The olden echoes wake again
Beneath a brighter heaven.

They rise from Ireland's saint-pressed sod,
From leagues of prairie grasses;
Low sound from far-off golden waves,
Drift through Sierra passes.

See! 'mid the bays, the English rose
With holy shamrock blending,
Acacia from wide Southern seas
Its yellow sunshine leading.

While Erin lifts brave Brian's harp,
Her poet's birthday keeping,
Quick blood from fiery Irish hearts
Through countless veins is leaping.

Dim were the poet's brightest verse
Lacking his country's blessing,
False sweetest song of Irish harp
If Tara's chord were missing.

—Catholic World.

The Month of May.

"Summer once more is here!
April hath laughed or wept itself away,
And in its place the welcome-footed May
Gladness the opening year."

To the lover of nature and the careful observer of the different changes she undergoes, and the many aspects she presents at different times of the year, nothing is worthier of consideration nor more fruitful in good thoughts than to contemplate her beauties in this month of May. It has oft been said that May is the most beautiful month of the year—most beautiful in a natural, and most practicable in a symbolical point of view. Upon reflection we find that a multitude of facts go to prove the truth of the assertion. Compare May with the remaining months. Take November, December, January, February, commonly called winter months. Scarcely a single feature could, in the point at issue, be favorably compared to the transcendent beauties of May. Falling leaves; cold, snowy days; piercing winds and raging tempests seem, in truth, to characterize this season of the year and stamp it with just the contrary of beauty. Nature is sad, and grieves at the loss of tuneful song, green leaf, and gentle sunshine. Not so in the month of May. Every living germ then unfolds to nature's gaze. Green fields, blooming trees, opening flowers and merry song thus form a pleasing contrast to cold November or bleak December, to stormy January or rainy February. March and April could not realize May's fair scenes. March is yet cold, and treacherous; a few sunny days, a few early songsters, and perhaps a few wild flowers would fain expose themselves to its constant changes. April paves the road, as it were, over which
Dame May is to travel. April moistens the soil, melts the last remnants of snow, calls from their winter abode the songsters of the forest, bids the sun to entice from beneath the soil the seedling plant. Freneau makes May address April thus:

"Without your showers
I breed no flowers;
Each field a barren waste appears;
If you don't weep,
My blossoms sleep,
They take such pleasure in your tears.

"As your decay
Makes room for May
So I must part with all that's mine;
My balmy breeze,
My blooming trees,
To torrid zones their sweets resign.

"For April dead
My shades I spread,
To her I owe my dress so gay;
Of daughters three
It falls on me
To close our triumphs and our day.

"Thus to repose
All nature goes,
Month after month must find its doom;
Time on the wing,
May ends the Spring,
And Summer frolics o'er her tomb."

The scorching heat of July and August, fading the flower, blighting leaf and bud, hushing the song of birds, making living beings seek for shade, and withering the whole kingdom of flowers—though not without its advantages, is no way calculated to lessen our estimation of May. September and October are to the year what old age is to man—simply a season of rapid decline and first steerage towards the portals of death; and as the old man retains somewhat of the features that adorned his youth, so do these two months now and then show a late flower, an echoing song, or a scene of beauty. Indeed May claims superiority to, and stands unrivalled among her brother months. May is the brightest gem of the crown that ages scenes of beauty, and gladness, will soon have vanished, scenes more beautiful than those of spring, of May in "Merry England." Milton, too, did not think unkind to sing of May in the following strain:

"Now the bright morning star, day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the East, and leads with her
The flowery May, who from her green lap throws
The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose.

Hail, beauteous May!—
Woods and groves are of thy dressing,
Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing
Thus we salute thee with our early song
And welcome thee, and wish thee long."

Already this choicest month has come, and gone. The scenes of beauty, and gladness, will soon have vanished, like the dew-drops before the rising sun. But to those who admire nature's beauties, and love to contemplate her with an innocent heart and upright mind, May will not leave without sweet memories and practical suggestions. The opening rose that now greets the morning sun, will, ere many months have passed, lie withered and prostrate on the ground: so it is with man. The fiery youth that now revels in youthful strength, and with eager gaze looks into the future, he too must ere long sleep under the green sod, and give his place to others to admire the scenes of beauteous May.

Ireland's National Poet.

One hundred years ago to-day (Wednesday) Thomas Moore was born. The Scholastic therefore gladly gives up a considerable space this week to make room for a poetical tribute to the poet and a sketch of his life. The former is taken from the Catholic World, and the latter, a most judicious piece of critical biography, in which the author "naught extenuates, and naught sets down in malice," is a selection made by Mr. Donahoe for his Magazine for June, written by Mr. Alfred Webb.

Thomas Moore, poet and prose-writer, was born at 12 Aungier street, Dublin, May 28, 1779. His father, John Moore, kept a grocer's shop, which he had probably established with the small fortune he received with his wife, Anastasia Codd, a Wexford girl. Both parents were Catholics. Young Moore's cheerful and sprightly disposition made him a favorite with many besides his own family. One of his earliest recollections was of being taken to a public dinner in honor of Napper Tandy, and sitting on that gen-
tleman's knee. At an early age he was sent to a school kept by a Mr. Malone, and a little later to the academy of the well-known teacher, Samuel Whyte, where Sheridan and many distinguished men received their education. Whyte was passionately fond of the stage, and encouraged young Moore's declamatory and histrionic powers; and before he was twelve years of age his name appeared in the handbills of his master's private theatricals. He soon began to scribble verses, and when fourteen was referred to in the "Anthologia Hibernica" as "our esteemed correspondent, T.M." His family were anxious he should go to the bar, and such were then the disqualifications to which Catholics were subjected, that it was seriously debated whether he should not be entered on the books of Trinity College as a Protestant. His mother strongly opposed such a step, which was, however, rendered unnecessary by the legislation of 1783, which opened the University to Catholics, and he entered in 1794 with much credit, under his true designation. At college he showed more disposition to cultivate the modern than the ancient languages. He joined the College Historical Society, of which Robert Emmet and Arthur O'Connor were then the most prominent members. Edward Hudson, one of those afterwards arrested at Bond's, and Robert Emmet, were among his most intimate friends; and nothing but his mother's influence prevented Moore himself becoming perhaps fatally involved in the revolutionary movement of 1798. In his diary he gives a graphic account of the difficulty with which he pulled through without implicating any of his friends, at the visitation of the Chancellor (Lord Clare) for the purpose of clearing the college of students infected with revolutionary principles. Thanks to a friendship with the librarian of Marsh's library, Moore had free access to it even during the summer months, when it was closed to the public, and in exploring its shelves he laid up much of that out-of-the-way information which afterwards appeared in his works. He acquired a tolerable knowledge of Italian from a Catholic clergyman, and of French from a refugee. In 1799 he took the degree of B.A., and next year entered at the Middle Temple, London. An introduction to Lord Moira soon made him at home at his seat near London, and the best literary society of the metropolis was opened to him. He delighted by all his pleasant manners, literary tastes, and effective, although not brilliant, musical abilities. He brought with him to London his "Odes of Anacreon" in manuscript, which, published by subscription in 1800, were much admired, and established his reputation as a poet. In 1801, under the pseudonym of "Thomas Little," he published a volume of light poetical pieces, which brought him £50, but did not add much to his reputation. In 1803, through Lord Moira's influence and the friendship of Lady Don­egal, Moore received the appointment of Admiralty Registrar at Bermuda, and proceeded thither in the Phaeton frigate. The conclusion of the Bermuda Islands was, however, little to his taste, and after a residence extending only from January to April, 1804, he confined his duties to a deputy, and made an extended tour through the United States and Canada, during which he wrote his poems relating to America, and had the good fortune to be presented by the British minister to President Jefferson. The institutions of the country were little to his taste; but we can scarcely excuse the coarse terms in which he afterwards wrote of it and its inhabitants. His conception of the enormity of slavery was clear and decided. In October, 1804, Moore returned to England in the Boston frigate, with his friend Captain Douglas, to the great joy of his numerous friends.

Lord Moira now procured a situation for his father in the customs; but Moore for himself preferred trusting to his talents for a livelihood. In 1806 he published a volume of Odes, Epistles, and other Poems, for which he was criticized in the "Edinburgh Review" as "the most licentious of modern versifiers, and the most poetical of the propagators of immorality." His "Odes of Anacreon" had perhaps given some ground for these charges, but it is impossible that Jeffrey was prejudiced against him on account of his aristocratic tendencies. A duel between them at Chalk Farm, in the month of August, 1806, was interrupted by the police. Both gentlemen were subjected to much ridicule when it was stated that the bullet had fallen out of Jeffrey's pistol, and it was suggested that, by consent, both pistols were leadless. Jeffrey and Moore after this became fast friends. The latter says, "He had taken a fancy to me from the first moment of our meeting together in the field, and I can truly say that the liking for him is of the same early date." Lord Byron mentioned the duel with ridicule in "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," and in his turn was challenged by Moore. The letter was delayed some months in reaching its destination, and the affair terminated in a good-humored explanation from Byron and a lifelong friendship between them. In 1807 Moore entered into an arrangement with Mr. Power, the musical publisher, to write suitable words to a collection of old Irish tunes, which were to be arranged by Sir John Stevenson. The "Irish Melodies" were completed in ten numbers, issued between 1807 and 1834. Supposing him to have received the full remuneration agreed upon (£500 per annum), he was paid for them £5 a line. They are the most lasting monuments of his genius, and have been translated into both Latin and Irish. Byron declared some of them were "worth all the epics that ever were composed"; while the "Biographie Générale" says, "Thomas Moore has vividly reproduced in his Melodies the characteristic traits of Irish music. Originality is the special claim of these short pieces. They have neither the vigor, nor the nature, nor the profound and passionate sensibility of the works of another national poet, Robert Burns: but, at the same time, they have not the same air of rudeness. A sustained elegance, a lightness, a tenderness, an esprit, a rich and brilliant imagery, give them a durable, though perhaps a somewhat artificial charm." Of the same character as the "Irish Melodies" are the "National Melodies," published in 1815, and the "Sacred Songs," in 1816. Three satirical pieces "Corruption," "Intolerance," and "The Sceptic," appeared in 1828 or 1829. In 1811 he married Miss Bessy Dyke, daughter of Lord John Russell says, "From 1811, the year of the marriage, to 1839, that of his death, this excellent and beautiful person received from him the homage of a lover, enhanced by all the gratitude, all the confidence, which the daily and hourly happiness he enjoyed was sure to inspire. Thus, whatever amusement he might find in society, whatever sights he might behold, whatever literary resources he might seek elsewhere, he always returned to his home with a fresh feeling of delight. The time he had been absent had always been a time of exertion and of exile; his return restored him to tranquillity and peace." "I'd Mourn the Hopes that Leave me," "'T is all for Thee," and others of his poems were addressed to her. In public life he lost none of his home affections. With a never-
dying love, he wrote regularly twice a week to his parents, and settled £100 a year on them as soon as he could afford it. At first he and his wife lived at Lord Moira's; in the spring of 1812 he took a house at Kenworth, whence they removed next summer to Mayfield Cottage, near Ashbourne. His independence was strikingly shown in the spring of 1812 he took a house at Keyworth, whence he thoroughly imbued his mind with Oriental tradition and romance. It was published in 1817, and was received most favorably; but the estimate of his contemporaries, and even of Lord John Russell, writing in 1853, has not been endorsed by more recent critics, "Lalla Rookh" now holding a far inferior place to the "Irish Melodies," and many of his lighter pieces. In the autumn of 1817 Moore occupied Slopeoton Cottage, near Devizes, at the moderate rent of £40 a year. It continued, with intervals, to be his residence during the rest of his life. Next year he visited Ireland, where he was received with the most flattering attentions, and hailed as the national bard of the country. In the same year he went to Paris with his friend Rogers, and laid up materials for his humorous piece, "The Fudge Family in Paris." In 1818 it was found that his deputy at Bermuda had absconded, leaving him responsible for some £5,000, and next year, pending a settlement, he was obliged to retire to the Continent. With Lord John Russell he travelled through France and Switzerland to Milan, and spent some time at Venice with Lord Byron. Moore returned by the South of France to Paris, where his wife and family joined him in January, 1820. During the three years he resided abroad he wrote "The Epicurean" and "The Loves of the Angels." At length a settlement was made with his creditors (chiefly by means of a loan from Lord Lansdowne, which he was soon enabled to repay), and in November, 1822, he returned to his home at Sloperton Cottage. During Moore's visit to Italy, Byron made him a present of his manuscript autobiography, upon condition that it should not be published until after his death. Pressed for money in April, 1824, he sold it to Murray, the publisher, for £2,100. Byron died the same month. Lady Byron and her family desired its destruction, and offered to reimburse the publisher what he had paid upon it. Moore resisted the proposition for some time, and at last, nobly resolved to make the loss himself, paid Murray the £2,100, with interest, and burned the manuscript. Scarcely any action of his life has been more canvassed; there can, however, be little doubt of his disinterestedness and conscientious desire to do what was right. A delightful epistle of his to Abbeford in October, 1829, where he was received with all the warmth of Sir Walter Scott's nature. His "Life of Richard B. Sheridan" was published in the same year, and in 1827 "The Epicurean," which, "though perhaps the least popularly known of Moore's works, is by some considered among the most chaste and exquisite." Macaulay says that, "considered merely as a composition, his "Life of Lord Byron," published in 1829, deserves to be classed among the best specimens of English prose our age has produced." In 1831 was published his "Life of Lord Edward Fitzgerald," a feeling tribute to the memory of that nobleman. Moore had visited Ireland with his wife in the previous year, principally to collect materials for this work. His plodding literary labors were often lightened by visits to London, where his wit and musical talents made him ever welcome at the gayest and most brilliant assemblages. In 1832 an ineffectual effort was made to induce him to stand as candidate for Limerick, under O'Connell's banner. In 1833, under the ministry of Lord Melbourne, a Civil List pension of £300 was settled on him. In the same year he again paid a flying visit to Ireland, and was lionized in Dublin, enjoyed the beauties of the County of Wicklow from the top of a four-in-hand drag, and was cited at Wexford and at Bannew, where his friends, Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall, then resided. This was one of several visits necessitated by his preparation of the "History of Ireland." In his "Captain Rock," already published, he showed that a protracted residence in England had not extinguished his love of country or lessened his indignation at the disabilities under which his coreligionists suffered. His "History of Ireland" (which appeared between 1839 and 1846, forming four volumes of "Lardner's Cyclopaedia") brings the history of the country down to the death of Owen Roe O'Neall in 1646. Although written in an easy and attractive style, it does not possess much merit. The "Athenaeum" remarked at the time of its publication: "Mr. Moore fortunately brings to his labors not only extensive learning in the rarely trodden paths of Irish history, but strict impartiality, rendered still more clear and uncompromising by anennobling love of liberty. Every page of this work contains evidence of research; and innumerable passages might be cited in proof of the independent and truth-seeking spirit of the author." This "History" was Moore's last important work. In 1841 he collected and published his poetical works in ten volumes crown octavo, with illustrations. The prefaces contain many interesting particulars regarding his life. His latter days were embittered by the death of the last of his children. Anne, aged five, died in 1817; Anastasia Mary, aged seventeen, in 1829; Olivia Byron lived but a few months; John Russell died in India, aged nineteen, in 1843, a cadet in the East India Company's service; and Thomas Lansdowne, his eldest son, a wild youth, died in Algiers, in the French service, in 1849, aged twenty-seven. Like Swift, Scott, and Southey, the end of Moore's life was passed in an increasingly depressed condition, owing to softening of the brain. Sustained to the last by the tender solicitude of his wife, he died at Sloperton,—

"That dear home, that saving ark,
Where love's true light at last I've found,
Cheering within when all grows dark
And comfortless and storms around."—

26th February, 1852, aged seventy-two. He was buried in Bromham churchyard, within view of his cottage-home, and beside his beloved daughter Anastasia. Mrs. Moore was laid beside him, 4th September, 1865, aged sixty-eight. She made an appropriate gift to the Royal Irish Academy of his library, portrait, and view of Sloperton cottage. The "Encyclopaedia Britannica" concludes an appraisative notice of Moore with the words, "Her (Ireland) he served with all his soul and strength, uplifting her banner in the hour of darkest danger; and with the names of Grattan and Curran, as Irish patriots, that of Thomas Moore will be forever associated." He was small in stature and slight, his eyes were bright and sparkling, his mouth delicately cut and expressive, his "slightly-tossed" nose con-
at once in requisition; the original crown-jewels regalia, the deficiency being supplied by copies of originals under house itself, the members of the imperial family. The rain represented by the descendants of the illustrious treasury chamber, the Ambrase collection, and the Arsenal; arms and vestments were procured from the imperial thought of having the most important circumstances in being given at the palace of the Archduke Charles Louis, the wedding of the Emperor and Empress of Austria the Emperor's brother, the latter conceived the happy Thomas Moore was erected in Dublin shortly after his Grand Historical Tableaux in the Austrian decease. with a slightly abridged diary, extending from August, 1818, to October, 1847. Allibone devotes five pages to an exhaustive critical enumeration of Moore's writings. His 18 volumes, in 1853-56. The first volume and half the estimate of his literary abilities entertained by Byron, Scott, Russell, and his contemporaries generally, has scarcely stood the test of time; but there is little doubt that his "Melodies," wedded as they are to such appropriate music, will continue to delight generations,—melodies whose grace and tenderness were never more effectually rendered than when sung by himself. Lord John Russell, his literary executor, edited his "Memoirs," in his death he left no debt behind him." The very high and true likeness, still extant, of his illustrious ancestor. After a brief pause came the second tableau, representing Duke Albert the Wise issuing a manifesto at Vienna, on the 20th of November, 1335, to the effect that the Austrian dominions should remain the indivisible property of his four sons, Rudolph IV, Albert III, Frederick III, and Leopold III; and that the government of the dominion should rest with the eldest. The most pleasing effect of this tableau was the richness of the various colors and the truly historical reproduction. In the third tableau we behold the first meeting of the Crown Prince Maximilian (afterwards Emperor) at Ghent, with his bride, Mary, Princess of Burgundy, on the 14th of August, 1477. The Archduchess Gisela, the Emperor Francis Joseph's daughter, represented, in a charming costume, the Burgundian princess. The bride's father, Duke Charles "the Bold" was one of the most powerful and illustrious princes of his age, his only fault being an unrestrained ambition, which led him to an untimely death at the battle of Nancy. The fourth tableau represented Charles at the diet of Worms on the 28th of April, 1351, appointing his brother the Archduke Ferdinand sovereign of the entire Austrian dominions. The most conspicuous figure in the tableau was, of course, the Crown Prince, Rudolph, who personated Charles V, in a Spanish costume of yellow silk, and wearing the identical insignia of the order of the Golden Fleece borne by the Emperor Charles on that occasion. An overture, composed for the occasion and executed by twelve artists of the imperial orchestra, being finished, the first tableau presented itself before the eyes of the assembly. Its theme was King Rudolph of Hapsburg, the founder of the house of Austria, in the "Reichstag" at A historic city and court of Worms on the 28th of April, 1521, appointing his brother, Rudolph, who, with the crown on his head and the sceptre in his hand, bore a striking resemblance to an old and true likeness, still extant, of his illustrious ances- tor.
armor of the period, and in his hand the marshal's staff. The Empress Maria Theresa, and Charles her husband, surrounded by their whole family, receiving the infant Isabella of Parma, bride of the hereditary prince Joseph, at Luxemburg, on the 1st of October 1760, was the subject of the sixth tableau. The most charming feature of this tableau was the presence of quite a number of the younger members of the imperial house, the little Archdukes dressed in red velvet breeches and white uniforms richly embroidered with gold, and the little Archduchess in the farthingale dress of the period. Even the youngest child of Maria Theresa, the little Mary Annunciata, then only three years old, was fitly represented by a little princess of the same age. The Emperor Francis was again personated by the Crown Prince, wearing the uniform of an Austrian field marshal of that time, and decked with the grand master's cross of the Teutonic Knights formerly worn by the Emperor Francis himself.

Thus the heir to the crown was selected, not without a certain design, to represent the founder Rudolph, then Charles V, under whom the empire reached the pinnacle of its glory, afterwards the characters of the Princes of Lorraine who connected the house of Austria with their own and thus became the founders of the dynasty of Hapsburg-Lorraine. In the fifth tableau the original crowns of the German Empire, of Hungary, and Bohemia were seen on the table, and in the sixth tableau genuine trophies and banners, taken two hundred years before from the Turks at the conquest of Osten, were brought into service. At the verses of the epilogue, the national anthem was struck up, beginning in a very low tone, but gradually increasing, and at the words "Heil Franz Joseph und Elisabeth Habsburg, ganzem Hans" all the princes and princesses of the imperial family that had been engaged in the tableaux, entered the hall in their costumes and paid their compliments to the imperial couple. In conclusion, magnificent copies of the poem were handed by Archduke Charles Louis, first to the imperial couple and then to each of the guests, among whom were noticed the families of the Duke of Coburg, the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland and the Duke of Nassau.

It may not be consistent with our republican traditions to dwell at length on the splendors of royalty, but as Catholics we may make an exception in favor of the house of Austria. It is true that some of the Austrian Emperors, beginning even with Albert, son of Rudolph of Hapsburg, had now and then some difficulties with the Sovereign Pontiffs, and that Joseph II even proved a bitter enemy to the Catholic Church, but these conflicts may justly be reckoned exceptions to the general rule that the Austrian dynasty has been faithful to the Church and the Vizar of Christ on earth. The present Emperor, Francis Joseph, who deserves to live in a better time than ours, has done a great deal to counteract the baneful influence of modern statecraft and irreligion in his dominions. But for his interference, a persecution of the Church, perhaps not as violent as the one now raging in Germany, but more pernicious by its subtility and perfidy, would be now raging in Austria, which, according to human judgment, the Catholics of that country are not prepared to meet as gallantly as their brethren in Germany. But Francis Joseph has not forgotten the Catholic traditions of his forefathers, and at this very moment the different nations of Austria seem to become aware of the fact that the safety of the Empire rests upon a firm allegiance to the policy and faith of old Austria, and that tampering with the pernicious maxims of modern statecraft must come to an end else a speedy downfall of the realm may be the consequence. Austria once more a truly Catholic empire will be herself again, and her voice will once more become weighty in the councils of the nations, true to the old adage, A. E. I. O. I., Austria catholica in orbe imperium.

[From the South Bend Daily Tribune of Wednesday, May 21.]

CHARMING MUSIC.

THE DELIGHTFUL ENTERTAINMENT OF THE ST. MARY'S PUPILS LAST EVENING.

The opera house was comfortably filled last evening on the occasion of the concert given by the young lady pupils of St. Mary's Academy, under the direction of Mrs. Clara Sums Eve Fitzgerald, the gifted and accomplished harp player. The object of the entertainment, which was to aid in the rebuilding of ruined Notre Dame College, should have induced a greater number of our citizens to attend, but it is a fact that South Bend is not a musically inclined place, and especially is it unappreciative as regards a concert that belongs to the classical or operatic order, no matter what the object may be. However, the audience that was present last evening should certainly be called appreciative, judging by the frequent applause and the hearty encores. The programme was an elaborate and finished one, containing vocal selections from the operas of Martha, l'Africaine, and Lucia, and instrumental ones for piano and harp from Liszt, Meyerebe, Bochsa and others. A young lady can obtain no better musical education anywhere in the country than at St. Mary's. Many with but ordinary talents have graduated from this institution with a knowledge and a culture in the divine art which has won for them great distinction in the musical world. The rendering of the vocal parts of the programme last evening was with a simple ease and grace of manner pleasing to the eye, and with a sweet, pure harmony entrancing to the ear. Excellent training was apparent in every movement and in every tone. Miss Devoto, who graduated from the Academy in '74, and kindly volunteered to assist in the concert, is a native of the land of song, sunny Italy, and possesses a charming voice, highly cultured. She has an extraordinary compass, and sings the highest tone with a remarkable clearness as well as sweetness. She was honored with an enthusiastic encore for her rendering of the song the "Lost Birdling," and responded with the "Last Rose of Summer." Her second number, the flower song from Berignani, also received an encore, and she was obliged to repeat the last stanza of the song. The Misses Kirchner have sweet voices, which were displayed to good advantage in their selections. But it would be impossible to speak in detail of the singing; suffice it to say, the trio, the quintette and the sextette were excellent, in harmony and expression.

Of the instrumental parts the harp dact, a fantasia on favorite melodies, was artistically rendered by the Misses Galen and Dillon, and was rapturously applauded. The performance of little Miss Geiser of Liszt's difficult rhapsodie No. 2, on the piano, was a surprise to all. The young lady, who cannot be more than fourteen years of age, went through the long and intricate piece without missing a note, giving to the fantasie a power of tone which electrified the whole audience, and when she arose at the finish she was greeted with a perfect roar of applause, and came back and played with equal power and expression a
difficult piece. Her playing was superb, and she is bound to make her mark as a pianist.

Mrs. Fitzgerald, who had the management of the affair, is a childhood friend of Mother Angel's, and has been adjourning at St. Mary's during the winter. She is devoted to the harp and is a most exquisite player, although never until last evening has she appeared in a public concert. She was richly dressed in a garnet silk, trimmed profusely with point lace, and wore several diamonds upon her fingers, and also diamond ear-drops and breast-pin. Her harp is rich in tone and elegant in appearance. Her first number, a fantasia by Bochas, was charmingly performed, and she was treated to a hearty encore, to which she responded by repeating a portion of the piece. Her second number next to the last on the programme was loudly applauded, but she did not respond. Mrs. Fitzgerald should also be complimented on the excellent manner in which the concert was managed. There was not a jar during the entire evening. Mrs. Fitzgerald is a sister of the late Admiral Fitzgerald, under whose management the concert was given, delighted the audience by her playing on the harp. Miss Devoto's singing was very fine. She is a graduate of the Institute. From her clear, sweet voice she deserves all the praise that can be given her. She is a native of Italy, and her voice is one of extraordinary compass. She sings the high notes with a clear, ringing voice. Misses Gordon, Capelle, Usselman and A. Kirchner and Miss Silverthorn are all sweet singers and merited the applause they received. The young ladies, Misses Galen and Dillon, executed their part as harpists. We must not close without mention of Miss Geiser, her performance on the piano being splendid. She was heartily applauded by her delighted hearers. These young ladies are all students of St. Mary's.

The concert given by the young ladies of St. Mary's, for the benefit of Notre Dame, at the Opera House, last night, was enjoyed by a good audience. The well-arranged programme was finely executed in every particular. Mrs. Fitzgerald, under whose management the concert was given, delighted the audience by her playing on the harp. Miss Devoto's singing was very fine. She is a graduate of the Institute. From her clear, sweet voice she deserves all the praise that can be given her. She is a native of Italy, and her voice is one of extraordinary compass. She sings the high notes with a clear, ringing voice. Misses Gordon, Capelle, Usselman and A. Kirchner and Miss Silverthorn are all sweet singers and merited the applause they received. The two young ladies, Misses Galen and Dillon, executed their part as harpists. We must not close without mention of Miss Geiser, her performance on the piano being splendid. She was heartily applauded by her delighted hearers. These young ladies are all students of St. Mary's.

The concert closed at a seasonable hour, and as the ladies who had furnished the entertainment were about to depart from the hall to enter their carriages for the Academy, they were escorted to the dining-hall, where another delicious dinner was provided. The young ladies are all students of St. Mary's.

Books and Periodicals.


We could wish every reader of the SCHOLASTIC no greater pleasure than to read this fascinating romance. It is just the book to take with you on some sunny day under a spreading shade-tree by the side of a cool running stream or the bank of a mountain lake. It possesses quality one could ask in a pleasant, elevating story. Its freshness is the first thing to charm the reader. The scene opens in the picturesque mountain regions of Western North Carolina. The people have the simplicity and purity of shepherds, with the intelligence of the nineteenth century, and the graces of Christian ladies and gentlemen. Adventure and heroism of the most exalted character are displayed, for the story opens just before the civil war, and the Arcadian life of the people is soon invaded by the ravages of pitiless warfare, brother rising against brother for the sake of his interest and position. The folly of secession, the sin of slavery, the sacredness of the Union and the Constitution, were never more eloquently portrayed, while at the same time one can perceive the honest but mistaken purpose of those who lifted their hands against the flag of their country. The religious spirit of the story, tolerant of other opinion and yet intensely Catholic, is genuinely American and genuinely Catholic. The D'Arcys are an old American Catholic family, and young Catholic ladies and gentlemen will find no better models than these wise, warm-hearted and pure-minded American Catholics. The book could be written only by a warm-hearted man of genius.
The Work Goes Bravely On.

The stone foundation is already complete on the north side and on the east and west ends of the new building, besides several cross-walls, while the brick also is up on three sides to the window sills, three feet over the stone. Twenty-six bricklayers and stonemasons are at work with their numerous attendants, and it is astonishing how the walls rise from hour to hour. Before Saturday it seems that the stone will be laid on every foundation, external and internal, and next week there will be a line of bricklayers around the whole building. One enthusiastic judge declares that if matters go on as they have been going, the walls will be up and the roof on in six week's time. This is perhaps an exuberant judgment, but we are persuaded from what we have already seen that this building will move up from its foundations with a rapidity that will surprise every one. The exterior walls are faced with a beautiful light-colored brick, somewhat resembling the famous Milwaukee, and will, when up, present a most elegant appearance. No paint, wash, stucco, or even pointing will be needed to beautify these walls. The brick is, besides, of first quality, and, with the doubly burned old brick used for filling, will make a wall as substantial as it will be beautiful. On Tuesday, Mr. W. J. Edbrooke, the architect, was down from Chicago, busily engaged in inspecting the work, and seeing that his plans were strictly carried out. He has charged himself with the task of having at Notre Dame the most convenient, safe, and beautiful college building in the country. With such masters as Bro. Charles and Bro. Alfred to carry out and themselves supervise his plans, there is no question of success. Very Rev. Father Corby, who built one of the finest churches in the Northwest, at Watertown, Wis., is himself in constant care of everyone and everything, and he will not only push the work with the utmost rapidity, but, with his long college experience, will see that everything is well done, for he realizes, as we all do, that this, though a work of days, is a work for years—let us hope for centuries.

Strange, and yet True.

It is strange and yet true that among the countless letters of deep, undoubted and even substantial sympathy received here during the past month from former students of Notre Dame, there is not one from a certain class among them. What class do we mean? We did not make it, they themselves formed it; neither is it a class of recent origin, nor of local interest, for it dates back even to the first years of the University, and its members are found under our windows, almost, as well as in many States of the Union. We do not mean the dead, for they could not write to us; we do not mean the expelled, for they might feel abashed to write. We mean a class of living, would-be young gentlemen, who never paid their school-bills, either while here or years after leaving the College. Again and again they were reminded of this honest debt, of their fair promises, but did not even reply; they have at all times been a drag on the prosperity of Notre Dame, and they should now have been the first to come to her help in distress. Will they even be the last? If not inclined to be generous, will they not at least be just, and come forward like men and pay their honest debts?

Indiana State Scholarships.

[Until reading the following remarkable article in the South Bend Herald of this week we were not aware that this State had granted aid to any religious educational institution. Certainly Notre Dame is entitled to a like support to that which has already been freely given to the Colleges at Greencastle and Crawfordsville, and we trust our friends will see to it that proper arrangement is made at the next meeting of the Legislature. It is a perfectly fair arrangement, and we have no doubt the institution will be willing to return the State loan in the form of scholarship.]

[From the South Bend "Herald."

Notre Dame.

The state owns scholarships in the Methodist college at Greencastle and scholarships in the Presbyterian college at Crawfordsville, and all of the state university at Bloomington. All these scholarships are free of expense to the student, on certificate from any board of county commissioners in the state that the applicant is a citizen of the county and of good moral character. Indiana may be said to be lavish in her expenditures for the complete education of all her children who desire it. She plants her common school system in every community. To this is added the township graded schools and city high schools and then the three colleges above mentioned.

Most of our readers know the history of the state university at Bloomington, as well as the history of the common school system, but few, perhaps, know anything about how the state came to own scholarships in the Methodist college at Greencastle and the Presbyterian college at Crawfordsville, considering that the state is neither Methodist nor Presbyterian. If our recollection serves us right, the history runs something like this: The Methodist college at Greencastle burned down and its friends appealed to the state for aid in rebuilding it. The state loaned the college some $20,000, and afterwards took its pay in scholarships. In course of human events, the Presbyterian college at Crawfordsville burned down and its friends appealed to the state for aid in rebuilding it. The state loaned the college some $30,000, and afterwards took its pay in scholarships. Now Notre Dame, the greatest Roman Catholic College in the north-west, lies in ruins. Why should not the state of Indiana lend this college a helping hand and take its pay in scholarships? It cannot be urged that it is any more a sectarian institution than the Methodist college at Greencastle or the Presbyterian college at Crawfordsville. Different Christian sects are educated in all three of them—in two of them at the expense of the state. As the state knows no religion, no sectarianism, why should she not purchase scholarships enough in Notre Dame college to assist that institution in recovering a portion of the valuable property swept away by the fire? We offer these reflections for consideration. They embrace the principle of equality and justice if nothing else.
The Museum.

The Curator of the Museum is hard at work collecting specimens to replace those lost by the late fire. He would be much obliged if the old students and friends of Notre Dame—especially those living in mining districts—would assist him in making good the great loss just sustained. Minerals, fossils, stuffed specimens of animals, skeletons, Indian relics, shells, corals, coins, antiquities, etc., will be most gratefully received and labelled with the name of the donor. Many have such specimens and antiquities that they care little about; or if they have them not, they can easily procure them. Where they are now they are of no use, whilst if they were here they would be invaluable in teaching. The scientific graduates and students especially should be proud to assist in the work.

A Cat Among the Minims.

Our Minims are not only good little fellows, healthy little fellows, and happy little fellows, but they are also most intelligent little fellows, quick and true thinkers, as appears from an incident lately witnessed by a friend of ours who takes great interest in these young students and who was present at one of the examinations which Very Rev. Father General is accustomed to make of his favorites. On this occasion many searching questions were put to try both the memory and the judgment of our Minims, when finally a poser was given in arithmetic, which it was thought would be too much for them. "There was a cat," began the kindly but humorous questioner, "10 inches in length, 4 inches in average diameter; feet, each 5 inches long and 1 inch diameter; tail, 6 inches long, 1/4 inch diameter, and we will allow 49 square inches for head and ears." Now, continued the Very Rev. examiner, smiling at the earnest attention every silent Minim, slate and pencil in hand, was giving to the problem, "now, supposing that on every square inch of the cat's body there were 1,706 hairs, how many hairs were there on the cat altogether?" One sigh of relief and astonishment escaped from every Minim, and then there was such a rattling of pencils as was never heard outside the slate form of one of them lit up with exultation, and he answered the question, "40 square inches for head and ears. Now," continued the very Rev. Father General, smiling at the earnest attention every Minim, glad as if he had done it himself. Soon after George Amedius Coghlin has it! Coghlin has it," said every walking-match of the Minims. First one fell out, then another, and another, until finally but a few brave little fellows remained in the lists. At length the Minims' bell, and their staid examiner, reminded the young students that their time was up. They turned to their first love.

The Month of May, 1879, must always he remembered as the greatest month of the year. May the Queen of May watch over, and bless every South Bend residence, and in all the mining districts, and especially those living in mining districts, as they care little about; or if they have them not, they can easily procure them. Where they are now they are of no use, whilst if they were here they would be invaluable in teaching. The scientific graduates and students especially should be proud to assist in the work.

Local Items.

- S. A. Arentz, of '61, is doing a good grocery business in Fort Wayne.
- Chas. Muhler, of '69, is a successful hardware merchant in Fort Wayne, Ind.
- Max Nirdlinger, of '61, is engaged in the dry-goods business in Fort Wayne, and doing well.
- Leopold Wolf (Commercial), of '77, is doing a good business in Fort Wayne. His brother Max, of '75, is assisting him.

- An earnest movement is making in New York and Brooklyn to relieve Archbishop Purcell from his financial difficulties.

- Charles Walter, of '75, is studying law in Fort Wayne, and holds a prominent position among the rising aspirants to legal fame.

- Mr. and Mrs. Dr. Ryan, with the Misses Linnie and Emma Ryan and Mr. Fred Ryan, of Valparaiso, were among the visitors this week.

- John Trentman of '63 is now city clerk of Fort Wayne, Ind., and Aug. E. Trentman, of '57, is one of the most successful business men in the city.

- On Wednesday we had a pleasant call from our old friend Hon. W. O. Michael. Mr. is on a "furlough" from the Capital, and is in excellent spirits.

- Now is the time for the students and their friends to send in books to re-establish the Lemonnier Library. All donations should be addressed to Rev. J. P. Edwards.

- J. A. Arentz (Commercial), of '71, is chief book-keeper in the Freitag office of the Pittsburg & Fort Wayne Railroad. He has an immense business to attend to, but he does it well.

- F. B. Phillips, of '78, is stopping with his mother in Fort Wayne. He says he does not know what to do with himself since the fire, and is counting the days until class resumes in September.

- The first donation to the new Museum was made by Mr. Simon S. Zahm, of Huntington, Ind. The first donation to the Cabinet of Curiosities was received from Master Roger Williams, of '79.

- W. P. Breen, of the class of '77, has our thanks for favors done our agent in Fort Wayne. Mr. Breen is now engaged in the study of law, and is one of the most promising young men of that city.

- The regular sound of the Minims' bell, and their staid march to and from their studies in Science Hall, would lead one to suppose that they do not recognize the fact of any calamity at Notre Dame.

- Mr. B. L. Evans, B. S., of '76, whom a traveller from Notre Dame met in Detroit, on the 27th ult., is in excellent health and spirits. Like all the old students, he expresses much sympathy for our recent loss.

- We were much pleased to receive the first number of the revived Sunday Times of South Bend, conducted by Turner Junior. The city needs such a paper, and should sustain it. The Scholastic will exchange with pleasure.

- We have received Vol. 1, No. 1, New Series, of the La Crosse Democrat, and after eleven years' absence returned to its first love, La Crosse, Wisconsin. It is without question the spiciest sheet that has come to our table.

- In the article entitled "It is Holy Ground," in last week's Scholastie, the names of the venerable missionaries Father Deselle and Father Petit were accidentally transposed. Father Deselle died at Notre Dame, and Father Petit beyond the Mississippi. The facts as given, with the exception of this change of names, are correct.

- The Month of May, 1879, must always be remembered as the month of foundation for the new College. The cornerstone was blessed, the plans were drawn and perfected, the stone and brick walls begun, all most auspiciously in this blessed month. May the Queen of May watch over, and her Blessed Son "perfect and strengthen the work."

- We learn from a friend who has lately visited Detroit that Dr. C. J. Lundy, of whom there are so many pleasing memories at Notre Dame, is in good health and prosper-
ing in his profession. He is married to an estimable lady and enjoys a good physique, and what more could heart wish? We are happy to know that his recollections of Notre Dame are so kindly.

—We believe that the Rev. Director of the Music Department at one time expressed his determination to be the clerical courier in this summer's work. We therefore grieve for his blasted aspirations as we assure him that one of our colored brethren has displayed so much science that he has monopolized his craft a long time ago, and he will forever be in our debt.

—A friend who lately visited New Haven gives a good report of our old students there. W. F. Snellker, of '73, is proprietor of a large stove-factory. H. H. Snolker, of '65, is in the dry-goods business in Vermont. A. S. Snyder, E. B. Johnson, Jno. Jos. Lee, and F. Schlink, of the same place, are doing well. They all speak of coming to the dedication of the new college next September.

Come on, boys. These buildings are in a bad way.

—Our students of '79 and '80 will be pleased to learn that Washington Hall is to be used hereafter for a grand gymnasmum—one story for the Juniors, the other for the Sophomors, and the President's office will be equipped with all modern gymnasium appliances. What with this and the large recreation halls that are soon to be erected, and the extensive campus assigned for each department, no one can complain that his heart will be unable to take exercise.

—The venerable Father Gillen, of Notre Dame, Indiana, is here for a few days on a matter of business with a governmental department and is stopping at St. Cecilia's Academy on Capitol Hill. He has many friends in and about the State, whose acquaintance he made while Chaplain of the 170th N. Y. Volunteers (the Irish Legion), in the Army of the Potomac, during the late war. —Washingtou Cathedral; Boston Catholic Mirror.

—One who had occasion to visit Detroit this week had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Loranger, of '70 and '71, and his estimable wife, a recent convert to the Catholic Church. Mr. Loranger resides at Monroe, Mich., and is in the dry-goods business with Van Am. He is of fine health, and doing well, as all his old friends, for whom he made affectionate inquiries, will be glad to hear. Mr. Loranger intends to visit Notre Dame soon, whose reverence he deeply deplores.

—Father Veniard, of South Bend, who accidentally swallowed his false teeth a few weeks ago, and who in consequence was for some time in danger of death, has, we are happy to say, most miraculously escaped the daily peril in which he has since lived, by throwing his teeth from his stomach again. His swallowing his teeth in safety was considered almost without parallel in medical history, but this recovery by throwing them up again, is, we venture to say, the first case of the kind ever known.

—The venerable Charles O'Hara, of Batavia, Ill., but for some time a resident of Notre Dame, contributes $100 toward the building of the University. Mr. O'Hara, though of small stature has a great Catholic heart, of which this generous subscription would be a proof if any were needed. We saw him on the day of the fire, and no one was more striken with grief for the great destruction than himself. From such noble spirits as his it is that the great charities of America have been built up. May he live many years to see the new Notre Dame flourish.

—On Monday, May 28, when the students were on their way to the refectory, their suppressed feelings broke forth tumultuously as they passed the corner of the new building. The first bricks had just been laid by the masons, and the boys caught sight of the new brick wall as they marched by and shouted out for dear life, to the utter astonishment of the sober workmen. It was such a surprise as strangers often received in the refectory when recreation was given at dinner, and the youths of the University shouted for joy. The boy's heart is in the right place.

—For the information of the students of '79 and of such of our many friends throughout the country as have any misgivings about the possibility of completing the new College in the time, we can state distinctly that Very Rev. President Corby is determined to have all the buildings ready for the reception of students by Sept. 1st, even if it is necessary to work at night by the electric or calcium light. Father Corby has had great experience in building, and we can confidently assure our readers that he is fully equal to the large task before him. He has made all the preparations necessary to "rush" things as they have never been rushed before at Notre Dame.

Letters, etc.

Natchitoches Parish, Camps, La., May 21, 1879.

EDITOR SCHOLASTIC, Notre Dame, Ind.

REV. AND DEAR SIR:—Since leaving the precincts of dear old Notre Dame I have dwelt here in the sunny climes of Louisiana, the land of my birth. Far as I am from Notre Dame, yet it is not too far to hear of her dreadful misfortune, which like the lightning flash came in the expressive form, "Our old Alma Mater is no more." To express my emotion when reading the sad intelligence is beyond my power. I cannot realize it! It seems to me impossible. But, alas! 'tis too true. How often while pursuing the path of life have I thought of you all, and in grateful recollection of the many happy days spent there, and the innumerable kind acts received from the kind members of my cherished old Alma Mater. Oh! would that I were in your power to render you, especially in this present hour, some testimony of the goodness I have experienced there. But what can I do? I am powerless, save the offering of my earnest sympathy [Will not our good friend and the other students of his party organize a movement toward aiding their Alma Mater in a substantial manner?—Ed. SCHOLASTIC]? Yet I feel consolled with the hope that at no, late date, through the realization of better times, I shall be counted as a contrib­utor to the erection of another Alma Mater. Tenderness and perseverance will overcome all obstacles, and I am satisfied that, with these arms, ere long you will be pursuing the same educational course that has so gloriously marked your past. Notre Dame has become well known in Natchitoches parish through those of her students who reside here; consider her her second home, and will consequently strive to give her a helping hand in this gloomy hour of adversity.

With many kind wishes, and tender regards to you all,

I am, with much esteem, your obedient servant.

John B. Prophitomine (of '77).

The following most touching letter was written by the Vice-President of the College of Our Lady of the Holy Cross, in Paris, and signed by all the members of the Congregation in the house, nineteen in number:

N. D. DE STE. CROIX, NEUILLY, PARIS.

Very Rev. Father.—We are all in consternation at the sad news just received. Can it be possible! Is it true that Notre Dame, that magnificent University you have founded with the cost of so many sacrifices, and with the struggle of your life's labor, has been in a few hours consumed by fire? What an appalling calamity! It has made us all inconsolable, not so much on account of the loss of an ed­ifice of which we were so justly proud, or of the material loss which we sustain in this great trial, as in considera­tion of your unspoken sorrow in presence of such a dis­aster. This is what crushes our souls. We can readily imagine how the ruin of an establishment but yesterday so flourishing imuresse your soul in sorrow.

Oh! Very Rev. Father, would that we could be there with you to testify our final affection, not in words, but in deeds, to lighten the burden so heavily pressing upon your heart! How gladly we would help with our own hands your beautiful University! Unfortunately this is out of our power: what we can do is with this we do it earnestly. The good God, who has sent you this heavy misfortune, which like the lightning flash came in the express form, "Our old Alma Mater is no more," may he give you not only the grace to bear it, but also the strength which nothing can exhaust. This is the realization of better times, I shall be counted as a contributor to the erection of another Alma Mater. Courage, for­ ever to our Alma Mater.

I Yet I feel consolled with the hope that at no, late date, through the realization of better times, I shall be counted as a contrib­utor to the erection of another Alma Mater. Tenderness and perseverance will overcome all obstacles, and I am satisfied that, with these arms, ere long you will be pursuing the same educational course that has so gloriously marked your past. Notre Dame has become well known in Natchitoches parish through those of her students who reside here; consider her her second home, and will consequently strive to give her a helping hand in this gloomy hour of adversity.

With many kind wishes, and tender regards to you all,

I am, with much esteem, your obedient serv't.
accidents permitted by Divine Providence; but the storm once passed, they recommended their work with tranquility and confidence. You are, Very Rev. Father, one of that race of true Christian champions; your entire life has been spent in struggle for our Christian education; your ambition is to work solely for God, hence our confidence that courage will never fail you.

This terrible disaster, which from a human point of view seems so crushing, will only serve, in my convictions of divine Faith, to instil in our veins a new life and a new energy, binding us all to each other more strongly than ever, and turning our common aspirations more exclusively to Heaven. May the Lord be pleased to aid you in preparing for your noble task.

Y. Very Rev. and Dear Father: Enclosed please find draft for amount, small though it be, which I contribute towards raising Notre Dame from its ashes. It is all I can offer at this writing; and I cannot do more, as I should be only too glad to aid you in this your time of greatest need, did circumstances allow me. I intend to see my friends and endeavor to arouse them to come forward and assist as far as they are able. I am working hard to have some students ready for September.

Please give my regards to Rev. Father Walsh. Hoping you are enjoying the best of health, and wishing you all success, I remain

Your grateful student,

M. J. McCabe.

The following touching letter is from Very Rev. Father Champeau, the learned and good Superior of the Congregation of the Holy Cross in Paris. It shows, as do all the letters received from there, how devotedly attached are our members of Order in France, to their beloved Father General, and how deeply they sympathize with him in his great trial:

CONG. OF THE HOLY CROSS, MOTHER-HOUSE, PARIS,
May 8, 1879.

My Good Mother:—What dreadful news your letter brought us! How did the Very Rev. Father-General bear such a stroke? Alas! we were very far from expecting to hear of such a calamity. We were already preparing to give the Very Rev. Father a splendid reception, to greet his arrival amongst us with music and rejoicings; and behold all is changed! Thus the good God tries His most faithful servants. In presence of such an unexpected affliction, at sight of the beautiful University which he founded amidst difficulties and toil, and for whose success all his labors for nearly forty years have been directed, now reduced to ashes, I greatly fear the effect on Very Rev. Father's health, already so shattered. I am also concerned about Very Rev. F. Granger, who I know is not very strong. Try not to console them, dear Father, but rather to support them in their hour of trial. Owing to the trembling of my hand caused by the shock of such terrible news, I am unable to write at length; but you will have the goodness to convey my deep sentiments of regret to the Very Rev. Father, and tell him that our prayers shall never cease to implore God to assist him in rebuilding, and making Notre Dame more beautiful than it was before the fire. We translated the journal which you sent us, in order to communicate the news to our confères and friends. But we did not find all the details which we desired, for in such a deplorable catastrophe every particular is of interest to us. Will you, then, send us successively all the articles which have been, or may be, published on the subject; and above all, let us know regularly how Very Rev. Father-General's health is.

Receive, my good Mother, the expression of my devoted and affectionate sentiments.

L. Champeau, C. S. C.

CANTON, MISS., May 19, 1879.

Dear Father Conby:—Enclosed you will find five dollars, which I send as a small donation to help to rebuild that fine Institution, which has been of great benefit to so many, and to Catholics in particular. I sincerely hope that you will rise speedily from your sad loss, and with tenfold more greatness.

Yours sincerely,

T. C. Rossart.

LAFAYETTE, IND., May 8, 1879.

Very Rev. and Dear Sir:—You would confer a favor on me by letting me know, as soon as possible, the name and address of the architect and contractor for rebuilding Notre Dame. I, in common with all your old students in this city, was exceedingly sorry to hear of the great misfortune which fell on our Alma Mater, and I have no doubt that some time in the future you will find something substantial in their sympathy. With best wishes for your future success and prosperity, I am, as ever,

Yours most respectfully,

John P. McHugh.

GREENWOOD, ILL., May 19, 1879.


Very Rev. and Dear Father: Enclosed please find draft for amount, small though it be, which I contribute towards raising Notre Dame from its ashes. It is all I can offer at this writing; and I cannot do more, as I should be only too glad to aid you in this your time of greatest need, did circumstances allow me. I intend to see my friends and endeavor to arouse them to come forward and assist as far as they are able. I am working hard to have some students ready for September.

Please give my regards to Rev. Father Walsh. Hoping you are enjoying the best of health, and wishing you all success, I remain

Your grateful student,

M. J. McCabe.
severe loss in the burning of your fine Institution, so I send you my little mite.

I am very anxious for my son to return to Notre Dame again when the September term opens. He is at present at Watertown, Wis, and we would prefer him to be at Notre Dame, so he can sometimes see his sister, who is at St. Mary's Academy.

Hoping your College will be ready for the September term, I am yours very respectfully,

MRS. A. T. SEMMES.

CHARLESTOWN, MASS., May 12, 1879.

VERY REV. AND DEAR FATHER CHANGER:—It is with feelings of regret and sorrow that I now send myself to pen you a few lines. God knows how much it affected me to learn of the terrible disaster which befell my beloved Alma Mater. Indeed nothing could have given me greater pain than to learn that Notre Dame University was in affliction, for I am warmly attached to the institution, and I heartily sympathize with you all in this time of trial.

It fairly stunned me when I first heard it, and I could not feel equal to the task of writing you a line of condolence since the great disaster.

I trust that our Blessed Lady will lighten this great burden for you all, and that Notre Dame will arise from its ashes in greater splendor than before.

I can do nothing else than show my sympathy at present. I am, indeed, a student; I pray to God that the time may come when, with His assistance, I can offer you something more substantial than sympathy.

I send my affectionate regards to your beloved and venerable Father Sorin, to President Corby and the Professors, and with my sincerest regards to yourself, I am, dear Rev. Father,

Your obedient child,
FRANCIS E. CARROLL.

P. S. Enclosed you will please find a post-office order for sixteen dollars, from my mother, grandmother and a friend—mother, $5; grandmother, $10; Ellen Quill, $1. This will help a little; would that we could send a thousand!

CARIO, ILL., May 19, 1879.

VERY REV. FATHER CORBY:

DEAR SIR:—It is with pleasure that I enclose $50 to aid you in rebuilding Notre Dame. I hope your friends will assist you liberally, and that you may speedily complete the work in good style.

I am very respectfully, etc.,

J. J. GORDON, M. D.

BEXON, NEW MEXICO, May 7, 1879.

VERY REV. W. CORBY, C. S. C., NOTRE DAME, IND.

My Dear Sir: The day that Notre Dame was burned you announced the news to me by telegram. My son-in-law, Mr. J. T. L. Bennett, wished at first to express our sentiments by letter, but, knowing that you had not time in your announcement the wishes of sympathy, he resolved not to send it and we have delayed writing you until now.

Yesterday I received the announcement in which you give notice of what you propose to do, and to-day I enclose $100 to help to build the new edifice, that, with the favor of God, I hope to see one day. I have written to Mr. Vincent for him to bring home my child in vacation; and if he cannot go, Mrs. Chaves will go. I remain with respect,

Yours, etc.,

FELIPE CHAVES.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 19, 1879.

EDITOR SCHOLASTIC:—The Avalon offers, also, its expression of sympathy for the loss you, and the country at large, sustain in the destruction by fire of the noble University of Notre Dame.

From the distant shores of the Pacific we join in the universal manifestation of regret, echoing the wishes of its admirers throughout the continent; that it may soon rise from its ashes, resplendent in its glory and grandeur is the wish of "THE AVALON."

BURLINGTON, IOWA, May 22, 1879.

VERY REV. AND DEAR FATHER CORBY:—From day to day I have been intending to write you; but surrounded by so many friends of Notre Dame that were so much more capable of an expression of feelings than myself, though I dare to say not one more sincere in regrets for the great calamity that befell dear old Notre Dame, endeared to us in so many different ways, by the many blessings we have received, spiritual and temporal, and have delayed until now. Indeed it was to us a "sad evening," to use the expression of dear Father-General, but in the morning the thought presented itself as to what I could do, in my little, humble way, to be instrumental in helping build one little spot of the new Notre Dame—and in my feeble efforts, with my dear protector St. Joseph to accompany me, I took my pleasure with a full determination to do what I could, little or much.

Now I will not reiterate what I have already said, but let me assure you that I am ready at any time to act in any way to the best of my ability for the work that is now begun.

With the kind wishes of our entire family, I am, as ever, with most sincere respect,

MARY S. FOOTE.

Roll of Honor.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.


MINIM DEPARTMENT.


Class Honors.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.


Saint Mary's Academy,

—Last week the report from the Conservatory of Music was not sent us in time for publication.

—The pupils and ladies who took part in the concert for the benefit of Notre Dame highly appreciate the thoughtful kindness of Very Rev. Father Corby in providing them such an elegant trophy. I received your elegant gold medal from Mrs. Sherland for the kind and devoted manner in which she assisted in furnishing the many delicacies and providing for the comfort of the party.

The art pupils take this means of expressing their gratitude to Dr. J. M. Toner, of Washington, D. C., for his generosity in presenting, in addition to the elegant gold medal for the best artist in the private class, a beautiful silver medal to be competed for in the General Class. These two medals are much admired, and excite a lively emulation among the young artists at St. Mary's.

—On Saturday, the 24th, the Seniors, Juniors and Minims started off at 7 a.m., to St. Joseph's Farm for a picnic. Every feature of the excursion was delightful, and the whole affair was pronounced "splendid." The pupils tender their sincere thanks for the hospitable kindness shown them at St. Joseph's. The whole party returned at halfpast 7 p.m., refreshed and recreated by the delightful ride.

—Visitors during the week: Mr. E. Thomas, Valparaíso, Ind.; Mrs. A. Banks, Cassopolis, Mich.; Mr. C. G. Loeber, Utah; Mr. G. McKenzie, Mrs. F. Crayon, Sturgis, Mich.; Mrs. Lyons, Bertrand; Mrs. Chirhart, Notre Dame, Ind.; Mr. J. Lapeck, Plymouth, Ind.; Mrs. R. Fox, South Bend, Ind.; Mr. I. Hupp, Mrs. H. Mark, Plymouth, Ind.; Mr. H. Purdy, Burlington, Iowa; Mrs. M. Sherland, Mrs. Gallagher, South Bend, Ind.; Mrs. M. Mullin, Watertown,
ROLL OF HONOR.

ACADEMIC COURSE.


1ST CLASS—Misses Teresa Killelea, Clara Silverthorn, Sarah Hamilton, Annie McKay, Marietta Keenan, Zof Papin, Ellen McGrath, Rebecca Neteler, Annie Woodin, Mary Birch.

2D CLASS—Misses Ellen Galen, Philomena Wolford, Angela Dallas, Bridget Kelly, Katherine Kildaire, Catherine Hackett, Mary Casey, Brown, Mary Campbell, Alice Farrell, Minerva O’Reilly.

3D CLASS—Misses Angela Dillon, Torantha Semmes, Mary Brown, Mary Campbell, Alice Farrell, Minerva McGrath.

4TH CLASS—Miss Agnes McKinnis, Catharine Lloyd, Mary Sullivan, Mary Birch, Angela Ewing, Harriet Buck.

5TH CLASS—Misses Sarah Purdy, Mary English, Annie Jones, Mary Mulligan, Delta McKenzie, Torantha Semmes, Mary Plat­fenburg, Mary Carr, Catharine Hackett, Mary Sullivan, Martha Wagoner, Pauline Hills, Laura French, Mary Watson, Edith Botsford, A. Loescher.

ART DEPARTMENT.

DRAWING.

1ST CLASS—Misses Mary Sullivan, Mary Taggart, Torantha Semmes, Julia Butts, Mary English, Catharine Campbell, Sophie Papin, Mary Purdy, Angela Ewing, Minna Loeber, Mary Casey, Ellen Mulligan.

PAINTING IN WATER-COLORED.

2D CLASS—Misses Pauline Hills, Teresa Killelea, Maria Dallas, Anna Cortright, Mary Campbell, Laura French, Elizabeth Schwass, Elizabeth Thomas.

OIL-PAINTING.

1ST CLASS—Misses Emma Lange, Elizabeth Kirchner.

2D CLASS—Misses Agnes Joyce, Harriet Buck, Sarah Hamble­ton, Rebecca Neteler, Sarah Moran.

GENERAL DRAWING CLASS.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses Laura French, Annie McGarrah, Catharine Claffey, Julia Wells, Catharine Campbell, Agnes McKinnis, Linda Fox, Margaret Clegorn, Charlotte, Van Namee, Mary Casey, Emma Shod, Zof Papin, Mary Sullivan, Mary Birch, Angela Ewing, Harriet Buck.

LATIN CLASS—Misses Zof Papin, Sarah Purdy, Mary English, Annie Jones, Mary Mulligan, Delta McKenzie, Torantha Semmes, Mary Plat­fenburg, Mary Carr, Catharine Hackett, Mary Sullivan, Martha Wagoner, Pauline Hills, Laura French, Mary Watson, Edith Botsford, A. Loescher.

CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC.

GRADUATING CLASS—Misses Adelaide Geiser, Clara Silverthorn, Elizabeth Kirchner, Minerva Spier.

1ST CLASS—Misses Adelaide Geiser, Clara Silverthorn, Elizabeth Kirchner, Minerva Spier.

2D CLASS—Misses Adella Gordon, Harriet Buck, Mary Dil­lon.

3D CLASS—Misses Mary Usselman, Mary Sullivan, Henrietta Rosing, Teresa Killelea, Louisa Nez.

4TH CLASS—Misses Annie McGrath, Mary Brown, Adelaide Kirchner, Mary Campbell, Emma Lange, Catherine Hoadley.

5TH CLASS—Misses Annie Cortright, Mary Mullion, Maria Dallas, Mary English, Mary Sullivan, Minna Loeber, Catherine Van Namee, Sarah Purdy, Mary English, Annie Jones, Mary Mulligan, Delta McKenzie, Torantha Semmes, Mary Plat­fenburg, Mary Carr, Catharine Hackett, Mary Sullivan, Martha Wagoner, Pauline Hills, Laura French, Mary Watson, Edith Botsford, A. Loescher.

For politeness, neatness, order, amiability and correct deportment, the following young ladies are enrolled on the Tablet of Honor.

SOPHOMORE DEPARTMENT.

Misses Sarah Moran, Clara Silverthorn, Rebecca Neteler, Mary Birch, Teresa Killelea, Zof Papin, Mary Casey, Adelaide Kirchner, Ellen Galen, Mary Brown, Mary Platfenburg, Elizabeth Schwartz, Emma Shaw, Catharine Danaher, Annie Ryan, Catherine Ward, Philomena Wolford, Grace Glasser, Annie Cav­enor, Elizabeth Kirchner, Mary Uselman, Adella Geiser, Alicia Donelan, Anna Cortright, Ellen Thomas, Agnes Joyce, Jose­phine Mitchell, Martha Watson, Pauline Hills, Catherine Hoadley, Julia Barnes, Minna Loeber, Ina Capelle, Kathleen Wells, Mary Fitzgerald, Carolene Gall, Della McKenzie, Ollie Williams, Catherine Martin, Margaret Pierrot, Mary Taggart, Teresa Zahn, Mary Campbell, Mary Hake, Mabel Hamilton, Bridget Kelly, Edith Botsford, Annie Loecher, Edie Pearson, par excellence.

Misses Hope Russell, Ida Fisk, Louisa Kelly, El­len McGrath, Emma Lange, Adella Gordon, Minna Loeber, Catherine Wolford, Sarah Purdy, Mary Sullivan, Torantha Semmes, Lucie Chil­ton, Henrietta Rosing, Angela Dillon, Annie Jones, Louisa Nez, Mary Mullion, Mary Purdy, Mary Sullivan, Zof Papin, Mary Tam, Mary Torrants, Ellen Kizette, Sarah Purdy.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses Annie McGarrah, Catharine Claffey, Maria Dallas, Agnes McKinnis, Johanna Mason, Henry Farrell, Annie Torren­ts, Ellen McGrath, Emma Lange, Adella Gordon, Minna Loeber, Catherine Wolford, Sarah Purdy, Mary Sullivan, Zof Papin, Mary Tam, Mary Torrants, Ellen Kizette, Sarah Purdy.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.
L. S. & M. S. Railway.

On and after Sunday, Nov. 10, 1878, trains will leave South Bend as follows:

GOING EAST.
2 25 a.m., Chicago and St. Louis Express, over Main Line, arrives at Toledo 5 30; Cleveland 7 30 p.m.; Buffalo 6 50 p.m.
1 05 a.m., Mail, over Main Line, arrives at Toledo 7 35 a.m.; Cleveland 10 10 p.m.; Buffalo 4 a.m.
2 45 a.m., Special New York Express, over Air Line; arrives at Toledo 5 40 p.m., Cleveland 10 10 p.m.; Buffalo 4 a.m.
1 12 1 30 a.m., Atlantic Express, over Air Line. Arrives at Toledo 5 40 a.m.; Cleveland 10 05 a.m.; Buffalo 1 10 a.m.
4 50 and 4 p.m., Way Freight.

GOING WEST.
2 43 a.m., Toledo Express. Arrives at Laporte 8 35 a.m., Chicago 11 a.m.
5 05 a.m., Pacific Express. Arrives at Laporte 5 50 a.m., Chicago 8 50 a.m.
4 50 p.m., Special Chicago Express. Arrives at Laporte 8 40, Chicago 9 p.m.

Indianapolis, Peru & Chicago RAILWAY.

Time Table, in Effect May 1, 1879.

Going North. STATIONS Going South.

| Northern | Indiana, Ohio, & Pennsylvania Expresses. Leave Sign & Go to the next Station.
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<td>Tims No. 3 and 6 run Daily. Train No. 4 leaves Indianapolis daily except Saturday. Train No. 4 leaves Chicago daily except Saturday. All others daily except Sunday.</td>
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PERU & INDIANPOLIS EXPRESS.

Leaves Peru 6 10 a.m. - Arrives Indianapolis 9 50 a.m. 9.00 9 a.m., Chicago 12 25 p.m.

RETURNING.

Leaves Indianapolis 12 25 p.m. - Arrives Peru 3 50 p.m. 3 50 3 30 p.m., Chicago 6 50 p.m.

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