for this lost time? by himself? He may, possibly, do so; but the probabilities are that he will not. It cannot be expected that he by himself will be able to comprehend those very things which he goes to college to learn. Nor can it be presumed that the teacher will repeat the explanations, already known to the remainder of the class, for his especial benefit. The teacher's time belongs by right to all the students under his charge, and it is not fair that he should sacrifice the time he is bound to give to all, by devoting it to special instruction for one. It may be that the teacher, through kindness, will give the desired instruction outside of class hours to him who has not attended on those days when it was given to the others. But teachers are men like ourselves, and having done their day's work they need time to recreate themselves and attend to such other business as they may have on their hands. Hence is it not asking too much to have them supply for our negligence?

It is to be hoped, then, that everybody, seeing the necessity for a prompt return, will not delay in putting in an appearance after the holidays have passed, and we trust that there will be no delay or inconvenience caused either to students or professors when the classes shall have recommenced. Parents and guardians who are anxious that those over whom they have charge should advance in their studies, ought, then, to endeavor to have their sons or wards return in time for the regular opening of class. It will be not only a benefit to the College which they have honored by entrusting it with the education of their sons, but will also be a great benefit to these very sons, who will thus be enabled to pursue their studies with greater ease and success. We expect, then, to see everybody back on Monday, January 3d, 1876.

The Good Student.

If a young man at college really and truly loves study, nothing save sickness will restrain him from being a student in the true sense of the word, and from making good
use of the means at his command for studying. The fact is, when we hear people complain of want of time for studying we discover that they are in reality attached to some other pursuit which has prevented them from devoting the time proper to it, or that they are not possessed of the energy and the spirit which should animate the true student. They bear a companion praised, and will join in praising him, because of the great amount of information he has acquired, and they will wonder in what manner it was that he managed to gain it—but when they themselves are urged to emulate him in his course, they give the pitiable excuse that they have not the time. They say that they would dearly love to be distinguished among their companions—will say to themselves that they are ambitious of storing their minds with useful information—but, then, they have not the time. They have time for play, and for everything else which serves to amuse them, but they have not the time to study; they have time to spend in reading some frivolous or worthless novel, but they have no time for solid reading. They have time to waste in making things look tasty in their desks, but they have no time to spend in adorning their minds with the knowledge which comes through hard study. How foolish! They have, no time? They have the time, if they will but use it. In most cases they fail in their studies because they flitter away time, because they give themselves up to their own ease, or to genuine idleness.

If they had the same energy and determination, the same noble and laudable ambition that other young men whom we have in our mind's eye possess, they might through the learning they would acquire become distinguished during their college life, and in after years become able men. But they have no energy, no ambition to excel; they fail to become good students while at college, and in after-life will be compelled to take a low or mediocre position among their fellow men. They are capable of studying, but they lack determination. Every great difficulty frightens them, and they despair of overcoming before they have tried to do so. They know that in six years a good knowledge of Latin and Greek may be obtained; they know this because they have seen others by hard work master these languages and other studies besides; yet they themselves do not succeed, because they have lost their time indulging their own ease,—not endeavoring to solve the difficulties which present themselves, but going to their teachers with them before even attempting to work them out. While they have hesitated over a phrase in Latin or a problem in mathematics, the young man of energy and ambition has construed the one and solved the other. Such is the difference between energetic hard work and the hesitating, lazy manner of pursuing knowledge.

While with people of this turn of mind, the worst of all is the almost utter impossibility of convincing them that hard work on their part is what is required. They attribute the success of their companions to the brightness of their intellect, giving them no credit for the long hours they have spent in toil and labor. Some, no doubt, are naturally bright and apt at learning, but there are many young men who are not so, and yet who attain a high position in spite of all difficulties, and succeed, too, simply by their energy and application. On the other hand we have seen many a young man whose mind was well calculated to receive information, pass through college without much success, because of his fatal habit of preferring his own ease and comfort to the labor of study.

No: if a young man is really desirous of becoming a good student, all that is necessary for him to do is to give all his time and attention to the matter to be prepared for class; and, no matter how many times he may fail, to stick to his work until he has overcome the difficulties which he may have to encounter. Unless he does this he can never expect to become a good student.

Books and Periodicals.

—The January number of the Folio, one of the brightest and most gossipy of our musical exchanges, comes to hand with its usual fresh and interesting items of news, together with an entertaining article on the “Liberty-Pole,” and the first of a series of articles on the “Education of Pianists.” The music department contains six pieces which are worth alone the subscription price ($1.60 per annum). The embellishment of this number is a portrait of Verdi. The Folio is published by Smith, White & Co., Boston, Mass.

—We are in receipt of the December number of that entertaining and instructive magazine The Catholic Record. The editors are to be congratulated upon the excellence of the present number, which is extremely readable. The circulation of good literature is to be encouraged by all who have the welfare of the nation at heart, hence we recommend the Record to the consideration of everybody. The contents of this number are: I, Private Judgment; II, Christmas; III, A Lost Pearl Diana; IV, How They Live; V, A Spirit’s Message; VI, The Divine Commission of the Church to Teach: what is comprehended by it?; VII, At her Knee; VIII, City Weed; IX, A Soldier’s Devotion—An Incident in Napoleon’s Retreat from Moscow; X, Editorial Notes; XI, New Publications—Gentilism—The Three Pearls—The Ceremonial of the Church, etc.

—the Catholic World for January 1876 lies before us, and an excellent number it is. In times like these, when the Catholic Church is assailed on all sides, when in our own country the President, for political purposes, endeavors to revive the old Know-Nothing spirit, and threatens to bring religious questions into the platform of a great party, it is but right that every Catholic endeavors to extend the circulation of this excellent magazine in which the position of Catholics with regard to the great questions of the day are rightly defined. The contents of the January number are: I, The President’s Speech at Des Moines; II, Sonnets in Memory of the late Sir Aubrey de Vere, Bart.; III, A Message; IV, The Protestant Episcopal Church Convention; V, Yule Raps; VI, Christmas Chimes (Poetry); VII, Anglicans, Old-Catholics, and the Conference at Bonn; VIII, Midnight Mass in a Convent; IX, S. Louis’ Bell (Poetry); X, From Cairo to Jerusalem; XI, A Christmas Vigil; XII, The Apostolic Mission to Chili; XIII, Free Will (Poetry); XIV, Nellie’s Dream on Christmas Eve; XV, Allegro’s Misereere; XVI, To-Day and Yesterday (Poetry); XVII, The Year of Our Lord 1875; XVIII, New Publications—Life of the Apostle St. John—The Ship in the Desert—The Three Pearls; or, Virginity and Martyrdom—Medulla Theologica Moralis—The History of the Protestant Reformation in Germany, Switzerland, England, Ireland, Scotland, the Netherlands, France, and Northern Europe—The Evidences of Catholicity—Mr. Gladstone and Maryland Toleration—Historical Scenes from the Old Jesuit Missions—Life of St. Benedict—The Life and Lettre to o
Personal

—T. P. Carlin, of '73, is farming in Wood Co., Ohio.
—E. A. Mass is attending the law school at Ann Arbor.
—Prof. Edwards accompanied some students to Indianapolis.
—Michael H. Keeley, of '73, is practicing law in Waseca, Minnesota.
—F. H. Green, of '64, was married last December. He is doing well in Grand Rapids, Mich.
—Capt. Edward Stretch, of '63, is in the shipping business, Park Ridge, Cook County, Ill.
—Rev. Mr. Kelly, Prof. Lyons, Bros. Alban and Cyprian went with the students to Chicago.
—Joseph A. Roberts, an old-time typo in the Scholastic Office, is the junior member of the firm of Fitch & Roberts, Columbus, Ohio. He is also Vice-President of the St. Patrick's Total Abstinence Society of that place.
—Martin O'Brien, who was in the Commercial Course here in '63, is now at Kansas City, Mo. Although his talents would undoubtedly entitle him to a position in the commercial world or give him a good opening in a professional career, he has wisely concluded to devote his time to farming—which is the normal life of man, the most reliable, and the least liable to be affected by panics.
—Mr. W. J. Osgan, of Chicago, writes us under date of Monday, December 30th, 1862. "I was tempted, yesterday when I read the despatch announcing the arrival of L'Amérique" at Roche's Point, Ireland, to use the wires to send you a congratulatory message but this slow medium will do as well, I do indeed most heartily regret that you all are not here in the United States, polkas, and quadrilles, for the first violin only; if there be any charges I shall be happy to forward the minutes, polkas, and quadrilles, for the first violin only; if there be any charges I shall be happy to forward the esthetic and monumental parts of the work.
—We expect to be able to publish the revised Constitution and Almanac, of which many copies have been ordered during the last week, and all are in the press. We have been slow in getting the printing done, but the weather has been unfavorable.
—We hope that the beautiful weather of this last week may last until after New Year's Day.
—"Take the hint and do not wait for the kick, when the sails of the boots are an inch thick."
—Why is the Collegiate Study-hall like an old-fashioned umbrella? Because it has its cotton top.
—Why should the Collegiates be always mindful of death? Because they keep their Graves in sight.
—The address delivered by Mr. Cooney at the Columbus' Exhibition was well delivered, and has received much favorable comment.

Local Items

—A Merry Christmas!
—Hurrah for the boxes!
—Very changeable weather.
—Be sure to come back for the 3d.
—The boys had a jolly time going home.
—Who received the best Christmas box?
—Boxes began coming in on Wednesday.
—The Juniors have great sport these days.
—How do you like the Scholastic Almanac?
—The Minims are enjoying the holidays hugely.
—We have had most beautiful weather this last week.
—Is that Exhibition to take place next Friday evening?
—The prettiest present for the holidays is a Scholastic Almanac.
—Baseball, football, walks, etc., serve to make the holidays lively.

—One of the large frescoes in the new Church will soon be finished.
—It is expected that the Infirmary will be deserted until the holidays are over.
—We had some sleighing last Saturday, but the rain on Tuesday ended the snow.
—The Seniors are by no means the poorest in the way of enjoying this happy season.
—Who will bring us back the largest number of subscriptions for the Scholastic?
—The boys enjoyed their boxes, and as a rule made their friends enjoy them also. That's right.
—We hope that the beautiful weather of this last week will last until after New Year's Day.
—"Take the hint and do not wait for the kick, when the sails of the boots are an inch thick."
—Why is the Collegiate Study-hall like an old-fashioned umbrella? Because it has its cotton top.
—Why should the Collegiates be always mindful of death? Because they keep their Graves in sight.
—The Juniors talk of forming a grand combination minstrel troupe for the holidays. Good! Let's have it.
—After the cold weather, the snow and then the rain, the sunshine of last Wednesday was very enjoyable.
—"Take the hint and do not wait for the kick, when the sails of the boots are an inch thick."
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day at the Manual Labor School by B. Francis and his able assistants. The pupils make great improvement.

- The amount of turky, etc., which the recipients of boxes distributed around was immense, and the pleasure enjoyed from the contents of them was very great.

- A very handsome pastel ceylon portrait of E. Raymond may be seen in the Mission Hall. It is well executed and reflects great credit on B. Albert, by whom it was drawn.

- Jansen, McClurg & Co., 117 and 119 State street, and the Western News Company, Nos. 43 and 44 Randolph St., Chicago, III., have the SCHOLASTIC ALMANAC for sale.

- Mr. Patrick Shockey was kept quite busy on Wednesday and Thursday. His convenient bus was in constant requisition to carry students going home for the holidays to town.

- The Class of Calisthenics has been very successful the past few months, and we understand that there will be a large accession to the number of pupils attending it after Christmas.

- On Thursday last quite a number of students left for their homes to spend the holidays. We wish them a good time, and hope to see them back again for class on the third day of January, 1876.

- Everything at the Manual Labor School goes on splendidly, and quietly, the fact that there is a great deal of work going on in all the shops. We called around the other day, and found all as busy as bees.

- Let it be understood that those who remain at the College during the holidays will by no means have a dull time. The Minims have a gorgeous steam fire-engine, with which they are prepared to render any assistance that may be needed in case of fire. The boys are all ready "to run with the machine," and only wait for a favorable opportunity.

- A game of baseball between two picked nine, one from the Juniors and the other from the Seniors, was played on Wednesday last. It resulted in favor of the Juniors by a score of 9 to 6. Baseball in December! What next?

- There is now a fine open place between the College and the Presbytery. We understand it to be in great demand. This is so, for if there is anything we hate it is a little flower-garden. Give us a fine lawn in preference to your small gardens.

- Rev. J. A. Zöhnh will deliver a number of lectures before the Scientific Classes in the course of the winter. It is to be hoped that others than students attending these classes will be allowed to be present, for we know that they will be of more than usual interest.

- We have not heard definitely what the Thespians intend doing to us on the 33d of February, though we hear it rumored that "William Tell" is the play decided on. They will note down for the benefit of our readers.

- A highly interesting and instructive lecture was delivered before the Scientific Classes in the course of the winter. It was on the subject of Botany than it was our fortune to have possessed before. We are led to understand that this is the first of a series of lectures which the professors of the natural sciences will deliver during the winter.

- The eighth regular meeting of the St. Stanislaus Philopatrian Association was held on the 13th inst. At this meeting Masters Hoffman, Washburn, Ham, Walsh, Lamb, Reynolds, Mosz, Hally, Nester, D. Nelson, Fox, Hagans, Goldsberry, Vanamee, Streight, Lacy and Henkel delivered declamations. Masters Gustine and Connolly were elected members.

- A dispatch from M. de Bebian, of New York City, announced last Saturday evening that the ship "L'Amerique" had arrived at Queenstown, and that all on board were safe. It was in this vessel that Rev. E. Sorin, Miss E. A. Stair, Miss M. L. Boureau sailed for Europe. There were fears entertained for the safety of the vessel, but this dispatch sets them at rest.

- The SCHOLASTIC ALMANAC is now out. Of course we do not like to sit in judgment on what has appeared in our columns, but we can safely say that all our friends do not like to sit in judgment on what has already appeared in our columns, but we can safely say that all our friends will be pleased with it. To let them know what the character of the ALMANAC is, we need only say that among the selections are "Eternity," "Ceremony," "Bright Death," "The Charms of Music," "Cuming threw the Rye," "The Angel of the Schools," and others of a similar character.

- We publish 1,050 copies of THE SCHOLASTIC every week, and if our friends would only give us a little aid in procuring subscribers we would soon run our edition up to 2,000. THE SCHOLASTIC is sold for almost a trifle ($1.30) and everyone can afford to subscribe for it. A year's subscription would make an excellent present to give to a friend during the holidays. Every student should endeavor to write something for THE SCHOLASTIC.

- We hear it stated that the Drawing Classes intend making a very fine display at the semi-annual examination, which will take place in the latter part of January. The members of these classes have made great progress in their studies, and we will be surprised as well as disappointed if they do not make a very fine display than the classes of any former year. It is our intention to visit the studio in the course of the next couple of weeks and examine the work on hand. Whatever we there find worthy of mention we will note down for the benefit of our readers.

- On the 16th, after the Columbian Exhibition, which was over by 9.30, the members of the society, the Amphion Quartette, and others, remained in the hall to enjoy themselves a little after their successful exertions. Lunch was served, and then all seated themselves in the

- The Amphion Club will sing a number of quartettes at the Philodemic Entertainment. The success of the
front row of chairs, while the Amphiens amused the com-
pany with several songs. Messrs. Robertson, Roipelle, and ot hers sang songs, and Messrs. Otto and Roberts, re-
avorad the company with a duet on the piano, while Mr. McHugh gave some beautiful solos on the violin. A de-
lamation was delivered by Mr. Logan. As the hour was
growing late, the signal for retiring was given, and all re-
paired to their respective dormitories.

—On Sunday afternoon, 19th inst., the members of the Uni-
versity Cornell Band partook of a sumptuous feast, pre-
pared by their worthy Director, Rev. F. Frère. With-
out enumerating the various delicacies placed before the
gentlemen, we can affirm the banquet to have been the
best of which the Band has partaken. After full justice
had been done to the eatables a toast was proposed, ex-
pressing the joy of those present at the safe journey—and
a hope for the speedy return—of Very Rev. E. Sorin, who
had left the Band the last. The competition in geology re-
sulted in a drawn battle, the position of leader to the last.

On Saturday last, several competitions from the Third
Senior Class were read.

—The telegram announcing the safe arrival at Queens-
town of the missing steamer "L'Amerique" caused a gen-
eral outburst of joy. The pupils have written letters of confirm-
tation to Very Rev. E. Sorin, and every one seems to par-
ticipate in the spirit of thanksgiving that was
elicited by the joyous news.

—The competition in the algebra and rhetoric classes this
morning was very spirited; the contest for the honorable
tablet of honor was very earnest and exciting.

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CLOTHING HOUSE!
MEYER LIVINSON
60 Washington St.
Three Doors West of Bian's Cigar Store,
SOUTH BEND, IND.

Keeps on hand a large stock of Hats, Caps, Clothing and Gents' Furnishing Goods. All the Students should give him a call.

THE OLD RELIABLE

DWIGHT HOUSE,
SOUTH BEND, Ind.

J. M. Knight and Mills have become managers of the above reliable and popular house, renovated, repaired and furnished it with new, first-class furniture. The travelling public may rely on finding the best accommodation. Ladies and Gentlemen visiting Notre Dame and St. Mary's will find here all the comforts of home during their stay.

JERRY KNIGHT, Proprietors.

EDWARD BUYSE,
DEALER IN
Watches, Clocks, AND
JEWELRY.

All Kinds of Engraving Done.

SOUTH BEND, INDIANA.

Michigan Central Railway

Time Table—November 21, 1875.

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Niles and South Bend Division.

GOING NORTH.

Lv. South Bend—8 15 a.m. | 7 15 p.m. | $7 00 a.m. | $7 00 p.m. |
| " Notre Dame—8 15... | 7 15 a.m. | 9 00 a.m. | 6 00 p.m. |
| Ar. Niles... | 9 00 a.m. | 8 00 a.m. | 9 00 a.m. |

GOING SOUTH.

Lv. Niles—6 30 a.m. | 4 30 p.m. | $8 00 a.m. | $8 00 p.m. |
| " Notre Dame—7 15... | 4 15 a.m. | 5 30 p.m. | 8 30 a.m. |
| Ar. South Bend—7 35... | 5 30 a.m. | 6 30 p.m. | 9 30 a.m. |

*Sunday excepted. Daily. Saturday and Sunday excepted. Sunday only.

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B. CELESTINE, Ticket Agt., Notre Dame.
M. Livingston & Co.,

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They Have the Best Cutter in the City, and makes suits in the latest styles at the lowest prices. Their stock of Cloths, Cassimères, Vestings, and Gents' Furnishing Goods, is the largest and most complete, and comprises all the new styles. Satisfaction guaranteed on all goods.

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THE PHOTOGRAPHER,

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Old Stand on Michigan Street.

CANDY! CANDY! CANDY!

The Low Prices Still Continue at
P. L. Garrity's Candy Factory,
100 Van Buren St.,

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Cross-Town Cars Pass the Door.

Broken Candy...................... 15c
Fine Mixed Candy.................. 25c
Choice Mixed Candy................. 35c
Caramels.......................... 25c
Molasses and Cream Candy............ 25c

Proportionately Low Prices to Wholesale Cash Buyers.

James Bonney

THE PHOTOGRAPHER

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CONDENSED TIME TABLE.

NOVEMBER, 1875.

TRAINS LEAVE CHICAGO DEPOT,
Cor. Canal and Madison Sts. (West Side)

On arrival of trains from North and Southwest.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td></td>
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<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lv. CHICAGO</td>
<td>9 00 a.m.</td>
<td>5 15 p.m.</td>
<td>10 00 p.m.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ar. FT. WAYNE</td>
<td>2 25 a.m.</td>
<td>11 35 a.m.</td>
<td>5 20 a.m.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>F.</td>
<td>3 45 a.m.</td>
<td>1 25 a.m.</td>
<td>5 40 a.m.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Forest</td>
<td>5 34 a.m.</td>
<td>3 01 p.m.</td>
<td>9 17 a.m.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Crestline</td>
<td>7 00 a.m.</td>
<td>4 40 a.m.</td>
<td>11 10 a.m.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mankato</td>
<td>7 50 a.m.</td>
<td>5 20 a.m.</td>
<td>11 50 a.m.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Orvillie</td>
<td>9 43 a.m.</td>
<td>7 12 a.m.</td>
<td>1 46 p.m.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Maysville</td>
<td>10 15 a.m.</td>
<td>7 45 a.m.</td>
<td>3 19 a.m.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Canton</td>
<td>10 35 a.m.</td>
<td>8 00 a.m.</td>
<td>3 28 a.m.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Alliance</td>
<td>11 15 a.m.</td>
<td>8 40 a.m.</td>
<td>3 20 a.m.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rochester</td>
<td>1 18 a.m.</td>
<td>11 19 a.m.</td>
<td>5 38 a.m.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pittsburgh</td>
<td>3 20 a.m.</td>
<td>12 15 a.m.</td>
<td>7 03 a.m.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lv. Pittsburgh</td>
<td>3 10 a.m.</td>
<td>1 10 a.m.</td>
<td>8 10 a.m.</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Ar. Creason</td>
<td>7 50 a.m.</td>
<td>1 10 a.m.</td>
<td>8 10 a.m.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Altoona</td>
<td>12 05 a.m.</td>
<td>7 05 a.m.</td>
<td>1 10 a.m.</td>
<td>8 10 a.m.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Harrisburg</td>
<td>12 05 a.m.</td>
<td>7 05 a.m.</td>
<td>1 10 a.m.</td>
<td>8 10 a.m.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Baltimore</td>
<td>6 05 a.m.</td>
<td>3 15 a.m.</td>
<td>7 45 a.m.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Washington</td>
<td>9 10 a.m.</td>
<td>5 00 a.m.</td>
<td>9 07 a.m.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Philadelphia</td>
<td>4 15 a.m.</td>
<td>2 10 a.m.</td>
<td>8 05 a.m.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>New York</td>
<td>7 50 a.m.</td>
<td>4 20 a.m.</td>
<td>11 15 a.m.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>New Haven</td>
<td>11 10 a.m.</td>
<td>10 49 a.m.</td>
<td>5 40 a.m.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hartford</td>
<td>13 40 a.m.</td>
<td>12 33 a.m.</td>
<td>5 50 a.m.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Springfield</td>
<td>1 35 a.m.</td>
<td>11 00 a.m.</td>
<td>7 03 a.m.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Providence</td>
<td>4 35 a.m.</td>
<td>3 45 a.m.</td>
<td>7 40 a.m.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Boston</td>
<td>5 50 a.m.</td>
<td>4 50 a.m.</td>
<td>7 40 a.m.</td>
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</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

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<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Leave</th>
<th>Arrive</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Omaha, Lebanon and Atchison Express</td>
<td>9 a.m.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fare accommodation</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Night Express</td>
<td>10 a.m.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

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