After the disastrous battle of Anaquito, in which the head of certain obnoxious laws, joined with Gonzalo, who, by his revolt. The people, being thoroughly tired of the viceroy, hardened that there is no crime too atrocious, no action too base, to secure his ends. The Pizarros, actuated by such a motive, had undertaken and achieved the conquest of Peru, and in the long and fearful train of civil disturbances, which caused the death of so many noble, as well as base cavaliers, to the infinite delight of the poor natives, who now beheld their conquerors quarrelling among themselves, and fighting each other with a fury and hate that could be equalled in no other kind of war except, perhaps, one of religion.

In those stormy times, when such bitter jealousy existed between the rival leaders in Peru, little was thought of war, for it was the native element of those cavaliers, who, far from home and friends, had cast their lot for gold; and where gold is the sole object, man's heart becomes so hardened that there is no crime too atrocious, no action too base, to secure his ends. The Pizarros, actuated by such a motive, had undertaken and achieved the conquest of Peru; the country was at that time probably the richest in gold and silver in the known world. After numerous and shameful oppressions of the natives, from which they obtained all the wealth that human heart could desire, they were no longer as of old; Francisco had been assassinated in his own house by a party of Almagro's despised and broken followers; Hernando was imprisoned in the fortress of Medina del Campo, and Gonzalo, the remaining one of the three brothers so celebrated in the conquest, saw the power about to pass entirely out of the hands of the Pizarro family, by the appointment of Blasco Nuñez Vela as viceroy. Deeming it was a pretty selfish thing to do—having now, as they said, gone too far to hope for pardon from the crown, inasmuch as he had openly battled against its authority and slain its viceroy. Pizarro, however, was too cunning; he manifested outwardly a show of loyalty, while in his heart there was none, as was shown by his subsequent rebellion. True, there were some enemies who were yet on the lookout, but they were so insignificant that Gonzalo considered himself as firmly seated as though he were already acknowledged king. Such was the state of affairs in Peru when Pedro de la Gasca was appointed to go to that country and bring it to a state of submission, which difficult task, accomplished as it was by a simple priest, almost without attendant, forms one of the principal events in the history of the connection between Spain and the land of the Incas.

As nearly as can be ascertained from the very imperfect evidence attainable, Gasca was born in the year 1496, in Barco de Ávila. His parents were of a noble and ancient family; it may well be called ancient if we believe, as many of his biographers contend, that he was descended from Gasca, one of the conspirators who stabbed Cesar. His father died early, and he had the good fortune to be placed in the Seminary of Alcalá de Henares, where he made very rapid progress, and in due time received the degree of Master of Theology. Far from being a scholar alone, he showed decided military talent during the war of the communidades, which was raging while he was yet at college. Placing himself at the head of an armed body, he seized one of the gates of the city, and with the assistance of the royal troops took possession of the place in the name of the king, thus his loyalty was early shown. Subsequently he was removed to Salamanca, where he distinguished himself greatly in scholastic disputations. After some time he was made a member of the Council of the Inquisition. As a member of this Council he was sent to Valencia to examine into some cases of alleged heresy, and in his judgments he manifested so much skill and penetration that he was appointed visitor of the kingdom. This appointment showing clearly the high appreciation of his merits and his fitness for the position—as it was a departure from the customs of the nation to confer the office on any but an Aragonese. While holding this position an invasion was threatened by the Turks and French: everybody was seized with consternation; there was a general panic; Gasca alone was calm; he exorted the soldiers, he addressed the people, and advised the
Supreme Councils; his measures were employed, and the dreaded calamity was averted. At this time, the news of the troubles in Peru came to the ears of the Spanish monarch, and Gasca was immediately selected as a most fitting person to calm the troubled waters in these regions. The Council endowed him with powers that were indeed extraordinary, but deemed by him by far too insufficient to successfully accomplish so difficult a mission; in short, he asserted that without powers equal to those of the monarch himself it would be almost impossible to succeed.

These demands were so unprecedented that the Council even feared to present them to the king, and they informed Gasca that he himself must see the monarch.

Charles, far less jealous of power than were his ministers, and seeing, with his accustomed penetration, that the case was really as the newly-appointed president had represented it, hesitated not to grant the requests of Gasca.

On the 26th of May, 1546, Pedro de la Gasca set sail from San Lucar for the New World. His companions were but few; conspicuous among them was Alonso de Alvarado, who long commanded under Francis Pizarro. It was only on landing, about the middle of July, that the president heard the alarming intelligence of the battle of Alquiño, and only then was he apprised of the true state of affairs.

For a man of less strength of mind and less determination of purpose, it is but reasonable to conclude that the reduction of Peru to its state, would, at that time, have been a vain task; not so with Gasca, who immediately set to work. His first step was to effect a landing in Pizarro's territory; this he did at Námbro de Dios; it was easily accomplished on account of his unostentatious appearance, which excited no fears in the breast of Hernan Múxia, the commander of that place. But far as Múxia was from knowing the power of this simple priest, his first conversation with him convinced him of his mistake in judging Gasca, who was so different from the preceding viceroys. After some thought and much conversation, in which it was shown to him that the object of the rebellion being attained, it would be treason to stand armed against the monarch, he set spurs to his horse in order to escape, but being very weighty, his horse fell while ascending a hill and he was captured.

Pizarro, on the contrary, seeing himself lost, gave himself up to the first knight he met. Gasca ordered both Pizarro and Gonzalo to be placed in close confinement, while the royal audience tried their cases. They were sentenced to be beheaded, and after the execution the two heads were exposed in a cage, the quarters of Carbajal being chained up on the four roads leading to Cuzco.

Thus we see that Gasca, landing in a simple way, almost without attendants, in the course of a few months quelled a formidable rebellion without much loss of blood; while he prevented further risings by the prompt execution of the leaders and conciliated the mass of the people by the way in which he administered the laws. The reason why he was enabled to crush the rebellion so easily is perfectly apparent: his humble bearing was the first and greatest, as it immediately won the hearts of the people; the next was that the partisans of Gonzalo Pizarro had supported him to rid them of an odious and oppressive tyrant; this being accomplished they did not feel safe in directly opposing the authority of the emperor; hence their submission.

The proclamation of amnesty, also had a great effect on those who had already so well deserved punishment.

The main object of Gasca's visit having been attained, he now set about establishing the Government on a firm basis; this he did, and then set sail for Spain, where he was received with unbounded enthusiasm. The emperor sent for him to hear from his own lips the story of his adventures, if they may be so termed.

Gasca was now advanced to the vacant see of Palencia, for which he was eminently fitted by his many good qualities. From this see he was promoted to that of Sigüenza in 1561. In this position he spent the remainder of his days, honored by his sovereign and enjoying the admiration and respect of his countrymen.

With the exception of a few troubles, caused by the distribution of rewards, profound peace reigned in Peru, and the consciousness of the beneficent results of his mission
shad many a ray of satisfaction, as well as glory, over the declining years of his life.

Pedro de la Gasca died in 1567, at the age of seventy-one years, after a long and useful career. His character was remarkable; he possessed numerous qualities which, when united in one person, generally neutralize: each other, but in him they were united in such a way as to strengthen each other. He was at the same gentle and resolute; naturally laconic, he often relied on the softer arts of policy. To quote an eminent historian, "he was benevolent and placable, yet could deal sternly with the inimical offender, lowly in his deportment, yet with a full measure of that self respect which springs from conscious rectitude of purpose; modest and unpretending, yet not shrinking from the most difficult enterprises, deferring greatly to others, yet in the last resort relying mainly on himself, moving with deliberation, patiently waiting his time but when the time came, bold, prompt and decisive." Still the greatest evidence of his purity and magnanimity is the fact that among the many factions in Peru no imputation was ever cast upon the character of Pedro de la Gasca.

College Gossip.

—Diplomas at Princeton cost $14.50.
—The Dartmouth Sophs attend only two recitations daily.
—President Bourne, of Columbia, favors co-education; the students oppose it.
—The report of scarlet fever at Williams proves to be a false alarm, caused by red nicks—News.
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grammes is saponified in a glass capsule with an alcoholic solution of caustic alkali free from sulphides. This mixture is stirred with a silver spoon, and if the spoon is blackened colza or some similar oil was used to sophisticate the olive oil. To detect the oil of sesame, add a little sugar to hydrochloric acid of 39 degrees B., and with this mix an equal quantity of the suspected article; shake up the whole well, and any traces of sesame will be shown by a red coloration. For the detection of cotton-seed oil an equal volume of alcohol is added to the sample, and if the admixture is present it will reveal itself by imparting a coffee color to the mixture when the latter is stirred. To detect oil of earth-nuts masquerading as the oil of the olive tree is a somewhat more difficult task. The sample is capped with an alcoholic solution of potash, the soap separated as completely as possible, heated to expel all of the alcohol, and treated with as much hydrochloric acid as will neutralize the alkali. The fatty acid floating on the top is then collected and dissolved in boiling alcohol from which it separates in a white form characteristic of earth-out oil.

Exchanges.

—We are always glad to see The College Message, from St. Vincent's College, Cape Girardeau, Mo., although the essays in this year's numbers do not by any means approach in merit those of last year. The Exchange department, sign of ability, and the other departments are creditably filled. —


We have received the first number of a neatly printed quarterly, called The Scholar, published monthly at Philadelphia, Pa. Price of subscription, $1 a year. The matter in general is good—with the exception of a phonographic department which is given a very prominent place in the paper. The system used is an adaptation, and a very poor one, of Isaac Pitman's alphabet, by which the editor, Mr. Curtis Haven, avers that "a speed of one hundred words an hour more can be attained than by any other system." We doubt that any such speed can be attained, but as only the alphabet and a few joined consonants are given, we cannot pass a clear judgment on his pretensions. If his vowel scale be given entire it is sadly deficient; as only the alphabet and a few joined consonants are given, he can never in the silence of the grave! We can almost imagine we hear the echo of that voice, which only a short time ago thrilled the hearts of a House of Representatives, describing the enchanted shadow land:

"It has its valleys, cheerless, lone and drear,
Dark shaded by the mournful cypress tree,
And yet its sunlight mountain-tops are bathed
In Heaven's own blue."

"Sam," one of the late President's school day poems, read by him at the Adelphic Union Exhibition, July 19, 1855, and published in the Williams' Quarterly the following September, shows the content in which Mr. Garfield held Know-Nothingism, justly characterizing it as the scheme of a few worn-out politicians. The selections from President Garfield's writings—"Sam," "Extract from the Colleges Table," "Charge of the heavy guns," from The Province of History," and "Memory," a poem, are admirable, and reflect credit upon the judgment of the editors of Concordantia.

—Bengough's Cosmopolitan Shorthand Writer (conducted by Isaac Bengough, offspring of a well-known phonographer, is a very neat specimen of typographic art and a good one of editorial ability. The illustrations, by J. W. Bengough, cartoonist of Grip, and others, are excellent. The October number contains a portrait of Wm. H. Huston, A. B., winner of the Gold Medal Scholarship in the University of London, 1881, and now teacher of modern languages and phonography in Pickering College. Mr. Huston is a Canadian by birth, a native of Whitby, Ont., and a member of the Society of Friends. He has a short vowel scale, and his phonographer's career, as a youth whose highest ambitions were to be more than a phonographer, has a right to be doubted, but after Mr. H. had won the prize it happened that he lost it just the day before those three days to be held in London. The selection of Prof. Huston's career, the Shorthand Writer contains interesting matter on various subjects relating to education in general and to journalism and phonography in particular. An article on "The Origin of Modern Shorthand Signs" is given in phonographic characters in the four leading "Systems"—Isaac Pitman's, Benn Pitman's, Graham's, and Munson's—with only a few lines difference in space occupied, Isaac Pitman's lacking 12 lines of two pages, Graham's 17½, Benn Pitman's 10¾, Munson's 9½. The difference is not worth specifying of. Mr. Bengough, the editor is strictly neutral, although himself using Isaac Pitman's system in preference to any other. The Shorthand Writer is published monthly at $1 a year; address 53 and 97 Adelaide street East, Toronto, Ont.

—The College Courier says that a certain (or, perhaps, as college papers often are, uncertain) "Editorial" in The Province of History in November, although the literary department lacked original matter, it contained what, for the time being, was good as, better, selections of no ordinary merit from the writings of our late lamented President, James A. Garfield, who in his college days, was a contributor at Williams, in the college Quarterly. Who that reads the poem "Memory" will not linger for a moment in painful thought over the couplet describing

"The enchanted, shadowy land where Memory dwells," as he recalls the fate of the writer, then in the hey-day of whose highest ambitions were to be more than realized, but whose hand and voice in the battle-field and in the Halls of Congress, are now stillled forever in the silence of the grave! We can almost imagine we hear the echo of that voice, which only a short year ago thrilled the hearts of a House of Representatives, describing the enchanted shadow land:

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—The Catholic World—The Incarnation—Tutti-Prulti. The subscription price of the Catholic World is $4 a year. Address: The Catholic World, 9 Barclay St., New York.

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—We are particularly pleased with The Concordantia for November. Although the literary department lacked original matter, it contained what, for the time being, was as good, or better, selections of no ordinary merit from the writings of our late lamented President, James A. Gar-
college press and will perhaps devote an entire number to their reproduction."

We believe it is conceded by all that commendatory notices are very agreeable to those who receive or are interested in them; the only thing on which there is any difference of opinion is as to whether they shall be published or not, or whether they be given now and again, or all together. As to the propriety of republishing them there can be little question; the best magazines, newspapers, etc., in this country and in Europe republish favorable notices, why should it be improper or indeckst for college papers to do so? And if they be republished, we think, also, that our method of giving them is far preferable to that of The Rambler. We may as well say here that our note was not made to say the contraries from all quarters, but few, comparatively, have been republished in its columns, and these were given not for the gratification of the editors, but that of their friends and others interested in the welfare of the paper. College editors need not be told that college papers are, as a rule, very precarious things,—that their term of life is very uncertain,—that they are kept up by extraordinary efforts on the part of their editors, and that to-morrow or the day after, for some reason or for other reason, they may be among the things of the past. The Scholastic is by no means an exception to the general rule, any more than was its predecessor, The Progress, of twenty-five years ago. It is moreover, not the work of an individual, but of a number of students, representing a still larger body of students, some 330 in number, who like to know what is thought of it, and how it stands both at home and abroad. Are we to gratify their desire, or shall we keep such things out of the paper as may tend to gratify it? In this respect it may be remarked that while the present editor has had charge of the exchange department he has not confined his attention to commendatory notices only, but has also given to him the honour of an apology, however, for we see no reason for an apology—we would ask whether it be a sign of modesty on the part of editors of less fortunate papers to play the part of the Pharisee, and to thank God in public that they are not like the rest of mankind, and do not recount the kind words that have been spoken of their papers? The best journals, magazines and other periodicals in this country and Europe do it, but the editors of the Courier and The Rambler wish their readers to believe that they are too modest to republish the words of praise and encouragement that have been vouchsafed them! Such excessive modesty seems to us very much like squeamishness.

Art, Music, and Literature.

The Boston Museum of Fine Arts has an exhibition of wood engraving of native manufacture. A new edition of the Bible in the Sclevic language is being struck off at the printing-office of the Propaganda in Rome.

Maurice Egan, of the Freeman's Journal, is to be commiserated. Editor Tello, of the Cleveland Universe, directs all its postal correspondents to send their effusions to him.—Undeceived Ez.

Nugent Robinson's new story, "Corrie Sheelah," recently begun in The Asa Maria, shows this bright and graceful writer at his best. He is particularly at home in depicting delicate shades of Dublin life.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

One of Sir Edwin Landseer's pictures recently brought, at a London sale, the sum of $14,750. The author rather relished that while Sir Edwin was engaged upon it, Mr. Millais happened to call upon him, and the elder painter said to the younger: "If I don't live to finish this picture, you will do it for me." Sir Edwin did die, leaving the work unfinished, and Mr. Millais completed it.

Jules Verne is a writer whose popularity appears to increase with time. His story of "Michael Strogoff, or A Courier of the Czar," first published some years ago, is now republished in a handsome volume at a reduced price. The story is merely a history of adventure; but its narration involves the recital of innumerable geographical facts, and thus wisdom is made to walk hand in hand with fiction.

Almost everybody is familiar with the ode known as the burial Sir John Moore, beginning: "Not a drum was heard nor a funeral note, As the corpse oer the ramparts we hurried;" but it is not perhaps so universally known as it should be. It was written by a young Englishman, Lord Byron. Medwin records a conversation between Byron and Shelley, when a question arose as to which was the finest ode in the English language. Shelley contended for Coleridge's ode on Switzerland, beginning, "Ye clouds." "But Shelley's melody," said Byron, "is too delicate. Our countryman Campbell's Hohenlinden, when Lord Byron started up and said, 'I will show you an ode you have never seen, which I consider equal to the best that the age has brought forth.' He left the table, and returning with a magazine, read the anonymous contribution on Sir John Moore. "Perfect!" said he, as he finished reading it. "Perfect," and he repeated again:

"But he lay like a warrior taking his rest, 
With his martial cloak around him."

—We, says the Boston Daily Star, have never admired the personal character of Charles Dickens, and we confess to a malicious pleasure in reproducing this anecdote from the Washington Post:

Old Major Throckmorten, keeper of the Galt House in Louisville, is dead. He was a good old man, and Kentucky's best landlord. When Dickens came to his house, Major Throckmorten treated him so gracefully and so hospitably addressed him, while the assembled crowd looked on and listened with admiration akin to enthusiasm: Mr. Dickens, we are glad to welcome you. We know you and admire you, and, if you will be so good as to let me have your permit, I will reckon it a privilege to be allowed to extend to you the hospitality of the metropolis of Kentucky. As your especial host, I beg that you will command me for anything that may tend to gratify you. We know you and admire you, and we greet you with a frigid stare. "When I need you, landlord," he said, pointing to the door, "I will ring." The next moment the distinguished author was half way out of the window, the Major's boots under his coat tail, and numerous Kentuckians holding the Major's coat tail, for the Major viewed insults from a strictly Kentucky point of view, and the only mention of this incident in the "American Notes" is that Dickens saw a pig rooting in the stretch, and Louisville, which made the great novelist more careful about their fiction than their facts.

Early last month the following editorial note appeared in the N. Y. Sun:

"We learn from the Chicago Tribune that Mr. Edmund Yates, the editor of a paper called the World, published in London, a few days ago, in a sidewalk paper, an article to the effect that 'they should be avoided like Americas or Frankfort Jews.' The Tribune thinks that Mr. Yates received great hospitality during his visit to this country several years ago, and that his spleen is inexplicable. This, no doubt, is true, in regard to entertaining him at dinner and treating him with politeness; but it is not what Mr. Yates desired here. He knew that Mr. Thackeray and Mr. Dickens had found great success, and had made much money by lecturing and reading in this country; and his hope was that the Yankees would come in crowds to the lectures he wished to give them, and fill his pockets with their cash. In this, however, he was disappointed. The lectures were dull, and the Yankees content that Mr. Yates, in turn, thinks that the Yankees ought to be avoided. By the way, did not Mr. Thackeray describe Mr. Yates himself as a sort of nuisance? There is a tradition of that kind." Mr. Yates now writes to the Chicago Tribune that the offensive expression appeared in a portion of the World which gives an epitome of the gossip of the day, and is the production of many writers; that the words in question were written during his absence, and that if he had been there they would not have been permitted to pass. He claims that "the line quoted reads offensively as it is, given, but not offensively when taken with the context," is a very weak one. The effect is to the extent that school-mistresses and their pupils on tour are disagreeable companions, and are to be avoided like the plague; or, travelling curates, or the Americans, or the Frankfort Jews; or, in fact, anybody travelling!"
The attention of the Alumni of the University of Notre Dame and others, is called to the fact that the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC has now entered upon the FIFTEENTH year of its existence, and presents itself now as a candidate for the favor and support of the many old friends that have heretofore lent it a helping hand.

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Personal gossip concerning the whereabouts and the success of former students.

All the weekly local news of the University, including the names of those who have distinguished themselves during the week by their excellence in class and by their general good conduct.

Students should take it; parents should take it; and, above all, OLD STUDENTS SHOULD TAKE IT.

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Address EDITOR NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC,
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If a subscriber fails to receive the SCHOLASTIC regularly he will confer a favor by sending us notice immediately, each time. Those who may have missed a number, or numbers, and wish to have the complete volume for binding, can have back numbers of the current volume by applying for them. In all such cases, early application should be made at the office of publication, as, usually, but few copies in excess of the subscription list are printed.

—It is with sincere regret that we chronicle the death of Mrs. John Hogan, and her son, Dr. J. D. Hogan. Mrs. Hogan was a most estimable lady, and one of Notre Dame's warmest friends. The many friends of the family throughout the country will be deeply grieved to learn the sorrowful news. We quote from the Times and Tribune, of Chicago, notices of the death of this most estimable mother and son:

"Mrs. John Hogan, one of the oldest residents of Chicago, died at her residence, at No. 225 Randolph street, yesterday morning, under peculiarly distressing circumstances. Tuesday before she had received the announcement of the death of her son, Dr. J. D. Hogan, at Jackson ville, Fla. The young man was educated with much care in the German and French universities, and had just entered on what promised to be a brilliant professional career. The mother took great pride in her son, and had high hopes for his future. That he should be cut off in the flower of his manhood was too much for the poor woman. She succumbed to the shock. The deceased lady was the sister of the late Ald. Dennis Coghlin, well known in Chicago politics about twenty years ago. She has resided here for over forty years, and by energy and industry has accumulated quite a large fortune. Her only surviving son, Dennis J. Hogan, is a lawyer of this city, and will inherit her entire fortune.

The deceased lady was in her 66th year, having been born in Bruff, Limerick County Ireland, in 1815. She came here, like many other old citizens, in humble circumstances, but acquired a handsome property as she and her late worthy husband advanced in years. Her life was marked by many acts of humanity which endeared her name to those who well knew her. It was her special delight to educate worthy young men and women of her acquaintance, and many of them now, scattered throughout the land, will learn with unfeigned regret the sad news of her death. The Sisters of Mercy were the special objects of her care, and for many years she went quietly about doing good.

The Irish American club met in special session, on the death of Dr. Hogan. A committee, consisting of H. O'Roarke, J. Sullivan, M. O. Dowd, P. T. Barry, and P. McHugh, proposed a series of appropriate resolutions, which were adopted. The following gentlemen were appointed to attend the funeral in behalf of the club: Dr. O'Cleary, J. H. Daly, T. J. Darcy, William Fogarty, and John McRough.

—In lieu of the regular editorial this week, we give our readers an extract from the address of George E. Clarke before the St. Cecilia Society on its annual festival, as promised in our last issue:

Though change seems at all times to characterize us, still, upon examination, we discover that to some influences we are ever the same. There are powers that ever hold us within their sway, at all times and in all places whether during the happy days of college life or when we have attained the meridian of our usefulness, or in that more reverential stage, the "seer and yellow leaf." We are ever the submissive and fawning captives to eloquence "which plucks allegiance from men's hearts, loud shouts and salutations from their mouths," and music that speaks where language fails.

Music and eloquence have long been blending in delightful union, they pleased the ear and charmed the heart of nations now known to us, almost wholly, through mythological fancy. A land whose bays and mountain peaks, whose groves and valleys, whose snow-clad Olympus with the sacred groves of Delphi, and the peaceful Cordia, about which poets love to sing in raptures of expression, and tyrann's accursed thrones. The Phthian games reigned with music and the laurel wreath crowned the victor's brow. While the Graces joined in the Olympian dance, Apollo was environed with the sweetest strains. The poet sang of heroes and heroic deeds and their words stirred warriors to actions great and noble. Birds in flowing gowns, have made hill and vale resound with the music of the harp, an emblem that to-day adorns a nation's banner. Nor was the dcy of music painted with grim visage, with snaky hair, and scorpions in hand but as an immortal youth of divine form, with golden locks, delighting in lyre and song. But the polished Greek and stern Roman are no more, their system of mythology has passed away; their pagan temples, their oracles, their polluted shrines and reeking altars are obliterated. The darkness is dissipated, the agonizing form on Calvary's Cross with its gaping wounds has redeemed the world. The Word was made Flesh and dwell amongst us. Christianity, with its divine precepts and healing Sacraments, has liberated man, and to-day on our altars is offered a holocaust of infinite price. Creation now is as one vast choir, full of eloquence and full of harmony. The earth in its grand pageant, its deep strata with their buried mon-
France and insignificance! What do we know of Him who is able to grasp the majesty of the Great Ruler. Oh ye can teach us to approximate to the greatness of Her F.ungoverns you? We are lost! We are convinced that "on the hills and vale?, ye y.iwning precipices and towering mountains, records of endless convulsions, what do we find in endless space, you are witnesses of our ignorance and insignificance! What do we know of Him who governs you? We are lost! We are convinced that in the sky where shall we find an infallible guide? Catholicity alone has as equally been advanced by the cause of woman. Profane history is replete with womanly acts and sacrifices, where the lives of those who have followed His teachings we can view the perfection of His attributes. Though man has been commissioned to preach, Catholicity alone is his ardor when painting Cecilia, seated at the organ, speaking words that only come from a soul that burns. Of Orpheus, now no more—let poets tell, of martyrs, early imbued the heroic spirit of the age. The Gospels were her daily study, active charity to Christ's poor was her constant occupation, and her fervor was expressed in the secret vow by which she consecrated herself to her Master. Her birth and wealth, her beauty and her rare virtues attracted many suitors for her hand. From among them her parents chose a young pagan, Varierian." If she soon converted and also his brother; and so zealous were they in their faith, that they soon won the crowns of martyrdom. Cecilia, too, was soon sentenced to be executed; suffocation in a vapor bath proving ineffectual, she was ordered to be beheaded in the caldarium. Joyfully she heard the news. The executioner prepared himself for the deed. Cecilia, on bended knee, and with bowed head, presented her snow-white neck to the demon. Three times he raised his brutal arm, three times the steel gleamed through the air, three times it struck its noble victim, but the head remained unsevered. The demon, seized with terror, fled, leaving his victim with her life's blood gushing from the wounds as she struggled in the agonies of death. There lay one who cared not for the evanescent crown of pleasure, but who cared not for the evanescent crown of pleasure, but who preferred to be the toy or the fiend; who would be a Helen, or like a Tullia, drive your chariot over the bleeding corroso of a murdred father, did wealth or power but kneel at your gracious nod.

In three days, Cecilia was no more of earth; calmly she met the antagonist of life, and passed through the passage of the tomb that leads to the paradise beyond. She donned the robe of immortality, and is enrolled among the elect. Today her virtues are preached from every shrine, chanted by harmonious choirs, and she is pointed to as a fitting model for those budding into the flower of womanhood. Her life is full of solamn lessons. Born in an empire pregnant with dazzling enticements, with scenes of levity and licentiousness, her exemplary meekness and personal graces shine with a lustre exceeding the retinue of knight or noble. The lives of her contemporaries are tarnished with error and debauchery, hers is the enamelled robe of immortality, and is enrolled among the elect. The painter grows eloquent when portraying woman in virgin veil, with the palm of martyrdom in hand, and standing at the foot of the cross; and how much greater is his ardor when painting Cecilia, seated at the organ, with upturned face, heeding forth words that pierce the clouds?

"Music the fiercest grief can charm, And fate's severest rage disarm; Music can soften pain to ease, And make despair and madness please; Our joys below it can improve, And assuage the bliss above. This, the divine Cecilia found, And to her Master's praise confined the sound. When the full organ joins the tuneful choir, The immortal powers inflame their war, Borne on the swelling notes, our son's sepulchre, While solemn airs improve the sacred fire; And angels lean from heaven to hear. Of Orpheus, now no mor-let poets tell, To bright Cecilia creater p o-or is given: His numbers raised a shade from hell, Hers lift the soul to heaven."

"St. Cecilia," says Dom Gueranger, "reared in the midst
"Unknown in life, unknown in death,  
Thus they live and die—  
They need not the trumpet breath  
To waft their deeds on high."

Nor is this woman's only sphere. View her as the bright star in that firmament called home; Not man's servant,  
not his slave, but his equal, his companion, his helpmate.  
Guarded by a Sacrament, the nuptial tie can never be dissolved.  
From this rank, too, her glory emanates, for this union is typical of Christ's union with His Church.  
From this height, too, she can look beyond, for in the distance she can see Cecilia, who to the crown of virgin added the dignity of married life.

Young gentlemen of the St. Cecilian Association, to-day you, in particular, join in special tribute. Your devotion to St. Cecilia is characteristic of him who leads you. We commend you with your patroness and pride, and on this occasion we express our esteem for the faithful pilot of the St. Cecilian bark. Young gentlemen, Notre Dame still looks to you for leading lights, for chosen sons. Follow the dictates of your leader, imitate the virtues of your patroness, learn well the lessons taught you here, for he is most the man who thinks the most, feels the noblest, and acts the best."

The Minim Question.

De minimis non curat Lex.—JUSTINIAN, IMP. ROM.

The atrocious maxim which we have quoted above is a disgrace to Roman Law. Justinian was a poor stick of an emperor, anyhow, and he was notoriously a hen-pecked husband. How much more admirable is the divinest science and art of music, which allots two crotches to every minim, and three to a dotted one; morever, a minim, according to the irrefragable decrees of harmony, is a white note. Observe the discrimination exhibited by the hen-taught science, as contrasted with the absurd short-sightedness of human law. Our modern minims feel this, and desire to have their claims recognized. Their numbers have wonderfully increased of late. Instead of 26, which used to be their average figure, they have reversed the digits and made it 62, which might suggest an example in algebra to the mathematically inclined. They are interested in every topic that agitates the literary world. They read the Scho stasie, particularly the columns furnished by the young ladies of the Academy; for we overheard two of them yesterday discussing the question of similarity between Alice's cat and the Black Oxen of Madagascar with dissentient results. A more learned one came up, however, and said it was chemistry; whereupon they decided to purloin the Infirmary cat and convey her into the Laboratory, there to await developments. Our readers will not be surprised to learn that we have received the following letter from these young gentlemen:

NOTRE DAME, Nov. 29th, 1881.

Mr. Editor.

Dear Sir,—Acquainted, as we are, with your inflexibility of character and belligerency of mind, we do not hesitate to appear before you as applicants for a place in your columns. Being connected with the prohibited degrees of relationship with the hierarchy, the literary world, the military service and those gigantic railroad interests which have covered the length and breadth of the land with a network, so to speak, of progress and material development, we feel competent to keep you posted on affairs of an ecclesiastical, rhetorical, stratagetical or transpportational character; also, which perhaps may prove an argumentum ad hominem, to furnish you with free passes to any place in general whither you may feel disposed to repair, in order to disport yourself and perform those delightful antics which render the season of vacation so eminently salubrious.

In return for which favors we ask that you allot a certain and very moderate portion of the columns of your valuable paper to our behests. (N. B. We don't quite know what behests means, but it seems to sound well in this connection.) And we shall ever remain, Mr. Editor, with kind regards to yourself and interesting family,

Very Respectfully, yours to command,

The Minims.
The young gentlemen are certainly deserving of great praise for the excellent manner in which they filled their parts. Each one was perfectly at home in his part, and left in the minds of their elder brothers, and wake them to the need of a little more life and earnestness in matters of this kind.

Remarks of a congratulatory and instructive nature will be published next week.

THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

PART THIRD.

Address........................................... J. J. McGrath
(Asst'd by)................................. H. Hynes and M. Mall

TABLEAU.

Characters in the "New Arts."
Closing Remarks........................................ N. D. U. Q.

Music............................................ N. D. U. Q.

USHERS.

E. Nash, D. McCawley,
W. Walsh, W. Miller,
M. Devitt, L. Young,
B. Powell, P. Gibson.

COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS.

F. Scott, G. Price,
C. Brandon, J. Beal,
E. Thomas, F. Whitney,
W. Prindiville, F. Coad,
H. Dirksmeyer, J. Kelly,
W. Welch, C. McGordon,
J. Nester.

The young gentlemen are certainly deserving of great praise for the excellent manner in which they filled their various roles. They exhibited a marked ability in memorizing, and a talent for elocution and declamation, not at all expected or looked for in our young friends. Each one was perfectly at home in his part, and left in the minds of all the pleasing conviction that the future valedictorians of Notre Dame, coming from the present Minim department, will, in all likelihood, rank among the ablest speakers the University can boast of. Their instructor is indeed worthy of the highest commendation for the great care evidenced in the fulfilment of the different parts. So self-possessed, so manly, so thoroughly able and earnest, was their effort that their rendition was the cause of general surprise, and many remarks of a flattering nature were passed upon both instructor and pupils by those who had the good fortune to be present.

Remarks of a congratulatory and instructive nature were made by Very Rev. Father General, Mr. Howard and Mr. George E. Clarke, of the SCHOLASTIC Staff. We trust that the young gentlemen will favor us soon again with a specimen of their ability. It would not be at all amiss to have the next exhibition of the kind either in the R-stunda or in Washington Hall. We believe, from what we have seen, that our young friends will open the eyes of their elder brothers, and wake them to the need of a little more life and earnestness in matters of this kind.

—Never desert a friend in the desolation of his own abandonment. Prove your devotion by clinging to him in his defenceless woe; assuage his grief, and imparting to him some of the buoyancy of your own exultant spirit—place him in the sunlight of faith and hope. The achievement will be worthy of the object, and in its accomplishment behold your reward!
Phonography has become a popular study here of late. There are twenty-four students in the classes, and the boys seem to take quite an interest in the magic art of "hooks and crooks." Although the classes in this branch took a late start, some of the students are nearly through Isaac Pitman's "Phonographic Teacher," which contains all the principles of the art, and introduces the manual and reporting signs.

—The Tableau at the close of the Play was quite a success. The beautiful banner bringing the picture of Very Rev. Father General, under which was a tasteful edifice with the words "New Arts," was presented to the audience, as it entered the Hall, with marked pleasure and applause. It was held in the midst of the characters in the "New Arts" and the group formed as handsome a tableau as we have seen for a long time.

—The eighth regular meeting of the Thespian Society was held Nov. 23. H. N. Oster was unanimously elected to membership. The principal speakers at the exercise were W. B. McGregor, G. E. Clarke, E. C. Orsini, D. Danahy, P. Quinn, J. E. Walsh, W. W. Arno, A. Richmond, G. Tracey, J. J. O'Neil, E. A. O'Neil, M. Healy, W. McCarthy, J. Solon. Selections from classical authors were given, and subjects for speeches at the next meeting. Prof. A. J. Stace, A. M., was unanimously elected general censor.

—The 11th regular meeting of the St. Stanislaus' Philopatric Society was held Nov. 21. L. J. Castillo, B. B. Baca, M. J. Wilbur, and G. B. Buchanan were elected members. Declamations were given by Masters H. Mutz, F. F. Bell, K. Richmond, J. Fynn, A. Campan, G. Descham, and P. Yrisarri. Readings were given by E. Peulon, P. Archer, A. Brewster, H. Foote, W. Mahile, J. Powell, H. Davitt, and A. Richmond. Vocal selections were rendered by Masters J. Gallagher, G. Tournill, R. Wilbur, H. Snee, J. Devine, P. Yrisarri, D. C. Smith and Bailey.

—The 6th regular meeting of the Archconfraternity of the Immaculate Conception was held Sunday evening. Now meeting at his bedside was Rev. Very Rev. Father General, Rev. Fathers Stolich and Zihm, Bros. Laender, Albert and Basili. Bro. Basili kindly acted as organist. The ten minutes' instruction was given by Rev. F. Zihm. W. Kenan explained the Jubilee: Jan. Credit a read an essay on the "Anglical Salutation"; A. Symonds, with which was given by N. Ewing and C. Murdock. The programme for the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, Dec. 8th, was read. The following were appointed to take part in the 10th regular meeting: G. Castenado, N. Ewing, and J. Heffernan. After a few remarks from the President, the meeting adjourned.

—At a regular meeting of the Columbian Literary, and Debating Society, held in their Hall, on Thursday evening, Nov. 23, the following were elected: Very Rev. Father General, Rev. Father Stolich, and Zihm, Bros. Leader, Albert and Basili. Kindly acted as organist. The minutes of the previous meeting were read and approved. M. srs. Prior, Vander Heyden, Cummeford, and White, were elected members. In the debate: "Are the Corporations of the Country Responsible for the Corruption of our Elitons, Legislatures, and our Courts?" W. Johnson, II Morse, F. Eager, and M. Failey, sustained the affirmative; F. E. Kuhin, H. Stieis, S. Parry, and A. J. New held the negative. Decision of this debate to be rendered next meeting. A vote of thanks was voted to Mr. G Hagan member of '80, for remembering his Society comrades."
The Bells of our Native Land.

How sweet the sound when homeward bound
We touch our native shore,
To hear again the sweet refrain
Of bells we loved of yore.

Cathedral dome—Convent home,
How'er grand or lowly,
The place we dwell—our hearts will swell,
With feeling tender, holy,
As on our ear the sound so dear
To memory comes chiming,
Like silver tones, from seraph zones
With purest thoughts all rhyming.

In German land are chimes so grand,
Their fame can never perish;
Her exiled ones—her Christian sons
Those holy chimes e'er cherish
As strains divine, that with the Rhine
Are linked with holiest feelings
They long once more to see that shore,
And hear those sacred pealing.

From Irish hearts, in foreign parts,
St. laur, sweet tears come swelling
As memory floats to where the notes
Of chapel bells are telling
Our Lady's Bells' sweet ringing.

The grand romance of sunny France
Delights her sons and daughters
As echoes sweet and holy
At home our own--sweet and born.
We touch our native shore.

How admirably is shown forth the economy of Divine Providence in the constitution of the social body! In the order of His Providence it is man's privilege to astonish the world by the grandeur of his inventions, by the mag-
nificance of his military exploits, and by his successes in the world of letters or of politics.

In the spiritual order, man is unquestionably the con
spicuous head, for God Himself has given him this exalted
position in His holy Church. But it is the Christian
woman’s happy privilege to be, as it were, the hidden
heart that furnishes the vivifying principle which nour-
ishes all that is pure, noble and elevating, in the social
scale. The brain, indeed, directs its exterior action, but
the heart gives activity to the powers of genius, to the sub-
lime and noble thoughts of the mind, and to all its grand
schemes for promoting the welfare of mankind.

The Christian woman is not indeed the head but rather
the heart,—the heart of society which sends forth through
its myriad arteries those principles of peace and patience,
of purity and humility, ever watchfully nourishing that
spirit of self-sacrifice which is the special prerogative of
the Christian woman.

May we not also claim that it is her holy privilege, like
the gentle dew of heaven, to sustain the tender stem of the
feeble sapling till it attains that strength and vigor
which will enable it to stand like the majestic oak or the
heaven-aspiring p$alp, unharmed by the burning heat of the
sun or by the wintry storm?

Yes, it is truly her special privilege to nourish un-
ceasingly the tender plants of virtue whose fragrance fills
the atmosphere of home with a rich and delicate perfume;
and how exquisitely touching is the sweet odor of their
sympathy when the heart is bruised by sorrow or crushed
by woe.

True it is that the enriching influence of the gentle dew
does not always fall on good ground, but often on barren
soil, and even on rugged rocks; but this does not militate
against its power to enrich the genial soil and its privilege
of blessing the dropping flowers with its cheering aid.

But when, and under what circumstances, did the privi-
eges of the Christian woman begin? At that sublime mo-
tement when the Woman by excellence, Mary Immaculate,
took her place, as it were, into the Divine Councils, and re-
sponded to the angelic ambassador sent from the Court of
Heaven, “May it be done unto me according to Thy
word.”

It was the glorious privilege of this first Christian
Woman to deliver her sex from the humiliation and abje-
tion incurred by our too confiding Mother Eve, and to de-
cide the destiny of the race of Adam.

From this sublime moment does woman date the pos-
session of those most precious privileges from which, like
pure and holy fountains, she draws all her peace, her joy
and her dignity.

The economy of Divine Providence is indeed most con-
so1ng, for all are willing to accord to woman the privileges
so tenderly cherished. Let the sternersex rejoice in
great conquests, and court renown in every varying sphere
where fame or duty calls them; let them seek dédut
through glorious victories and unnumbered slaughters; it is
the Christian woman’s privilege to bind up the wounds, to
watch, with gentle generous care, the flickering lamp of
life as the grim reaper stalks with his chilling breath
through the serried ranks of the field, or, as with contum-
acious’ dreadful wand he smites the peaceful hamlet or the
crowded city. On the field of battle, in the dreary hos-
pitals, in the houses of penal correction, it is woman’s spe-
cial privilege to be the messenger of peace to the suffer-
ing, and of consolation to the heart broken.

Let the wily politician waste his time and exhaust his
energies in carrying out some pet scheme; it is the Chris-
tian woman’s privilege to be spared this exciting turmoil,

and in the midst of gentle and refining duties and influ-
ences to preserve the purity of her heart, and the peace
and happiness of her home.

Willing, indeed, is she to waive all right to either politi-
cal or military glory, for with such rights come harsh
duties unsuited to her sex and unbecoming to the last de-
gree in true, virtuous womanhood. It is the Christian
woman’s privilege to deal with crime and misery not as
the representative of Divine justice, but as the angel of
Divine mercy.

Countless privileges could be named, but the one pre-
eminently suggested by our theme as the most precious
and sacred, is the privilege of planting and nourishing
seeds of piety in the hearts of the young and of preserving
in the home circle that piety and elevation of character
peculiar to the Christian family.

Yes, it is the Christian woman’s special privilege to
mould the hearts of the young, for when by death or
misfortune the little one is deprived of a fond mother’s
care, holy Church has provided in her female religious
orders, tender guardians to train them up in virtue and re-
ligion, and the noblest of Christian men—the saintliest
of priests—the holiest of bishops, when recalling their ten-
der childhood, remember with grateful affection the Chris-
tian women to whose tender care and pious training they
owe, under God, their nobility and sublime dignity.

Of this fact, the renowned St. Augustine, Alfred the
Great, and St. Louis of France are a few of the many well-
known historical examples.

Do the privileges of the Christian woman end with
earth and time? Not so. Faith teaches us that in the
heavenly court, above the patriarchs and prophets, the
apostles and martyrs—nay, even above the Cherubim and
Seraphim, at the right hand of the Divine Son, is en-
throned His Immaculate Mother, the first Christian woman,
to whom, by His sweet will and Providence, woman owes
her most precious and glorious privileges.
THE CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC.

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On and after September 1, 1881, trains will leave South Bend as follows:

GOING EAST.

2:52 a.m., Chicago and St. Louis Express, over Main Line. Arrives at Toledo 9:50 a.m.; Cleveland 2:35 p.m.; Buffalo, 9:00 p.m.

11:23 a.m., Mail over Main Line. Arrives at Toledo, 5:35 p.m.; Cleveland, 10:13 p.m.; Buffalo, 9:55 a.m.

9:32 p.m., Atlantic Express, over Air Line. Arrives at Toledo 2:45 a.m.; Cleveland, 7:05 a.m.; Buffalo, 1:10 p.m.

12:36 p.m., Special New York Express, over Air Line. Arrives at Toledo, 5:40 p.m.; Cleveland, 10:09 p.m.

Buffalo, 4 a.m.

6:21 p.m., Limited Express. Arrives at Toledo, 10:35 p.m.; Cleveland, 1:45 a.m.; Buffalo, 7:35 a.m.

GOING WEST.

2:52 a.m., Toledo Express. Arrives at Laporte, 2:25 a.m.; Chicago, 6:10 a.m.

4:45 a.m., Pacific Express. Arrives at Laporte, 5:45 a.m.; Chicago, 8:30 a.m.

1:15 p.m., Special Michigan Express. Arrives at Laporte, 2:15 p.m.; Chesterton, 3:10 p.m.; Chicago, 5:00 p.m.

4:26 p.m., Special Chicago Express. Arrives at Laporte, 5:18 p.m.; Chicago, 8 p.m.

Western Division Time Table.

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<td>Miller's</td>
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<td>Chesterton</td>
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<td>6 30 a.m.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Cleveland</td>
<td>12 25 a.m.</td>
<td>12 30 p.m.</td>
<td>8 30 a.m.</td>
<td>12 30 a.m.</td>
<td>6 30 a.m.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Buffalo</td>
<td>7 00 a.m.</td>
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<td>New York</td>
<td>7 45 a.m.</td>
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</tbody>
</table>

W. P. JOHNSON, Gen'l Passenger Agent, Chicago.
J. O. RAFF, Ticket Agt., South Bend.
J. W. CARY, Gen'l Ticket Agent, Cleveland.
J. H. PARSONS, Sup't West Division, Chicago.
JOHN NEWELL, Gen'l Manager.
CHARLES PAINE, Gen'l Sup't.