There is a Land.

There is a land within my dream,
Which never was before mine eye,
Whose outlines clear but then do seem,
And from my waking vision fly.

In vain does faithful memory
Look o'er her pictures, one by one;
That fair bright land she cannot see
Which sleep so oft hath mused upon.

A listless village straggles there,
All weather-worn, and still and gray,
Yet haunted with a witchery rare,
Soft basking in the summer day.

Long sandy streets, the grass half-browned,
Outlying lots, overgrown and waste;
Hard by, a wood with old logs found,
And mossy tombs well nigh effaced.

Beyond, a ridge of glorious hills,
High stretching in the golden sun;
Their oaken crown my vision fills.
As o'er their crest my rapt eyes run.

Far down, a mighty landscape spreads,
A shining river close below;
While over all the sunlight sheds
A beauty earth may never know.

Echoes no voice that land of all,
Yet fancies as some sweet home;"Silent and strange as beautiful,
Mine own at will to go and come.

O blessed night which opens wide
The portals of that land of dreams!—
More real far I there abide;
The day it is that only seems.

And when my night grows endless day,
The God-lit day that is to be.
E'en then, museums, at times I'll stray,
In heavenly bound that land to see.

Cowper.

There are few poets who have exercised a greater or more wholesome influence than William Cowper, and no poet has been more habitually and universally read. The poets of his time and those who preceded him had followed slavishly in the train of the "glorious John Dryden" and Alexander Pope, without being possessed of their genius. Nature was to them a sealed fountain from which they could not drink inspiration. Cowper came, and broke the seal, and all poets from his time have drank from the fountain. He was the morning star that heralded the mighty revival of poesy which took place in the beginning of this century, and though our tastes may have changed, and people now no longer delight to wander amid the pleasant fields and by the placid streams of pastoral and lyric poetry, but demand more passionate themes than those of the gentle Cowper, yet we must return to them. It may be that Ten'nyson and Swinburne are now our favorites; but when we have grown older,—after we have learned by sad experience that everything human is vain and fickle,—that friends are often unfaithful, and fortune unstable,—when the necessity of religion becomes more and more convincing (a real want, which will be felt as soon as the wild storms of passion which so long held sway in our hearts have ceased) then, trying of the rank pastures of a corrupt literature, we shall seek a more genial and healthful soil. It has been said that no poet who foregoes the passions can ever be popular—but this is a mistake. Cowper is as much read as Byron, and his name will be held in fond remembrance as long as the English language is spoken; while the few pure gems of Byron which sparkle here and there amid the filth of his writings will not be able to rescue his name from the semi-oblivion it so richly deserves.

Cowper was pre-eminently a religious poet. This is seen in all that he wrote. His beautiful soul is reflected in every line:

"In morals blameless, as in manners meek,
He never had a thought he might not speak."

He was a great lover of nature, too, and many passages in his writings remind us of the not less delightful and contemplative Wordsworth. His extreme love for animals is proverbial. Tiny, Puss and Bessie, the dam companions of his solitude, have been immortalized in his verse. It was his delight to describe moral scenes, and the solitude of a moral life was to him a pleasure. His description of the sound of bells has been often quoted, and will bear repetition:

"How soft the music of those village bells,
Falling at intervals upon the ear
In cadence sweet, now dying all away,
Now pealing loud again, and louder still.
Clear and sonorous as the gale comes on,
With easy force it opens all the cells
Where memory slept—"

Cowper was the moralist of his age, and was loved and revered for his sincere piety and purity of life. His reputation is that of a moral and religious poet. Charity, Truth and Hope are such objects as gave him the most frequent inspiration, and it cannot be denied that it was with such and kindred subjects that he succeeded best. The hymns which he contributed to the Olney collection
Cowper was an able classical scholar. His translation of Homer, on which he spent many years of hard labor, is a monument of his genius and erudition. It to this day maintains its rank as one of the best translations we have of the great master of epic.

The publication of the famous ballad of John Gilpin which he is said to have written in one evening, and only for the amusement of his friends, made Cowper the most popular poet of the day; till then he was little known and admired, except by his intimate friends. Shy and reserved as he was, his popularity was most painful to him.

By far the best and most finished of his poems, and one which entitles him to a high rank among English poets, is "The Task." What a beautiful passage is not the fallowing, culled from among hundreds of similar ones in this great poem:

"Nature is but a name for an effect,
Whose cause is God. Not a flower
But shows some touch, in fleckle, streak, or stain,
Of His unrivalled pencil. He inspires
Their balmy odors, and imparts their hues,
In grains as countless as the sea-side sands,
The forms with which they sprinkle all the earth.
Happy who walks with Him! whom what he finds
Of flavor or of scent in fruit or flower,
Or what he views of beautiful or grand
In Nature, from the broad majestic oak,
To the green blade that twinkles in the sun,
Prompts with remembrance of a present God."

But the most beautiful and celebrated passages in "The Task" are in the address to Winter in the fourth book. The ode to Friendship also is most beautiful, and is admired by all lovers of poetry.

For a man of literature, Cowper is said to have read little. Nature was the book which he most delighted to read; and, blended with religion, it gave a charm to all he read. The early death of his mother left a wound in his grateful, affectionate and tender heart that time itself could not heal; he mourned her loss throughout his melancholy life, and he recorded her memory in the most beautiful of his minor poems.

The dread of eternal punishment, which hung like a dark cloud over his troubled soul, was always present to his mind; a deep melancholy took possession of his innocent and once joyous heart, and he fell a victim to insanity. But throughout his melancholy life he was not morose. He tried to be cheerful, and the faint smile which now and then lit up his pale, intellectual face, gave it an expression of peculiar beauty.

The sad, strange life of this great man was like his death. He bore his heavy cross even to the grave, and his pure soul, untainted by the wicked world in which he lived, found rest at last with the God he loved. As he himself wrote:

"The path of sorrow, and that path alone,
Leads to that land where sorrow is unknown.
No traveller ever reached that blessed abode
Who found not thorns and briars on the road."

The Assassins were a tribe or class of people who inhabited a part of Syria, and are known as well by this name as by that of Ismaelians and Batenians. They pretended to derive their origin from the Arsacides, the founders of the Parthian empire, and to the corruption of the word Arsacide into Assassins some people ascribe the etymology of the word; but others claim that it is formed from Assisins, the name of the pogniard which was their usual weapon.

The Assassins probably owed their origin to the Karmatians, a famous heretical sect among the Mahometans, which was, it is said, started by Carmat or Karmat, a pretended prophet in Arabia, where he made many proselytes. He fasted much, did manual labor, and prayed fifty times a day. He promised his followers to re-establish the family of Ali and to dethrone the caliphs. From the most troublesome observances of the religion of Mahomet, he released his disciples, permitting them to drink wine and partake of such food as they might desire. By this indulgence, united to the hopes of plunder, he raised a great army and ravaged the dominions of the Caliph. He had many successors to his authority, the best known of whom was Abu-Thaner. On account of their many wars, the Karmatians, becoming weakened, kept their religion concealed, and, mixing themselves with the Mahometans, they spread themselves throughout the East.

About the year 1099 they settled in Persia, where their first legislator in that country, Hassan Sabuh, made his subjects even more fanatical and implicit slaves than they had been before. Their religion became compounded of that of the Magi, the Jews, the Christians, and the Mahometans; but their chief article of belief was that the Holy Ghost resided in their chief. Hence they believed that every order issued by the sheik or chief proceeded from God, and, as they were the declarations of His divine pl-s-ure, were implicitly obeyed. The Sultan, Malek Shah, having sent orders to Hassan Abah to submit himself to the Government, and threatening him with the power of his arms in case of refusal, the latter in presence of the messenger commanded one of his subjects to throw himself headlong from a tower and another to kill himself with his pogniard. He was instantly obeyed. Then turning himself to the Sultan's envoy, the sheik exclaimed: "Away, sycophant, to thy master, and let him know that I have seventy thousand subjects ready to do as much."

In the course of time the Assassins or Ismaelians spread throughout Persia and Syria, and their prince or Imam sent his lieutenant to establish a colony and rule them on Mt. Libanus. These colonists became notorious and formidable in the after-history of the country, and became known to the Europeans by means of the Crusades. They acquired or founded ten castles on the hills above Tortosa and possessed many cities about Tyre. The chief, from his exalted residence on Mt. Libanus, was called the Old Man of the Mountain. Like a vindictive deity with the thunderbolt in his hand, he sent death to all quarters. Emperors, caliphs, sultans, kings, princes, Christians, Mahometans and Jews, all alike execrated and dreaded his mar-41lary power, from the strokes of which there was no security. Let it be hinted that the Old Man of the Mountain had threatened death to any potentate, and the guards of that ruler were doubled and every precaution in their
power taken to ward off the expected stroke. It is re-
lated that premature advice of the intention of the sherib
to have him assassinated caused Philip Augustus of France
to institute a new body-guard of men distinguished for
their activity and courage, and the king himself never af-
wards appeared without being fully armed. Most sov-
ereigns put in a place of danger it caused no impression on
temper save to push forward to death; if they were cap-
tured in an enterprise, they went to execution with a joy
and magnanimity truly astonishing. Henry, Count of
Champagne, who married Isabella, daughter of Amaury,
King of Jerusalem, whilst going through a por ion of the
territory owned by the Assassins, spoke highly of his own
power to the Sheik, who had come to meet him: "Are
your subjects?" said the Old Man of the Mountain, "as
readv in their submission as mine?" Then, without wait-
ing for an answer, he made a sign with his hand, when ten
young men in white, standing on a tower near by, in-
stantly threw themselves down.

Men who were so ready in killing themselves were
equally alert in destroying others. When ordered by their
master, they made no hesitation in stabbing a prince on
his throne. Well versed in the dialects of the East, they
conformed to the dress and even external religion of the
country, that they might the more easily strike the blow
commanded by their sovereign. With the Mahom-nants
they were Mahometan, with the Christians they were
Christian; in one place they mixed with the Mamelukes, in
another the Crusaders; in the disguise of soldier or eccle-
siastic, if necessary, they awaited the first opportunity to
execute the commission of death. Conrado, Marquis of
Monserat, a zealous crusader, fell under the displeasure of
the Old Man of the Mountain. Two Assassins were sent
to execute the sentence of death: they insinuated them-

self and revolting to the warmest impulses of the soul.

Is it true that in beautiful scenery, beau-
tiful music, or beautiful painting our senses are entranced
not so much by the perfection of each part as by the har-
mony of the whole? Is it true that even poetry lends cap-
tive the feelings and imaginations less by isolated, though
striking and wonderful, gems of thought, than by a har-
monious collection of less splendid images? 'Tis needhss to
answer these questions. Experience changes them from
interrogations to affirmations, and, even without the aid of
experiment, we instinctively feel that beauty without har-
mony is a myth, a monstrous conception, a libel on the
external world as it is, say he does not find beauty at every
glance? Truly is nature beautiful, for, everywhere—
from a crystal of granite or spar to the brilliantly carved
sapphire or diamond—from the lowest specimen of Crypto-
gans to the most perfect representative of the flowery creation—from a Protozoan, almost without shape, to Man the type of animal structure and perfection—harmony reigns supreme, and nature challenges our criticism and commands our admiration. In this, as in everything else, nature is man’s guide, and displays an ideal perfection which he, even in his loftiest aspirations, can never equal. We speak of harmony in music, and proudly mention the names of the old masters who have earned immortal fame by their transcendent genius, and have left models almost inimitable and a science almost perfect. But is nature excelled? The lark, rising and pouring forth her matinal hymn of joy to her Creator could have taught Mozart. Haydn might have found in the rich, entrancing song of the nightingale a degree of harmony that his creation has, indeed, imitated but not equaled, and none can ever excel. In our galleries of arts and conservatories we display models of sculpture, and wonder excessively at the minute perfection of the artist. We gaze with rapture on a Venus de Médicis and almost speak to it as to a living creature. A shapeless mass of stone has been chiselled to a form apparently perfect,—a piece, broken off from a block of marble, has almost assumed vitality at the command of the sculptor,—and the blood appears to course through those blue veins that seem as natural as those on our own arm. What more would we ask, you say? Is not this perfect harmony? That the work is admirable we will grant you; that the skill of the artist was wonderfully perfect we will allow; but nature is not equalled. Take a gnat, the most insignificant insect we can imagine. That it required years of patient labor and untiring research to gain the end they had in view, is true and manifest; but is the work of nature equalled? Can human genius conceive of harmony so minute that with such rapidity as to be scarcely perceptible—vibrating, as they do, 15,000 times in a second. They are not simple, but compound, and the muscular exertion which keeps them in motion is of the most complex order, but they never interfere with each other. An insect never loses its balance; the movement is harmonious throughout. And the eyes! what harmony is not to be found in them? One would think they were composed of single lenses, but they are not. We see, as we imagine, two eyes only, but each of these is but a combination of lenses—many eyes, in fact, yet all formed with such harmony and perfection as to move in unison with each other, and instantaneously concentrate light on a common focus. What strange mechanism and what wonderful sculpturing has wrought this result? Can man produce its equal? Can human genius conceive of harmony equal to this? Michael Angelo with all his greatness could never carve these eyes and wings; and Phidias, the grand master of his art, would have produced but the caricature of a gnat. In painting, too, is not nature our guide, our master? Claude Lorrain could paint an Italian sunset and throw on canvas that gorgeous flood of light, that melting beauty, that diffused splendor, that ever-varying halo of glory that crowns the departing day, yet in all his sublime creations not one can satisfy us for the original, not one can overpower and entrance the soul like that which he meant to portray. We feel that there is something wanting—the harmony is not there. Rosa Bonheur, with a delicate imagination and a lively play of fancy, passionately loved rural scenery and admirably delineated it, yet there is a sweet harmony of color, a merging of light into shade, a grouping of tints, and a chastening influence of variety which she could never paint, which she could never conceive,—and in this nature has surpassed her. Pick a rose and admire its shading. Think you, could the greatest artist have painted it as it is? Never. 'Tis the work of nature, and nature alone could have done it. And what wonderful harmony we find depicted in some of the wild flowers of the forest? A delicate feather bell, blushing with beauty and drooping 'neath the shade of surrounding foliage, is dyed and executed far more exquisitely than My-son or Pears could have done it. Indeed the vegetable world is full of examples exhibiting to man the most perfect types of ideal harmony. Not only are flowers colored and tinted with harmonious perfection, but even in the formation of these, as in every other plant, we can discover the most perfect harmony exists. But how are we to study this new kind of harmony—this new species of beauty? The study is a science in itself, and, from the very subjects of which it treats, the most attractive of the natural sciences. A natural curiosity and admiration for nature would seem to have prompted men to study this science. Drop a seed in the ground; it appears dead, and undowered with even the slightest vitality; but in a few months the plantlet may be seen springing fresh from the soil and mounting rapidly upwards, soon to spread out in luxuriant and richly variegated foliage, and tower aloft with its wreath of drooping branches and waving blos­som. Another seed planted in the same soil would develop into a tender flower and nestle under the protecting foliage of its more sturdy neighbor, shedding grace and beauty on the spot which gave it birth. How do these different actions take place? By what law does the seed of a pine develop into an immense forest tree, while that of the lily reproduces its parent, a fragile, beautiful creature, coming to maturity ere the pine has scarcely made its appearance, and drooping and passing away ere the latter has dropped its first leaves? Here is a study for the intellect, and well has man grappled with it. Nobly has he sought out the solution of this problem of creation, and all honor to those who have devoted their lives to the difficult task. We said difficult,—perhaps we should have used another word. That it required years of patient labor and untiring research to gain the end they had in view, is true and manifest; but they worked in a glorious field of labor, and among the briers and dreary wastes that environed their path, beautiful flowers and delightful limpid steams were placed, and science crowned them. Portable out of her votaries with laurels and roses plucked from among Nature's own treasures. How charming is the contemplation of the vegetable creation! How the soul loves to drink in the beauty of the sunny landscape with its drooping and luxuriant foliage, its embroidery of rich and ever-changing vegetation wrapped in its royal mantle of verdure and studded over and around with flowers of surpassing beauty and loveliness! God manifests Himself to man in a thousand ways. The sun, the moon, the silvery stars revolving through space for endless years and at an infinite distance from us, proclaim in terms unmistakable and undeniable the great Creator who placed them in their orbits, and gave to them the first grand impulse of movement that has remained with them, and will impel them onward to the end of time. So, also, does the vegetable world manifest the workings of its God. The Invisible Cause speaks through the visible effect,—the image of the Creator is seen amid the clustering beauties of the thing created,—the Infinite is revealed in the finite,—man is addressed by his God.
When we read: "See the lilies of the field: Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed as one of these"—we feel it to be true,—we feel that those beautiful flowers are clad in a mantle of purity and sanctity, and by their very innocence and attractiveness are a standing satire on crimes and irreligion. What more fitting emblem of the living God than a flower—a lily? What can be purer than it in its original sweetness? Untouched, unmarred by the breath of its Creator still fresh upon its expanding glories, is it not the type of purity and virtue? It calls back to us what we were once, and may be again; and we see pictured in its folded sweetness the gentleness and purity of that other lily, that Lily of Judea—the Lily of the Christian world—our lovely Queen of May.

J. M. G.

Christmas,

In the December number of the Manhattan and De La Silva Monthly is contained a very readable article entitled "Memories of Christmas Revels all over the World," in which the writer says:

In several collections of old songs and ballads, we have specimen's of the popular revels or carols enacted or sung at Christmas in England. In one of these we have one peculiarly popular among the Cornish men, which is enacted to this day, we believe, it is called "St. George." The principal characters are St. George and The Dragon, a Turkish Knight, an Egyptian King, and sometimes others, as Father Christmas, a Doctor, etc. The customery is of course of the extra-burlesque order, something in the style of the " fantastical " corps which occasionally parade. The chief business of Father Christmas, who is armed with a cudgel, is to preserve order, and see that his festival is kept with decency; he announces himself, singing thus:

"Here comes I, old Father Christmas, Welcome, or welcome not, I hope old Father Christmas Will never be forgot,"

The Turkish Knight challenges St. George:

"Here comes I, a Turkish knight, Come from the Turkish land to fight; And if St. George do meet me here, I'll try his courage without fear."

The salt of course takes up the gauntlet thus thrown down, and, after a " terrific combat," despatches the turbaned Turk.

The saint of course takes up the gauntlet thus thrown down, and, after a " terrific combat," despatches the turbaned Turk. The huge hall table's oaken face, Garnished with ribbon, blithe did roll. The huge silver head " crested with bays and rosemary."

Sir Walter Scott, with his usual vivid felicity, gives a brilliant suggestive and picturesque description of the religious rites, generous joy, outdoor hilarity and indoor hospitality, peculiar to the season; and pointedly alludes to the personal equality indulged by the good old customs, based on the reverential acknowledgment of the occasion which brought tidings of salvation to all men:

"On Christmas Eve the bells were rung; On Christmas Eve the Mass was sung; That only night in all the year Saw the stoled priest the chalice rear. The damask'd dama'd her little head The hall was dress'd with holly green; To forth the wod did merry-men go To gather in the mistletoe man. Then open'd wide the Baron's hall To vassal, tenant, serf, and all; Power laid his rod of rule behind, And Ceremony dof'd his pride. The heer, with roses in his tare, That night might village partake whose; The lord, underoasting, share The sugar game of "Post and Pair." All hail'd, with uncontrol'd delight, A-d general voice, the happy night, That to the cottage, as the crown, Brought tidings of salvation down."

Scott's description of the feast—the grim boar's head " crested with bays and rosemary," the huge silverhead, the plum porridge, savory goose, and brown bowels—is vigorous and appetizing; and his indication of the mummers and carollers, all that is necessary to those who have ever enjoyed the grotesque theatricals of the one, or the variously peculiar vocalizations of the others:

"The fire, with well-dried logs supplied, Went roaring, up the chimney wide; The huge hall table's oaken face, Garnish'd with ribbon, blithe did roll. The huge silver head " crested with bays and rosemary."

"Here comes I, a Turkish knight, Come from the Turkish land to fight; And if St. George do meet me here, I'll try his courage without fear."

The box it would speak, if it had a tongue.

"The Doctor is equally good for those suffering from "the flesh and the devil."" Hear him: "I care the itch, the palsy, and the gout, And if the devil's in him, I'll pull him out.""

St. George is like the negro preacher, and has an eye on all those who leave before the collection is taken. He doggerelles his epilogue:

"Gentlemen and ladies, the sport is almost ended; Come, pay to the box, it's highly recommended; Too box it would speak, if it had a tongue. Come, throw in your money, and don't think of it so long."

This doggerel is supposed by some writers to have been invented by the Crusaders on their return from Palestine.
octy and force as if hurled from a sling. The sufferer on such occasions was quickly pulled out, and obliged to quaff a certain measure of ale, as a penalty for spilling the king's fire.

Hasty Corrections to be Avoided.

Corrections are aptly compared to physic: and as no one would like to take from a physician a prescription dictated under the paroxysm of anger, in the same manner no one should attempt to give correction to a child or pupil under its influence. To obviate this inconvenience, it would be very advisable to put down upon paper the fault, with all its aggravating circumstances, and to read it to the offender the next day, when both the master and the pupil can form a better judgment of the offence, and of the measure of the punishment. A further motive for this circumstance is the great danger of error in all hasty decisions, formed on the spur of the moment. On such occasions, reason is seldom permitted to pronounce; and to exercise all her just rights. Pride, self-love, and prejudice, dispute the empire with her. Hence we should regularly suspect our first impressions, weigh in a just balance the merits and demerits of the case, and come to no decision without the most mature deliberation. The human mind, like the ancient city of Athens, is rarely governed by a Solon, but frequently by overbearers tyrants. The inimitable Fenelon teaches that small rewards for virtue will act with greater effect than great punishments for crimes; and that honor and shame are the most powerful agents with those who are acquainted with the human heart. It was a saying of the sweet and amiable St. Francis of Sales: "Be always meek"—"with a single spoonful of honey you may attract more flies than with a hundred barrels of vinegar. If you lean to any extreme, let it be to that of meekness. There is no soil, however barren, that will prove unproductive, if softened with the dew of meekness and the milk of human kindness."

If I only Had Capital!

This exclamation is heard frequently from strong, healthy young men, who, though God has blessed them with a sound constitution and strong limbs, still are not satisfied because they were not born rich.

Such a young man, seeing a comrade prospering, will attribute all of his success to his capital. Now he is sadly mistaken, and if he were placed in the position of his comrade and did not display more sense than he now does, he would soon lose his capital.

Whenever you hear a young men talking in this way, you can rely on it that he is lazy. If he were not, instead of laying around, watching others get rich, he would make use of the faculties which God has given him, and work, yes even dig in the ditch, if necessary, to get a start, and then by economizing he would soon have his longed for capital.

But another thing is yet to be stated. If he does not economize, no matter what his salary is, he will never accumulate any amount of money; for it is an old saying, and also a very true one, that "any fool can earn money, but no fool saves what he earns."

Now if these young men would look at it in this way, they would soon, if they really were desirous of getting rich, quit their wishing, and their envying others capital, and go to work honestly and earn their own.
arena at Rome before Nero. The critics are enthusiastic in praise of its spirit and action.

—The "Navy Group" for the Lincoln Monument at Springfield, Ill., has been cast in the bronze department of the Ames Works, in Massachusetts, and will be sent to Springfield during the present month.

—An entertaining book about Russia is Mr. Butler Johnstone's "Trip Up the Volga to the Fair of Nijal Nogrom." Russia, he insists, is not a nation, but a continent, and his 60,000 miles are likely to reach 100,000,000 before the end of the century.

—The latest work of Meinheimer deals an episode of the battle of Friedland, in 1813, between the French and Prussians, and the Russians, under Napoleon, and the Russians, under Bennigsen. The Russians are being driven toward the river Aile by the victorious French.

—Capt. R. F. Burton's "Two Trips to Gorilla Land and the Cataracts of the Congo," is not confined to a record of his own travels, but treats of geographical problems with great accuracy. He confirms in the main Du Chaillu's account of the gorilla, and gives many fine descriptions of the native tribes and their customs.

—M. Henri Hayard has written, under the title of "La Hollande Prtereque," an account of the deserted cities of the Zuyder Zee in Holland. It is very interesting. These Dutch towns, once full of the hum of business, abound in empty houses, deserted streets, walls enclosing large meadows, and cows grazing on ground once covered by human dwellings.

—One of the "art fraud" cases, between P. F. Connolly, an American sculptor, and Mr. Healy, who made the original charges of fraud, and is sued for libel by Mr. Connolly (and who is to be carefully distinguished from G. P. A. Healy, the portrait-painter, now in this city), was decided Nov. 15, at Florence, adversely to Mr. Healy, but will be carried to a higher court.

—There is to be a pleasant volume for the little folks who are learning French in the nursery. It will be published by D. Appleton & Co., and is "Johnny net ses amis!" a collection of brief sketches, stories and verse, printed in large type, all in easy French, and with new and fine pictures. It is meant to be read either to children, or by them, as a royal road to learning French.

—Nine weeks ago, Mr. Nietzsche announced in the Leipzig Musikalisches Wochenblatt that sixty pages of full score of a hitherto unheard pianoconcerto of Beethoven had been discovered. Those who heard the news hardly credited it, but Mr. George Grove, of London, has made inquiries, and has every hope of collecting the scattered fragments of the work, and publishing them. That fragment may be performed at the Crystal Palace concerts, at any rate, next year.

—A writer says: It is, perhaps, not well known that Pius IX is a very fine musician. As a young man he cultivated music, and had a very well-developed voice. He confided to literature. No merchant places a false name on his store, because a voice is almost as necessary in a merchant as a name. "A copy of 'Cock Tails of Ancient Greece'" is not in stock, but "Cox's Tales of Ancient Greece" satisfied the desire of the embryo book-seller.—Exchange.

The Knights of the pen, like ancient chivalry, are fond of keeping their visors down. This at present is peculiar to literature. No merchant places a false name on his sign, but the author has a distinct privilege. He is at first an adventurer who desires to feel the public pulse before he allows his full name to be known. The fashion dates back to the early days of British literature, as may be seen by a reference to "Pier the Ploughman." This man's book is preserved, but the real name of the author was never made public. Addison, when writing for the Spectator, signed many of his articles with one of the letters in the word "Clio," Sam Johnson wrote for the Gentleman's Magazine over the assumed name of "S. Smith." Poor as he was, deeply humbled, he could not endure the rank of a rejection, save under this guise. Care accepted his offers, and "S. Smith" became almost the greatest literary luminary of his day. Poor Chatterton's modesty sought such a disguise, though he was self-conscious of genius. At the age of 16 he wrote for the London reviews over the title "Dulcimum Bristoliensis." He was the greatest genius Bristol ever produced, and it is sad to think that a similar disguise, though he was self-conscious of genius, at the age of nearly thre-score years at this time of his death, his art, had been discovered. He took a lively interest in the musical arrangements for the Centennial, and his suggestions on that important subject are very valuable. The musical world in America will miss such an experienced representative as Henry C. Watson.—New York Herald.

Books and Periodicals.

—We are well pleased with the December number of Brainard's Musical World, which lies before us. This closes the twelfth year of the popular musical monthly, and we wish its conductors every success the coming year. Among the writers for the World is Karl Merz the well-known musical writer, who makes the Musical World Letters very interesting reading. Each number of the World contains thirty six pages of choice music, vocal and instrumental, and its price is $1.50 per annum. Any one sending that amount to S. Brainard's Sons, Cleveland, Ohio, will receive the Journal for one year and Karl Merz's "Musical Hints for the Million," or two portrait premiums.

—Yes, women are unreasonable, and you may have remarked that when one of them sits down in a new silk dress on a chair where a neighbour's child has carelessly deposited two cents' worth of tuffles, she will go on about it just as bad as if it were two dollars' worth.

—A few days ago a youthful emissary from one bookstore entered another and made the inquiry, "Have you 'Cock Tails of Ancient Greece'?" The gentleman interrogated, distrusting his ears, required a repetition of the question, and it was given: "A copy of 'Cock Tails of Ancient Greece'?" The book was not in stock, but "Cox's Tales of Ancient Greece" satisfied the desire of the embryo book-seller.—Exchange.

—The "Navy Group," like ancient chivalry, are fond of keeping their visors down. This at present is peculiar to literature. No merchant places a false name on his sign, but the author has a distinct privilege. He is at first an adventurer who desires to feel the public pulse before he allows his full name to be known. The fashion dates back to the early days of British literature, as may be seen by a reference to "Pier the Ploughman." This man's book is preserved, but the real name of the author was never made public. Addison, when writing for the Spectator, signed many of his articles with one of the letters in the word "Clio," Sam Johnson wrote for the Gentleman's Magazine over the assumed name of "S. Smith." Poor as he was, deeply humbled, he could not endure the rank of a rejection, save under this guise. Care accepted his offers, and "S. Smith" became almost the greatest literary luminary of his day. Poor Chatterton's modesty sought such a disguise, though he was self-conscious of genius. At the age of 16 he wrote for the London reviews over the title "Dulcimum Bristoliensis." He was the greatest genius Bristol ever produced, and it is sad to think that a similar disguise, though he was self-conscious of genius, at the age of nearly thre-score years at this time of his death, his art, had been discovered. He took a lively interest in the musical arrangements for the Centennial, and his suggestions on that important subject are very valuable. The musical world in America will miss such an experienced representative as Henry C. Watson.—New York Herald.

—There is to be a pleasant volume for the little folks who are learning French in the nursery. It will be published by D. Appleton & Co., and is "Johnny net ses amis!" a collection of brief sketches, stories and verse, printed in large type, all in easy French, and with new and fine pictures. It is meant to be read either to children, or by them, as a royal road to learning French.

—Nine weeks ago, Mr. Nietzsche announced in the Leipzig Musikalisches Wochenblatt that sixty pages of full score of a hitherto unheard pianoconcerto of Beethoven had been discovered. Those who heard the news hardly credited it, but Mr. George Grove, of London, has made inquiries, and has every hope of collecting the scattered fragments of the work, and publishing them. That fragment may be performed at the Crystal Palace concerts, at any rate, next year.

—A writer says: It is, perhaps, not well known that Pius IX is a very fine musician. As a young man he cultivated music, and had a very well-developed voice. He confided to literature. No merchant places a false name on his store, because a voice is almost as necessary in a merchant as a name. "A copy of 'Cock Tails of Ancient Greece'" is not in stock, but "Cox's Tales of Ancient Greece" satisfied the desire of the embryo book-seller.—Exchange.

—The "Navy Group," like ancient chivalry, are fond of keeping their visors down. This at present is peculiar to literature. No merchant places a false name on his sign, but the author has a distinct privilege. He is at first an adventurer who desires to feel the public pulse before he allows his full name to be known. The fashion dates back to the early days of British literature, as may be seen by a reference to "Pier the Ploughman." This man's book is preserved, but the real name of the author was never made public. Addison, when writing for the Spectator, signed many of his articles with one of the letters in the word "Clio," Sam Johnson wrote for the Gentleman's Magazine over the assumed name of "S. Smith." Poor as he was, deeply humbled, he could not endure the rank of a rejection, save under this guise. Care accepted his offers, and "S. Smith" became almost the greatest literary luminary of his day. Poor Chatterton's modesty sought such a disguise, though he was self-conscious of genius. At the age of 16 he wrote for the London reviews over the title "Dulcimum Bristoliensis." He was the greatest genius Bristol ever produced, and it is sad to think that a similar disguise, though he was self-conscious of genius, at the age of nearly thre-score years at this time of his death, his art, had been discovered. He took a lively interest in the musical arrangements for the Centennial, and his suggestions on that important subject are very valuable. The musical world in America will miss such an experienced representative as Henry C. Watson.—New York Herald.
No trouble, nor care, nor sickness cast a damper upon their joy, nor cause them to lose a particle of the pleasure they believe to be in store for them. May they enjoy a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, and when the moment for returning bids them leave home, may they do it cheerfully, and promptly fill up the College halls where they will receive a hearty welcome. And further, may their return to College be so punctual that none may have to say that he has lost any of the classes which shall be held after the holidays are over.

To those who choose the better part, and remain in the College during the holidays, we wish all happiness. May they also spend a merry Christmas and a happy New Year. There are many ways of doing this, and we expect to see them show their talent, and give us plenty of fun during these days of joy. For the benefit of all, we would state that everybody is expected back by the third day of January, 1876, from which time classes will proceed as usual. The parents of the students will render the College authorities a great favor by seeing that their sons return in time for the opening—January 3, 1876. It will be a favor not only to the College, but all to the students, as it will prevent the disarrangement of classes.

A Merry Christmas!

Before the next number of The Scholastic appears, many of the students will be far away from the College halls enjoying the holidays at home, among their friends and relatives. It is often said, and we believe it to be true, that the Christmas holidays are great inconvenience in colleges. Many arguments—and valid ones—have been brought forward to prove the assertion; still, for all that, the inconvenience does not abate, but rather increases year after year. Students are obstinately bent on going home; halls, enjoying the holidays at home, among their friends and relatives. It is often said, and we believe it to be true, that the Christmas holidays are great inconvenience in colleges. Many arguments—and valid ones—have been brought forward to prove the assertion; still, for all that, the inconvenience does not abate, but rather increases year after year. Students are obstinately bent on going home; parents are incredulous and tender-hearted; the class-rooms must be emptied for a week or ten days; studies must be neglected for two—and often three and five—weeks (for an allowance must be made for settling down to work after the return, and for packing up trunks,values, etc., and for unpacking). And then the fun of the holidays has had scarcely time to pass before those who return are put to work on Horace or Virgil, and the change does not feel any too agreeable to those who must make it. Besides, homesickness in some cases sadly interferes with Cicero and Robinson (not the great cirrus man). Things are very dry after the holidays; the halls of the College don’t seem so cheerful, in fact they are somewhat gloomy; and then the dormitories—aye, the dormitories, and that ominous bell at half-past five—why ‘tis enough to disgust one forever of college life, and it is not unfrequently the case that a Christmas trip home will go against the fond expectations of parents, and make a studious and earnest young man a very careless and indifferent student, and the younger boy a lazy, good-for-nothing lad. For our part we do not believe in the Christmas trips home, and we hope to see the custom become smaller every year, and more “beautifully less.”

However, if the boys do go home, we hope they will enjoy all the pleasure they anticipate in their wildest dreams. We put ourselves in their place, and wish for them what we would wish for ourselves, namely, plenty of fun and enjoyment. The Scholastic wishes to each and all who go home a merry Christmas, with plenty of plum-pudding and turkey, and everything that goes towards making the day merry. May the sweet and Christian festival renew in the grown-up young men who are entering upon the years when weighty cares and responsibilities begin to make themselves felt, the gaiety which they experienced in those halcyon days of childhood, when their hearts bounded with joy at the very mention of Christmas, and when they hung their stockings in the chimney in anticipation of the visit of Santa Claus. May
All allow that the play of the evening—"The Corsican Brothers"—was one of the best which has appeared for some time past on the stage of Notre Dame. Of course it had been remodelled for the occasion by Prof. J. F. Edwards, but as presented by the Columbians it still retained most of the good points without any of the objectionable features which one is accustomed to associate with the idea of the French drama. All dramas, it is said, should aim at presenting some moral truth; and if so, no fault can be found with the "Corsican Brothers" for it certainly did bring into strong light the evils arising from the passion of gambling. The first act, which introduced us into the interior of a Corsican household, presented an original and forcible manner many of the strange characteristics of that strangest of people. The second and third acts brought to view some peculiar phases of society life in Paris. The role of "Fabian del Franchi," the stern, superstitious, vindictive Corsican—implacable as fate when the "senedere" urges on, was played with unquestionable ability by Mr. T. Logan; while "Chateau-Rouge," the gambler and bravo, found an equally able representative in Mr. J. Campbell. The roles of "Louis del Franchi" and "Jules de Laspurra" were taken by Messrs. L Murphy and J. McHugh with much feeling and sentiment; and Mr. W. P. Breen, as "Menard," A. Hertzog as "Montgiron," R. Maas as "Antonio Sanola," I. Dryfons as "Thomas" the guide, J. H. Coonev and W. Fogerty as "Pierre" and "Grillo," and G McNulty as the aged father, showed themselves able to enter into the spirit of their respective parts, and their efforts were thoroughly appreciated. The other characters were likewise very ably sustained; but "when all do well distinctions are invidious," "Orlando" and "Gianna" are strange characters for an American audience, and Messrs. C. Myers and L Pilliod deserve great credit for the manner in which the reconciliation scene was performed.

The scenery was fine. We cannot too highly praise the taste displayed by Prof. Edwards. We scarcely thought that Washington Hall could show us anything like the parlor and park scenes in the second act. Some of the stage effects too were quite striking. If the duellists in the third act did not call up in our mind thoughts of Cassas- mac and Rance, or Macbeth and Macduff, or any other—all accomplished swordsmen—we will admit that the apparition tableau at the end of the first act did remind us more than one particular of the tent scene in "Richard III."

The closing remarks by Right Rev. Bishop Kane were in the happiest taste. He thanked the students for the enjoyment they had afforded him in common with the rest of the audience during the course of the evening, assured them he would long remember his first visit to Notre Dame with feelings of the deepest pleasure, and concluded by paying both students and faculty a compliment which was at once well-timed and delicate. Let us add in passing that the boys seemed so pleased with the little speech of Bishop Kane that they all (or at least ninety-nine hundredths of them) manifested the resolution to call on him early next morning—we fear with interested motives. Another Grand March by the Band, and all retired to rest, highly satisfied with the Columbians, and wishing them all kinds of success.

—The best thing out—an aching tooth.

—A new name for tight boots—a corn crib.

Personal.

—J. H. Ward, of '73, is travelling in Europe.
—E. J. Negent, of '73, resides in Louisville, Ky.
—Joseph Zimmer, of '73, is in Columbus, Ohio.
—George Gardner, of '61, is living in Hillsdale, Mich.
—Joseph Winterbotham, of '69, is in Michigan City, Ind.
—Duke Weldon, of '71, is living in Covington, Indiana.
—Edward O'he, of '67, is in business in Zanesville, Ohio.
—Daniel E. Maloney, of '74, is reading law in Elgin, Ill.
—H. P. Morancy, of '69, is in business in Memphis, Tenn.
—Eugene Clifford, of '65, is practising law in Elgin, Ill.
—Rev. Henry Reinbold, of '61, is stationed at Nauvoo, III.
—J. J. McGrath, of '68, is in business with his brother in Chicago.
—Julius Labarthe, of '60, is doing an excellent business in Peoria, Ill.
—Thomas Flanagan, of '54, is practising law in Shreveport, Louisiana.
—J. B. Comer, of '73, is in a wholesale establishment in St. Paul, Minn.
—Austin Cable, of '69, is with Spink, Cable & Co., Washington, D.C.
—Rev. Thomas H. Corry, of '59, is the Catholic pastor in Broadfield, Wis.
—J. Henry Flynn, of '58, is with Soutag & Co., 160 State Street, Chicago, Ill.
—Fred-rick Elsworth, of '66, is in the drygoods trade in South Bend, Ind.
—C. H. Big-nritz, of '61, is living, and by all accounts well, in Clarksville, Ill.
—P. Sullivan, of '64, is teaching the young idea how to shoot in Valparaiso, Ind.
—Thomas W. Flynn, of '57, is cashier in the house of A. T. Stewart, of New York.
—William Walsh, of '59, is connected with the Post-Office Department in Chicago.
—H. B. Keeler, of '69, is in the real estate and insurance business in St. Mary's, Kansas.
—Robert Chaumont, of '71, has an extensive jewelry establishment in Springfield, Ill.
—Wm. Walsh, of '70, has no reason to complain of hard times in Independence, Missouri.
—Frank Pierce, of '69, is still in the employ of the L. S. & M. S. R. R. and resides in Elkhart.
—William Taylor, of '67, is Superintendent of the Northern Illinois Coal Company, La Salle, Ill.
—Alexander Coquillard, of South Bend, Ind., was the first a sentiment ever entertained at Notre Dame.
—Charles Taylor, of '59, is proprietor of the Passenger House, Mendota, Ill. He makes an excellent Boniface.
—John E Shannahan, of '73, James McGlynn, of '74, and Thomas M. O'Leary, of '73, are teaching in Watertown, Wis.
—E. C. McShane, of '67, after having served a term as Treasurer of Douglas County, Nebraska, is living in Omaha.
—Orne, George, Wallace, and Henry V. Templeton, of '68, are all prospering in Fowler, Ind. They are in business and attend to it well.
—Dr. T. A. Daly, of '66, is city physician of Rochester, N. Y. We frequently meet T. A. Dalley, of '74, who is now residing in South Bend.
—George Halborn, of '63, is residing in Philadelphia, where he will be pleased to see all his old friends at the coming Centennial Exposition.
—Michael Carr, of '72, finding the subscription list of the Toledo Review increasing, now issues a Sunday edition of his paper. He is, we understand, extending daily the circulation of the Review, which he pushes ahead with great energy.
Van Pelt was unanimously elected to membership. The Society numbers one hundred and twenty-five members.

—Right Rev. Bishop Kain, of Wheeling, W. Va., paid Notre Dame a passing visit on Wednesday, the 15th inst. We hope the Bishop's visit was as pleasant to him as it was agreeable to the lumas of Notre Dame, and that at no distant date may have the pleasure of seeing him again with us. An extra recreation day obtained through the Bishop's intercession put the students in the best of spirits, especially as the day was very fine for this time of the year, and the outdoor exercises quite renovating after a long run of hard study.

—We have seen the advanced sheets of the Scholastic Almanac and we may soon expect to see them placed in the Science Library during the week just past.

—On the return, after the Holidays, who will bring us the largest number of subscribers?

—The boys in Sorville treated themselves to the pie at Bro. Thomas' expense a few days ago.

—Quite a number of German works were purchased lately for the students studying German.

—All going home for the Holidays will be expected back for class on the third day of January.

—Mr. F. Beans received very high praise for his gentlemanly manner of ushering at the Exhibition.

—if you wish the Scholastic sent home next week, leave orders at the Students' Office before starting.

—Henry C. "would rather be right than be President," but Gen'l Grant "would rather be President than be right."

—All persons going to Chicago by way of Niles should give the B. and H. a call. The proprietor, Mr. McKay, will treat them well.

—There was an alarm of fire given last Monday in one of the out-buildings, but it amounted to nothing. A little salt soon settled the affair.

—The "old man" broke a shaft at Muskegon, Mich., last week, causing a delay of several days. It was repaired by the Titroli Manufacturing Company, of Jackson, Mich.

—The Catechism Lectures are now given in the study-halls instead of the church. Rev. Father Coelken delivers the lectures in the Senior hall, and Rev. Mr. Walsh those in the junior.

—We are informed that the Instruments for the Laboratory, etc., will soon be shipped—in fact they are on the way, and we may soon expect to see them placed in the Science Hall. Is that the name?

—The person who took an umbrella from the room at the northeast corner of the second story of the Infirmary will confer a favor by returning the same to the room, or by leaving it at this office.

—We learn that there is to be an Exhibition—rich, rare and racy—during the holidays. As we understand it is to come off on the evening of the 26th, we were a bit surprised to see many come back for it.

—Hereafter there will be a Mass said every Sunday morning at 8 o'clock, in the basement chapel, for the accommodation of the Catholics living in the neighborhood who cannot attend the church on Sunday.

—The Scholastic Almanac is to be issued to-day. It will be for sale here at Notre Dame about Tuesday. No nicer Christmas present could be given to your friends than this Almanac. The price is only twenty-five cents. Proceed as follows.

—The inventor of the admirable automatic gate on the main avenue has loaded the cannon with nitro-glycerine and promises about the "Statue on the Dome," to fire at the next person who drives through the aforesaid gate faster than a walk.

—The 3rd regular monthly meeting of the Guardian Angel of the Sacristy was held on Sunday, Dec. 12th, Rev. T. D. Collins, C. S. C., in the chair. Master G. H.
FOR THE WEEK ENDING THURSDAY, DEC. 9, 1875.


FOR THE WEEK ENDING THURSDAY, DEC. 16, 1875.


FOR THE WEEK ENDING THURSDAY, DEC. 16, 1875.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.


FOR THE WEEK ENDING THURSDAY, DEC. 9, 1875.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.


FOR THE WEEK ENDING THURSDAY, DEC. 16, 1875.

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SENIOR DEPARTMENT.


FOR THE WEEK ENDING THURSDAY, DEC. 9, 1875.


FOR THE WEEK ENDING THURSDAY, DEC. 16, 1875.

MODERN LANGUAGES.


SAINT MARY'S ACADEMY.

The paper was a pretty fair specimen of what Second Seniors can do in the literary line.

—It is pleasing to note that the anticipation of the festivities of Christmas has not lessened the steady application to studies for which the pupils have been so justly praised during the present term.

—The pupils are enjoying the most exhilarating recreations in the form of sledding and wagon rides. The amount of fun and laughter that attend these impromptu rustic excursions is proof that girls do not depend for merriment on spring carriages and stylish sleighs.

—in the Art Department many fine specimens of panel rustic excursions is proof that girls do not depend for merriment on spring carriages and stylish sleighs.

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Table of Honor

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.


MINIUM DEPARTMENT.


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HARMONY—Misses M. Railton, C. Whitmore.


FANCY WORK.


Instrumental Music.


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Leading Merchant Tailors in South Bend.

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94 MICHIGAN ST., SOUTH BEND, IND.

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OLD STAND ON MICHIGAN STREET.

CANDY! CANDY! CANDY!
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a large collection of the Students who figured prominently
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A perfect collection of songs, with piano accompaniment
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"The N Y. Evening Mail says: "A most extraordinary collection
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gems could be contained in a single volume.
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Haydn, 7th & 8th, each. 65
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" D 50
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" D. 50
" G. 50

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reliable and popular house, renovated, repaired and furnished it with
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the best accommodation.

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Artificial Parasols, Sun Umbrellas, etc. Agents for Do­
mesic Patterns. Large stock of Zephyr Germantown
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PATRICK SHICKEY,
PRESIDENT OF THE
NOTRE DAME AND ST. MARY’S ‘BUS LINE !

Whilst I return my thanks to the patrons of Notre Dame and St.
Mary’s, I beg leave to inform the public that I have, at the urgent
request of many of my patrons, purchased SEVERAL NEW CAR­
RIAGES and BUGGIES, and moved into the LIVEKRT STABLES
Attached to the National Hotel, and Ad­
Jacent to the Lake Shore and
Michigan Southern Depot.

Now, that telegraphic communication has been made between
Notre Dame and my office, through the Michigan Northern Depot, I
shall be prompt to have passengers in time to meet all trains.

For my attention to the patrons of Notre Dame and St. Mary’s, I
refer, by permission, to the Superiors of both Institutions.

P. SHICKEY.

L. S. & M. S. RAILWAY.

On and after Sunday, Nov. 30, 1875, trains will leave South Bend as
follows:

GOING EAST.

2 40 a.m., Night Express, over Main Line, arrives at Toledo
10 30; Cleveland 3 p.m.; Buffalo 4 15.
10 12 a.m., Mail, over Main Line, arrives at Toledo, 5 35 p.m;
Cleveland 10 15.
1 15 55 a.m., Special New York Express, over Air Line; arrives
at Toledo 5 50; Cleveland 10 15; Buffalo 4 55 a.m.
9 13 5 a.m., Atlantic Express, over Air Line. Arrives at Toledo,
5 40; Cleveland, 7 15; Buffalo, 1 10 p.m.
7 51 5 p.m., Toledo Express. Main Line. Arrives at Toledo, 3 30;
Cleveland 10 25 a.m., Buffalo 7 p.m.
4 40 p.m., Local Freight.

GOING WEST.

2 40 a.m. Express, Arrives at Lafayette 4 35 p.m, Chicago 6 30 am
5 50 a.m., Pacific Express. Arrives at Lafayette 6 45; Chicago
5 20 a.m.
3 p.m., Evening Express. Arrives at Laporte 5 55; Chicago, 6 30
5 43 p.m., Special Chicago Express. Arrives at Lafayette 6 45,
Chicago, 8 30.
8 00 a.m., Accommodation. Arrives at Lafayette 9 a.m, Chicago
11 30 a.m.
9 10 a.m., Local Freight.

J. W. CARY, Gen’l Ticket Agt., Chicago.

CHARLES PAIN, Gen’l Supt.

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Watches, Clocks, AND
JEWELRY.

All Kinds of Engraving Done.

SOUTH BEND, INDIANA.

Michigan Central Railway

Time Table—November 21, 1875.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Place</th>
<th>Mail</th>
<th>Day Express</th>
<th>Mail Accom.</th>
<th>Atlantic Express</th>
<th>Night Express</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Lv. Chicago</td>
<td>6 00 a.m</td>
<td>9 00 a.m</td>
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<td>3 00 p.m</td>
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<tr>
<td>Lv. Mich. City</td>
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<td>9 00</td>
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<td>3 15 p.m</td>
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<td>Lv. Niles</td>
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<td>Ar. Jackson</td>
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<tr>
<td>Ar. Detroit</td>
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Niles and South Bend Division.

GOING NORTH.

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<tr>
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GOING SOUTH.

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*Sunday excepted. Daily. Saturday and Sunday excepted.

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Agent, South Bend.

B. CELESTINE, Ticket Agt., Notre Dame.
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