

Notre Dame Scholastic.

Disce quasi semper victurus; vive quasi cras moriturus.

Volume XIV.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, APRIL 23, 1881.

Number 31.

Our Staff.

G. E. CLARKE, '81.	F. W. BLOOM, '81.
G. F. SUGG, '81.	H. C. SIMMS, '83.
T. F. CLARKE, '83.	W. H. ARNOLD, '82.
W. B. MCGORRISK, '82.	R. E. FLEMING, '83.
F. H. GREVER, '83.	J. P. O'NEILL, '83.

The Old College.

BY T. A. DAILY (CLASS OF '74).

READ BY JUDGE TURNER AT THE MEETING OF SYMPATHY
HELD BY THE CITIZENS OF SOUTH BEND, SATURDAY, APRIL
26TH., 1879.

A cloudless sky—a sultry day;
A wealth of sunshine in the air,
Young spring was blooming soft and fair,
And o'er the earth held sovereign sway.

A morning bathed in dewy tears
Upon the gentle swelling hills,
Where nature once again fulfils
The promise of consistent years.

A cry—a brief electric flash—
A burst of awful fear leaped out;
A moment of suspense and doubt—
Ere thousands from the city dash,

And to the College force their way;
For "Fire! fire!" was the cry,
Fair Notre Dame was doomed to lie
Prone in the dust, for naught can stay

The fiendish progress of the flames
That roll above her stately dome—
O'er sacred relic—ancient tomb—
The treasured lore of deathless names.

O God! it was a thrilling sight,
Where rolled the fierce flames to the sky,
And great, brave men stood helpless by;
Crushed 'neath the monster's withering blight.

The sculptured Virgin mutely blessed
The lurid tongues that scorched her brow,
As holy martyrs erst did bow
Beneath the torture's final test.

The crash of walls, the hissing stream;
Commingled flames and blistering heat,
Wrought out a picture all replete
With mad destruction's lurid gleam.

Can nothing quell this demon's power?
Can naught appease his fiery wrath?
Can strength of man impede his path,
Or stay the flames that madly lower?

No arm was potent there to save;
From tower and dome the flames rolled down,
While noble firemen from the town
Fought bravely as becomes the brave.

Sorin, thy lifework lies a glow
Of crumbled clay and shapeless dross;
Thy Brethren of the Holy Cross
Behold their labor worthless grow.

Doomed, doomed, O beauteous Notre Dame!
Thy massive walls are crushed and low;
Thy stricken children here bestow
Their tears to consecrate thy fame.

The stranger turns heart-sick to see
That holocaust's destructive might;
Thy friends are gathered here to-night
In sympathy and love for thee.

Lo! crushed to thy foundation-stone;
From out those ruins comes a voice
That bids thee rise,—in grief rejoice,—
In woe thou weepeth not alone.

We feel thy loss—we saw thy birth;
Thy classic halls once more shall rise;
Thy dome again shall pierce the skies,
The grandest monument of earth.

O, hospitable Notre Dame!
Thy walls that never turned away
The poor unfed—appeal to-day
To Christian hearts of every name.

Gold cannot buy all thou hast lost!
It can do much—we promise more;
We pledge thee freely of our store
And sympathy of priceless cost.

Thy children, who are filling now
In every land the ranks of trade,
Will reach to thee their proffered aid
And laurels weave 'round thy crushed brow.

Thy deeds of love have made thee great;
Have won thee friends in distant lands
Who'll reach, to thy distress, full hands
And bounteous gifts from every State.

Arise! O peerless Notre Dame!
Forth from the gloom of thy despond,
To meet the coming years beyond,
And dedicate anew thy aim.

Thy fame is ours—our strength we give;

Sorin, thy Patriarch, shall not
Go to his grave and be forgot;
His name through ages yet shall live.

Chinese Emigration.

BY WM. KENNY.

Not more than forty years ago the first natives of the Chinese Empire made their appearance in this country. They were then looked upon as curiosities; their dress was the subject of ridicule, their manners supplied an open field for criticism, and their customs, then little known, were tolerated on account of their antiquity. But later years saw their gradual increase, and slight success encouraged their latent energies, until, to-day, they form quite an important factor in the population of our rising country. At present, the subject of Chinese emigration occupies the attention of our greatest statesmen. So important is it considered that in the last general election we saw one of the two great national parties advancing it as one of the fundamental principles of its platform. It is held by some that Chinese emigration is injurious to the country at large, and should therefore be discouraged. But many facts can give ample proof that it is not detrimental to the success of the nation, and that "almond-eyed" John deserves the protection of the Government as well as those "Kearneyites" who wage such a pitiless war against him. It is an acknowledged fact that the Chinaman works for less wages than other common laborers. It does not, however, follow that he thereby encroaches on the rights of this class. As well might it be said that the grocer who undersells his neighbor, the contractor who underbids his competitor, or the mechanic who rivals his fellow-tradesmen is, by that means doing an injury to the State. The successful bidder, in any contract, is admired by us on account of his energy and enterprise. But why is it so? Is it not because he has reduced the price on certain labors and agreed to perform certain works for less than his competitors. The same thing is true of the Chinaman. He works for less wages, is just as faithful to his employer, and performs his labor just as well as his fairer-skinned brother. By this means he reduces the standard of wages as the tradesman, by competition, lowers the price of merchandise. The circumstances, when freed from prejudice, are the same in both cases; and any reasonable person will admit that while one is honored as a benefactor the other should not be despised as an intruder. Although this matter of lower wages may, in a certain degree, directly injure one class yet it indirectly acts favorably on our entire population; for reduced wages enable employers to barter their goods at reduced rates, and by this means all are benefited by the competition.

Another great load the poor Chinaman must bear is the charge that he never becomes a citizen, and consequently cannot have any interest in the welfare of the Republic; and it is also held that, by disclaiming the rights of citizenship, he forfeits all pretensions to the aid of the Government. Even granting such to be the case, it would follow on the same grounds that all others not enrolled as citizens are careless of the advancement of the Republic, and consequently have no claims on its protection. Now, out of a population of about fifty-five millions we see but nine millions asserting their rights as citizens by means of the

ballot. Out of the remaining millions, independent of women and children, there must be an enormous number who were never naturalized, or if so, at least never exercised their prerogatives as citizens. But still no reproaches are cast upon them, no war of extermination is waged against them: they enjoy the same rights, and are treated with the same respect as the best citizens of our boasted Republic. Of these, some are foreigners and strangers, as well as the Mongolian. The same war should be waged against both, or against neither. We cannot, therefore, claim that a Chinaman who delays become a citizen is opposed to the success of the Republic any more than the other foreign or native-born elements who are never seen at the polls.

Again it is alleged against the Chinaman that his customs and manners tend to corrupt the morals of the State. The absurdity of this charge appears on its very face. To say that a few thousand people, separated from their fellow creatures by every social and political tie; despised on account of their religion, derided on account of their national customs; to say that this people could exert an influence, either for the good or bad, on a great nation is too absurd to be admitted for a moment. The very fact of bringing this charge would plainly show the want of confidence the people of the United States had in their advanced civilization and progress. When, 250 years ago, a handful of pilgrims landed on Massachusetts's shores they found themselves in the midst of a countless band of savage and warlike men. The country was theirs; their habits were peculiarly their own; their manners, barbarous though they might have been, were still the customs of their forefathers. The poor pilgrims were associated with these; they found their very existence for some time dependant on the tolerant native. Yet did they sacrifice their advanced civilization for the barbarous customs of the lords of the soil? Did they renounce their religion, their language, their mode of living in order to conform with those of the native? The customs of our country, to-day, answer this question. Why should it any more be feared that the descendants of these pilgrims would be tainted by a handful of foreigners, whereas the customs of a native race could not efface from their brow, though strangers, the noble mark of civilization stamped there by a generous God?

Aside from the political standpoint, there is a moral right which should guarantee protection to the Chinese emigrant. The clause in our Constitution which, more than any other, has contributed to the success of our young Republic, and by means of which the different States in the Union have, within a quarter of a century, more than doubled their population, should now induce us to treat with respect those foreigners, whom the framers of the Constitution so urgently invited, and looked upon as the future props of the infant Republic. This clause offers a home to all foreigners, allows them the free exercise of their religious principles, respects their national customs, and pledges itself to protect their individual rights, when not conflicting with the common rights of all. It makes no distinction between race, color, or religion: all are equal while conforming to the rules of the land. The exiled subject of King William may here relate his tale of suffering to the heart-broken victim of English oppression and Irish landlordism, while the heart of the native American melts at the recital of their misery, and his strong hand of fellowship is extended to both. Sunny Italy's

wayward sons may here mingle with the Poles freed from Russia's despotic sway. Communistic dissension may banish from unhappy France the despised descendants of her once honored nobility, but America's hospitable gates are never closed against them. A house is ever offered for the unfortunate, and a means given for recovering their shattered resources.

But although the letter and spirit of our constitution offer a protection to all, we see the disciples of Confucius despised and persecuted. This certainly is not in accordance with the intention of our forefathers. It was their purpose, when offering a home to all, to welcome all with equal warmth. What if the Chinaman prefers to support himself with the help of his laundry? Though an humble one, is it any the less an honest occupation? Why should he be despised for his choice of vocation any more than the dark-skinned Italian whose lazy life is centered in the organ he so persistently grinds? Why wage persecution against a class of hard working men, while another indolent class, investing our streets with their fruit stands and monkey shows, are treated as equals in the common sphere of life? It is undoubtedly true that the Chinaman's money, although entirely drawn from the land of his adoption, very seldom finds its way back through the ordinary channels of business circulation. But is his the only race to which this can be charged? Do we find no other people whose chief aim is to retain what money they now possess, or are ever likely to have? Are not the Jews peculiarly a people of this kind? We find them, as a whole, the richest race now in our country; but the persecuted rice-eater of the Pacific slope is not more tenacious of his hundreds than the second-hand clothier or heartless pawn-broker of our flourishing cities is of his thousands of golden bits. Still the Jews are not persecuted; although, perhaps, not themselves respected, their rights as citizens are never questioned. It would certainly seem as if the "Knights of the Cue," on the same principle, had equal title to our protection with the crafty descendants of King David. The Chinese, as well as all other foreigners, came here with the desire of gain, and looked upon their adopted country as a fertile field from which they might gather their riches. If, in their own country, they were supplied with all the requisites and comforts of life, it is certain they would never have troubled us; it was for their own benefit they came, and we, receiving them all, were satisfied with their motive, and agreed to share the resources of our rising nation. Now, when it is seen they are an industrious people, associating with one another to the exclusion of all strangers, and refusing to mingle in the dissipations of civilized life, we become incensed against their customs, and in place of the protection which should be extended to them, a war of extermination is continually waged against them. If to the Chinese alone could be ascribed those charges which now furnish an excuse for this agitation, certainly so much could not be said to justify their emigration to our country. But "almond-eyed" John is not alone in his unenviable position; other elements have their peculiarities; some indeed, although not absolutely detrimental to the progress of the State, still are far from exercising any influence on it for the good.

When carefully considered, it will be seen that the Chinese are despised, not on account of their manners and customs, not on account of their exclusiveness and morbid desire of gain, not for many other reasons which are assumed as the real grounds of dissatisfaction, but chiefly

on account of an inherent prejudice, the cause of which it is hard to explain, but which, in a certain degree, may be traced to those early travellers whose first impressions in that Eastern land were not the most favorable. It is an indisputable fact that the "Heathen Chinese" now possesses a firm foot-hold in our country. Once allowed to settle, he may claim the right of our suffrage until eviction again drives him to his native land. The power of decreeing that rests in the hands of our able and trusted representatives: till they decree to the contrary, he must be tolerated in our midst. We should remember that his yellow skin covers a body impressed with the image of the Creator, as well as our own; if we cannot love and honor him as an equal, let us at least respect and pity him as a fellow-creature.

Notre Dame University.

BY AN OLD STUDENT.

A correspondent sends us the following:—DEAR SCHOLASTIC:—A well-known physician of this place, on returning from a late visit to your renowned University, published in one of our local papers a very interesting account of what he saw during his brief sojourn at the *Alma Mater* of his boyhood. By the by, it turns out that he was the veritable hero of the famous ride after that bottle of medicine, so potent in rescuing the drowning (?) Samuel from an untimely death, in the days of yore. I inclose a copy of his article for insertion in the SCHOLASTIC:

MY VISIT TO NOTRE DAME UNIVERSITY.

MR. EDITOR:—Our numerous party, after a pleasant ride of thirty minutes from the South-Bend depot, over a highly picturesque, undulating country, intersected at regular intervals by fragrant Osage hedges, found themselves gazing, with mingled astonishment and pleasure, on that stupendous achievement of American enterprise and perseverance, the far-famed Notre Dame University, justly styled "the pride of the West." I was greatly amused by reading the facetious account of one of our youthful frolics lately given in the SCHOLASTIC, by an "Old Student," since I must candidly confess that I was one of the twelve incorrigible students who took that cool bath in the limpid waters of the St. Joseph, imbibed that bottle of *goat's milk*, and rubbed down our drowning (?) companion with the empty bottle, some forty years ago.

Though the old college of my boyhood was an imposing building, yet I am bound to admit the new one casts the former structure completely in the shade. Our admiring party first visited the sumptuous dining-halls on the first floor, where we feasted our eyes on the magnificent paintings of European cathedrals, palaces, and castles, lately executed by the skilful and practiced hand of the inimitable Professor Ackerman. We knew not which the more to admire, the fascinating brilliancy of the gorgeous paintings, or the inviting appearance of the steaming dishes, under which the tables groaned: and the result was, to find ourselves in the awkward predicament of the quadruped between two bundles of clover. We next visited the lavatories, or wash-rooms, on the same floor, meeting a most courteous reception from the good Brother Moses, the gentlemanly custodian of that department, which, from his discriminating skill and indefatigable assiduity, may

well be called a floral bower exhaling delicious fragrance on the morning air.

Here we behold sparkling rows of gorgeous marble fountains, flowing with copious streams of hot and cold water for each student. When we, Mr. Editor, bear in mind that the whole building, from ground to garret, is heated by steam and lighted with gas, that caged choral songsters revelling in the salubrious atmosphere of the place, are pouring forth one continued stream of melodious warblings, we will be the better able to imagine what pleasing sensations thrill the bosom of "Young America" on entering that delightful place on a cold, frosty morning, with the Mercury twenty degrees below Zero out of doors. What a surprising contrast, thought I, between the Notre Dame of the present day, with its princely accommodations, and our rough-and-ready Notre Dame of forty years ago, when the lake was our wash-basin; and our fare, though not consisting of rare delicacies, was not, however, quite so rough as the Yankee said he had on the Western frontier, viz.: "Corn bread and fat pork for breakfast, fat pork and corn dodgers for dinner, with cut straw and molasses for supper." On the contrary, we had bear's meat, venison, wild turkeys, and small game in abundance. On hickory constitutions, induced by such frugal fare, we studied well, enjoyed vigorous health, and left "Doctor Pilibags" to swallow his own decoctions, or throw them to the dogs. Thence we proceeded to the spacious study-halls on the second floor, which surpass in grandeur of design and magnificence of ornamentation anything in that line it has ever been my happy lot to witness. Our next visit was to the Infirmary, a building of 150 feet by 60, and 3 stories high, in charge of the Sisters of the Holy Cross. This building is beautifully painted and frescoed. We were most cordially received by the good Sisters, who showed us all over the building, which is kept scrupulously clean. Upon entering the hall of the convalescent, we were highly amused, as well as edified, by seeing its inmates busily occupied in manufacturing prayer-beads, some of which far surpassed in richness, durability, and artistic skill, anything imported from Europe. This charming amusement, replete with innocent rivalry, serves to amuse the sick, and cause them to forget all their real or imaginary ills. The writer was highly delighted to find his venerable Professor of days long past, Bro. J. de Matha, presiding therein, busily engaged in developing artistic talent, and teaching the young idea how to honor Mary Immaculate. Active preparations are in progress for finishing the Music Hall and College rotunda, as also for building an extensive office for the *Ave Maria* and SCHOLASTIC.

DOCTOR J. BLAIR

The Chinese Question at Home.

In reading the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC—which we always do with interest—we see an article from H. Simms, whose manner of saying "the Chinese are not likely to go" seems to incline that they should not; and though probably by the laws of our Constitution they cannot be *compelled* to go, still those who see not from afar, whence "distance lends enchantment, but know rather from personal observation, must say 'twere better they had not come. We speak not on the basis of their immoral influence, to which the writer refers: no foreign nation can possibly stamp

upon our American race in the West a greater impress of shame than their own unbridled inclinations have done to themselves; no people from beyond the sea can corrupt the average 'Western man,' for he takes the lead in that line. The Chinese immoralities are not attractive—scarce any person can be drawn into them who was not already lost. Look at Colorado's world-renowned Leadville, that great emporium of fortunes, made in a minute: there is not, probably, any city on the globe where there is so much sin and broad-daylight immoralities practiced as in her midst, and in her surrounding towns: so you would think that, to purify them, "the smoke of their burning must ascend forever and ever," and yet not a Mongolian dares set his foot upon her soil. Nor are the Chinese quarrelsome: they are peaceable, industrious and law-abiding; they are not fighters, they have no muscle; they receive much abuse, and retaliate not. They work for little, and are quick and faithful: and here mark their first foot-print of evil—they *work for little*. They have no families like the laboring American, they have no separate homes to maintain, they crowd together like herds in a corral: and the white laborer with greater needs must come down to their standard of wages. They usurp the places of the laboring women in nearly all forms—an instance of man's rights; the widow cannot support her many little ones and wash as cheaply as they; they take the kitchen, the laundry, the dining-room, the chamber and nursery! and what shall become of the women who filled those places? The histories of too many have answered. And here is the second step toward evil the Chinese breed, immorality—indirectly.

Again, they spend nothing on our soil. It is said that no State in the Union could bear the drain the Chinese make upon her, as beautiful, perennial-blooming California does, and not sink under it. Every year they grasp her thousands of dollars up, and give nothing in return. They advance no interests of property, they make no homes, they spend none of their earnings with us. All they eat and all they wear are imported, and China gets the money. When they want to "settle down" and spend their hoardings, then China gets the money. They are harmless, patient, limp blood-suckers, draining gold from America to enrich Eastern soil. And woe to New England's virtuous daughters when the Chinese are allowed to crowd into the factories and take the distaff from their hands, as 'companies' are preparing them to do! How shall these women earn their living, when their only *honorable* means is taken from them? When disappointment and hunger shall overtake them in their westward march, as the Chinamen go East, there are thousands of gilded 'palaces' awaiting them with luring voice: "So surely as ye eat of the forbidden fruit ye shall not die." Alas! for the day when the wisdom of America thinks best to displace the female hand from the Eastern factories, and put in the unoffending Chinaman.

E.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

—HONESTY.—There is no man, but for his own interest, hath an obligation to be honest. There may be sometimes temptations to be otherwise; but, all things considered, he shall find it the greatest ease, the highest profit, the best pleasure, the most safety, and the noblest fame, to be honest.

Art, Music and Literature.

—The Corcoran Gallery, Washington, D. C., has lately received two paintings by Chiaoha.

—Gerome is travelling in the East. His piece of sculpture in the Salon this year represents Anacreon holding in his arms the infants Love and Bacchus.

—The excavations at Ostia, at the mouth of the Tiber, have disclosed a finely-preserved altar of remarkable beauty, upon which illustrations of the birth of Romulus and Remus are sculptured in very high relief.

—Millet's "Angelus" has just been sold in Paris for \$32,000. It was originally sold by the painter to a dealer for \$200; it was then purchased by another dealer for \$1,000, and at its next sale went up to \$7,200. Meissonier's picture, the "Halte des Cavaliers," has been sold for \$25,000.

—There is some talk at present in the lobbies of the French Chamber of Deputies about the creation in Paris of a grand museum for the works of living French masters. The new museum will probably be built on the Boulevard Saint Michel, on that part of the Luxembourg which joins the Ecole des Mines.

—At a choral performance, many years ago, in an Edinburgh theatre, a Scotchman had been placed in the "flies" to sing the echo to a certain production. When in "Hail Smiling Morn," the chorus sang in stentorian tones "Flies away," there was a sudden pause, and clear and distinct come back the echo from above, "Flees away!"

—The only piano-forte that has ever been in Durango, Colorado, is greatly prized there. It was transported over two hundred miles behind mules, and all went well until one day, mule, wagon, driver and piano-forte rolled to the bottom of a mountain! The long and sudden descent shook up the mules, and rattled the driver, but the piano-forte was not hurt any to speak of.

—The report of the death of Cesare Cantu, the celebrated Italian historian, has turned out to be false. The blunder of the foreign news-gatherer was most ridiculous. A member of the Italian Parliament, Corbetta, died recently. The home of his family it seems was Cantu, a little town whose existence few outside of Italy and probably few in it knew. The mention of Cantu and a funeral naturally suggested at first glance the death of him who alone has brought the name into prominence. So much for news from headlines.—T. F. M., in *Catholic Universe*.

Scientific Notes.

—One of the latest treatises on ozone is by M. l' Abbé Moigne, editor of *Les Mondes*.

—The vapors of nitrous ether are recommended by M. Peyrusson, as a disinfectant and antiseptic. They have neither a disagreeable nor hurtful smell.

—To Prof. Josiah Millard Gibbs, of Yale College, has been awarded by the American Society of Arts and Science the Rumford Medal for his researches on thermodynamics.

—Green, red, brown, gray, and other colored canaries, were recently exhibited at a bird show in Berlin. The varieties of color had been caused by the daily use of cayenne pepper in their food.

—Prof. Tidy in a paper read before the London Chemical Society on March 3d, restates, in reply to Dr. Frankland, his firm conviction that a fairly rapid river, having received sewage in quantity not exceeding one-twentieth of its volume, regains its purity after a run of a few miles, and becomes wholesome and good for drinking.

—Mr. J. W. Swan, in a paper on the subdivision of the electric light, does not hope for any extensive and economical subdivision of the light by lamps in which there is combustion. The true incandescent lamps prevent the combustion of the carbon in one of two ways,—either by the entire exhaustion of the air from the chamber in which the heated carbon is placed, or by the filling of the chamber with an inert gas, such as nitrogen. Both these expe-

dients were tried by the early inventors, and both have still their advocates. The early experimenters failed to accomplish what they sought from three causes, any one of which was enough to bar the way. First, the carbons employed were so thick as to require a large current to produce the required temperature in them; second, the carbons were not durable; and, third, the lamp-glass speedily became obscured. He showed that it was the invention of the sprengel pump, and the use Mr. Crooks showed could be made of it that has caused modern electricians to be so successful as they are in obtaining electric light by incandescence.—*New York Times*.

Exchanges.

—The *Catholic Columbian* is out in a new dress, a fact that shows its financial affairs are in a healthy condition. We congratulate our friend Clarke on the handsome appearance of his paper, and still more on the ability with which it is edited.

—The *Annals of Our Lady of the Angels*, published by the Sisterhood of the Third Order of St. Francis in Augusta, Ga., is a neat 32-page magazine filled with choice religious matter, serial stories, poetry, etc. Published monthly, \$1.25 a year.

—Our *Catholic Youth*, published weekly by Mr. John C. Lappan, at Detroit, Mich., and *The Chimes*, published by T. J. Wentworth, 174 West Baltimore street, Baltimore, Md., are excellent papers for children. Price of subscription to either, \$1 a year.

—The *K. M. I. News*, from the Kentucky Military Institute, Farmdale, Ky., is a regular weekly visitor. Many of the articles are the result of close observation of men and things. The exchange department is a recent feature, and one which adds not a little to the interest of the *News*, as it would to that of any paper.

—Hon. H. A. Peed on coming into possession of the *South-Bend Herald* changed the name of the paper to *The South-Bend Times*, with both a daily and weekly issue. The *Herald* under Hon. Mr. Murray's control was very ably edited, and it seems that Mr. Peed is determined to keep it up to its former high repute. South Bend has now three dailies, two of them Republican, and one Democratic.

—D. T. Ames, in the eighth number of his "Lessons in Practical Writing," (*Penman's Art Journal* for April) illustrates some of the most probable faults in forming capital stems, the basis of capital letters, the right forms being indicated by dotted lines. Three fine illustrations in artistic pen-work are given in the April number—one by Mr. Ames, one by A. W. Dudley, teacher in the Northern Indiana Normal College, and one from Williams and Packard's work on penmanship.

—The *Heidelberg Monthly Journal*, still in its first year, has given up the newspaper form and comes now in the shape of a neat magazine, with a cover, and printed on tinted paper. The matter—both original and selected—is generally up to the average of college periodicals. The *Heidelberg Monthly* is, from time to time, enriched with articles from the college professors, an example which we commend to those at Notre Dame; even though these do teach four or six classes a day, they ought to help us once in a while, and thus raise the standard of our college paper.

—The *Katholisches Volksblatt*, New York, is one of the best of our German exchanges. It contains 16 large pages, being a double-sheet paper of the largest size, and is brimfull of excellent matter, both editorial and selected. The principal items of news, both American and foreign, are given briefly or at length, according to their importance, and but little seems to escape the editor's watchful eye. The number for April the 7th contains a full report of an excellent lecture delivered by Mr. A. Eickhoff before the German Democratic Association of New York, on the different political parties in American history. The characters of Jefferson and Hamilton, two very inharmonious elements of Washington's cabinet, are portrayed at length

as are also the conflicting views of these two great champions of republicanism and federalism.

—*The Guardian Angel* for April is handsomely illustrated: the reading-matter is admirably suited for the entertainment of children, and will leave a good impression on their tender minds. Rev. A. A. Lambing, who has written articles of a very high order of merit for various magazines, and author of several books, seems to take special pleasure in writing for the young, and is a regular contributor to *The Guardian Angel*. His article in the present number is on "Easter Sunday," and is very instructive. The article on "Catholic Tolerance" is to the point; it will do good in counteracting the false impressions current among many who take everything on credit and will not take the trouble to sift calumnies before accepting them. "Irish Fidelity and American Gratitude" is a beautiful incident narrated in a pleasing manner. Anna L. T. Gillin continues her story of "The Golden Island; or, Lost at Sea." The poetry is nice, and the puzzle corner no doubt proves entertaining to many a home fireside. *The Guardian Angel* is published monthly by Daniel F. Gillin, 724 Sansom St., Philadelphia, for 50 cents a year; 5 copies for \$2.

—*The Paper World* is full of good things of various kinds. It must by this time have become indispensable to paper-makers and publishers. Judging from the number of advertisements, we think it is well patronized by manufacturers, in every line of business, even the most remotely connected with publishing or paper-making, and the way the illustrations to these advertisements stand out in clear, glossy ink on the super-sized and super-calendered paper is pleasing to behold. The leading article of the April number is a sketch of one of our oldest newspapers, the *Hartford Courant*, started in October 1764, by Thomas Green, under the name of the *Connecticut Courant*, and published without break or interruption up to the present time, a period of 116 years. It will thus be seen that it antedates the Republic. It has "discussed war with England; the Declaration; the Confederation; the Constitution and the Amendments; participated in every presidential election, and had, and expressed, its opinion on every important event in our history, national or local." We are informed that its pages, of which a complete file exists, give an entire history of the country from its birth, and have been eagerly studied by Bancroft and Trumbull. It changed proprietorship fourteen times; one man, Mr. Goodwin, who took it in 1778, published it till 1836, a period of 58 years. Mr. Goodwin was a practical printer, and when he sold the paper "he stipulated with the new owner, Mr. John L. Boswell, that he should have the privilege of returning, at will, to work at the case, setting type gratuitously, through life; and for a long time thereafter he clung to his old habit." Portraits of Mr. Goodwin and Mr. Boswell are given in *The Paper World*, and also a cut of the *Courant's* new building, erected in 1880. Mr. Clark W. Bryan, the publisher of *The Paper World*, is a live editor, and publishes one of the handsomest periodicals of this advanced age. Besides items of all kinds, literary, scientific, etc., trade notes, etc., he gives a monthly review of the Book World, and under this heading offers a liberal space for reviews and notices of freshly-printed books. *The Paper World* is a 48-page quarto, and costs only \$2 a year.

—*The College Message* for April is better printed than usual. Among the articles of note is a sketch of Oliver Goldsmith and a humorous article on Cats—brimfull of humor and bristling with puns—pungent puns—not the awkward, clumsy, disreputable attempts that are so common and that have brought punning into disrepute. Still, there are some puns in the article that were better foreborne—stretched until they show a rent in the writer's imagination—a rack-rent, too, though not such as would satisfy the grasping propensities of an ejecting Irish landlord. At a time when the feline fraternity have so little feeling shown for them—being a common object of enmity to medical students and the rest of mankind—it is well for the poor creatures that they have found one friend to advocate their cause. The writer reduces cats to two specific heads—the cat at home, and the cat abroad. He thinks the cat a follower of the Muse, and in this respect allied the poet, but we opine that in this he is mistaken, as

cats are more probably disciples of Orpheus, and of the mew-sical fraternity. As a college exchange, a close observer of cats, truly says, "they love to sit and warble and mew till late," but they are not alone in this respect; others love to sit on the watch and mutilate them with boots, bootjacks, and other nocturnal missiles, often interrupting the rapt strains of the feline orchestra as, under the directing baton of a mew-sical Thomas, they are in the midst of an interesting nocturne, thus introducing a most inharmonious pizzicato. We hope that the writer in the *Message*, if he intends to enlarge and publish his work on the cat, will follow more strictly the categorical species of the feline race and not attempt to connect it with the Muse and poetry, for we deny that the cat is a poet, although its mooning propensities might incline shallow observers to such belief. The writer might just as well say that because cats "waltz around on Brussels, or drink milk—punched about the livelong day," they are disciples of Terpsichore. The writer evidently entertains a splenetic feeling for poets; and although we can make a reasonable allowance for such feeling on account of the class that write for the *Message*, we cannot allow it such a wide scope as he is inclined to give. Hear him: "If we could only for a time—how long is uncertain, perhaps all night—be patient, and take a meritorious view of things, we would perceive undeniably the intrinsic harmonies of sympathetic lunar reaction, and reciprocate—if not in tone, at least in time—the tender feelings that undulate so musically o'er the serenity of the silent hours. The moon will moon,—can't help it; poets will muse,—haven't sense enough to help it; and the cat, poor thing, mews, come what will, bootjacks, boilers, stove-pipes, [boots, shoe-brushes,] etc.,—can't help it, even if the whole institution came down."

—The exchange editor of *The Lariat* says: "Our neighbor, the SCHOLASTIC, and the *Rouge et Noir*, of Trinity College, have conspired to establish a modern inquisition and our own *Lariat* is the unhappy victim. We are put to the rack to compel a retraction of blasphemy against Notre Dame University. The SCHOLASTIC quotes from *The Lariat* and then scratches with the editorial quill as follows," etc. Well, friend *Lariat*, we suppose it is useless for us to make any protestations, or claim for ourselves simple straightforwardness and honesty of purpose, so we will say nothing about these things as far as concerns ourselves; but as to *Rouge et Noir* we will say that there was no earthly reason why it should champion our cause or say a word in our favor, except a magnanimous impulse urging fair-play when a contemporary has an unjust aspersion cast upon it. If you have read our answers to the charges of the *Courier* you should know that the system of Catholicism is not one of "oppression and thumbscrews," and the fact that the editors of *Rouge et Noir* had already ascertained the truth for themselves before we wrote in exculpation of our grand old much-persecuted Church, is a sign that they have read deeper than others and are magnanimous enough to say a good word in our favor. You say, *Lariat*, you "have sinned a great sin," but that your punishment is greater than you can bear; "of course Catholicism and thumbscrews have no (?) connection." Thanks for the retraction, even though given with the mental reservation indicated by the "little crooked thing that asks questions." Small favors thankfully received, and if we cannot give you credit for deep learning we will for honesty, at least. As to the clipping you make from a recent number of the SCHOLASTIC, stating that the use of tobacco, under any shape or form, by the students, is strictly forbidden, except to those of the Senior department who obtain a written request from their parents, you were led into error by not understanding the meaning of the words "Senior Department" as used here in contradistinction to the word Senior Class. You took it in the latter sense, and you were wrong, as we will explain. There are here three departments, or colleges, the Senior, Preparatory and Minim departments, regulated according to age, and without regard to standing, and when we say Senior Department we include the Senior, Junior, and Sophomore Classes, as well as students of advanced years in the Scientific and Art departments. Now you can see it as plain as a pike-staff, and also, we hope, the injustice you have done the University authorities.

The "other boys," referred to in the clipping, who "manage to get a smoke on the sly sometimes," are the Preps, and we are not magnanimous (?) enough to encourage them in a habit that not only does them an injury, but looks anything but nice, and gets them into trouble.

—*The Queen's College Journal* which entertains eminently practical views on many points relating to college work, is not inclined to concede precedence in everything to the older universities of Europe. It is an open question, and apart from all distinction of age or standing, we say *Palmarum qui meruit ferat*. The following extract from a late number of the *Journal* needs no explanation:

—*King's College Record*:—"We regret that the editor of the *Register* betrays a tendency to hold up Harvard College as being a superior educational institution to either Oxford or Cambridge. One of the Harvard students writes to the *Christian World*, a third-class London weekly, a criticism of an able article by Dr. Greenwood, regarding the relative value of European vs. American degrees. The unfledged critic says:—

'Has Dr. Greenwood any suspicion that it requires as much scholarship to matriculate at Harvard as to obtain the ordinary B. A. at Oxford or Cambridge?—and that the Harvard B. A. means four years work on the top of this matriculation?'

"This is startling news, which could only have generated in the mind of one wholly unacquainted with the subject. Every one will concede that the two chief things required in an Arts Course are Classics and Mathematics. Can Harvard compare with Oxford in classic lore? Can she ever aspire to compete with Cambridge in mathematics? Will her Divinity bear the test of even an ordinary examination, as compared with either Oxon or Cantab?'"

To this the *Journal* replies: "Perhaps not. Still we are of the opinion that a degree from a good American University implies more scholarship than the ordinary B. A. of Oxford or Cambridge. Though of course this is not necessarily so."

The exchange editor of the *Journal* says:

"If the tone of a college is to be judged by that of the paper which it issues, and if an unbiased judge were given the different college papers for perusal, the chances are twenty to one that he would decide against co-education. Papers produced by the combined genius of men and women, certainly do not show any traces of the refinement which promoters of ultra co-education claim as a result of the influence of the gentle sex over men. There are one or two exceptions to this rule, to be sure, but as a rule the tone of co-educational papers is low. It may be said that our remarks are a reflection on ourselves; but co-education as it has been initiated into Queen's College, is a very different thing from that which seems to exist elsewhere. It is true that three or four women attend lectures in Arts, but they are completely separated from the men, and it is to be hoped they will always be; much less have anything to do with this paper. If we thought that this new venture in the college would end in such a state of affairs as seems to exist some places we would certainly give it all the opposition in our power, but it is to be presumed that a policy of strict separation will prevent any bad results."

In its notes on the "College World" the *Journal* has the following:

"We did injustice to the University of Notre Dame in our notice of the *Scholastic* some time ago. That paper courteously explains that there is a small boys' school in connection with the University, and it was a member of this to whom the *Scholastic* referred so patronizingly. The *Scholastic* also informs us that, if anything, the Faculty are inclined to let it [the *Scholastic*] alone. The Trustees show great generosity in paying all the expenses of the *Scholastic*, but of course the paper must make some return and make one of its features a 'home record.'"

—The following, from *The Hanoverian*, endorses opinions that we have often expressed in the *SCHOLASTIC*:

"In looking over our exchanges we have been interested in observing how each journal has its own ideal of a college paper, and how widely different are criteria by which our contemporaries judge each other. In fact, there is no generally recognized standard of college journalism, and, in our opinion, there should not be. Every board of editors should consider the needs of their own college, and aim to make their periodical conform to those needs. But it would be folly for that paper to use their ideal as a criterion of a paper published at another institution. Only those acquainted with the character, traditions and circumstances of a college are competent to judge what its representative paper should be."

College Gossip.

—Columbia has dropped money prizes from her college course.—*Ex.*

—Lamp-posts—structures which, if kept well painted and washed, are an ornament to any campus in the daytime.—*Princetonian*.

—Command of languages illustrated:—Senior—"Professor, what is meant by 'reputable writings?'" Prof.—"Reputable writings are the writings of writers of reputable reputations.—*University Press*.

—Wabash is the only Indiana college which is not co-educational.—*The Dartmouth*. This item is still going the rounds of the college press although Wabash has for some time been a co-educational institution.

—We love the darling creatures,
And their power we could tell—
To make this world a heaven

Or a blank and bitter—disappointment.

—*Targum*.

We don't pretend to be much of a poet, but it strikes us that there's something wrong in the rhyme and metre of that last line.—*C. C. N. Y. Free Press*.

—In the United States we have statistics of 1,400 Catholic parochial schools, the given attendance at which amounts to 320,000 pupils. The entire number of parish schools foots up 1,700, and the total figure of attendance may be set down at 400,000. Add to this the number of 48,000 who are being educated in colleges and academies, and further increase the sum by the probable number of children in asylums and industrial schools, and there will appear something very like half a million of scholars who are receiving their education at the expense of Catholics.—*Ex.*

—A great educational institution has been projected by Mrs. A. T. Stewart and Judge Hilton, as executors of the late A. T. Stewart's will. It is to be located at Garden City, L. I., near Stewart's Episcopal Cathedral. Male and female Colleges will be erected, the cost of which, with their endowments, will reach the sum of \$4,000,000. They are intended to be the largest in America, and non-sectarian. Expenses to students will be placed at a very low figure. The College buildings, three in number, will be remarkable for the beauty of their architecture and their magnificent appointments.—*Review*.

—A good joke is told of a certain Dublin professor—a stickler for ventilation. Being put in a room at a hotel with another guest, he asked the latter to raise the window at night, as the air was so close. "I can't raise it," said the guest, after working at the window for a while. "Then knock a pane of glass out," said the professor, which was done. After a while the professor got up and broke another pane, then he said he was able to sleep; but in the morning he discovered that they had broken into a *book-case*! We wonder if any of the students should smash in a case in the chemistry room whether they could sleep better there.—*C. C. N. Y. Free Press*.

—Some time ago, at a class meeting of the Seniors, it was proposed to petition the Faculty to extend the spring vacation one week longer, but in the debate on other questions the motion was lost sight of. We wish to call attention to the proposal, as it strikes us as being a very reasonable request. The vacation, as now marked out, ends just three days before Easter. To be sure, this feast is nothing to a majority of the students and to the faculty; still, to prolong the vacation a little, in order to include it, would be a great favor to the twenty-five or thirty Episcopals and Roman Catholics that are here, while it would doubtless not come amiss to those who care nothing for Easter themselves. Moreover, the reason that induced the Faculty to give us three weeks last spring, viz: the lateness of Commencement, is still operative—for Commencement this year comes on July 6th. Finally, the Faculty need have no fear that in granting this request now they will be expected to prolong the recess every year, for with a change of Presidents they can easily effect a change of precedents. We hope that the Juniors and Seniors will brace up and put the project through.—*Williams Athenaeum*.

Notre Dame Scholastic.

Notre Dame, April 23, 1881.

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 FOURTEENTH year of its existence, and presents itself anew as a candidate for the favor and support of the many old friends that have heretofore lent it a helping hand.

THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC contains:

choice Poetry, Essays, and the current Art, Musical and Literary Gossip of the day.

Editorials on questions of the day, as well as on subjects connected with the University of Notre Dame.

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.

Terms, \$1.50 Per Annum, Postpaid.

Address EDITOR NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC,

Notre Dame, Indiana.

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.

—Hon. W. H. Calkins, member of Congress from this district, was engaged as counsel in a criminal case tried in the South Bend Court last week, and made a strong and eloquent address of two hours length in favor of his client. We regret that we had not the pleasure of hearing Major Calkins, for he is a pleasing and powerful speaker, and one of the best in the House of Representatives, where he can at any time command the attention vouchsafed to so few. We have heard him plead in the Supreme Court at Washington, and were much pleased with the cogency of his arguments and the manner of his address. During his two hours address in South Bend the Court became crowded, and he was the cynosure of all eyes. It will be remembered that Major Calkins was the first member of Congress to present resolutions of sympathy with the suffering people of Ireland, backing the resolutions with one of those powerful speeches that seem ever at his command, and carrying them through with a unanimous vote. When, therefore, he visited South Bend, the Irish Republican Club of that city assembled and passed an unanimous vote of thanks to Major Calkins for what he had done for their suffering countrymen. We regret that the Republican Club were not joined in this measure by all the Irishmen and men of Irish descent in South Bend, irrespective of political bias, for he deserves the unqualified gratitude of all.

—Charity is never lost: it may meet with ingratitude, or be of no service to those on whom it was bestowed, yet it ever does a work of beauty and grace upon the heart of the giver.

—Two years ago to-day, at 9:45 o'clock a. m., an alarm of fire was sounded, and word telegraphed to South Bend that fire had broken out in the dome of the University. The fire was first discovered by a Minim, Master Charles Garrick, we believe, whose shrill cry of "fire!" "fire!" was soon taken up by the Juniors and Seniors. In a few minutes the hose was in readiness, and every available water-bucket filled. Short as was the time consumed in these preparations—three minutes at the most—the fire had gained such headway, owing to the inflammable material of which the dome was constructed, that the flames drove back those managing the hose, and debarred the only means of getting out upon the mansard roof, whence alone the flames could be successfully combatted. A stream was then thrown upon the now blazing dome, and it soon became evident that the fire, which everyone thought would be extinguished in five or ten minutes, would have to be fought for hours. Water was given to the blazing dome without stint; but when a few minutes later it was seen that the fire had communicated itself to the mansard roof, with whose combustible nature everyone was acquainted, alarm and terror could be seen on everyone's countenance. Stout hearts palpitate unusually fast; brave men quail, for they see that the fiery element is about to gain the short, but well-fought contest. Is there no hope? Yes: South Bend can help us. Our operator dispatches his quick messenger, electricity, once more, and for the last time. In a moment this invisible agent has reached South Bend and says: "Send us assistance! Help us, or we perish!" Right nobly does warm-hearted South Bend respond to that cry for help, and soon her fire department is headed for Notre Dame. But has the devouring element abated its fury in the meantime? No: and when South Bend's heroic firemen reach us, the roof of the University is in flames. The firemen cast a hasty glance at their formidable antagonist, now red and roaring with rage. They attack him, hurling at him five liquid lances. They penetrate not his red glowing armor; five hundred would have been as powerless. The red monster sees the impotency of the well-directed blows of his brave antagonists, and rears his flaming hands still higher, and seems to laugh in scorn at the firemen's strenuous, but unavailing efforts to conquer him. He is flushed with victory; the battle is won: Notre Dame is doomed. It soon becomes apparent that the grand main building will not satisfy the monster's appetite. He casts a gluttonous glance at the Infirmary building: he lays his fiery hands upon it. Again do the firemen assault him, and endeavor to wrench that fine structure from his grasp. They fail; and he is victorious once more. In like manner does he devour the St. Aloysius's Home for the Aged, the Minims' and Juniors' play-halls, and the Music Hall. Five grand buildings has the monster now consumed, and still he is not satisfied. The Presbytery, Science Hall, Church of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart, and the large kitchen are now threatened. The firemen rush to the defence of these edifices. Terrific and long is the conflict. Rapid and fierce are the monster's assaults; heroic and brave the resistance. He makes a final effort, and in his fury causes the walls of the burning buildings to fall in with a deafening crash. The firemen are scorched with heat, blinded with smoke. They sustain the dreadful onslaught with the immovability of a mountain, and the intrepidity of heroes. They remain unshaken, while the monster grows weak from the force spent in his furious attack. The firemen perceive the

monster's discomfiture, and profit by it; he now finds himself on the defensive. The kitchen and Science Hall are deluged with water; that magnificent edifice, the Church of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart, receives similar treatment; they were saved. Never can Notre Dame forget the heroism of South Bend's firemen on that never-to-be-forgotten occasion.

Very Rev. Father General, the beloved Superior of the Congregation of the Holy Cross, had taken his departure for the sunny land of his birth—France. He had reached Montreal. He was sent for, and informed of the terrible catastrophe which had befallen Notre Dame, the pride of the West, the work of his hands, the idol of his heart—his life's work. Was he discouraged? No! He returned; viewed the now smouldering remains of his handiwork, exclaiming: "The Lord hath given and the Lord hath taken away. Blessed be His Name"! Never shall we forget the sermon which the venerable Father General preached the Sunday after his arrival. His text was: "The Lord chastiseth those whom He loveth." We shall not attempt a synopsis of the touching sermon, delivered by the Very Rev. Father on that occasion; two years may have caused us to forget many of the heart-touching things then said. Very Rev. Father General, with that confidence which faith alone inspires, on being asked whether he would rebuild, replied: "We shall rebuild immediately." Notre Dame University has been rebuilt, and to-day stands in peerless grandeur, the "pride of the West."

Such reflections as the above are appropriate on occasion like this. Let us take pride in our *Alma Mater*, and sincerely hope that Very Rev. Father General may long remain in the land of mortals, Notre Dame's bright guarding star. And may Very Rev. Father Corby, whom we love so well, and to whom, after Very Rev. Father General, Notre Dame's success must be attributed, long remain Notre Dame's glorious President.

—We have heard not a few speak in terms rather uncomplimentary of the discussion of the Chinese question now going on in these columns between Mr. T. A. Dailey, of Goliad, Texas, and Mr. Harry Simms, of the Staff. Some, taking Mr. Dailey's view of John Chinaman, have criticised Mr. Simms's views of our "pig-tailed" friend rather severely. Others, and among them may be included those who do not care a fig whether almond-eyed John goes or remains, think that Mr. Simms takes a comprehensive and true view of the Chinese problem. In fact, one of our college exchanges, *The University*, we believe, said, a short time since, that the stand taken by Mr. Simms in the discussion was a manly one,—one unbiased by prejudice. Many who know just about as much of the question at issue as a giraffe does of mathematics, have had the effrontery to reproach us for not having expunged certain passages from Mr. Simms's reply of last week, saying that they were improper, offensive, and well calculated to create rather unpleasant feelings in many of our readers. Several said that they believed that we were in full sympathy with the views of Mr. Simms on the question, and heartily endorsed them, and all because we allowed them to appear in these columns. Why cannot these same persons, for the same reason, say that we favor the arguments advanced by Mr. Dailey? We publish them. Are we, as editor-in-chief of the SCHOLASTIC, to be held responsible for the opinions of an individual, given under his signature, simply because

we publish them? We think not; and we, moreover, aver that any one making such an assertion is to be regarded rather in the light of an antiquated gaffer, than one capable of advancing anything more than the mere ghost of an argument on the question under discussion. If we understand our responsibilities as editor-in-chief, and without being the least egotistic, we believe we do, our office is not to make the opinions of our contributors conform to our own, but having placed our columns at their disposal, to allow them to use the same for the free expression of their views on any and all subjects. When a member of the Staff, or any other contributor, hands us a communication to which his signature is affixed, we but look to its literary excellence; and if we publish it, we make ourselves responsible, not for the sentiments therein contained, but only for its literary soundness.

If Mr. Dailey says that the Chinese must go, while Mr. Simms, taking an opposite view of the question, says that they must remain, both bringing forward, as they have done, sound and telling arguments in support of their assertions, are we to be held responsible for their utterances? We believe not. What we are to be held answerable for, as we said before, is that these communications be up to the standard required for publication. This being the case, why do not those who have taken exceptions to any of the opinions advanced by these gentlemen, take the only proper, gentlemanly, and laudable means of giving expression to their pent-up feelings of displeasure, by taking up the pen in defence of their convictions? They know full well, for we have repeatedly declared it, that these columns are open to all students, and to every subscriber of the SCHOLASTIC: and yet, despite this fact, they would show us their wounds, at the risk of having them lacerated afresh, expecting us, like the Samaritan of old, to pour into them oil and wine, rather than resort to the more manly method of self-defence by writing out their views and having them published. Personally, we are just as much interested in the Chinese question as a five-year-old child is supposed to be in the political affairs of the nation. Whether John Chinaman is compelled to return to the land of his birth, to escape the wrath of the people of the United States, or is allowed to remain in this country, and be treated with the civility shown to other foreigners, is an affair that interests us but little. The able and gentlemanly manner in which Messrs. Dailey and Simms have carried on their discussion has won the admiration of all who, throwing prejudice aside, have read the gentlemen's arguments, conscious that they were reading the honest and well-expressed convictions of two gentlemen who were thoroughly acquainted with their subject. This discussion has awakened the interest of subscribers in such remote places as Canada and California: and this week we are happy to state that our readers may have the pleasure of reading a communication on the subject from a gentleman in St. Laurent's College, Canada, where Chinamen are as scarce as chicken-teeth, and one from a lady residing in San Francisco, where Chinamen are as thick as straws in a straw-stack. The article from the gentleman of St. Laurent's College is, as may be seen, quite lengthy, well written, comprehensive, and contains assertions flanked by strong proofs. That of the lady of San Francisco is short, clear, and to the point. The former supports Mr. Simms's view of the Chinese question, the latter coincides with the opinions advanced by Mr. Dailey on the same subject. Here, then, we have two in

favor of Chinese immigration, and two opposed to it. Our readers can see for themselves which of the two sides is the most ably upheld. We, as has been already intimated, are neutral. We only wish to see fair play. We place our columns at the disposal of any and all of our readers for the expression of their views on this subject but at the same time let it be clearly understood that we must consider ourselves as in no way responsible for the ideas of anyone engaged in this interesting little literary war. We shall endeavor to watch the engagements of the belligerents as closely as possible, while retaining a position secure from any of the stray shots that might imperil our personal safety. When the din and smoke of this battle of words shall have died away, then shall we visit the scene of strife—the battlefield—and, having counted the cost of what was gained and what was lost, declare in favor of those whom we considered victors.

—The Baltimore *Mirror* of April the 2d has an editorial on "The University Question," ostensibly in answer to our remarks and those of *The Georgetown College Journal*, but in reality there is no satisfactory answer given. It is true the *Mirror* enlightens us somewhat as to its opinion of what the University should be, but we doubt if they will prove practical when brought to a test. Other circumstances aside, the *Mirror* thinks the ideal University should not be under the management of a religious order; it "must be the care of the Bishops, and must be in charge of teachers, the large majority of whom are laymen." Very well: old Mount St. Mary's is not under the management of a religious order, is an exclusively secular institution, and one of the oldest in the country; yet why does it languish for the lack of funds if there be wealthy men ready to subscribe large sums to build up an ideal University? There is, seemingly, matter for condemnation here. These wealthy men are evidently not practical in their views; while they are ready, as the *Mirror* alleges, to devote large sums to build up an ideal institution, they permit those which already exist to languish or perish for want of support. Then, too, everybody knows that those groundworks, not only of education, but of society, the parochial schools, are rarely what they should be, and would be, if men of means contributed liberally to their support—yet these wealthy friends of the *Mirror* withhold the hand that should be stretched forth to aid them! How often does the *Mirror*, or any other Catholic paper, record donations for the support of the parochial schools? Has one such instance occurred within the past year, nay, within the past five years? How often does it have the gratification of recording a handsome donation to any of the existing colleges or academies? Have there been three such in the last ten years? And yet the donations of non-Catholics to their colleges can be numbered by *hundreds* in that time? Where does the fault lie? With the schools—with the colleges—with the academies? We doubt it very much. How often is there even a scholarship founded for some poor but deserving young man, whose talents, for want of means to educate them, are allowed to rust—and who, if educated, might become a shining light in literature, science, or art. Many of the most illustrious men in these branches were once poor boys, who by dint of hard labor and economy, or with the aid of wealthy patrons, obtained the education and training which made them what they

afterwards became, an honor to themselves, their patrons, and to the world. We have in this country an example in Elihu Burritt, the learned blacksmith; Europe has her Herschel, Coreggio, and a number of others in art or science; Pope Sixtus IV was the son of a poor fisherman; Pope Alexander V was the son of poor parents, and passed a portion of his boyhood in begging from door to door; Pope Adrian IV, the only Englishman that occupied the Papal chair, was abandoned by his father, and subsisted on charity until, going to France, he entered a monastery as a servant, and by his virtue and intelligence proved himself worthy of being received into the order; the father of Pope Sixtus V was a poor laborer, his mother a servant, his sister a washer-woman; Pope St. Celestine V was the son of a baker, as was also Benedict XII; Urban IV and Gregory VII were the sons of carpenters. A long list of men of dignity in the Church, in literature, in science, and art, could be compiled—all of whom had sprung from poverty, and most of whom owed their elevation to the assistance given them by men of means. The English-speaking portion of the Catholic Church has only within a century been relieved of the bands and chains with which it was fettered by fanatics and tyrants, and her great men in art and letters are yet to be formed—at least among laics. We have as yet no Chateaubriand, Segur, De Maistre, Lamartine, Cortes (Donoso), Ozanam, or Schlegel, among English-speaking Catholic laymen—these are yet to come, and from all indications they will not come from the wealthy. Most, if not all, of our colleges are too straitened in pecuniary circumstances to give much gratuitous aid to poor young men of talent. This is where the benefit of "scholarships" would be felt—but is not; and our poorly paid faculties, and colleges kept up to an equality with those enjoying State bounty, only by the rigid personal frugality of the managers, and by extraordinary exertions on their part, show that there is "something rotten in Denmark." While much is done by the few, much more remains undone for want of means and a spirit of practical co operation on the part of the many possessing them.

Colleges and other educational institutions are not the only things that are given the cold shoulder. Some time ago there was much sentimental condolence with good old Archbishop Purcell when he found himself, through misplaced confidence, so deeply in debt that he could not extricate himself. And yet we know of half a dozen Catholics who could pay the whole debt and not miss the money. But they lacked the spirit, and the debt remains, crushing the poor old Archbishop as with a leaden weight. We thank God we have not the responsibility of running a parochial school, a diocese, or a college; and if we possessed the ability, we would not take a college upon our hands unless we had a clear million to spare and a few other millions to count upon. With less money it would be only a one-horse concern. We have lately had a striking example of failure in Monsignor Capel's University College, London; notwithstanding the wealth and acknowledged ability of those conducting it, it fell through with a crash, and as Cardinal Manning had the parochial schools on his hands he could give Monsignor Capel no help in his dilemma. And yet, with these facts staring them in the face, some wealthy acquaintances of the editor of the *Mirror* wish to build up a new university on a grand scale—a university that will be a university, and no mere "academy" or "primary school." The editor of the *Mirror* is certainly not over-complimentary to existing

institutions; and yet they have done good work. Notre Dame University has representatives from her alumni holding honorable positions in various fields—in nearly all parts of the country—in law, medicine, literature, science, commerce, she is well represented, although she has not seen half a century. Georgetown is a much older institution, and no doubt has done equally well, or better. And yet the editor of the *Mirror* is not satisfied, but must have a brand new university. If he were placed at the head of it we think he would never make a second attempt, unless he could get professors to teach *gratis*, and find themselves—a most unlikely thing. We have had many conversations with professors, and we find that after laboring half a lifetime to qualify themselves for teaching, making a specialty of it, and attending the best universities in the country, they have to work for salaries not exceeding those of a good clerk or book-keeper in a mercantile house. Such is not the case in most of the non-Catholic colleges in this country and in Europe. The *Pennsylvania College Monthly* informs us that the head-masterships at Eton and Harrow are reported to be worth from \$25,000 to \$35,000 a year; and those of Westminster, Winchester, Rugby, Charter House, and Merchant Taylor's from \$12,000 to \$20,000. The master of Trinity College, Cambridge, receives \$15,000; the Dean of Christ Church, \$10,000; the President of Magdalen College, Oxford, gets \$10,000; the provost of Trinity College, Dublin, \$20,000; and the other head-masterships of the English universities have incomes varying from \$4,000 to \$7,500. In this country, Columbia pays each of her professors from \$3,375 to \$7,500; Harvard, \$3,000 to \$4,000; Yale and Princeton, \$3,500; the University of California, \$3,600; Brown University, \$2,500 to \$3,000; Williams, \$1,000 to \$2,250; Wesleyan, \$2,500. The endowment fund of Oberlin College was increased last summer \$155,700—\$50,000 being given by Prof. Asa Gray, an alumnus, \$50,000 from the Stone estate, Mass., and six subscriptions of \$5,000 each. Dr. Porter bequeathed Yale \$200,000. Mrs. Stone, of Malden, Mass., with a donation of \$35,000, lately founded a chair of intellectual and moral philosophy at Bowdoin, and a Mr. Winkley gave the same institution \$40,000. Chancellor Haven has secured \$150,000, by donations and bequests for Syracuse. Mr. Cheney made a gift of \$50,000 to Dartmouth last year. Mr. Robert L. Stuart, of New York, last year added to his other donations to Princeton the sum of \$200,000, one-half of it for the endowment of existing professorships, and \$100,000 for a new professorship. The heirs of the late Henry Waldron gave \$5,000 for the founding of a Waldron professorship. The Harvard Divinity School fund for new professorships has reached the sum of \$113,700. President Eliot of Harvard has only to express the need, and a gentleman at once gives him a cheque for \$100,000. And, yet, these colleges are not able to make ends meet! The income of Columbia last year from endowments and tuition was \$321,917.56, and still the expenses run ahead of the income. Washington and Lee University is, founded by Jefferson, and occasionally receiving handsome donations, \$80,000 in debt. Chicago University, handsomely endowed by Stephen A. Douglas, is in the courts with a debt of \$200,000.

President Eliot has announced that, for "pressing needs—that is, needs which are clearly calculated and foreseen, and recognized"—Harvard will, in the near future, want \$30,000,000 more—just the amount of Archbishop

Purcell's indebtedness. The *Mirror* can, from these data, hastily thrown together, form some idea of the expense attending a university. We would like to get the figures of Notre Dame's annual expenses, but cannot make up our mind to ask for them. They would be a snug little fortune, however. An excerpt from the address of Dr. Krauth, Vice-Provost of the University of Pennsylvania, at the inauguration of Dr. Pepper as Provost, is worthy of note. With reference to the support of a university, he remarked:

"Before we can tell whether an institution be rich, we must know not only what is its capital, but what interest that capital pays. An endowment in expectation may create a department, but it will not meet its expenses, and the credit which facilitates the making of debts will not pay them. Moderately large endowments are not adequate to gigantic plans. The most plausible hypothecations are sometimes the most illusive. The man who is familiar with that open secret, the real position of the University, knows that we need very much more endowment, even for our present work and our present liabilities. *Great Universities are stupendous charities, and, in one sense, the greater they are the more they cost, the more they need and the less they pay. They are not meant to make money, but to make men, and no University can do both.* The University that deals, or is dealt with, in a niggardly way will do neither. We have not 'exhausted worlds' and are in no need of 'imagining new.' We have paid much, but we have not paid for what we have, for we have very much, and there is a great deal that we need for which we are not yet even in debt. The University is sanguine and perplexed in the midst of great plans imperfectly carried out; plans in which the future must be won or the past be lost; plans whose yet unrealized history is to determine whether they shall be her glory or her shame. She is poor in her wealth, weak in her strength, embarrassed in her increase, with glorious ends and with crippled means, suffering at once from the reputation of wealth and the pressure of poverty. Her Hope breaks like a star through a cloud, bright but distant, while her Care sits upon the pillion, with its grisly arms around her."

We hope the editor of the *Mirror* will republish this article, and put it on the docket for an answer; we hope, also, that his wealthy acquaintances will be able to assure him and the public that the plan for the proposed university is feasible. If it be, we wish it a hearty God-speed. If not, then the sooner some practical work is done, and dreaming and castle-building dropped, the better it will be for education in general and higher education in particular.

Local Items.

- Corn-feed—tight boots.
- It's not tea, but it's nice—coffee.
- A letter righter—the proof-reader.
- Say, did you see those nobby new hats?
- Partidges are among the things that whirr.
- "Who ever saw, etc.?" O, saw off your chin.
- Some boys heads are as hard as a green apple.
- Ask "Flo" how he likes the sweet singer's voice.
- High churchmen—the boys who sit in the gallery.
- Eight pages extra in this number of the SCHOLASTIC.
- "J. Willie" spent Easter Sunday at his home in Chicago.
- Malignity generally drinks the greater part of its own poison.
- President Corby granted us an extra recreation Monday last.
- Several Society reports must be unavoidably omitted this week.

—The Notre Dame Cadets visited South Bend Wednesday afternoon.

—The Boat Clubs are out rowing at every recreation. They pull well.

—Prof. Lyons will have Bertrand insured before he lets the boys burn it.

—To-day is the second anniversary of the burning of Notre Dame University.

—Our poet went fishing again Tuesday afternoon. He, as usual, caught nothing.

—President Corby succeeded in bagging several plump wild ducks, Wednesday morning.

—There are some boys so constitutionally dull that a blister will not make them smart.

—"Our Babe," smiling like a bright summer morn, put in an appearance last Wednesday morning.

—Let each annual recurrence of the day on which the old College was destroyed be known as "Conflagration Day."

—The Preps, Minims, and several members of the Faculty were present at Wednesday afternoon's game of baseball.

—In these columns will be found several items of interest to all who witnessed the destruction of the University, April 23d, '79.

—Our friend John ate thirteen hard-boiled eggs for breakfast Sunday morning; he had only seven attacks of the colic the same day.

—A game of baseball will take place to-morrow afternoon, on the Active's grounds, between the Atlantics of the Manual Labor School and the Excelsiors of the Junior department.

—Gallagher's effective curved pitching was the chief feature of Wednesday afternoon's game. He made it rather unpleasant for the batters, who could hardly bat him out of the diamond.

—The Minims will excursionize to the St. Joe Farm to-morrow morning. Very Rev. Fathers General, Corby, Granger; Rev. Fathers O'Keeffe, Walsh, and others, will accompany them.

—Messrs. Cleary, Guthrie, O'Neill and Tinley deserve praise for the zeal they displayed in assisting at all the ceremonies of Holy Week, and taking an active part in carrying them out.

—Some one has by mistake taken a small *Horæ Diurna* from the gallery of the church. It had no name written on the fly-leaves. Whoever has it will confer a favor by giving it to Rev. Paul Kollop, C. S. C.

—We believe that Bro. Paul, C. S. C., can discount any and all the Nimrods at Notre Dame. He was out but a short time Monday morning when he returned with four wild ducks and a loon, victims of his unerring aim.

—Several new pieces were played by the Band last Sunday afternoon. Under Prof. Paul's able management the Band has made rapid advancement. We think it equally as good, if not better, than the bands of the last four years.

—When you're convinced you are a poet,
And wishing all the world to know it,
Call on some editor to show it,
Your verses full of glow and blow;
Go slow, my friend, go slow.

—The telescope presented to this University by the late Emperor Napoleon III was not destroyed when the College was burned, and may now be seen in the main parlor, where it will remain until a new observatory has been built.

—"The air was mad with the roar of musketry," Wednesday. The Nimrods and ducks were having a battle. Slight losses for the ducks are reported, two being killed and four wounded. Heavy losses of ammunition are reported by the Nimrods.

—Persons, competent of judging, say that the dress parade of the Notre Dame Cadets on Easter Sunday afternoon was the best exhibition which they have thus far given. President Corby, the Faculty, and hundreds of visitors from adjacent towns, witnessed the grand affair.

—Mr. Eliot Ryder lectured at St. Mary's Academy last Thursday evening. His subject was "Authorship as a Means of Subsistence for Young Ladies." We regret that Mr. Ryder did not write out his lecture—it was extempore—as we would wish to give our readers the pleasure of perusing it.

—We have received a well-written account of the celebration of St. Patrick's Day at St. Joseph's College, Memramcook, N. B. It tells us that a literary and dramatic entertainment, which was interspersed with vocal and instrumental music, took place St. Patrick's eve. We regret that the communication did not reach us sooner, for we would have liked to publish it in full.

—The Curator of the Museum is about to add to it the following specimens: the camels that people swallow, the gnats they strain at, the dog that wouldn't fight, the black sheep of the family, the wolf in sheep's clothing, the old man's donkey, the weasel that went pop, the dead horse that was worked, the mouse that came out of the mountain, and that celebrated monstrosity, the man who was always an ass.

—Mother M. Angela, Superior of St. Mary's Academy, has sent to the *Register* an Easter token in the form of an exquisite bouquet of the choicest flowers, and in their lovely faces we see reflected the purity and beauty of spirit which characterizes life at this home of piety and learning. We extend our warmest thanks to the presiding genius of the institution for this delicate favor.—*South-Bend Daily Register*.

—The Atlantic Baseball Club was organized at the Manual Labor School last week. The following officers were elected: Bro. Francis De Sales, Director; J. Deehan, Captain; M. Buckmeier, Secretary; Bro. John Berchmans, Treasurer; R. French and W. Maley, Censors. Positions: J. Deehan, catcher; W. Thompson, pitcher; H. Deehan, s.s.; W. Maley, 1st base; L. Brehmer, 2d base; J. Ryan, 3d base; R. French, l. f.; H. McCaffrey, c. f.; M. Buchmeier, r. f.

—A Baseball League has been formed in the Junior department, of which the Editor of the *SCHOLASTIC* has been chosen President; R. E. Fleming, Secretary; J. O'Neill, Treasurer. Four clubs have thus far joined the League. At a meeting of the Excelsior and Active Baseball Clubs, held on the 16th inst., Bro. Leander was chosen Director of the former, and Bro. Lawrence, of the latter. J. Maher was elected Captain of the Actives. We will give the names of the players, and their positions, next week.

—It is a fact well worthy of notice that Prof. J. A. Lyons did not go to Chicago the day of the fire. It was the first Wednesday in five months that he had not spent in that city. He then, as now, usually left for the "Garden City" very early Wednesday morning, returning at 9 o'clock, p. m. On the morning of the 23d of April, '79, the Professor failed to reach the Lake Shore depot in time for the train. It was that "happy tardiness," as the Professor styles it, which permitted him to witness the destruction of the building, at the laying of whose foundations he was present.

—The 25th regular meeting of the Sorin Literary and Dramatic Association was held last Tuesday evening. The St. Joe Farm excursion was then discussed. Some were in favor of going on Saturday instead of Sunday. The majority ruled, and Sunday was the day chosen. Masters Farrelly and O'Connor sang songs. Declamations were delivered by Masters Costello, Kent, Tourtillotte, Echlin, Chaves, Van Mourick, Taylor, Droste, and Courtney. The sound financial condition of the Association was made apparent when Master W. Hanavin, the treasurer, read his monthly report.

—Easter Sunday the large Church of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart was literally packed with people. There were perhaps three hundred or more who could not get inside. Fully one thousand people from South Bend and other places were present. Niles and Bertrand were well represented. About five hundred visitors attended the Notre Dame Cadets' dress parade, in the afternoon, while quite a number were present at the game of baseball on the Juanitas' grounds. Good music was discoursed by the N. D. U. C. Band. On the whole, despite the gloomy aspect of the heavens, the day was enjoyably spent.

—Some of our young friends of the Minim department are exceedingly bright young fellows. We overheard two of them arguing the Chinese question, Sunday morning. Charley E—— said that he believed the Chinese should go, at all hazards. Henry M—— said that he believed the poor Chinaman would be just as good as his whiter complexioned brother, if properly treated, and that John was persecuted simply because of his color. E—— ridiculed the idea, and cuttingly said: "How do you arrive at conclusions so rapidly, M——?" "Why," replied M——, "usually by a train of thought." Just then Charley thought that he heard some one calling him, and beat a hasty retreat in the direction of the Infirmary.

—Rev. Father Kelly, President of the Sacred Heart College, was presented on last Friday evening with a most magnificent gold-headed cane, the purchasing price of which, no doubt, can not be less than \$75. It is one of the nicest and one of the most elaborate piece of workmanship we have ever seen, and Father Kelly's appreciation of this beautiful present can be but feebly expressed in words. This is but another proof of the love and esteem in which Father Kelly is held by the whole community at large, and under his able administration we may expect to see the Sacred Heart College take its place among the most flourishing Institutions of the Northwest. Long may he continue at the helm of this flourishing Institution—*Water-town Gazette*.

—The drilling of the Notre Dame Cadets on our streets yesterday, by Capt. Cocke, drew a large crowd of spectators, who were much interested in the manoeuvres and soldierly appearance of the young men. Considering the short time they have drilled, they have made wonderful progress. The military movements, which Capt. Cocke put them through, were executed with the precision of old soldiers, and the manual of arms was nearly as good. The uniform worn by the young men is gray throughout, the coats being of the regulation frock-pattern, and the caps of regulation shape. Students of Notre Dame have an advantage which but few college students possess, in the connection of a military branch with the University, and in Capt. Cocke it seems to be under the right management.

—The following is the score of the game of baseball played on Wednesday afternoon, on the Juanita grounds, between the clubs of which Bros. Albert and Paul are directors:

B. PAUL'S NINE.		O.	R.	B. ALBERT'S NINE.		O.	R.
Smith, p.....	1	3		Pollack, 3 b.....	4	1	
O'Donnell, 2 b.....	3	0		G. Sugg, 1 b.....	3	1	
Devoto, 1 b.....	3	0		O'Connor, c.....	4	1	
McGorrick, s. s.....	4	0		McNamara, s. s.....	2	1	
Wooley, r. f.....	3	1		T. F. Clarke, r. f.....	3	1	
Noble, l. f.....	3	0		Kuhn, 2 b.....	1	1	
B. Smith, c. f.....	4	0		A. Bodine, c. f.....	3	0	
Dever, 3 b.....	3	0		Gallagher, p.....	3	1	
Welch, c.....	3	0		Arnold, c. f.....	4	0	
Total.....	27	4		Total.....	27	7	

SYNOPSIS OF INNINGS:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
B. PAUL'S NINE	3	0	0	0	—	—	—	—	—	—4
B. ALBERT'S NINE	1	1	1	1	1	1	1	0	0	—7

Umpire—Mr. J. Scanlan.

—The Mass which had been in preparation some time was sung at the 10:30 Solemn High Mass Easter Sunday. Though well rendered, the effect would have been still better had there been six or seven good soprano voices. We know of at least six excellent voices in the Preparatory department, and we were not a little surprised, and much disappointed, that they did not take part in the singing last Sunday. However, we must say that we were quite well pleased with the singing on the occasion. We shall, for good reasons, refrain from criticising the individual parts as we would wish to do. Prof. Baur is to be complimented on the success of the Mass. If he will but act upon our suggestion, and repeat the Mass, with four or

five soprano singers, we are sure that, though the singing on Easter Sunday was very good, it will have been greatly improved.

—It has ever been the pious custom at Notre Dame to commemorate the ceremony of Christ's washing the feet of His disciples by selecting thirteen of the smallest boys in the Minim department to represent the apostles in the ceremony of *Mandatum*, or washing of the feet, which takes place on the afternoon of Holy Thursday. The thirteen chosen ones this year were Masters E. McGrath, J. McGrath, C. Echlin, J. Dwenger, W. Hanavin, J. Chaves, P. Campau, A. Campau, H. Metz, J. Kent, H. Ackerman, W. Berthlet and J. Kelly. Very Rev. Father Granger performed the ceremony. This was followed by the "Last Supper," a rich repast, which was partaken of by the thirteen representative apostles, in remembrance of the Last Supper of our Lord with His apostles, on the night of His betrayal by the perfidious Judas Iscariot. The above young gentlemen felt highly honored in being called upon to represent such august personages as the disciples were.

—Through the kindness of Very Rev. Father L'Etourneau, the Staff was invited to the new chapel, erected a short time ago for the Sisters at Notre Dame, to assist at the trial-playing of the beautiful new organ recently purchased by the Very Rev. Father from Clough & Warren, a well known organ manufacturing firm of Detroit, Mich. Profs. Paul and Baur played several fine pieces of classical organ music, and drew out the rich, sweet tones of the grand little organ. It contains fourteen stops, two or more of which, when properly combined, produce the sweetest harmony. Very Rev. Father L'Etourneau feels proud of the "little king," and well he may; for, in addition to its being a first-class organ as regards tone, its value is enhanced by the beauty of its architectural finish. Profs. Edwards, Baur, and Paul: Rev. Fathers Hudson, Frère, Stoffel, and Kirsch; Bro. Vincent, Michael, Paul, Stanislaus, Phillip Neri, Leander, Lawrence, and Modestus; Messrs. Moran, Toomey, Crumley, and Verdan, and the Staff; all who were present, are loud in their praise of the organ's excellence. The Clough & Warren Organ Co. is one of the most accomodating and obliging firms in the country. Very Rev. Father L'Etourneau wrote them for No. 150. They hadn't one on hand at the time, but sent a larger and better one, No. 152, the difference in price being some \$150, which they asked the Very Rev. Father to accept with their compliments. This organ contains eight sets of Reeds (4 of two and two thirds octaves, 3 of two and one third octaves, and 1 of one octave. We shall have more to say of this excellent firm and their world-renowned organs in our next issue.

—A game of baseball was played on the afternoon of the 17th inst., between the Atlantics of the Manual Labor Institute and a picked nine of the Senior department. The batting on both sides was heavy, but the fielding and diamond playing were poor. Numerous errors were made by the catchers, pitchers, and basemen of both nines. The following is the score:

ATLANTICS.		O.	R.	PICKED NINE.		O.	R.
Deehan, c.....	2	3		Stretch, l. f.....	4	1	
Thompson, p.....	3	2		Brehmer, 3 b.....	4	1	
Deehan, s. s.....	3	2		Gallagher, c. f.....	1	2	
Maley, 1 b.....	4	1		Welsh, s. s.....	3	0	
Ryan, 2 b.....	3	0		Arnold r. f.....	5	0	
McCaffrey, 3 b.....	3	1		Smith, 2 b.....	3	2	
Buckmeier, r. f.....	3	1		O'Donnell, p.....	2	1	
Frane, c. f.....	3	1		Johnson, 1 b.....	3	0	
Brehmer, l. f.....	3	1		O'Connor, c.....	2	1	
Total.....	27	12		Total.....	27	8	

SYNOPSIS OF INNINGS:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
ATLANTICS	2	0	6	1	0	0	1	0	2	12
PICKED NINE	2	1	0	5	0	0	0	0	0	—8

Umpire—Mr. E. Sugg.

Time of game—1 hour, 55 minutes.

—The Cecilians and Philopatrians assembled in Washington Hall; Easter Sunday evening, for the purpose of testing which of the two Associations embraced within its folds the champion egg-eater. Bro. Simon, our deservedly popular steward, furnished a bountiful supply of the necessities. Prof. Lyons, the President of both Associations, was requested, and kindly consented, to act as judge in this egg-centric contest; dozen after dozen were consumed before any of our friends of either Association began to give signs of satiety. "Marshal," Morse, Dunn, Brinkman, Tinley, Rietz, Kelly and others played the rôle of waiters, and, needless for us to say, they made eggs-cellent ones. It was eggs-actly one hour and fifteen minutes after this eggs-citing struggle commenced ere the last egg was disposed of by "Duzen," to whom, of course, Prof. Lyons, in eggs-ecution of his duty-as judge, awarded the victorious palm. Being called on for a speech, "Duz" replied that he was too full for utterance, and that, moreover, he was unaccustomed to making eggs-temporaneous speeches; but that, rather than fail to meet the eggs-igencies of the eggs-traordinary occasion, he would, for the edification of his eggs-essively fine-looking audience, quote the following passage which he had read in the *South-Bend Tribune* of the 16 inst:

"O Easter day, beloved of boys,
Who stuff themselves with hard-boiled eggs;
Then writhe upon the floor with pain,
That fairly doubles up their legs."

The vociferous applause with which this quotation was received, plainly told that "Duzen's" eggs-pressions were eggs-tremely felicitous. The above is an eggs-ceedingly eggs-aggerated account of what took place in Washington Hall Sunday evening; but all our rhetoricians will at once perceive that we have but been using one of the most (at times) convenient rhetorical figures, nyperbole.

Roll of Honor.

[The following are the names of those students who during the past week have, by their exemplary conduct, given satisfaction to all the members of the faculty.]

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

R. C. Adams, W. H. Arnold, W. J. Brown, C. Brehmer, T. E. Bourbonia, W. Berry, F. J. Baker, C. W. Bennett, G. E. Clarke, J. J. Casey, B. A. Casey, L. F. Callagari, L. E. Clements, D. Danahey, J. D. Delaney, M. B. Eaton, M. L. Falvey, J. M. Falvey, F. M. Gallagher, G. L. Hagan, M. Healey, W. S. Huddleston, W. E. Hoffman, D. A. Harrington, M. T. Healey, W. Johnson, W. Kelly, A. Korty, T. Kavanagh, F. E. Kuhn, J. Kendel, J. C. Larkin, R. Le Bourgeois, W. B. McGorrisk, E. McGorrisk, W. J. McCarthy, J. A. McNamara, L. Mathers, J. A. McIntyre, J. J. McLain, J. J. Malone, F. Morrison, M. J. McEniry, J. C. Newman, H. H. Noble, G. Nester, E. A. Otis, J. N. Osher, A. Pimyotahmah, E. Piper, L. M. Proctor, J. Solon, H. A. Steis, P. D. Stretch, E. G. Sugg, B. F. Smith, W. Schofield, C. A. Thiele, E. J. Taggart, S. P. Terry, G. S. Tracy, C. Van Dusen, T. J. Wiseheart, W. Walsh, W. R. Young, E. Yrisarri, A. Zahm, J. B. Zettler, J. Nash, D. Claffy.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

A. W. Ayers, P. Archer, A. A. Brown, J. H. Bennett, C. J. Brinkman, M. G. Butler, V. G. Butler, A. Bodine, W. H. Barron, J. R. Bender, A. M. Coghlin, E. Cullinane, W. S. Cleary, J. V. Cabel, H. P. Dunn, G. W. De Haven, F. H. Dorsel, H. F. Devitt, N. H. Ewing, T. F. Flynn, A. J. Flynn, J. M. Flynn, J. H. Fendrick, R. E. Fleming, Ed Fischel, Fred Fischel, J. Friedman, L. F. Florman, J. Guthrie, F. H. Grever, W. W. Gray, P. G. Hoffman, H. P. Hake, A. J. Hintze, T. J. Hurley, J. T. Homan, J. L. Heffernan, G. J. Haslam, T. D. Healy, F. Johnson, A. Jackson, P. Joyce, J. Kelly, C. Kollars, F. A. Kleine, Sam Livingston, J. T. Maher, W. P. Mahon, J. M. Mahon, A. H. Malay, F. McPhillips, J. L. Morgan, C. J. McDermott, J. T. Martin, J. S. McGrath, H. W. Morse, M. A. McNulty, J. McGinn, N. J. Nelson, E. C. Orrick, G. F. O'Kane, J. P. O'Neill, F. J. Prenatt, D. G. Paul, F. A. Quinn, A. N. Rohrbach, H. L. Rose, C. F. Rose, C. F. Rietz, J. Ruppe, W. E. Smith, A. C. Schiml, C. Schneider, G. Schaefer, J. W. Start, J. M. Scanlan, G. A. Truschel, C. A. Tinley, F. J. Woeber, J. W. Wheatley, J. W. Whalen, T. Williams.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

D. G. Taylor, C. E. Droste, C. C. Echlin, W. T. Berthlet,

A. J. Campau, E. A. Howard, J. Moroney, J. A. Kelly, J. A. Frain, J. H. Dwenger, H. J. Ackerman, P. Yrisarri, J. E. Chaves, C. Metz, P. Campau, C. Campau, J. L. Rose, W. Rea, C. Young, L. J. Young, B. Powell, J. W. Kent, J. McGrath, E. McGrath, D. O'Connor, J. Courtney, M. E. Devitt, W. Miller, A. Bender, G. Price, E. B. Bagard.

Class Honors.

[In the following list are given the names of those who have given entire satisfaction in all their classes during the month past.]

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

C. C. Echlin, C. E. Droste, D. G. Taylor, W. M. Olds, W. F. Hanavin, R. Costello, J. S. Courtney, G. E. Tourtillotte, W. T. Berthlet, T. McGrath, H. Metz, J. A. Kelly, A. J. Van Mourick, J. A. Frain, E. A. Howard, J. C. Haslam, A. J. Campau, J. H. Dwenger, P. Yrisarri, A. B. Bender, W. Rea, J. Nester, D. O'Connor, H. J. Ackerman, L. J. Young, E. B. Bagard, F. B. Farrelly, J. E. Chaves, J. W. Kent, C. Metz, P. Campau, C. Campau, J. L. Rose, D. L. McCawley, J. McGrath, E. McGrath, B. Powell, M. E. Devitt, W. J. Miller.

List of Excellence.

[The students mentioned in this list are those who have been the best in the classes of the course named—according to the competitions, which are held monthly.—DIRECTOR OF STUDIES.]

COURSE OF MODERN LANGUAGES, FINE ARTS, AND SPECIAL BRANCHES.

German—C. Rose, E. Fischel, G. Castanado, H. Morse, J. Newman, W. Kelly, A. Schiml, F. Grever, F. Kuhn, F. Kengel, F. Kleine, A. Mendel, J. Farrell, T. Williams; French—L. Gibert, W. Gray; Music—C. Murdock, G. Truschel, E. Sugg, M. Butler, J. Mahon, A. Dick, J. Homan, C. Rietz, J. Delaney; Drawing—E. Piper, B. F. Smith, H. P. Dunn; Elocution—F. Quinn, T. Marlett, T. Healy, E. Sugg, E. Taggart, C. Tinley, E. Orrick, G. Clarke, W. McCarthy, J. Solon, M. Healy, J. Homan, J. O'Neill, C. Brinkman, H. O'Donnell, T. Kavanaugh, E. Otis, D. Danahey, J. Malone, A. Rohrbach, J. Welch, L. Stitzel, D. Harrington, G. Tracey, F. Garrity, G. Woodson, E. Sugg, H. Dunn, A. Bodine, W. Start, M. Herrick, A. Schiml; Telegraphy—S. P. Terry, J. R. Marlett, A. Jackson, F. Dever, A. Rohrbach, C. Bennett, J. Bennett, T. Bourbonia, J. Guthrie.

REALITIES OF LIFE.

ORATION

OF

Hon. EDMUND F. DUNNE, LL.D.,

Ex-Chief-Justice of Arizona,

DELIVERED AT

The Thirty-Sixth Annual Commencement of the
University of Notre Dame, Ind.,

JUNE 23, 1880.

Neat pamphlet form. Price, 10 cents, post free.

Address orders to the

Office of The "AVE MARIA,"

NOTRE DAME, IND.

The Lemonnier Library,

Established at Notre Dame in 1872 for the use of the Students.

Donations of books, pamphlets, periodicals, &c., for the re-establishing of this Library, which was destroyed by the late fire, are respectfully solicited and will be gratefully received and acknowledged by the librarian. Please address

J. F. EDWARDS,
NOTRE DAME, INDIANA.

PRELUDES,

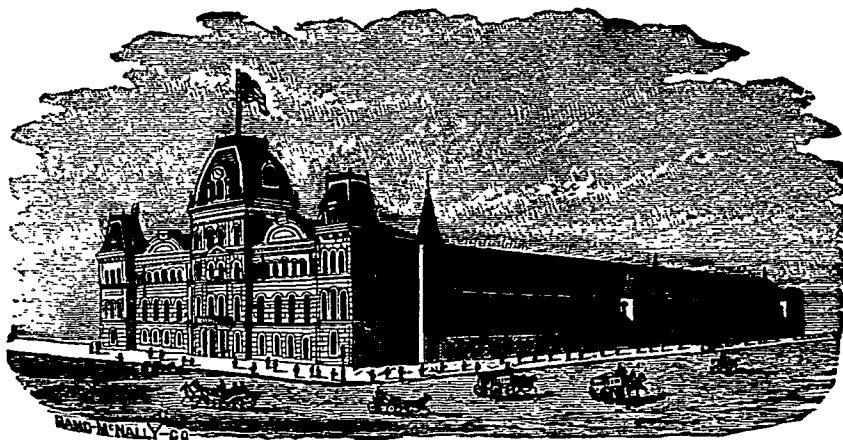
An Elegant Volume of Poems,

BY MAURICE F. EGAN.

PUBLISHED TO AID IN THE REBUILDING OF NOTRE DAME UNIVERSITY.

Price, \$1, postpaid.

Address
PETER F. CUNNINGHAM & SON,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.



LAKE SHORE AND MICHIGAN SOUTHERN RAILWAY.

On and after Sunday, Nov. 14, 1880, trains will leave South Bend as follows:

GOING EAST.

2.25 a. m., Chicago and St. Louis Express, over Main Line. Arrives at Toledo 9.50 a. m.; Cleveland 2.30 p. m. Buffalo, 8.50 p. m.

11.05 a. m., Mail over Main Line. Arrives at Toledo, 5.25 p. m.; Cleveland 10.10 p. m.; Buffalo, 4 a. m.

9.12 p. m., Atlantic Express, over Air Line. Arrives at Toledo 2.40 a. m.; Cleveland, 7.05 a. m.; Buffalo, 1.10 p. m.

12.16 p. m., Special New York Express, over Air Line. Arrives at Toledo 5.40 p. m., Cleveland, 10.10 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, 7.25 a. m.

GOING WEST.

2.43 a. m., Toledo Express. Arrives at Laporte 3.35 a. m., Chicago 6 a. m.

5.05 a. m., Pacific Express. Arrives at Laporte 5.50 a. m., Chicago 8.20 a. m.

9.03 a. m., Accommodation. Arrives at Laporte 9.05 a. m.; Chesterton, 9.47 a. m.; Chicago, 11.30 a. m.

1.16 p. m., Special Michigan Express. Arrives at Laporte, 2.12 p. m.; Chesterton, 2.52 p. m.; Chicago, 4.40 p. m.

4.50 p. m., Special Chicago Express. Arrives at Laporte, 5.38; Chesterton, 6.15 p. m.; Chicago, 8 p. m.

WESTERN DIVISION TIME TABLE.

EASTWARD.		2	4	6	8	20
		MAIL.	Special N. Y. Express.	Chicago and St. Louis Express.	Limited Ex- press.	
Chicago.....	Leave	7 35 a.m.	9 00 a.m.	5 15 p.m.	10 20 p.m.	3 30 p.m.
Grand Crossing.....	"	8 09 "	9 31 "	5 50 "	10 56 "	
Miller's.....	"	9 10 "			12 05 a.m.	
Chesterton.....	"	9 32 "			12 33 "	
Otis.....	"	9 47 "	11 02 "	7 32 "	12 52 "	
Laporte.....	Arrive	10 06 "	11 20 "			
Laporte.....	Leave	10 08 "	11 22 "	8 20 "	1 20 "	5 38 "
South Bend.....	"	11 05 "	12 16 p.m.	9 12 "	2 25 "	6 21 "
Mishawaka.....	"	11 15 "		9 20 "	2 35 "	
Elkhart.....	Arrive	11 40 "	12 50 "	9 45 "	3 00 a.m.	6 45 "
Toledo.....	"	5 25 p.m.			9 50 "	10 50 "
Cleveland.....	"	4 50 "	10 35 "	7 30 "	3 55 p.m.	2 00 a.m.
Buffalo.....	"	10 10 a.m.	4 10 a.m.	1 25 p.m.	8 15 "	7 40 "
New York.....	"		7 00 p.m.	6 45 a.m.	10 30 a.m.	10 10 p.m.
Boston.....	"		9 45 "	9 20 "	2 40 p.m.	

W. P. JOHNSON, Gen'l Passenger Agent, Chicago.

J. C. RAFF, Ticket Agt., South Bend.

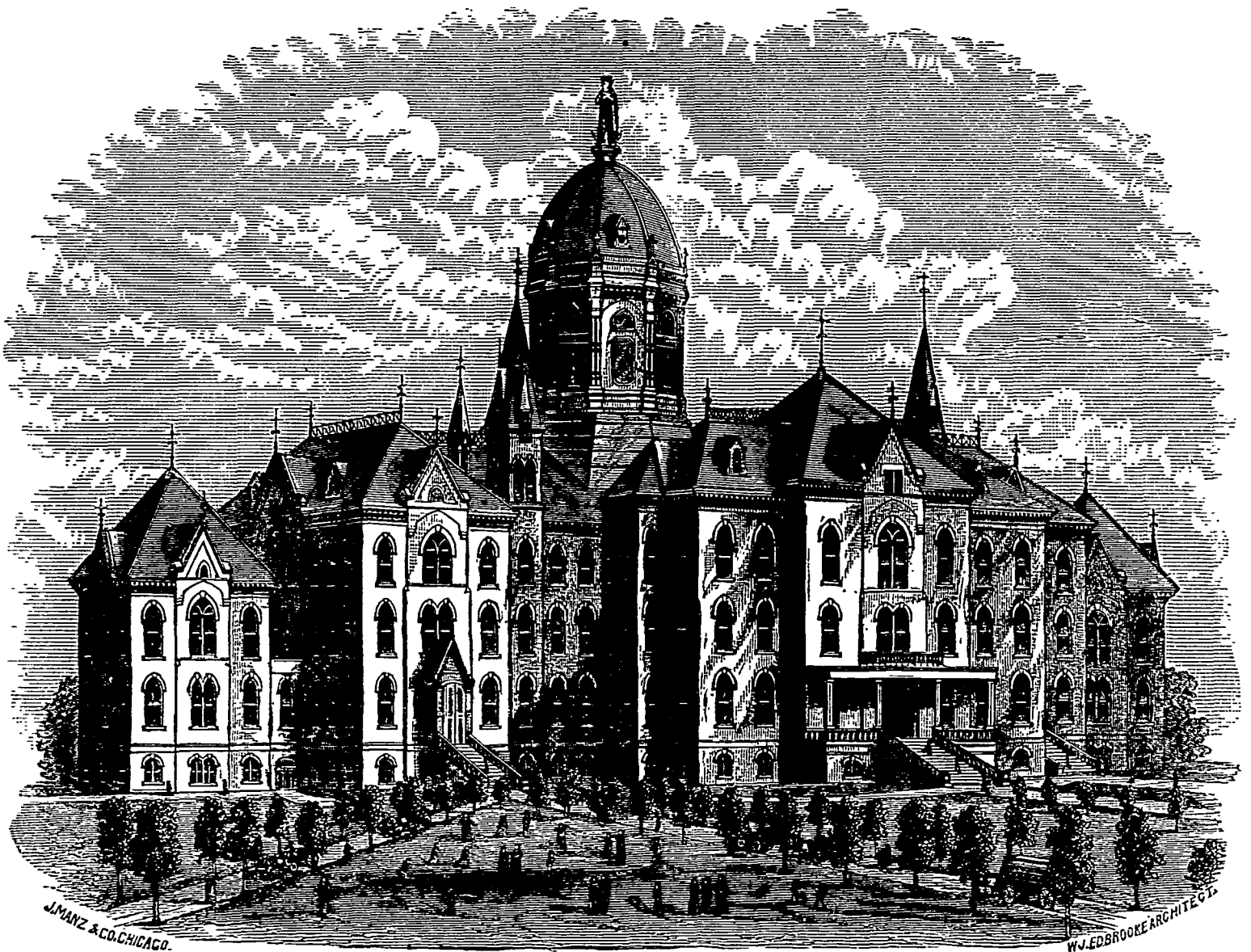
J. W. CARY, Gen'l Ticket Agt., Cleveland.

J. H. PARSONS, Sup't West Division, Chicago.

JOHN NEWELL, Gen'l Manager.

CHARLES PAINE, Gen'l Sup't.

UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME, INDIANA.



The New Notre-Dame.

(MAIN BUILDING.)

THIS UNIVERSITY was founded in 1842, and chartered by the Legislature of the State of Indiana in 1844, with power to confer all the usual degrees. The buildings are on an eminence near two small picturesque lakes of pure spring water, in the fine and healthy farming region of the St. Joseph Valley, and scarcely a mile from the river. The College can be easily reached from all parts of the United States and Canada by means of three great trunk lines of railway—the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern, the Chicago and Lake Huron, and the Great Western and Michigan Central; the first two passing within a mile of the College grounds, and the last connecting at Niles with the railway between that city and South Bend.

The College buildings are massive and commodious, and capable of giving accommodation to five hundred resident students. The UNIVERSITY affords every facility for acquiring a thorough knowledge of

**CLASSICS,
MATHEMATICS,
SCIENCE,**

**LAW,
MEDICINE,
MUSIC.**

To such as wish to devote themselves to Commercial pursuits, NOTRE DAME gives a more complete business training than can be obtained in any purely Commercial College.

THE COMMERCIAL COURSE

has always received the most careful attention on the part of the officers and Commercial Faculty of the Institution.

In all the courses, the best systems of teaching are adopted, and the best authors for each branch selected.

New Students will be received at any time, their term beginning with date of entrance.

CATALOGUES, giving full particulars, will be sent free, on application to the President,

Very Rev. W. CORBY, C. S. C., Notre Dame P. O., Indiana.

The Day We Commemorate.

To-day being the second anniversary of the destruction of Notre Dame University by fire on April 23d, 1879, we thought that it might not prove uninteresting to our readers if the thrilling events that transpired on that never-to-be-forgotten occasion were again placed before them. To do this as it should be done, we found it necessary to issue this eight-page supplement, in which will be found electrotypes of the "Old Notre Dame" as it appeared both before and after the fire. We also present the picture of that imposing structure known as the "New Notre Dame." It seems almost incredible that Notre Dame could have risen so rapidly from the ashes to which the catastrophe of April 23d, 1879, had reduced her, and, in the short space of four months, prepare for her students an *Alma Mater* inferior to none in the United States. Phenomenal as it may appear, it is an accomplished fact. Phoenix-like has Notre Dame risen from the "gloom of her despond"; and to-day she appears to the world brighter, fairer, and more prosperous than ever. We publish in full the account of the fire as reported in the *South-Bend Daily Tribune* of the 27th of April, '79. We consider it one of the most accurate descriptions of the fire given. We shall also give as many of the most interesting details connected with the "big fire" as we can collect.

If the supplement will but prove interesting to our readers, we shall consider ourselves well paid for the extra time and labor that were required to get it up. The following account appeared in the *South Bend Daily Tribune* of the 27th of April, 1879.

Shortly before 10:30 o'clock this forenoon the operator at Notre Dame telegraphed to this city that the University building was burning. The news spread rapidly through the streets. A rush to the upper stories of the buildings confirmed the unpleasant news. Below, the black smoke circled off to the east, and left the magnificent building of Notre Dame University, the Church of the Sacred Heart, the Novitiate and adjacent buildings, standing out in bold relief in the clear sunlight. Around the huge dome, whose windows flashed in the sun like crystal, the brilliant, destroying flames lapped out their fiery tongues, and shot upwards as if trying to swallow the magnificent statue of the the Blessed Virgin which surmounted the dome. It was soon evident, at this distance even, that the fire fiend was doing its destructive work all too well, and that before the assistance, which our clanging bells had brought was hurrying to Notre Dame, could reach there, that dome and statue would have to go. In a few minutes the flames triumphed and the immense statue, with its golden crown and superb proportions, crashed down through the fire-weakened dome in utter ruin.

THE FIRE.

A *Tribune* reporter was driven to the scene of conflagration behind Johnny Barrett's fleet nag, and was one of the first on the ground from the city. The dome was then totally destroyed and the flames were spreading along the roof very slowly, and were breaking out on the southeast cornice of the mansard roof. Several men were on the top of the of the building and shouting loudly for water. The direst confusion prevailed. Hatless and coatless students were dragging their trunks down the broad stone steps; priests and brothers had thrown aside their habits and were working with a will, carrying valuable articles

and furniture from the burning building out into the beautiful garden, depositing them among the flowers and evergreens; beds and pillows were shooting out the upper story windows in all imaginable shapes; kerosene lamps, tables and chairs, and books and desks, came flying to the ground on all sides, and were more or less destroyed. Mayor Tong soon arrived on the spot, and taking the situation at a glance, turned his horse toward the city to arouse the department. Meantime the people from the city began to arrive by the score, and all immediately went to work.

The wind blew stoutly from the west; the flames soon burst out through the mansard roof on the eastern side, and it became apparent to all that the building was doomed. With a terrible crash the cornice fell at this point, barely escaping crushing a number of men who were coming down the steps with a large book-case. The chimes and the big bell were now clanging their loudest tones; the men below were shouting to those on the roof to come down, and they in turn were still yelling for water, but none could reach them.

At half-past eleven the flames had gained such headway that it was deemed unsafe to remain in the building longer, and Prof. Lyons, who with great coolness seemed to be directing affairs, ordered everyone to leave. The Museum, with its hundreds of costly specimens, and two valuable libraries, were abandoned to the fire-fiend. Every attention was soon turned to the Infirmary and the Old Men's Home, the next buildings east, and they were completely riddled of their contents, and none too soon, for the sparks and the terrible heat from the University leaped over to the roofs of these, and in less time than it takes to tell it they were on fire.

ARRIVAL OF THE FIREMEN.

About noon the steamer, "Young Hoosier," and three hose-carts drawn by horses, and followed by a number of firemen, passed along the west side of the University building, back to the engine room. A moment thereafter, the French roof fell to the ground with a terrible crash, and came near crushing men, horses, hose-carts, steamer, and all beneath it. The steamer was set to work at the cistern: and with combined hose, the firemen were soon able to get a stream on the flames, but it was of little avail, so intense was the heat. They could do nothing but endeavor to protect the surrounding buildings. The *Ave Maria* and SCHOLASTIC printing-offices were completely delivered of their contents. Everything was removed from the building but the presses. The Science Hall, where were innumerable and costly instruments, was also emptied of its contents; and the beautiful groves and grounds for many rods around were filled with every conceivable article of every conceivable color and shape. They presented a grotesque appearance. Many of them were afterwards burned by not being carried far enough away from the burning buildings.

THE UNIVERSITY.

The University at Notre Dame was founded by Very Rev. Father Sorin, Superior-General of the Congregation of the Holy Cross, and is the most flourishing Catholic educational Institution in the United States, the usual attendance of students being from 300 to 500, from all parts of the United States, and many of them being from foreign countries. It is rich in its libraries, zoölogical, ornithological, etymological, numismatic, and other collections, as well as rare gifts from patrons and good-wishers. One of these last is a telescope from the late Napoleon III,

presented when he was Emperor of France. The cornerstone of the college building was laid on the 28th day of August, 1843. It was completed during the next year, and at that time was a building in the shape of a parallelogram, 80 feet long, 50 wide, four stories high, with a plain pitch or gable roof. Ten years later, in 1853, wings were added to this structure, the wings projecting in front, and leaving an immense open gallery in front of the main building. The building then covered a ground space of about 160 feet long by 80 feet wide. In 1865 it was yet found too small, and two more stories were added, the upper one being a mansard, and above it half-hipped roofs. In the centre was an immense dome, the largest one in the State, built on the model of the one at St. Peter's in Rome. On the 31st of May, 1866, the colossal statue of the Virgin Mary was blessed and placed on the summit of this dome. This statue was 12 feet in length, and its contour easily observable from this city. On the occasion of its being placed in position, Archbishop Spalding, of Baltimore, and other eminent dignitaries of the Church from all over the United States, were present, and the gathering was one of the largest ever seen at any educational institution.

OTHER BUILDINGS.

The prosperity of the University called for additional buildings and a large number of them sprung up around the college. Prominent among these is the Church of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart, a magnificent structure, whose interior is rich with statuary, sculptured columns, and whose walls and ceilings are the highest realization of art in the frescoes and decorative work of Gregori, the famous Italian artist, whose life work, until coming to Notre Dame, was devoted to the art in Rome. This structure is on the west of the University, and, owing to the wind, escaped. In the rear of it is the Father-General's habitation, a handsome three-story brick, with mansard roof. To the rear of the University are the engine and boiler houses, kitchen, printing-offices of *Ave Maria* and the SCHOLASTIC, etc. On the east, and close to the University, is the Infirmary; next to it the Old Men's Home; a little farther to the east, front, the Music Hall; east of it the Minims' Hall, and still farther front Washington Hall. All these buildings are close to the main structure, while still farther away are a score or more buildings, some of them of beautiful architecture.

WHAT IS BURNED.

The University building is entirely destroyed. Of its former six magnificent stories and grand proportion there remains at this writing only great stretches of black-ragged walls standing. All the rest is tumbled into one great pile of smoking, glowing *debris*, which makes one heart-sick to see. The Infirmary, a handsome three-story brick, in which Father Maher had his office, was the next building attacked by the flames: and after a most stubborn fight on the part of our firemen and the people of Notre Dame, the flames proved victorious, and like the University it is a smouldering mass of ruins. The flames next lapped up the Old Men's Home, then the Music Hall, and lastly the Minims' Play Hall. Here the fire spent its fury, because there was nothing else to work on, the wind, fortunately, favoring the other buildings and protecting them.

THE DESOLATION.

It makes the spectator heart sick to witness the desolation, where only a few hours previously was as pretty and picturesque a scene as could be found anywhere. The blackened walls, the furniture, bedding, some partly burned, trunks, desks, chairs, and so on, scattered along the

walks and avenues and in the garden, make up a desolating picture that will not be soon forgotten.

ORIGIN OF THE FIRE.

As to the cause of the fire, nothing is yet known, and perhaps nothing will be learned. The report that it was caused by melted pitch or a charcoal furnace is entirely without foundation. No pitch had been used on the roof since the Saturday previous, and no charcoal furnace was on the roof then or at any other time. It was thought that the fire might have been communicated by a spark from a chimney of the steam-house, but this is not probable, as the wind was in another direction; and besides this there was a very low fire and that too in only one furnace. Spontaneous combustion seems equally out of question, as there was nothing, so far as known, on or about the dome where the fire originated capable of igniting spontaneously. Neither does it seem possible that it could have been occasioned by the heat of the sun—notwithstanding its intensity on the day in question, since it is certain that there were on the roof no surfaces or bodies concentrating or reflecting the sun's rays in such a manner as to effect the combustion of even the most inflammable substances. It must, therefore, be classed among the accidents which can be neither foreseen or prevented.

AT NIGHT.

The scene at the University grounds at night was one which will not be soon forgotten. As dusk approached, the glowing embers and occasional spurts of flame from the different ruins threw a fitful glare over the surroundings, making a picture so weird, so supernatural in its appearance as to throw an indelible impression on the memory. In front of the ruins for hundreds of feet down the lawn which flanks both sides of the avenue the students were gathered in groups, discussing the desolating situation. Some were seated on their trunks, others lay prone upon the green sward, while yet others walked, arm in arm, listlessly to and fro. Over in the play-ground beside Washington Hall were congregated most of the Minims, the special favorites of the Father-General, whose greatest weakness is a love for the little fellows. They had recovered from their fright and were already engaged in playing and singing, while the attachees of the University were preparing them a place to sleep. Near the ruins was President Corby, busy giving directions to the scores that came and went in an almost constant stream. He was as collected amid the excitement as one would expect a man to be who had passed through all the victories and reverses of the army of the Potomac. Near him was Father Maher, busiest of the busy, taking the names of hundreds of boys who wished to telegraph home for funds to carry them home. He brought to the city enough of such dispatches to keep Mr. F. G. Brown busy for three or four hours sending them. Here, there and everywhere was Prof. Lyons, doing the work of a half-dozen men, and genial and polite as ever, never once showing by his appearance that there had been a disaster. In the rear of the ruins Bro. Stanislaus and Father Hudson were conducting the affairs of their respective publications with as much nonchalance as if the grand old University loomed in front of their printing-office as usual, instead of lying there a smouldering mass. Still farther in the rear were the Sisters yet busy sorting the beds, bedding and pillows, and sending such as were fit for use to Washington Hall, where the students were to spend the night, and whose commodious rooms looked for all the world like the

hastily improvised hospital wards one was wont to see in army life after "another great battle," which sent so many brave fellows to just such long rows of beds, which they left perhaps maimed for life, or perhaps to take the long journey we all must go. Close to the ruins of the Old Men's Home stood several veterans, bowed by the weight of years, and pitifully helpless. These were soonest cared for by President Corby with the deference due their age.

The University ruins still remained a centre of attraction. Despite the warnings of danger conspicuously posted, now and then a student or a tutor would rush in upon the pile of bricks nearest the spot where his room had been and dig with all the ardor of a Leadville miner in hopes of finding some precious souvenir which he forgot to carry away with him when he rushed from the building.

Now and then a portion of the standing walls would fall with a crash that startled the stoutest hearts, and once or twice during the night the wind stirred the embers to such an extent that word was sent to the city that the Church was in danger, but happily this proved to be incorrect.

THE LOSSES.

The buildings destroyed and the contents not saved cost not far from \$200,000, according to the estimates which a *Tribune* reporter got from some of the Brothers. Of course there are many articles burned whose value cannot be estimated in dollars. The insurance on the University building is \$40,000.

PLANS FOR THE FUTURE.

President Corby and the faculty decided, after the Infirmary and other buildings burned with the University, that the best plan would be to send all the students home and immediately begin the work of rebuilding, and this decision is being carried out. The new plans will be perfected as soon as possible after the arrival of Very Rev. Father Sorin. The expressed wish is for a group of buildings instead of one immense six-story structure, as being more accommodating and less dangerous from fire. The new buildings will cost an immense amount of money, and there should be a generous response from the friends of the institution all over the country.

AN ARMY FRIEND.

While a *Tribune* representative was conversing with President Corby in the evening, an attache of the University brought to the President an old steel-clasped leathern purse. It looked old and worn enough to have taken an honored place in a museum of antiquities. Father Corby grasped it eagerly. "There's no money in it," said he, "but it was with me all through the war, and I think more of it than any pocket-book I ever had."

FATHER SORIN.

Prof. Edwards left Wednesday night for Montreal to break the news of the disaster to Father Sorin. The report that a telegram had been sent him was incorrect. He is stopping at a friend's near Montreal, and a dispatch was sent this friend to keep the news away from him, on account of his health, until the arrival of the messenger.

OTHER FIRES.

In 1849 the shops and the kitchen were entirely destroyed by fire. They were soon replaced by Father Sorin by the brick ones still standing.

THANKS.

The feeling of thankfulness among the faculty to the people of South Bend for their efforts in subduing the flames finds expression in the strongest terms.

SYMPATHY.

There are perhaps few cases of public calamity that have called forth so many expressions of sympathy as the destruction of the University of Notre Dame. Public meetings have been held, private letters, telegrams, etc., are coming in from every quarter, all carrying expressions of deep and heartfelt regret, as well as predictions that Notre Dame will rise more glorious than ever. There are assurances from all sides that aid will come. It is to be feared, however, that many friends of the University will rest on the conviction that any Institution which has so many other friends will not lack means to repair its terrible losses. Should each one wait for others to contribute, nothing would be received; but if each of the many thousand warm friends of the Institution would do his best without delay a magnificent result would follow—a result which would cheer the hearts and revive the courage of those devoted men who saw the labors of nearly half a century go to destruction in three short hours. No one of the friends of the Institution should stand back and say "They will find assistance from others," or, "They have resources of their own and can get along without help." Every business man looking at the total loss of so many fine buildings insured for not more than one fourth of their value will say at once: "There must be need of immediate help." Let every friend of the Institution do something.

THE POST-OFFICE.

Among the few buildings which escaped the great conflagration was the post-office, which stood some distance apart. Consequently, postal communication with Notre Dame continues unbroken.

INCIDENTS.

The Sisters from St. Mary's Academy were present and made themselves useful in various ways. Mother Angela, cool and collected amidst the excitement, issued her directions and did much towards having what was saved cared for.

At one o'clock the partition beams crumbled in and Chief Brusie ordered the removal of the steamer, which was standing a short distance off. In instant the entire north wall, between the two wings, fell with a terrible crash, making a lively scattering among the firemen who were in close proximity.

The statue weighed upwards of 2,000 pounds, and when it fell, crashed through several floors.

The first one at St. Mary's Academy to see the fire at Notre Dame was a young lady, who was sketching the University building. While drawing the dome she saw the flames burst up around it, and immediately dropped her sketching implements, and ran to inform Mother Angela of the disaster.

A good share of the students have gone home, and those remaining are well provided for.

The authorities at Notre Dame learned this morning that they have but \$40,000 insurance on the property destroyed. The other \$20,000 of the \$60,000 insurance is on the printing-office, refectory and other buildings not burned.

James Bonney, the photographer, has completed a series of eight views of the ruins of Notre Dame. They have been selected with an artist's eye and are valuable to all who take an interest in Notre Dame, as souvenirs of the great fire. Mr. Bonney has our thanks for a set of these views, which can be seen in the *Tribune* store. He sells them at \$1.50 for the set of eight, or 25 cents single, and they will be sent by mail on receipt of the price.

President Corby particularly mourns the loss of one of the finest collections of skeletons ever gathered in this country. It cost over \$7,400, and included a gorilla, chimpanzee, and other rare skeletons; also a Museum, \$10,000.

Of the eighteen pianos in the music-rooms one was saved.

The greater portion of the students managed to save their trunks and effects.

A tramp was caught in the act of stealing a roll of rich lace curtains. He knew enough to drop them at sight of a Brother, who was standing near by.

The telegraph office was burned and many of the students are here in the city telegraphing home their safety.

R. L. Pinneo fell while working on the roof of the Music Hall, and would have rolled to the ground had not a brave trucker caught him.

Alfred Klingel was overcome by heat while carrying books out of the University and narrowly escaped being crushed by a falling wall. So close was he to it that he was struck by the detached mortar. He had to be placed on a bed and it was an hour or more before he recovered strength.

The Faculty met Thursday and issued diplomas to such of the Graduating Class as were entitled to receive them.

P. J. Dougherty, who was reported seriously injured, was hurt but slightly.

President Corby, Father Maher, Mayor Tong, Profs. Howard, Lyons, and other Professors, were unremitting in their efforts to have the property saved.

Items of the Fire.

—This is "Conflagration Day."

—This is our fire number. How do you like it?

—Nicholas Nelson distinguished himself "fire day" by his untiring efforts to save books, etc.

—Three hundred extra copies of this week's SCHOLASTIC have been printed. Send a copy to your friends and acquaintances.

—Sugg, Alex. Keenan, and Pat Hagan caught fire April 23d, '79. They extinguished themselves. Damage slight, fully covered by insurance.

—"Hôtel de Washington" was the name by which Washington Hall was known for many weeks after the fire. All the students slept (?) there that night.

—Very Rev. President Corby, without cassock, coatless and hatless, assisted the firemen in directing the streams on the burning buildings. The hour of trial came and showed him to be a hero.

—"Charley Ross" asks us whether, had the fire been extinguished when it had consumed the dome, the remainder of the building would have been saved? Can anyone enlighten "Chas" on this point?

—Many believe that, if Prof. Lyons had gone to Chicago on the day of the fire, "Old Notre Dame" would still exist. Even now, some are superstitious enough to be in dread of fire, whenever the Prof. remains here on Wednesday.

—If the powerful steam-pump, now in operation, had been here on the day of the fire, we could have allowed the fire to burn up the dome and a part of the roof, just to give it a good start, and then have extinguished it in five minutes.

—Tony Van Mourick, Minim department, was, he said, bound to save something valuable. Intent upon carrying out this laudable design, he rushed up four flights of stairs to the Museum, returning with a huge stuffed wild cat, which he tenderly carried to a place of safety.

—Bro. Bernard was the first to see the Music Hall catch fire. Hastening thither, he procured a ladder, and had soon gained the roof. On reaching to that part which had just ignited, he was about dousing it when he missed his footing, and fell to the ground. He sustained slight injuries, from which he recovered in a few days.

—Harry Kitz was carrying several books, which had

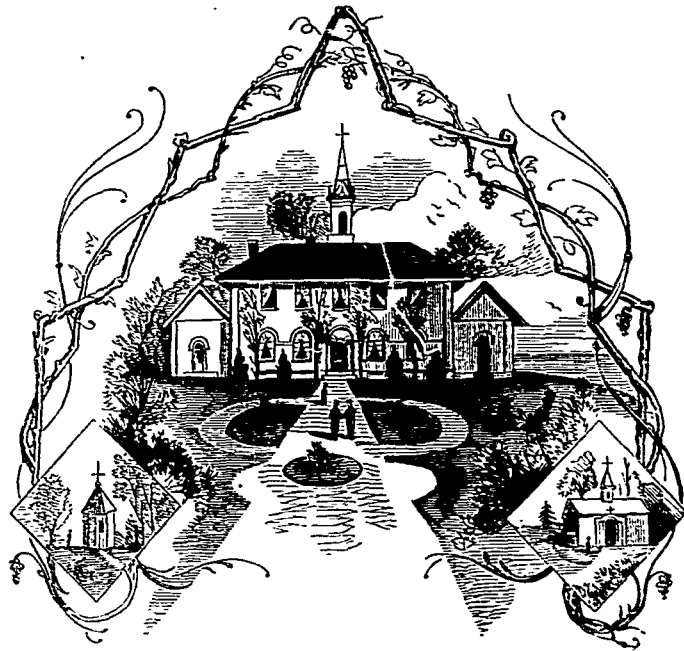
been thrown from the library windows, when a mattress, hurled from a window in the fourth story of the Infirmary building, came down upon him, causing him to measure his length on the ground. Needless to add, that Harry, on gaining his equilibrium once more, didn't wait to see how long he was.

—Rev. Father Lilly, C. S. C., who is now in a brighter land, and whom none remember but to love, rescued the band instruments from the burning Music Hall. He made strenuous efforts to save the pianos, but he and his brave followers were driven back by the flames and smoke. He was one of the first to take a hand in cleaning bricks, removing the debris, etc. It is supposed that while at this kind of work he contracted the cold which brought on consumption, of which he died the following winter. *Requiescat in pace.*

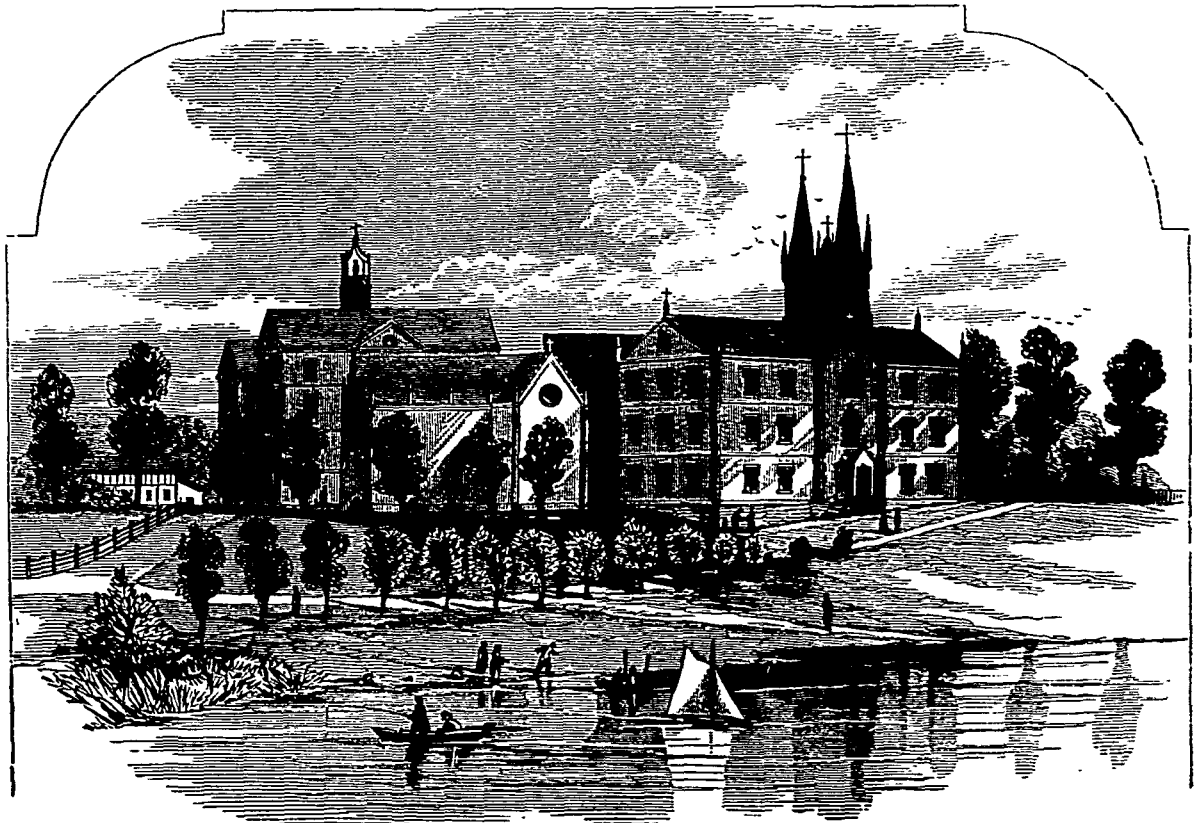
—It is said that Bro. Bruno, C. S. C., and Prof. Devoto were the first to get out on the roof the day of the "big fire." They had a very narrow escape from death by burning. They had not noticed how rapidly the flames were consuming the dome, and when they commenced to retrace their steps, they found themselves the flames' prisoners. To jump from the roof to the ground below would have been suicidal—it would have been certain death. Necessity, the mother of invention, came to their rescue. In looking around for some means of escape from their perilous position, they espied the large water-pipe that extended down the sides of the burning building. Down it they slid in an instant. They were none too soon: a moment later, the ponderous statue of the Blessed Virgin crashed through the roof in a thousand pieces. The prisoners of the roof escaped with but slight injuries.

—Never shall we forget the impressive address which Very Rev. Father Corby delivered to us on the evening of the fire. Having summoned us to the Church of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart, the then only place capable of holding all the students, in words pathetic and eloquent he informed us that it was impossible to find accommodations for us until June, owing to the present sad condition of affairs. He would, therefore, be obliged to request us to depart for our respective homes until the following September when, he said, he hoped to see us all return to the grand new buildings, which would be erected immediately, and which would be ready for us by that time. Then, trembling with emotion, he bade us an affectionate farewell, while a death-like silence pervaded the sacred edifice. Everyone at that time thought this was a precipitous assertion for Very Rev. Father Corby to make: it was prophetic, as the history of Notre Dame for the past two years proves.

—Judge Turner, of South Bend, paid a visit to our sanctum last Thursday morning, and in an interesting conversation which we had with the gentleman, we became acquainted with the facts in connection with the origin of the poem on the fire, which appears in this issue. The Judge told us that the day after the fire Mr. T. A. Dailey, called at his office. A meeting of sympathy was to be held by the citizens of South Bend that evening. "Tom," said the Judge, "we've got to have a poem on the fire for this evening's meeting, and you must write it." "I?" replied Mr. Dailey. "I could not write a poem suitable to an occasion like the present; and it would be mighty pretentious on my part to attempt it." "Nevertheless you've got to do it, Tom," replied the Judge; "there's a desk, pen, and paper: sit down and write it." After many objections by Mr. Dailey, all of which were answered by the Judge, he seated himself and commenced to write. In a short time Mr. Dailey brought his production to the Judge, who was delighted with it. That evening, when the citizens of South Bend assembled to express their sympathy for Notre Dame, the Judge, after making an eloquent and touching appeal in behalf of the ruined University, read Mr. Dailey's beautiful poem to the vast concourse of people there assembled. It was received with long and prolonged applause, showing that Mr. Dailey's sentiments, clothed in poetic beauty, were the sentiments of all present. The Judge informed us that he was in Chicago the day the College burned, and when the news of the sad event reached his ears in that city, his knees knocked together as did Balthasar's of old, when he saw the mysterious hand, writing his doom in strange characters on the wall.



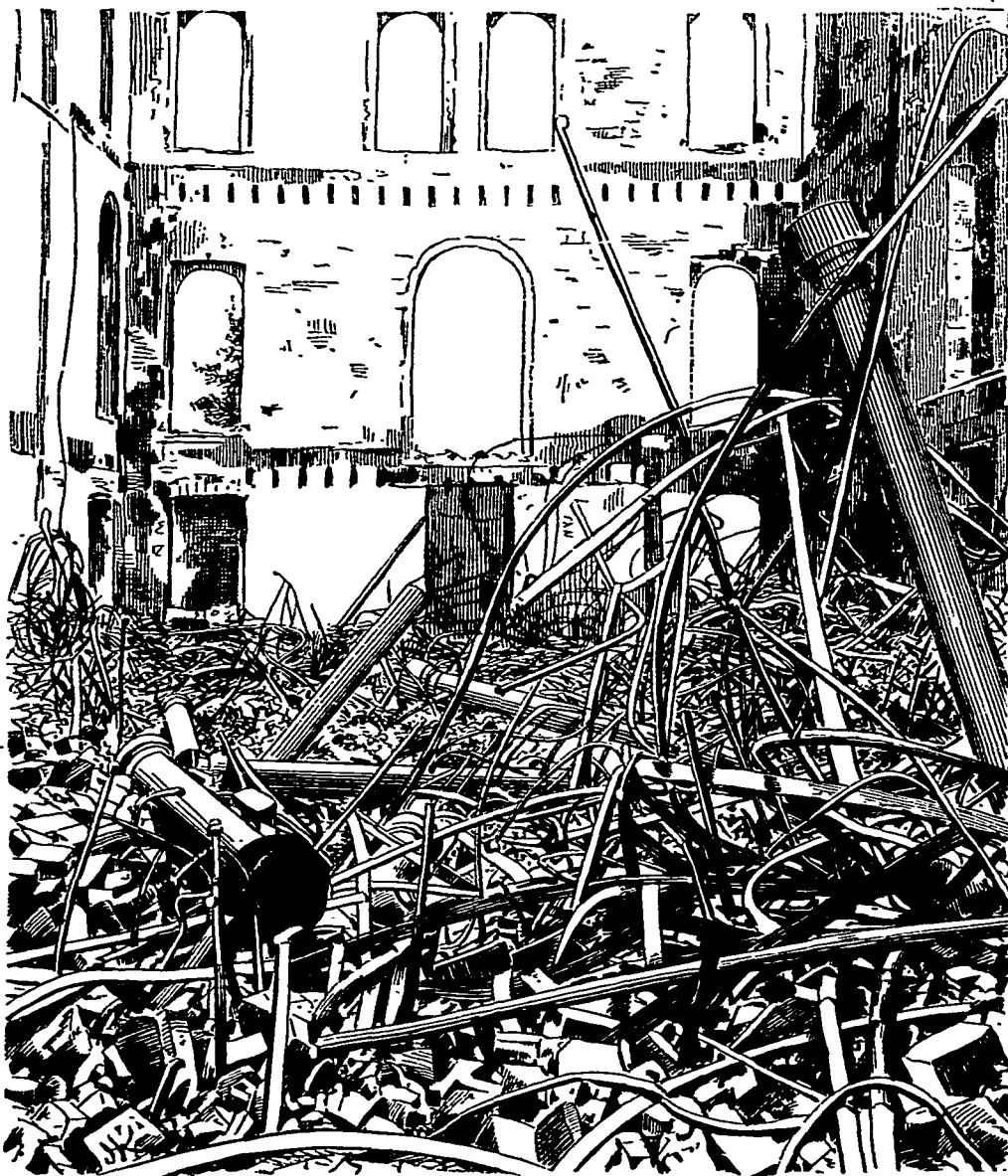
ST. ALOYSIUS' HOME



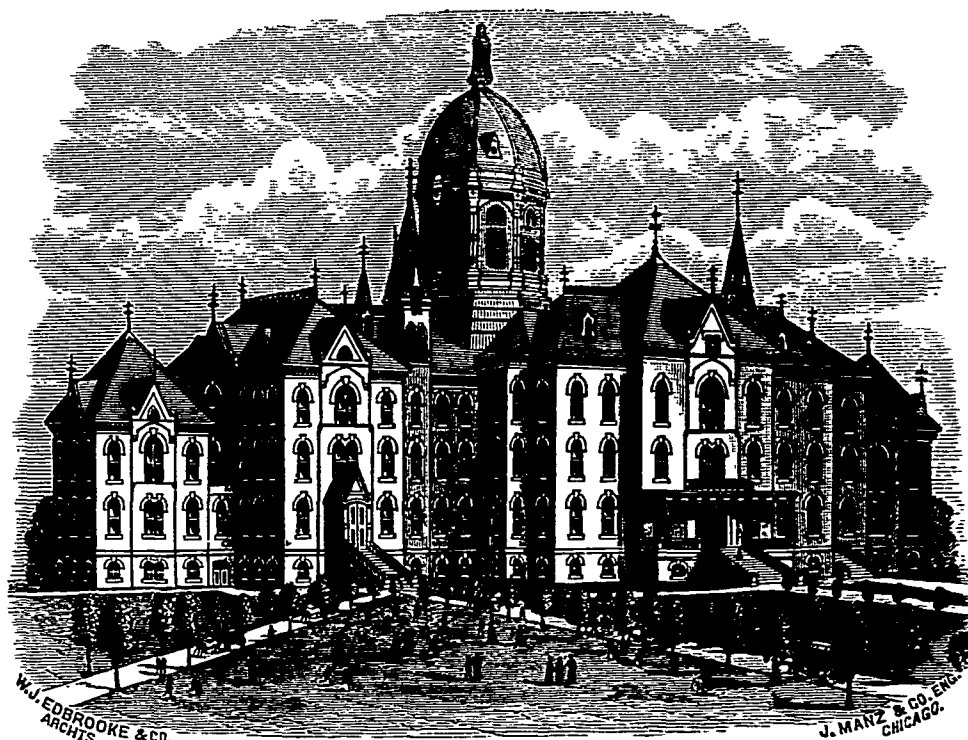
THE FIRST COLLEGE AND THE OLD CHURCH.



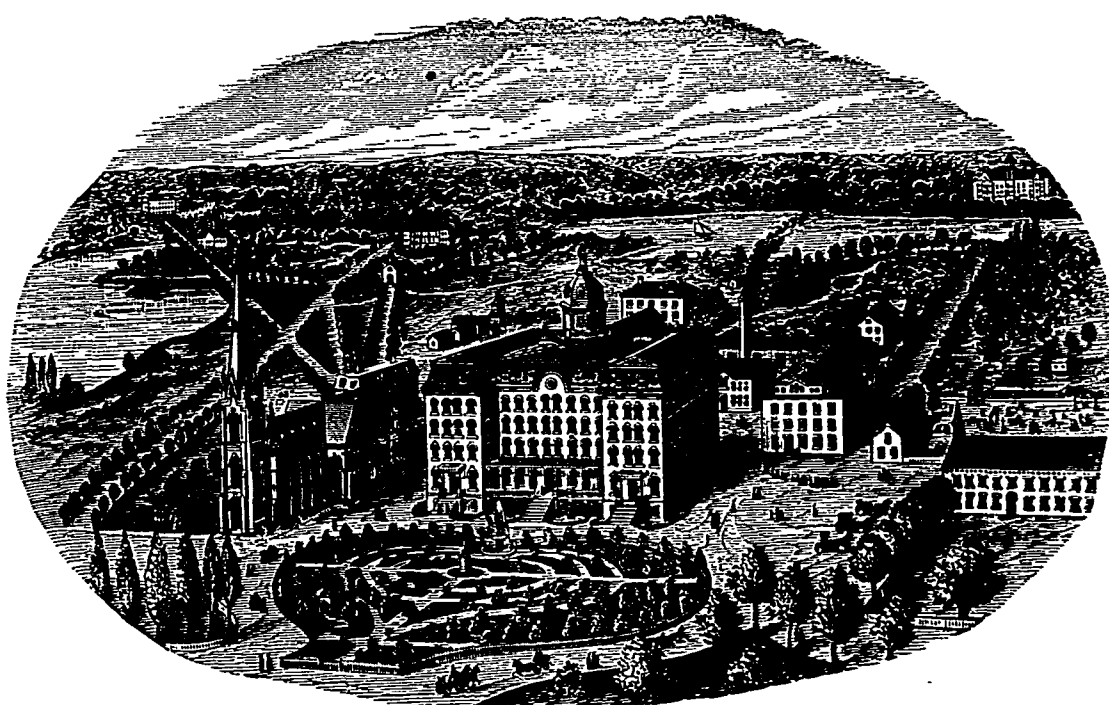
RUINS OF THE MAIN BUILDING.



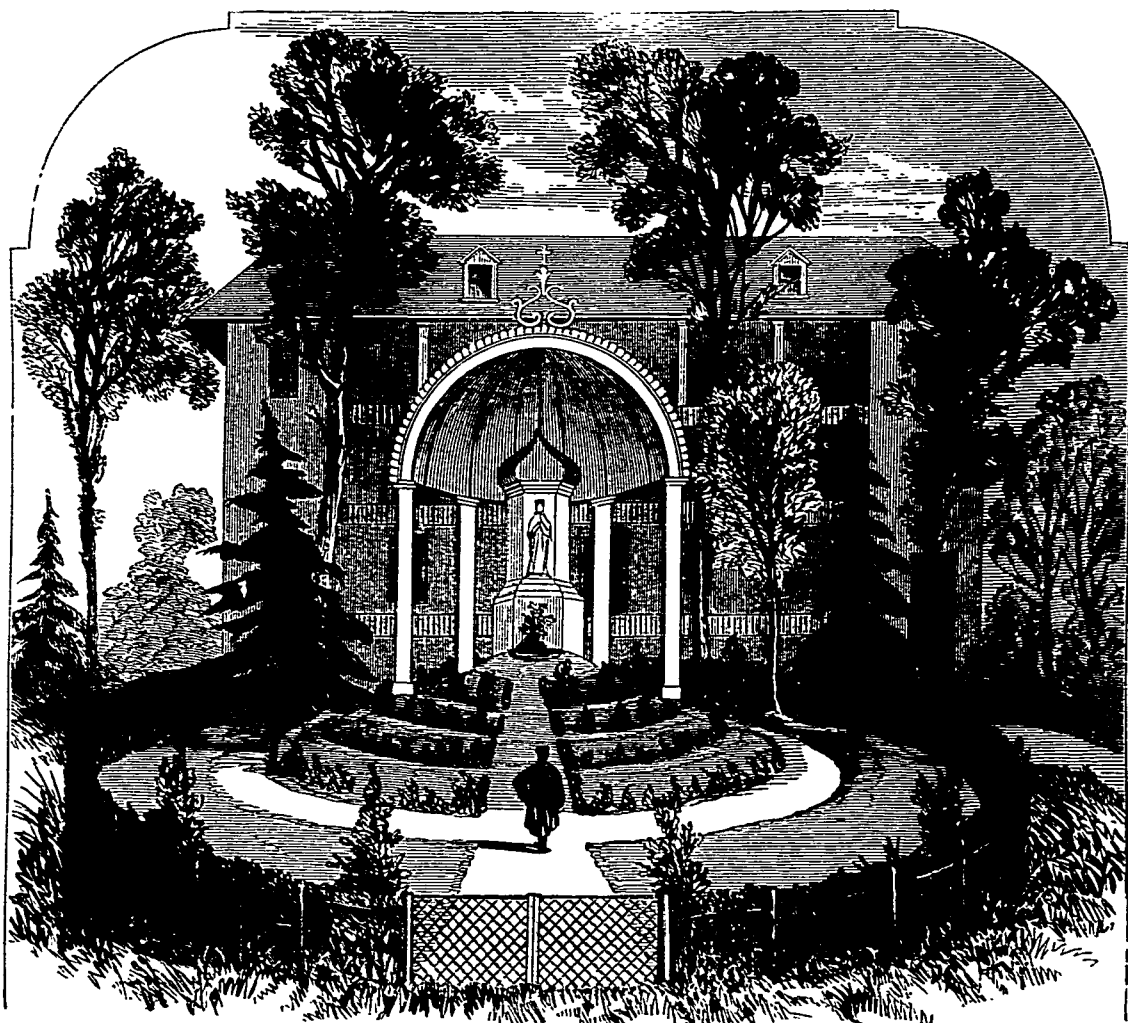
INTERIOR VIEW OF THE JUNIOR STUDY HALL AFTER THE FIRE.



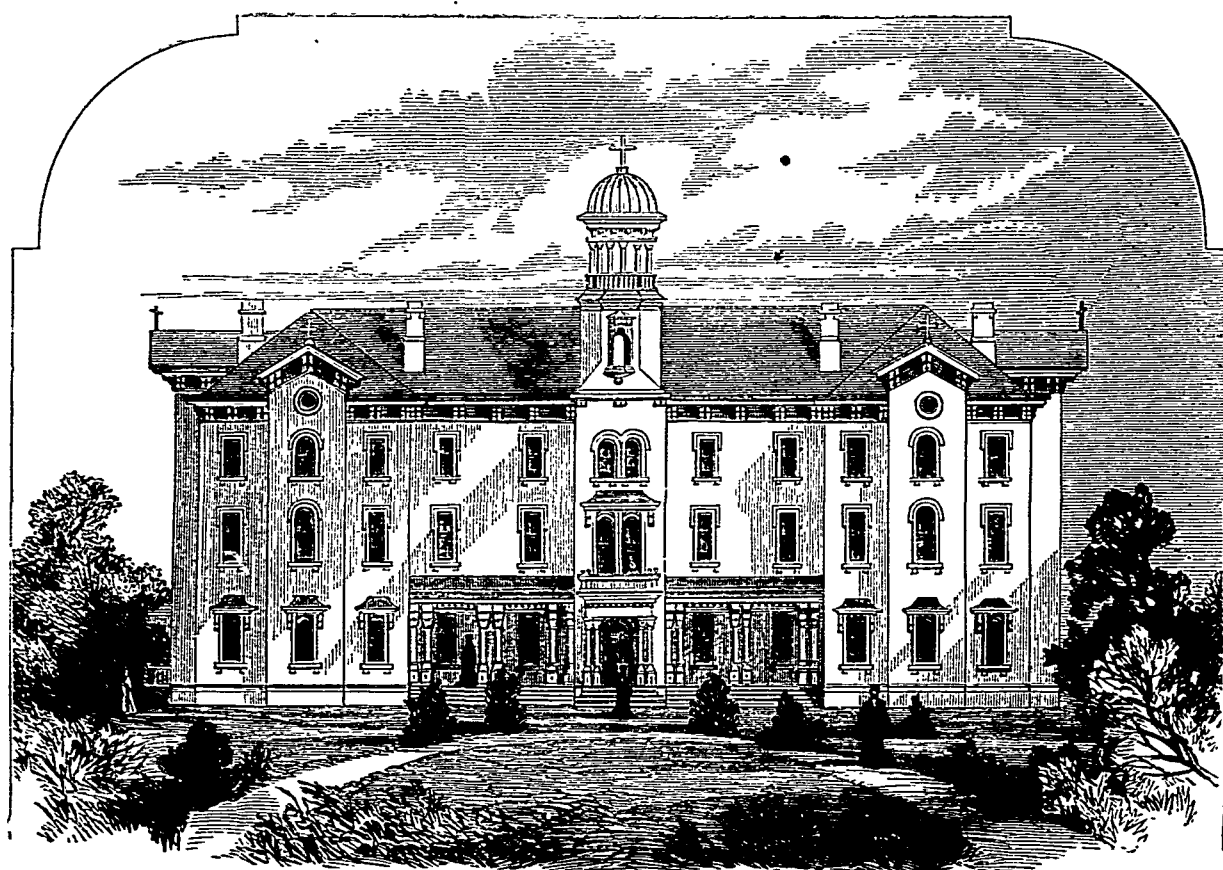
NOTRE DAME REDIVIVUS.



NOTRE DAME AS IT WAS BEFORE THE FIRE.



MT. ST VINCENT.



ST. JOSEPH'S NOVITIATE.