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"Ben-Hur."

BY H. MITCHELL, '94.

When one reads "Ben-Hur" he is deeply moved by the story of this unfortunate prince. What particularly strike the mind of the reader are his fits of melancholy and his pliability while in those moods. He is a Jew of the highest rank; his father, a rich and generous prince of Jerusalem, is killed at sea while he is but a mere child. He grows up under the guidance of his mother, a noble and virtuous woman; she and his sister Tirzah are his companions; he is therefore very refined and gentle, but exceedingly proud—proud of his family and his home; but, more than all, proud of his country—the favored of the Scriptures.

He is devoted to his mother and sister, and from the former he gleans many kind and thoughtful lessons. His father, the prince, being in favor with the court of Cæsar, he attends the Roman schools, and there contracts a strong friendship with an Eastern youth, Messala. About five years after his return home, Messala comes to Judea, and sends for Judah, who, going to meet him, finds, instead of the friend of his youth, a haughty young Roman, a hater of Jews. In the course of their conversation, Messala dishonors everything sacred to the Jews. Judah, angry and disgusted, goes home, and confiding everything to his mother, asks her advice. He tells her that it has always been his ambition to be a soldier, and fight for Rome, so that when the day comes he may know how to fight against her. To this he at length wins his mother's consent.

A short time after, while he and his sister

are watching from the house-top a procession, headed by Valerius Gratus, the new Procurator of Judea, a broken tile, loosened by his weight, falls, and striking the Procurator knocks him from his horse. This is taken for a general signal: house-tops are torn up and mud and brick hurled upon the soldiers below.

Valerius recovers; Judah is sentenced to the galleys for life, and no one knows what becomes of his mother and sister. Their property is confiscated, and goes to enrich Valerius Gratus and his informer, Messala.

After three years of galley life, his ship, carrying the duumvir, is sunk in a great naval battle; he escapes, and, having saved the life of the duumvir, is adopted by him and made his heir.

During his entire life on the sea his mind continually turns to that last sad scene of his free life, his mother and sister led away by the soldiers to—no one knows where. His thoughts always resolve themselves into that final question: "Are they alive, or are they dead?" Even after his patron's death and his succession to rich estates, he is unable to find the least thing concerning his loved ones, and soon mourns them as dead.

He now devotes his entire time and fortune, preparing for the reception of the King of the Jews, the promised Messiah, of whose coming he has learned much from Balthazar, one of the Magi. That he may hear John—"the voice of one crying in the wilderness"—he goes to Bethany where he also sees and hears the King. He is at times skeptical; yet on the next conversation with Balthazar, his faith is always renewed.

He is the witness of many miracles, and among them the healing of two lepers, whom, when their health is restored, he recognizes as his

mother and sister. He rushes to embrace them, and, after their examination by the priests and doctors, takes them home to the palace of the Hurs, which has been cleaned and refurnished. For eight years they had been confined in a prison cell, and it was only on the removal of Valerius Gratus that the jailer discovered their presence.

Upon their discovery they were given clothes, and at night turned from the tower. Towards the palace of the Hurs they directed their steps, and when over the south entrance they saw the sign—

THIS IS THE PROPERTY OF  
THE EMPEROR,

they began to weep, saying that as the Romans had taken everything from Judah, he was now as poor as themselves, and would be unable to help them. Then they went to the east entrance, on the steps of which they saw Judah lying asleep. Tirzah bent down and would have kissed his hand, had not the mother pulled her back, saying: "Unclean, unclean!"

In these two words are contained all the depth of her motherly love—"love," says Gen. Wallace, "that is good to its object, but cruel to itself." Although for eight years she had not seen him, yet she would not wake him, knowing that if she did, he, with the impetuosity of youth, would jump up and embrace her, and become like her, a leper.

Next morning they were driven from the city with stones and curses. "Ye are of the dead!" cried the people. Amrah, the faithful servant of their family; heard their story from one of the prison guards, and discovered them in an abandoned tomb outside the city, where every day she brought them food and news of her master. She it was who led them to the Nazarene, and who attracted the attention of Judah to the two women, his mother and sister.

Judah and two others out of all the legions he has formed for the King of the Jews—the only ones who remain true to their original design—witness the Messiah's capture and death, and receive His dying look.

Ben-Hur's pride manifested itself in many ways; on the day of his conversation with Messala, it was strengthened by his mother's talk. When he first spoke to the duumvir it broke out in a few bitter exclamations; if, on talking with Balthazar's daughter, she would utter Roman sentiments, it would clothe itself in a stinging reply; or in great contests with people of other countries. He always struggled for the mastery not for gold, but for his country's honor.

He entertains a Jew's hatred for the Romans, and with it he combines a brother and a son's anger and desire for vengeance against Messala, the author of all his misery—the one who informed the Procurator and led the soldiery against his home.

Soon he obtains his revenge in a chariot-race in which Messala enters. He not only wins the race from Messala; but, crushing one of his chariot wheels, buries him in the wreck, and makes him a cripple for life.

Before the finding of his mother and sister, in fits of melancholy he broods over their fate and the hardships he knows they must be enduring; yet he never condemns himself as being the author of these misfortunes; for he knows that it was the will of God that the broken tile, loosened by his weight, should strike the Procurator and bring them under his wrath. At all times Judah is almost effeminately gentle; and as he proved himself a devoted son, so he now becomes to Esther an affectionate husband. He is, in short, a true picture of the typical Jew immediately preceding the coming of Christ. He is proud, a Roman-hater, gentle, yet strong, and of a firm, true nature.

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#### The Love of Hamlet and Ophelia.

Who has ever heard, read or witnessed the rendition of "Hamlet" and has not felt the most profound pity for his misfortunes, shared in his every throb of revengeful anger, brooded with him in his sadness, and plotted with him in his determination for revenge? The play is the best of the best that the greatest dramatist has given us. We hear

"Of carnal, bloody and unnatural acts;  
Of accidental judgments, casual slaughters;  
Of deaths put on by cunning and forc'd cause;  
End in this upshot, purposes mistook  
Fallen on the inventors' heads,"—

and it is all told in a manner that strikes us as peculiarly charming, dramatic, artistic, deep in thought, wonderfully mysterious and interesting in plot. But, withal, there is a certain vagueness and mist cast over the whole, caused by Hamlet's shameful treatment of Ophelia, after having won her heart by his earnest protestations of love.

Why does he, apparently without cause, treat Ophelia as he does? We find no just reason given in any edition of the play, and even as it has been presented on our modern stage by him who was, in his day, a veritable

Hamlet—Mr. Edwin Booth—we see nothing that can suggest any worthy or acceptable explanation. It is regrettable; because as the play is usually acted and known to our people it is a perfect riddle.

We must remember that there has always been a close relationship between Hamlet and Ophelia. There are not many years difference in their ages, and the greater part of their lives has been spent in each other's company. When Hamlet was a child, the idol, the hope and the pride of his father, amid the bustle, fashion and splendor of the court, there was none with whom his young, innocent heart could commune; none to help while away the weary hours, or with whom he could recreate, but the pretty, dear little daughter of his father's old courtier, Polonius. They spent their childhood days together; grew in love as they grew in age; the one a sister, the other a brother to the other; her heart linked with his; his thoughts hers; the hopes of the one, the aspirations of the other; and so it came to pass that, in the history of their lives, a great long chapter was the same in both of their stories.

As Hamlet became a young man he grew more thoughtful. He knew he was the heir-apparent to the throne, the pride of his country; that many duties necessarily devolved upon him, and that he must prepare to make his father's and his country's hope a reality. In the midst of this innocent and happy life he was sent to Wittenberg. Here he spent a number of years in earnest pursuit of that which is, with the exception of religion, the greatest consolation and noblest thing in life. But while busy with his studies, how often the thought of Ophelia would come to him! And during all this time she became more and more dear to him. He loved her because she was most like his mother, who, to him, seemed all-perfect.

What must have been his grief, disgust and disappointment when all his hopes and aspirations were blasted by the news of his father's death, his mother's over-hasty marriage with his uncle, and his own non-election to the throne! What a sore bruise does Fortune deal him! But that which hurt him most was his mother's marriage. She whom he thought all true, faithful, loving and virtuous; she, whom he loved as his very life; to whom he was accustomed to compare his beloved Ophelia, why, she, who would hang on his father

"As if increase of appetite had grown  
By what it fed on; and yet within. . . .

A little month, or else those shoes were old

With which she followed my poor father's body,  
Like Niobe, all tears; why she, even she,—  
Oh, Heaven! a beast that wants discourse of reason  
Would have mourned longer—married with my uncle!

Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears  
Had left the flushing in her galled eyes,  
She married!"

And instantly the thought strikes him that if she, his mother, proved so unfaithful, what would others do? And in his anguish, generalizing, he exclaims:

"Frailty, thy name is woman!"

He is once more at court. Home, that spot where heaven visits earth, where happiness, honest love and kindness have always reigned; where so often he has seen his "soul's idol, the most beautified Ophelia," grace with her presence, now seems to him to be a prison of darkness and sin. Picture him robed in a suit of "night-color," his sincere, loving, "sweet and commendable" soul over-burdened with grief,—for it is not alone his "inky cloak,"

"Together with all forms, modes, shows of grief"  
that can denote him truly. These but "seem."

There come to him in his unhappiness two consolations: the friendship of Horatio, and the thought of Ophelia. Without just cause he cannot doubt her; and, surely, within her bosom no evil can breed. Although tempted to distrust all women, because one who seemed truest has been most untrue, and though his mother at one time was apparently a goddess of faith and love, yet Hamlet sees in Ophelia something pure, good, innocent, and worthy of love—and he loves her still; not as

"—a fashion and a toy in blood  
A violet in the youth of primy nature,"  
but his love is in "whews and bulks."

"And now no soil nor cantel does besmirch  
The virtue of his will."

We know that Ophelia reciprocates with an equally generous love, and believes Hamlet's "many tenders of his affection" to her, for she says:

"My lord, he has importuned me with love  
In honorable fashion

And has given countenance to his speech, my lord,  
With almost all the holy vows of heaven."

We see, then, that Hamlet and Ophelia are one in love until the fifth scene in the play, where Hamlet meets the ghost of his father, who tells him "of his foul and most unnatural murder," of his brother's perfidy, and Gertrude's infidelity and sin. All this comes like a crash of thunder to the bewildered soul of poor, unhappy Hamlet. It is, indeed, an awful reve-

lation, and his heart almost breaks with the shock. He feels that this news is the consummation of all the evil and misfortune that could befall him, and in his agony he exclaims:

"O all ye host of heaven! O earth! what else?"

Prostrated by the thought of these things, he asks: "what else"? Whence can the next blow from Fortune come? What can I expect next? What else can be taken from me? What else remains? He asks it plaintively, from the depths of his misery. He does not stop to consider, as the usual reading would imply and a few critics believe, whether he will invoke anything else? whether he will swear by anything else added to heaven and earth? whether he should make the oath stronger by adding hell? No! But in the blast of his grief the thought of Ophelia comes to him as a last consolation. Ophelia's love,—that still is his. It promises him a life of happiness. But he has already reached his conclusion:

"Frailty, thy name is woman."

He remembers his mother's short-lived grief, that she is a murderess and an adulteress; that her seeming virtue has been but a veil to conceal her true self; that he has loved her, thought her more virtuous than any other woman—if even she, possessed of an ordinarily strong will, is weak enough to be so unfaithful, Ophelia, whom he knows to be weaker and probably would be more pliant in temptation, surely she, indeed, would be no cup of honey to him. No true union could exist; and he considers, in the light of the ghost's revelation, the possible results of such a marriage. Shamed and prostrated by the thought, he instantly decides not to marry, but to make the future and only aim of his life bloody, to fulfil the duty imposed upon him to avenge his father's murder, to convert his mother; and he determines then and there, with all the force and intensity of his will-power, to distrust all women. At this very moment he repudiates Ophelia and the thought of marriage forever, and cries out with all the scorn, derision, hatred and indignation that a heart-broken young soul can experience who finds himself bereft of father, mother, kingdom, and faith in woman's love and virtue:

"And shall I couple hell? O fye! Hold, hold, my heart."

This very line, I think, clears away all the clouds of mystery enveloping his subsequent actions toward Ophelia. The opinion is supported by a number of Shakspearean critics, including Dr. Maurice Francis Egan, I think Mr. Dowden, and which I recently had the pleasure of seeing embodied in a neat little

volume edited by Miss Fredericka Beardsley Gilchrist. As it is quoted above it appears in nearly all the editions of the play. The line is explained: that, as it appeared on Shakspeare's original manuscript, it either lacked all punctuation, or, in copying it for publication, it was pointed wrongly, and should be:

"And shall I couple? Hell! oh fye! Hold, hold, my heart."

This reading, with the meaning of couple, as it is in old English, *to marry*, can satisfactorily explain Hamlet's resentment of Ophelia. He answers his wounded heart by rejecting her then and there—resents her with an oath that shows his disgust at the possibilities that his question has suggested. He renounces her, the thought of her, the memory of the childhood spent with her. He is discouraged and heart-broken, and separates himself forever from love, the mother of consolation. We heartily sympathize with him in the desperation of his grief and the intensity of his misery. He looks forward to a desert life; no joy or happiness is for him. He will hereafter hate all men (with the exception of Horatio), all woman, all things; and feels that life will be to him nothing other than a thing of torture.

Does not this reading, without any alterations in the text, but simply in punctuation, cast a new light on Hamlet's actions? Does it not dispel all the mystery regarding his conduct toward Ophelia by inserting the interrogation point after "couple"? Does it not show all his actions before this question to be consistent with his love for Ophelia, and all after as consistent with his repudiation of her? We see him now with a perfect vision.

I think, however, that, after his great fit of grief and passion had passed, and he had time for consideration, at intervals his old love for Ophelia would return. It seems to me he always had in his heart a little (a large one too, at times) warm spot for her; but that the great mission he has to perform keeps the "warmth" from effecting anything. Surely, the first scene of the second act, presenting Polonius and Ophelia, tells of Hamlet visiting the idol of his affection, after a sleepless night, in "the very ecstasy of love"; and not only his actions but his looks and gestures are suited to such passionate love-letters as

"To the celestial and my soul's idol, the most beautified Ophelia:

Doubt thou the stars are fire;  
Doubt that the sun does move;  
Doubt truth to be a liar;  
But never doubt I love.

Oh! dear Ophelia, I am ill at these numbers; I have no

art to reckon my groans, but that *I love thee best*; believe it. Adieu!"

It is evident that he is "ill at these numbers." And again:

"Soft you, now!

The fair Ophelia: Nymph, in thy orisons  
Be all my sins remember'd!"

He certainly does Ophelia much wrong in breaking from her love and treating her as he does; for she is perfectly innocent, loving, all guiltless of any intended offence to him. When she thinks him insane, after he has spent all his breath in abusing her, how touchingly, tenderly, sympathetically and beautifully she laments:

"Oh, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!  
The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's eye, tongue, sword;  
The expectancy and rose of this fair state,  
The gloss of fashion and the mould of form,  
The observed of all observers! quite, quite down!  
And I, of ladies, most deject and wretched,  
That sucked the honey of his music vows,  
Now see that noble and most sovereign reason,  
Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh;  
That unmatch'd form and feature of blown youth,  
Blasted with ecstasy: O woe is me!  
To have seen what I have seen, see what I see!"

HUGH A. O'DONNELL, '94.

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#### Hoopa Valley, California.

Hoopa Valley is about six miles long, nearly north and south, and on an average about half a mile wide. It is entirely surrounded by mountains, except the narrow gash through the rocks where the river runs in and out. The Trinity River runs through, from end to end, back and forth across, piling up gravel bars and spoiling the valley until the whole amount of land suitable for farming is not over two sections—about 1200 acres. About 500 Indians—braves, squaws and papooses—live in it, besides the few whites in the Government service.

It is forty-five miles to Arcata, the nearest town, and everything is carried in from there on pack mules—groceries, tools, implements, machinery, cooking stoves and ranges, grist mill, saw mill, threshing machine, self-binder, beds, bureaus, doors, windows, wagons, mowing machines, brick, coal, etc.

The coal is first shipped from Australia to San Francisco, then to Arcata by smaller ships, then to Hoopa Valley over the mountains in gunny sacks on mules. By the time it gets here it costs about \$4.00 a bushel; even potatoes, beans, flour, meat (except beef) is shipped in. It costs from 2 to 3 cents a pound to carry over.

A mule carries from 250 to 300 pounds at a load, and he doesn't have a nice, level, wide road either. He follows a trail a good part of the way so narrow and steep that a man can hardly follow it. Men sometimes try it at night and, missing it, go tumbling down from 100 to 500 feet over the rocks. Once in a while a mule will make a misstep, or his load may hit against something, and tumble him over. In that case they never go down after him. He may land at the bottom, load and all, bones broken and load mashed; but one thing is certain: he never gets the load off. The packers use about 60 feet of lash rope to tie on a load, and it never comes off.

About the oddest load I know of, was a wire cable about 200 feet long and weighing over a ton. It had to be coiled up in such a way that each mule had about 300 pounds. The mules all walked in a row, heads down, each one carrying his part. With this they wound around rocks, and up and down over steep places where a man could hardly stand, keeping step like soldiers. They brought it all right. The cable is for a ferry across the river.

They have pack-saddles made so that there is a platform on top three or four feet square. On this they will set anything from a sugar hogshead to a threshing machine, and the mule will walk so steadily that water would not be spilled. Most of the pack-saddles are something like saw bucks, and the loads are put on the sides. This is the easiest way for transportation. The "top packs" are hard on the mules, sometimes great loads, like a monstrous big range, or piece of machinery, break a mule down—break or strain his back; so that for big loads the charges are considerably increased. Our big cooking range for the school cost \$150 to get it in. It broke down one mule and hurt another. I think it weighs about 500 pounds. Whenever possible the machinery comes in the "knock down,"—that is, in pieces, so as to be put together after it gets here.

It is astonishing to see what can be carried on a mule. Think of a mule carrying a load of wagon beds along a narrow trail as steep as a house roof where one false step would land him and his load 300 feet below among the rocks! then another following with a load of wagon tongues six feet longer than himself; he steers the front end of it so as to miss the trees and rocks, while he holds his head down out of its way.

Last year a wagon road was completed to Willow Creek, some ten miles up the river, and from there a wagon road leads to Arcata. Now one can come through with a wagon by going

ten miles out of the way; but goods are still packed, as it can be done cheaper than they can be hauled. We came this way by stage, and I have been back twenty-seven miles over the road since in a buggy. But a mountain wagon road isn't a "pike." For miles and miles it may be just wide enough for a wagon. What do people do when they meet? Well, sometimes they have considerable trouble to pass. I met a wagon as I was coming home in the buggy. It was a pretty good place, so I just unhitched and stood the horses along the edge one ahead of the other. We tied a rope to the buggy and gently let it over the edge out of the way. The wagon drove by, we set the buggy back again, hitched on my team, and on we went.

Big, heavy teams have a chime of bells so that they can be heard quite a long distance. When one hears one of them coming he begins to look for a wide place to pass. When two such teams meet, unless one or the other has been able to find a wide place, they have to unhitch, pass horses, unload and carry loads across, then take wagons apart and pass them piece at a time. The roads are now being improved so that there is a place to pass generally every half mile or less. By keeping one's ears open, he need not get into trouble with the big wagons, and the small ones can be swung around on very little space. To get up a mountain you just go back and forth up the side until you get to the top, then do the same on the other side to get down. If there was a hole straight through at the bottom it would save lots of driving.

Hoopa Valley is really a little valley of the Trinity River. It is called Hoopa Valley because the Hoopa Indians occupy it. It is also called Fort Gaston, or, rather, the military post is called Fort Gaston. The old fort, or post, occupies about forty acres, more or less, and is enclosed with a board fence; that is, there is a fence across at each end; the mountains form fence enough on the two sides. It is very nearly square, and contains quite a number of buildings, all of wood except one which is of adobe, or bricks dried in the sun.

West of the centre is what is called the "plaza" or parade ground, in the centre of which is the flagstaff. The plaza contains about ten acres of nice, clean, level, very gravelly land covered with sod. Near the middle of it is a fountain the water of which from the waterworks shoots up 20 or 30 feet, and falls back into a large basin made of cement. There are no trees on the plaza proper; but all around it, and here and there all over the old fort, are many of very large size. A beautiful pine, 100

feet high, stands in front of our door, and there are half a dozen oaks, a foot or two in diameter, around the house.

This is said to be one of the nicest places in the United States. When the soldiers were here every leaf and every bit of rubbish was carefully raked up and hauled off every day, so that it had the appearance of a park. The old fort will be our school grounds, and we will use the old buildings for school purposes. The buildings are around the plaza, a good deal like they are arranged in some towns around the public square. The buildings consist of the barracks (a main building of about 120 feet long by 40 feet wide, and two wings, each about 20 feet wide and 60 feet long), a hospital (a building about 40 by 80 feet, with porches and a lean to or extension at one end) which will be used as the home for the girls; the cook house, dining-room, school-rooms, my office and the boys' bed-rooms being at the barracks. There is a large barn about equal to Uncle Simeon Beery's barn, wagon shed, granary, a large carpenter shop, paint shop up stairs, blacksmith shop, oil house, guard house, with cells and attendants' rooms, warehouse, quartermaster department (which we will use for laundry and store), a doctor's office, besides a number of small affairs. The residence of the captain (about twelve or fifteen rooms and costing, probably, three or four thousand dollars) is occupied now by the agent.

The waterworks consist of a big tank on the side of the mountains with pipes from there underground to the houses. The supply is from springs in the mountains, and there is always plenty. In fact, there is a sluice way, or flume, that not only supplies the tank but furnishes water for a little stream to run through each one's yard to carry off all waste water. When the sluice is shut and turned off into the proper flume it runs a twenty foot wheel—twenty horse power—which runs a saw to saw all the wood. The flume is small, only about two feet wide and a foot deep, and is up on stilts so that the water is carried to the wheel at the wood-shed without being in the road.

Here, as you may suppose, living is pretty high for white people. Potatoes are sold by the pound, six or seven cents a pound. Flour has to have about  $2\frac{1}{2}$  cents a pound added over cost prices for its transportation. The Indians raise some wheat, but it is so full of wild mustard and weeds, and the mill is so poor, that a white person can't eat the flour unless compelled by hunger. In the past such Indians as cared to work a little would raise hay—that

is, oats, cut green—and sell it to the soldiers. This cost but little work, and the hay, at sixteen or eighteen dollars a ton, paid well.

This is a government reservation so that no one owns any land; but when an Indian wants to work the agent gives him a piece of ground, and generally furnishes him a team to tend it. Most of the Indians seem to have horses, but they are fit only to ride. They let the squaws do the work, while the men go galloping up and down the valley on their "Kiuses" (pronounced Ky-yoose) a kind of mean, tricky horse. The squaws carry the wood, and, in fact, everything else, in baskets which are supported by a strap across their foreheads and rest on their backs. An old squaw will carry one hundred or one hundred and twenty-five pounds a mile in this way and scarcely breathe hard over it. A few of the Indians have taken on white customs, and are working hard to get rich. Some own teams, and have hundreds of dollars. They are very superstitious; you can't get one of them to dig a hole in the ground the shape of a grave.

I have been trying to have a couple of ditches dug near the school house, and my efforts have been in vain so far. When an Indian dies they bury everything he has with him or her, or else they pile it on the grave. They used to kill off his horses too; but now they are content to pile on the grave all his clothes, gun, boots, baskets, saddle, trinkets, etc. These are never touched. They lie and rot; I have visited several of these graves. They bury the dead right at the door of the cabin. On some graves are the dishes, pans, pots and kettles, as well as the old basket the poor old squaw had borne on her back with heavy loads for many years. Everything the poor old thing had, there it lies. They try to fence the grave generally, if they can get anything to fence it with, within five days, a fence about six by eight feet—a picket—or paling fence preferred. For five days they mourn for the dead, and will talk of them; but at the end of that time they drop them and *never* mention them again. No one is allowed to speak of the dead to any of the relatives after five days. If he does, either through ignorance of the death, or thoughtlessly, it is an insult and costs a fine: that is, the person offering the insult has to pay the insulted Indian a certain amount of money, or they are enemies forever. The children are taught that such a person and his family are enemies, even to the grandchildren, and nothing can settle it but the payment or blood. As a result, about one half the Indians are enemies to the other half.

There is going to be one trouble with the school. A great many will not allow their children to speak with certain other children on account of some old debt of their grandfather's, perhaps, and they declare their children shall not go to the same school. Of course, they will have to come; for we will bring them, even if we have to bring the old folks along, and shut them up, or put them to work with ball and chain until they behave. We have two police, and will have about three more when the school opens. They say it won't do to whip an Indian child. He will sulk, and bide his time until he can shoot you from ambush, or he will burn the building the first chance he gets. The barn has been burnt here once already by a vindictive Indian.

At Round Valley, a few miles—50 or 60 perhaps—from here, the Indian children burned out the whole shooting match, school house and all. At a given signal they all piled out of the windows, and the house was on fire all over.

Indian parents never punish their children after the latter are old enough to remember it. They say: "If I whip papoose when he is little, when he is big he whip me," and that is "Injun law." If the parent whips child, child may whip parent when he gets big enough, if he wants to. Revenge seems to be considered a prime virtue; so you can see that a little "Injun" rascal, who would be mean enough to be punished, would think he was doing just about the bravest, best thing in the world to waylay the one who whipped him and cut his throat or shoot him.

Most of them can speak a little English, and some of them speak as well as anybody. They are pretty shrewd in driving a bargain, and do not hesitate to lie all that is necessary about what the agreement was in order to beat you. In fact, it is said here that all Indians are liars.

While I am telling about the customs about the dead, I must mention a case here. There is a squaw here they call "Bridle-mouth Anna." The way she got the name was this: When she was a little girl, about nine years old, she and another little girl were playing together and had some falling out. Bridle-mouth Anna said something to the other girl about her uncle or some near relation being dead—said it probably spitefully. The other little girl told her pa, and he marched over, took Anna, and with a big knife cut her mouth open clear back to her ears on both sides. The doctor who was here sewed it together; but when it healed it left an open place at each side like an old horse whose mouth is worn out with a bridle-

bit. So they call her Bridle-mouth Anna. Of course, her mother made the man pay for it. It took thirteen strings of shells to pay for the damage, but when it was paid it was all right, and old Judy (her mother) and the man were "heap friends" as usual. Old Judy has been up to see us a couple of times. She is no fool by a long ways. In fact, she is about as sharp as any white woman, or man. It is the "Injun law," and she made him pay a big damage, then there wasn't any use of being enemies. She has considerable property, and it is said that she and two other women rule the tribe—not openly of course; but they can manage the men by playing on their superstitions.

"Injun law" is that any crime can be settled by being paid for. Formerly shells, stones, etc., were used for money; but they know what silver and gold is now, and their old-fashioned money has gone out of use. One may kill any Indian he pleases if he has the money to pay for him, and it is all right; but woe to him if he kills somebody and can't put up the money! There is a certain price regulated by "Injun law," so that one may know just how much it will cost to kill a certain Indian. It used to be that a rich man could kill whomsoever he pleased, and of course no one could afford to kill him. This was equivalent to being chief, though so far as known the Hoopas never had any chiefs, as some tribes did.

These old customs and "Injun laws" have fallen into "innocuous desuetude" now, for the Government won't let them carry them into effect. There is nothing an Indian respects like a blue coat and brass buttons, especially when it is on a United States' soldier. C.

[The Home Journal.]

Three Franciscan Poets.

BY CONSTANTINA E. BROOKS.

#### I.—SAINT FRANCIS OF ASSISI.

Among all the religious orders of the Roman Catholic Church, the Franciscans might be called the Order of Poets. St. Francis himself was a poet of no mean rank.

Ginguenè, in his "History of the Literature of Italy," speaks of "St. Francis, whom the Italians count as one of their earliest poets, and who was, indeed, the first writer who composed religious canticles in the common tongue."

Montalembert says: "His influence was to enliven art, his example to influence poets. While reforming the world, God permitted him

to use the first—that poetry which was to bring forth Dante and Petrarch"; and Milman, in his "Latin Christianity," says: "Saint Francis is among the oldest vernacular poets of Italy."

His life itself reads like a romance. The gay, beautiful youth, the Flower of Assisi, leader of the revels in his native city; the valiant soldier glittering in arms and foremost in the conflict when Assisi warred with Perugia; next the enthusiast renouncing all worldly grandeur, clothed in coarse garments, hooted at and hunted through the streets, called fool and madman; then, the little beginnings of the great foundation; the first convent, the first community of the great Franciscan Order, St. Francis with two companions in the little hut of Rivo Torto.

And now we see him wandering through forests and over hills, mingling his voice with the voices of the birds, pouring forth in song the joy of his heart; and now again he is in the crowded lazar-houses nursing the poor lepers with a mother's tenderness; and now again, on the height of Mount Alvernia, the blazing Seraph fixes in his hands and feet and side the wonderful Stigmata, making him alone of all purely human men, the living image of that Man who was both human and divine. And when he dies the influence of his presence still remains on earth in the hundreds of thousands of his spiritual children; for even now, when more than six hundred years have passed away, the members of the three branches of the Franciscan Order outnumber the aggregate of all other orders of the Church.

There is a universal sentiment evoked by the name of Saint Francis of Assisi. While other saints canonized by the Catholic Church seem exclusively saints of that Church, Saint Francis is the saint of the whole world—canonized in the heart of humanity.

"Sweet Saint Francis of Assisi, would that he were here again!"

exclaims Tennyson; and Ernest Renan acknowledges—

"Francis of Assisi—that man of all men who, by his exquisite goodness and his sympathy, delicate, refined, and tender, with universal life, has most resembled Jesus."

None is too high, none too low, none too far away for the warmth of his heart's love to reach. The little lambs that follow his steps, the birds that eat from his hand, the worm that he lifts out of his path lest it be trodden on, are embraced in his love no less than the poor leper whom he cherishes and embraces, the holy Duchess of Thuringia to whom he sends his mantle as a gift, or the Sultan of Egypt, before whose throne and for whose sake he is



ready to lay down his life. Nor does the animate creation alone satisfy his need of loving, even the inanimate creation is a living thing to him, since it is the expression and embodiment of the thought of the Creator. This universal love is the keynote of his poetry as of his life.

The poet-saint naturally attracted to himself singers and the lovers of song; so that while his order counts among its children its popes and patriarchs and martyrs; its royal saints, among them Saint Elizabeth of Hungary, Saint Louis of France, Saint Ferdinand of Portugal; its Isabella of Castile and Christopher Columbus; its statesmen, among them Ximenes; its prose writers, from Duns Scotus to Cardinal Manning; it has also its list of poets, from St. Francis himself to Leo XIII., the reigning Pontiff, who wears the habit of the Third Order of Franciscans.

Of the poems of Saint Francis, three remain: the "Cantico del Sole," "In foco l'amor mi mise," and the "Amor di caritate." Of the first named the critic Schlosser says: "His 'Cantico del Sole' is unquestionably one of the finest productions of sacred poetry."

## CANTICO DEL SOLE.

Sovereign God! all glory,  
Praise is Thine and thanksgiving;  
Honor from Thy creation  
Thou, Creator, dost claim.  
God! what mortal is worthy  
Even to utter Thy name!

Praised be God by my brother,  
The sun, His handwork and image,  
Glory of beauty and brightness—  
Dazzling splendor of days,  
Sends it up the incessant  
Homage to God of its praise.  
Praised be God by my sisters,  
The stars and moon of the night-tide,  
The white light of their radiance  
Worships Thee with its rays.

Praised be God by my brother,  
The wind the cloud-rack sweeping,  
Praised by the calm serene;  
And the changes of seasons  
Whereby all earth's dwellers  
Nursed and fostered have been.

Praised be God by the water,  
My sister and lowly handmaid,  
Water translucent and bright;  
Praised be God by my brother,  
Fire, the darkness dispelling,  
Strong in its splendor, beautiful  
Flame, the glory of night.

Praised be God by our mother,  
Earth, who bears and nurtures  
Herbs, and flowers, and fruitage,  
Varied and beauteous sight.

Praised be my God by gentle  
Souls that love and forgive.

All who toil in anguish,  
All who endure in patience,  
All who have wrought His Commandments  
Crowned by their Lord shall live.

Praised be God by my sister  
Death, whom none shall flee from;  
Woful to the wrong-doer;  
Joy to him whom the death-hour  
Finds enrobed in the beauty  
Heaven's sweet grace bestows:  
Who shall know not the second  
Death, the limitless woes.

Praised be my God forever!  
All His fair creation,  
Serving lowly before Him,  
Lifts unto Him thanksgiving,  
Voice of its exultation.

## AMOR DI CARITATE.

(LOVE OF LOVE.)

This poem consists of thirty-seven verses, containing three hundred and sixty-four lines. The following verses are from it:

God! to thyself thou hast wrapt me;  
Thou with love's ardor hast warmed me,  
Thou for love's sweetness hast formed me,  
Of Thy own being to be.  
Fire-heat pervadeth the iron;  
Sun-heat pervadeth the breezes;  
So Thy love fills me, so seizes  
My being transformed into Thee.

If my great love be a folly,  
Infinite wisdom has taught it—  
Has devised it and wrought it;  
New life my life doth enthrall.  
Fallen are the barriers between us—  
Gone are the form and the fashion  
Of my mortality. Passion  
Of love! thou art all things in all!

Love led Thee captive from heaven,  
Brought thee to earth, the All-Holy,  
Wandering, desolate, lowly,  
Making thy riches our dower:  
Lover all-beautiful, sorrowing!  
What is Thy death's desolation  
But the supreme revelation  
Of love's all-mastering power!

Poor through our world didst thou wander,  
Love-led, and breathing love only;  
Stoodest in the temple all lonely,  
Scorned and disowned and apart:  
And in Thy love-thirst they gave Thee  
Gall for Thy drink:—Thou didst borrow  
All of earth's bitterest sorrow  
Food for Thy love-yearning heart.

Love! my beloved! no longer  
Am I my own; for I grasp Thee,  
Find Thee blend with Thee, enclasp Thee;  
Live in my life, I implore!  
Love unto love ever cryeth:—  
"Part us no time and no distance!  
Let us be one in existence—  
Let us be one evermore!"

# NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

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The attention of the Alumni of the University of Notre Dame, and others, is called to the fact that the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC now enters upon the TWENTY-SIXTH year of its existence, and presents itself anew as a candidate for the favor and support of the many old friends who have heretofore lent it a helping hand.

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—We are pleased to announce that Miss Isabel Shea, the accomplished daughter of the late Doctor John Gilmary Shea, is preparing for publication a biography of her illustrious father. There is no one better fitted for this task of love. Miss Shea was for many years associated with her father in his literary work. Now for the first time we may expect that full justice will be done the great and self-sacrificing historian who did so much for the Catholics of America.

## Home Pride.

How strange the fact seems, and yet it is wellnigh universal, to go to almost any city, town, village, borough, hamlet, or whatever one wants to call it, even an inn, and find some "most wonderful thing in the world!" This thing, most likely, in its inception, was nothing; but, like a false rumor, grew up to be a fact. The other day a young man, not far from our inner circle, had occasion to pay a visit to a city, which, according to its size, should have, and, next to Chicago and a few western places, has, the largest number of these "wonderful things." A friend took the opportunity to show him the

beauties of New York. The elevated road was pointed out; the wonderful system of street car service, having the *best* horses of any company of the kind *in the world*; tall, twelve-story buildings; Brooklyn Bridge; etc., etc. On arriving home the New Yorker expressed his surprise and astonishment that his visitor did not marvel and gasp in wonderment at the great sights he had seen. (By the way, *our* near friend lives west of the Mississippi.) The gentleman from the East asked him what he thought of the elevated railroad.

"Why, I have seen them in Chicago."

"Indeed?"

"Oh! yes, they are there as well as here," said Mr. West.

"But you have not such a street-car system or large buildings."

"No! We have only cable and electric roads out West. The horse car is a thing of the past. And the buildings here would not be able to touch the middle story of our "sky scrapers."

But the visitor took an unfair advantage of his host by telling him stories of life on the ranch such as to confound his credulous mind so much that he believed all the Indian stories of Chicago that could be concocted. The people of the East tell their stories, which are generally true, and the Westerner does not believe them; whereas, the setting sun folks relate their fables, flavored with exaggeration, and the American Orientals believe too much of them.

But it is strange how many advantages one city has over another. Now, the boys from Chi. say that it contains the greatest — in the world, and no city will ever be able to surpass it, for it is impossible; and any attempt to equal it will be an utter failure. This tickles the bump of superciliousness on the cranium of the Ch. boy, who pricks up his ears, and emphatically sticks up for Chi., and says: "Hm! that's nothing; Ch. can beat that."

But when you strike Minnie and Paul! Don't ask Minnie what she wears while Paul is near. Domestic troubles might arise; and never is a family so weak as when at war with itself. Then, too, Duluth and Minnie are having their spats. Duluth claims to have the largest, best and costliest High School *in the world*. Minnie has never been to see this wonder, but vigorously denies its qualities. Denver is "out of sight" because it has Pike's Peak. Kansas City and St. Louis have their pulls with Chicago, while New Orleans stands majestic in her carnivals. San Francisco outdoes New York, and cannot be equalled because it has the largest ocean *in the world*.

F. B. C.

## Education.

One may often notice in the "Correspondence" column of daily papers inquiries as to the best means of obtaining an education. These questions generally come either from persons who, through lack of means, have been prevented from acquiring a college and, in some cases, even a common school education, or who, on account of their advanced age, did not care to take advantage of the opportunities offered by colleges. In some instances the answers given to these questions argue either dense ignorance, or malicious intention to mislead, on the part of the incumbent of the editorial chair.

The question naturally arises: "How are, or should, these questions be answered?" It would be the height of folly to think that any one fixed rule would be a satisfactory answer to all such questions; it would be just as sensible for a physician to prescribe the same remedies for all his patients; and I think the results obtained would be equally disastrous. Such being the case, the question is, indeed, a difficult one. Each case should be carefully diagnosed before any conclusion is reached.

However, in my estimation, there are a few essentials, or settled principles, without which it is impossible to secure an education worthy of the name. They hold good whether the aspirant to education attend school, college or make the attempt without the aid of a preceptor. In the meantime, it must be borne in mind that a university does not educate an individual without any effort on his part; it merely affords better opportunities than can be obtained elsewhere.

The most essential thing to be acquired as a foundation for a good education is the habit of attention, without which failure is inevitable. This once reduced to possession, however, the rest is comparatively easy. Attention is the key with which we can unlock the store-houses of learning, and thereby gain access to the long sought-for knowledge; for it is evident that if we concentrate all the faculties of the mind on any subject, the mist which veils it from the careless glance of the casual observer will be dissipated, and its study is no longer considered a hard task, but resolves itself into a proper and pleasing application of the mind.

This first step having been accomplished, do not make the common mistake of overestimating your knowledge of the subject. Turn it over in your mind, look at it from every

conceivable standpoint, and, last, but by no means least, write about it. Do not let it rest. By writing upon it you will serve the double purpose of exercising many, if not all, of the mental faculties, and the more firmly fix it in the mind. Besides these advantages you will develop details that before were vague, and you will also cultivate a fluency that will always stand you in good stead. "I have learned things by writing," said St. Augustine, "that I could never have learned in any other way." From the words of this venerable sage, we can see how highly he esteemed writing as an educator. Of course, one cannot expect to derive any great knowledge or benefit from careless writing upon a subject with which one is unacquainted. On the contrary, time and attention must be devoted to the subject, as much or even more than if it were to be used as the subject of a discourse.

Some one has said: "Writing is of the utmost importance in the cultivation of the mind." It is, indeed, one of the best means of acquiring the habit of deep and comprehensive thought, and the practice of it cannot be too highly recommended as an efficient aid to anyone desirous of obtaining a thorough education.

T. ANSBERRY, '95.

## Exchanges.

The *Enterprise*, of the Polytechnic Institute, Brooklyn, is a new flavor in college journalism. It is light, breezy, fearless and thoroughly academic. The literary tone of the *Enterprise* is exceptionally good; and although it is small and a monthly, still in this case, as in many others, quality is ample recompense for quantity.

\* \* \*

A new-comer, who will impress all favorably, is the *Villanova Monthly* of the Augustinian college, Delaware Co., Pa. The first number sets a very high standard of excellence—it has already "deserved success," and we earnestly trust it may enjoy a happy, healthy existence for many years to come. "The Mathematical Class" is a department at once interesting and instructive, and will probably suggest similar "classes" in many of our other exchanges.

\* \* \*

The *Seminary Student*, published by the students of Union Theological Seminary, New York, is a new monthly whose first issues augur well for the future. The recent acquittal of Dr. Briggs has proven that the atmosphere of

Union is amazingly "liberal," a quality which is also evidenced by the utter lack of anything like dogma in the *Student*. Its tone is plausible and its pages bright, cheery and thoughtful.

\*\*\*

Now, what did we ever do to provoke the favor of the *Magnet*, of Butler High School? And yet it only means to be amiable when it compliments us on our new cover, and refers to the improvement in our literary columns.

\*\*\*

No exchange that has come to us has impressed us more than the December number of the *Mount*, of Mt. de Chantal, Wheeling. It presents an interesting series of portraits and local scenes that tend to heighten its festive appearance. The reproduction, in half-tints, of work done in the art studios is the best compliment that could be paid the pencils of the young ladies, and at the same time it gives, as nothing else could give, an adequate idea of the excellent work accomplished at the Mount. The literary columns are marked by the usual high order of merit.

\*\*\*

The *Adelphian* appears in blue print with a list of well-assorted literary articles. Athletics and cosmetics generally predominate in co-educational institutions; but we are happy to note that the people of the Adelphi Academy are not superficial. They know a good thing on sight—a fact that is evidenced by their complimentary reference to our recent drama "Hermenigild."

\*\*\*

"The Old Year and the New" is the title of a delightful little poem in the *Mt. St. Angel Student*. It is from the pen of Mr. James Harvey Black, whose graceful pen has often adorned our own pages. Mr. Black has certainly a future before him. He is thoroughly conversant with an interesting type of character—that of the Virginian,—and we trust he may some day have leisure to put his inexhaustible store of folklore anecdote and song within cloth covers. We know of no man, for instance, who could more worthily celebrate the glories of old "Fort Necessity."

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#### Books and Periodicals.

AN ATTIC PHILOSOPHER IN PARIS. By Emile Souvestre. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

One of the difficulties that the critic is constantly getting into is the temptation to say amiable things about a favorite book. In the interest of true criticism it might be well some-

times to withstand personal inclination and to withdraw, as far as may be, to neutral ground for a better view. Generally, however, the caution is quite unnecessary; for a book that can attract one mind powerfully need offer the world no apology for its existence.

The present work is one that has always held for us a peculiar fascination. It was years ago, in our earlier school days, that we first mused upon the story of little Paulette's life. The gentle Philosopher had not forgotten the pathos of the tale; but his brush was dipped in the sunshine, so that the storm-cloud never appeared without the prismatic glory of the rainbow. Dear old Philosopher! he was the true type of the literary Bohemian, and the only really happy Bohemian we have ever known on page or path. He was jostled by rude shoulders on the Boulevard; he lived in hopeless, helpless poverty; he was cooped up in a garret with only a book to confide in. But his life was large and sunny and full of good work done in mercy. He was a hermit in the dizziness of cities, and a life more sweet, more peaceful and more fruitful is seldom seen upon the earth. There are few books so worthy of a new edition, and, thanks to the Messrs. Appleton, the edition is worthy of the book. The pictures by Jean Claude, reproduced in half-tones, serve almost as an index to the book, and the print and general "make-up" of the book is in the best possible taste.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN: The true story of a Great Life. By W. H. Herndon and Jesse W. Weik. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

That was an exciting period when the sages of the land met upon the floors of Congress to engage in battles more momentous and more violent than any ever fought upon the field. Verily, there were giants in those days; and it is well that there were giants, for a race of ordinary stature could never have met the issues of the day without quailing.

The biography of Lincoln brings us back in fancy to the days of Cincinnatus and his plow. It is the story of a rail-splitter who liberated millions of slaves; of a woodman who became President of the United States. That such an event should be possible, even through the accident of fortune, would be sufficient to justify a record of the man's life. But Lincoln's career is interesting for another reason than this. Men may be divided in their estimate of his virtue, his public-spirit or even his intellectual power. They may hold conflicting opinions as to his policy in national affairs, or his prudence in precipitating conflict between the North and

the South. But no man who knows what it is to struggle on in desperation against poverty and ignorance will ever say that his heart was not stout or his faith firm. Every step in the direction of education was marked by blood-prints from wounded feet. The metamorphosis of the bare-footed forester into the man clothed in purple and fine linen, or, nobler still, of the rude, uncultured farm-lad into the statesman whose policy was to thrill the world and enlist hundreds of thousands to battle for the right,—that metamorphosis was not accomplished without infinite labor and self-discipline. It is a lesson which every young man should learn by heart.

The present work has certain advantages over any other life of Lincoln that has yet been published. Much of the material that could not be had for the *Century* "Life" has been collated in the two octavo volumes published by the Appletons. Mr. Herndon, too, enjoyed unusual advantages even over Lincoln's private Secretary; for he was for many years his law partner, and always one of his dearest friends. The work is done with reverence, scholarship and discrimination.

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Local Items.

- Start me!
- Splendid ice!
- Twenty-two inches.
- Did you "squeal" on him?
- How about 27° below zero?
- Do boys of sixteen play tag?
- Richard "nose" how it is himself.
- Where did Aloysius get that hat?
- Tim has "quiterated" from telegraphy.
- Have you tried the new snow shoes yet.
- How old are you? I am (sweet) sixteen!
- "Only a corner!" Would that it were more!
- Wonder if Harry "stuffed" the ballot box?
- What is your honest impression of Hamlet's age?
- The coroner in the rôle of sheriff was a success.
- "Copper," with permission, is on the list, by all means.
- Dick's hat has assumed a miniature size at present.
- Brownson Hall boasts the championship in hand-ball.
- The letters "N. J. H." have finally reached Notre Dame.
- The smiling countenance of Joe is once more with us.

—"Spikes" is to deliver his address two weeks from Tuesday.

—Was the "doctor" in that case a double of our jocund "burgomaster"?

—The Brownson's are about to organize another hand-ball association.

—Several new books have been added to the Law library during the past week.

—The Law Debating Society expect to have a public debate in Washington Hall soon.

—Mr. Michael McGarry, of Los Angeles, Cal., is the latest member of the Law class.

—B. Lawrence, of Carroll Hall, sold over \$60 worth of Valentines on Wednesday last. He has some very neat designs.

—Wasn't "Spikes'" oration a forensic gem? His telling the jury to "open the flood-gates of their stupidity" proved a boomerang.

—The disciples of Blackstone have taken charge of a new table in the Brownson refectory, and everything is done in legal form.

—Quite a number of new volumes of the "Federal Reporter" were added to the Law library in Sorin Hall during the past week.

—About fifteen students of the Law department resolved to purchase caps, similar in style, which they will wear about the University.

—Col. Wm. Hoynes was called to Chicago to-day to take evidence in a condemnation suit instituted by the W. Chicago Park Commission.

—Several Brownsonites think that the Christian Doctrine examination at St. Mary's Sunday was a great favor to them on account of the extreme cold weather.

—Rev. Father Regan, C. S. C., has generously supplemented his recent donations to the Seminary by contributing a complete equipment for their new "Gym." Many thanks, Father.

—A connoisseur opines that "Spikes'" portrait of "Billy Olsen" was realistic. Reviewing it from an æsthetic point of view, the embryo artist's skilful work foretells a great future before him.

—"Tom," we are glad to say, has recovered from his late illness. It is also a pleasure to note that said illness has not in the least prevented his wonted cheerfulness from returning to its usual haunts.

—The Iroquois hold their semi-annual *get smakelijk* this (Saturday) afternoon. Following is the *Spijskaart*: *Oesters op de halve shaal pawkenvornpjes, kipolengels roodkoppen eendvogels mid kruisbessengelei, etc.*

—The Seminary library is still increasing in volumes of choice literature. The librarian gratefully acknowledges the receipt of a handsome set of Chamber's Encyclopedia,—the gift of Bro. Boniface, C. S. C.

—A number of prints of the Hon. Henry Watterson, Editor of the *Louisville Courier Journal*, have been distributed about the University. Mr. Watterson will lecture in Wash-

ington Hall, Feb. 7, on "Money and Morals." Everybody should turn out and hear him.

—MISSING.—A pen and holder and a silver napkin-ring from desk 119, Carroll Hall. Finder will please return the same and receive the grateful thanks of the owner.

—Rev. Father French, C. S. C., left Notre Dame last Saturday to preach the sermon for the Silver Jubilee of St. Mary's Church, Lafayette, Ind. The *Morning Journal* of that city speaks of the sermon as one of the most eloquent ever delivered in that church.

—The Brownson Hand-ball Association held a meeting Thursday morning and re-elected the old officers, as follows: President, M. McCullough; Vice-President, C. Roby; Secretary, J. Henley; Treasurer, F. Murphy. Several new members were added also.

—During the past week numerous articles have been left, it seems, for safe keeping in a prominent place in the denizens' sitting-room. Hereafter such articles, and any others found in the same place, shall be subject to confiscation, or at least to the payment of a sufficient sum for storage.

—A recent letter from Monsignor Straniero, D. D., Canon of the Pope's own Cathedral, St. John Lateran, Rome, conveys congratulations to the venerable Founder, Faculty and students of Notre Dame. The Monsignor's kind wishes are cordially reciprocated, and we hope that he will find an opportunity during the World's Fair to visit his old-time friends at Notre Dame.

—We heard a lawyer hum as he left the room:

"Who says that I can't 'lick a kid'  
When he's for mischief bent,  
Has never studied Kent, my dear,  
He has never studied Kent.  
Talk not to me of glories gone,  
Of pleasures evanescent;  
I'd rather wear the coat I've on,  
Give me the rosy present."

—Notwithstanding the cold wave last Sunday, there was a full attendance at the first regular Band rehearsal of the session. Twenty-four members were present. They will give the first of their concerts on or about the 2d of February. We may expect something good from the Band, as it has not, since the advent of the present Rev. Director, been in such a flourishing condition, as it is as present.

—The eighth regular meeting of the Sorin Literary and Dramatic Association was held in St. Edward's Hall on Jan. 16. The speakers were E. Graff, E. LaMoure, C. Monahan, W. Maritzen, E. McCarthy, R. McPhee, W. Scherrer, F. Stuckart, W. Healy and L. Thompson. Compositions were read by R. Berthelet, F. Roesing, D. McAllister and A. Monaghan. The meeting closed with a highly interesting speech from the President.

—The reorganization of the St. Aloysius' Philodemic Association for the present session took place last Sunday evening, at which the following officers were elected: Rev. J. W.

Cavanaugh, C. S. C., Director; Prof. M. F. Egan, LL. D., Literary Critic; H. Ferneding, President; J. Raney, Vice-President; J. McCarrick, Treasurer; M. A. Quinlan, Recording Secretary; H. O'Donnell, Corresponding Sec.; P. Crowley, Censor; E. Ahlrichs, Serg't-at-Arms. Judging by the past, the society feels confident of the greatest success.

—At the twelfth regular meeting, on Wednesday evening, January 11, of the St. Stanislaus' Philopatrian Association, an election of officers for the second session took place, resulting as follows: 1st Vice-President, L. Garfias; 2d Vice-President, C. McPhee; Treasurer, W. Kegler; Corresponding Secretary, E. Jones; Recording Secretary, E. Murphy; Marshall-at-Arms, J. Marre; Sergeant-at-Arms, W. Gerdes; Librarian, A. Druecker; Historian, G. McCarrick; 1st Censor, G. Zoehrlaut. The election of 2d Censor was postponed till the next meeting.

—A certain smiling individual of inquisitive propensities would like to know:

Why three gentlemen of Sorin Hall were absent from breakfast?

If two Brownsonites went skating on the river?

How B. H. and Kelly lost the championship?

What was the time of F. E. M. and Tim?

What was the cause of the disturbance in room 40 New Year's eve?

Will Captain C. keep his team in training during the remainder of the year?

Why M. has no use for three members of Sorin Hall?

Why does P. C. regret his hasty return?

—Mr. Austin Ford, of New York, has given Professor Edwards, for the historical museum at Notre Dame, a Confederate flag, which was captured by General Thomas Francis Meagher's men in a raid on the Confederate headquarters at Fair Oaks. After his sword, General Meagher considered the flag his most precious relic of the war. For twenty years it hung in Mrs. Meagher's boudoir. Another interesting relic, the first belt used during the late war by Col. Ellsworth, of Chicago, who sacrificed his life for the Union at Alexandria, Va., is a gift from Mr. James O'Neill, of Monte Cristo fame.

—The Law Debating Society held its first meeting of the second session Wednesday evening, and elected the following officers: President, Col. Wm. Hoynes; 1st Vice-President, P. Coady; 2d Vice-President, F. Chute; Recording Secretary, J. Henley; Corresponding Secretary, M. McFadden; Treasurer, J. Cullen; Critic, P. M. Ragan; Sergeant-at-Arms, F. Hennessy. The next question for debate is: "Resolved, That the logic of the late election points to absolute free trade as the coming economic policy of this country." The disputants are Messrs. Ansberry and Cullen for the affirmative, and Messrs. Chute and Sinnott for the negative.

—On Sunday, January 8, the Leonine Society of Holy Cross Seminary entered upon its tenth session with a new corps of officers. The success attained by the members in general during the past four months is very gratifying, and the fore-

cast of the future promises even better results. The officers elected are as follows: President, Rev. J. J. French, C. S. C.; Vice-President, Rev. Jos. J. Gallagher; Recording Secretary, W. McNamee; Corresponding Secretary, J. C. Clark; 1st Censor, Jos. Gallagher; 2d Censor, W. V. Montavon; Critic, C. B. Smogor; Sergeant-at-Arms, E. V. Duffy; Historian, T. Hennessy.

—MOOT-COURT.—The case on trial before the University Moot-Court for the past five weeks was that of John Atkinson by his next friend, Rufus Parkinson, *vs.* Daniel B. Taylor. The suit was brought against Taylor for brutally whipping Atkinson at the Clay Township school. It seems that Atkinson had been sick for a few days and did not go to school; and on resuming his studies he was called upon for his history lesson, the first hour in the morning, and he claims he did not know where the lesson was, and of course could not recite; whereupon the teacher (Taylor) punished him with a horse-whip, and left the marks of it on Atkinson's body so that it necessitated calling in Dr. Schaack. The jury was composed of Messrs. W. Covert, J. Marmon, G. Pulskamp, E. Flynn, W. Kirby and W. Lindeke. After hearing all the evidence the jury brought in a verdict for the plaintiff, and assessed the damages at \$25 and costs, which amount nearly to \$200. The attorneys in the case were: Messrs. Cullen and McCuddy for the plaintiff, and Messrs. Brown and Hennessy for the defendant.

—The redoubtable "Joe," who was of late feloniously assaulted through these columns, is recuperating, we are pleased to say. In an interview with one of the scrupulous Local Eds. he spoke very freely. He apologized for not being able to offer anything stronger than water, saying: "The popinjay that put that local in about me last week knocked all my prospects on the head. But I have some fruit-cake here," he said, cunningly winking as he thought of his perspicacious friends at Owensboro. "It has 'Sovereign,' 'Kentucky Cyclone,' or something else in it just as good as I know." The reporter declined, however, as he looked again at the Morpheus bundle on the bed before him, and was struck with that sympathy which only newspaper editors can feel. It was misconstrued by Joe, however, for he suddenly grew laconic and showed plainly he was miffed. With some policy, nevertheless, he was brought out to tell something about the fight with "Tim" of "h-armless fame." His fetish one-boxing glove was lying near him. He had given the other to "Tim" as a kind of keep-sake, as their genial arbiter, Mr. R. Delaney, called on him some evening previous to this we take note of. However, we are restrained from telling the result of each round by sincere promises made to Joe as the conditions under which we learned the truth. Joe spoke patronizingly of Tim, and in a conciliating, Corbettesque manner, said: "Tim showed good metal, and I hated to whip

him the first two rounds; but he manifested such courage, and moved his left arm in such a scientifically confusing way, that maybe I could not have done it so easily anyway; but when I got on to him I did him up at a two-nothing gait." The reporter expressed his regrets at not having been there to witness the encounter. One question brought on another, and Joe was asked what he thought of the "Burgomaster's new cap. "Why, if I were going to show the independence he professes I would do otherwise than wear that cap; it looks like a car driver's; but "Eddy" doesn't care. The maiden blush on his cheeks has established a reputation for him that makes him reckless."—"Do you think anything will come of the 'Hoss & Hoss' club this spring," was asked.—"Well, that's too far ahead." Having noticed his peevishness, the reporter retired after saying he would procure the name of the one who attacked his reputation last week. "Truth crushed to earth shall rise again." Joe doesn't mind; only he doesn't "like to be lied on."

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#### Roll of Honor.

##### SORIN HALL.

Messrs. Ahlrichs, Brown, Carney, Correll, Cummings, Combe, Coady, Crawley, Chute, Dechant, DuBrul, Ferneding, Flannery, Flannigan, C. Fitzgerald, Hannin, Heer, Jewett, Kearney, Keough, Kunert, Langan, E. Maurus, Monarch, J. McKee, F. McKee, Mitchell, McCarrick, Neef, Powers, Quinlan, Ragan, Raney, E. Scherrer, Schillo, Schaack, Sinnott, Schopp.

##### BROWNSON HALL.

Messrs. Ansberry, Barrett, Barton, Baur, Burns, Brady, Brinen, C. Corry, A. Corry, Chassaing, Coady, Cooke, Cullen, R. Corcoran, Crilly, Carter, J. Corcoran, Chidester, Croxton, Delaney, Devanney, Donahoe, Dempsey, Dinkel, Eyanson, Esgen, Foley, Fardy, A. M. Funke, A. Funke, E. Flynn, J. Flynn, Freytag, Groff, Garst, O. Griffin, F. Hoffman, J. Hoffman, Hermann, Hennessy, Hoepe, Healy, Hesse, E. Harris, Hagan, Henley, Hudson, Hunt, Heneberry, Isbell, Jordan, Jacobs, Jones, Karter, Kelly, M. Kirby, Kerker, Kennedy, Kearns, Krembs, W. Kirby, Kintzele, F. Kenny, Karasynski, Kuhn, Linehan, Luther, Leonard, Libert, Lonergan, Murray, D. Murphy, Meibers, T. Monarch, Maynes, F. Murphy, D. Monarch, E. Marckhoff, R. Marckhoff, A. Marckhoff, Magnus, McCuddy, McFadden, McCullough, McVean, McCarthy, Ney, O'Connor, O'Shea, W. O'Neill, Pulskamp, Pomroy, Quinlan, E. Roby, C. Roby, G. Ryan, M. Ryan, Reis, Stanton, Schueler, Shermann, Smith, Spalding, Stace, Tinnen, Tratt, Vurpillat, Vignos, Whitehead, Walker, Wilkin, Weaver, Welsh.

##### CARROLL HALL.

Messrs. Barrett, R. E. Brown, R. Brown, J. Brown, Bennett, Berles, Blumenthal, Bachrach, Bixby, Baldauf, Burns, Breen, Brennan, Covert, Cornell, Carter, Chauvet, Clendenin, Connell, E. Coolidge, A. Coolidge, Cavanagh, Crane, Carney, Dorsey, Durand, Druecker, Dannemiller, Ducey, Dillman, Dempsey, Dutt, Evans, Freeman, Fleming, Franke, C. Furthman, E. Furthman, Fossick, Ford, L. Gibson, N. Gibson, Garfias, Gerding, Gonzales, Hittson, Healy, Hoban, Hickey, D. Hilger, A. Hilger, Heizman, Howell, Jones, Janssen, Jonquet, Johnson, Krollman, A. Kegler, W. Kegler, Kutina, Kuehl, Kelliber, Kindler, Kahn, Kinney, Klees, Lanagan, Lee, J. LaMoure; W. LaMoure, Lambka, Lantry, Lohner, Lawler, Langevin, T. Lowrey, G. Lowrey, Loser, Ludwig,

Lane, Lippman, Levy, Lee, Maurer, Mitchell, Maternes, Maguire, E. Murphy, L. Murphy, J. Miller, L. Miller, Mengis, Marre, Moss, Miles, Moore, Monaghan, R. Miers, McDermott, McDonald, McCarrick, J. McPhillips, J. A. McPhillips, C. McPhillips, McDonald, Nolan, Nichols, O'Mara, F. O'Brien, O'Connor, Oliver, Pim, Reis, Rumely, Rend, Ruppe, Repscher, Romero, Rensch, Reber, Roesing, Sievers, Sweet, W. Spalding, S. Spalding, Slevin, Spiegel, Sullivan, Schaack, Sparks, Segenfelder, Sharp, Strassheim, Schroth, Shillington, Towle, Taylor, Trankle, Thome, Tempel, Treber, Wolf, Wagner, Walde, Wensinger, Welty, Walker, H. Wilson, R. Wilson, Whitehead, Washburne, N. Weitzel, B. Weitzel, O. Wright, D. Wright, Ward, Yeager, York, Yingst, C. Zoehrlaut, G. Zoehrlaut.

ST. EDWARD'S HALL.

Masters Ayers, Ahern, Abrahams, G. Abrahams, Ball, Bopp, Bump, V. Berthelet, R. Berthelet, Bourgeois, Barrett, J. Coquillard, A. Coquillard, Crandall, Curry, Corry, Cross, Corcoran, Croke, Christ, F. Campau, D. Campau, Cressey, Durand, Dugas, W. Emerson, F. Emerson, Eagle, Elliott, Egan, Engelhardt, Freeman, Finnerty, Flynn, Feltenstein, Getchel, Gavin, Green, Girsch, Graff, Howard, Higginson, Holbrook, Roy Higgins Ralph, Higgins, J. Higgins, W. Higgins, J. Healy, W. Healy, Jones, Johntry, Jonquet, Keeler, Kinney, LaMoure, Lawton, Loomis, Langley, Lowrey, Lohner, C. Monaghan, A. Monaghan, Maritzen, E. McCarthy, R. McCarthy, G. McCarthy, Emmet McCarthy, McGinley, McGushin, McPhee, McAllister, Minnigerode, Morris, McDonald, McCorry, Ninneman, Oatman, Otero, O'Neill, W. Pollitz, H. Pollitz, Pyle, Peck, L. Rasche, H. Rasche, B. Roesing, F. Roesing, V. Romero, A. Romero, Roache, Shipp, W. Scherrer, G. Scherrer, Swan, Stuckart, Shillington, Segenfelder, Thompson, Trankle, Wilson, Wilcox, Wagner, Wells.

Indian Training.

In regard to the work of the churches among the Indians, and what may best be done toward their industrial and moral elevation, Senator Vest, of Missouri, submits the following for publication as an authoritative expression of his views:

"I shall have no controversy with this man—Morgan. I have expressed my opinion of his conduct as Commissioner on the floor of the Senate, and elsewhere, as I had a right to do, and as was my duty. Of course, he considers this impudent, and talks about public sentiment endorsing him. He magnanimously declares that he will not wait for the new administration, but will resign on March 1. This is great condescension on the part of a man who knows that he will be kicked out on March 5, and who will leave more dry eyes behind than any other official who relieves the public service of his incapacity. Mr. Morgan congratulates himself on having my condemnation, and, if he is honest in this statement, he ought to be the happiest man living; for I have never concealed my supreme contempt for his opinions and methods.

"I am not a Catholic, and have no religious feeling as to the Indian question. My opinions are based upon personal observation and knowledge, and not on sentiment or theory. I have examined the Indian schools in the West, as a member of the Committee on Indian Affairs,

and have visited the different tribes in Wyoming, Montana and the Dakotas. My only wish has been to observe the plainest rules of justice toward the Indians, and to ascertain the best instrumentalities to make them self-supporting and self-respecting.

"In my opinion the Jesuits have done more for the advancement of the Indians toward civilization and Christianity than all other agencies. Whether it be the ceremonial of the Catholic Church, or the self-devotion of the Jesuits, or whatever the reason, I give the statement as the result of careful personal investigation. I do not sympathize with those who believe that extermination, or simply giving rations, is a proper solution of the Indian problem. It is a wicked, heartless and cowardly solution, and we cannot so escape our responsibility. Like all racial questions, the problem is full of appalling difficulties; but time and patience will settle the adjustment on the side of justice and right.

"The Jesuits have demonstrated in many tribes that the younger Indians can be rescued from the savagery of the tepi, and made self-supporting.

"The traveller on the North Pacific Railroad, which passes through the Flathead reservation in Montana, can look from the car windows upon comfortable houses, cultivated fields, and herds of horses and cattle belonging to the Indians, who received the first missionary Jesuit, Father DeSmet, in 1850. These Indians cut the timber, mill it into lumber, and build their own houses. They have an industrial training school at St. Ignatius' Mission, and the boys learn rapidly all mechanical pursuits. The girls are taught housekeeping and sewing, and the sexes intermarry and become mutual supports against the habits of uncivilized life. I have before me an account by an eye-witness of the work now being done by these Indians on some large irrigation ditches authorized to be constructed by the Government on this reservation. I quote the following:

"They are all anxious to complete their contracts and collect their wages. Nearly all of them own farm wagons, harness and horses, and at early morning every member of the family, having a contract, are hauling upon the ground, and work commences by some of the party seizing the picks and swinging them until tired out, when, perhaps, the squaws and children, or others interested in the work, seize upon the shovels and throw out the dirt, while the first toilers sit upon the bank by a blazing fire and leisurely roll up their cigarettes and smoke until their turns come to swing the implements of labor and give the other toilers a smoke and a rest."

"I submit that this is better than either rations or extermination. These people, for hundreds of years, have looked upon labor as unmanly and degrading; but the Jesuits have taught them, slowly and painfully, but effectually, the great lesson of Christianity and civilization, 'In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread.'

"I am for the Church and the people that will teach the Indians to work, and they can take any road to heaven they please."