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## Rondeau.

EDWARD F. QUIGLEY, '03.

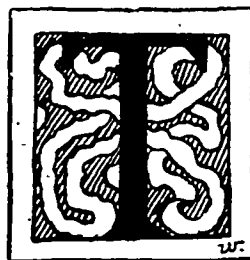
THEY pierce the gloom, your eyes of blue,  
When shadows fall and evening's hue  
A spell of sadness softly brings—  
For then the homeward swallow sings;  
And whisper, gentle winds, of you.

When night is on and stars are few,  
And heaven's quest is lovers true;  
When darts of rapture Cupid flings,  
They pierce the gloom.

When failure comes and doubts anew,  
And naught but darkness seems in view;  
When hope has flown with surest wings,  
And faith is lost in men and things,  
Your eyes, though damp with sorrow's dew,  
They pierce the gloom.

## Mary Queen of Scots.\*

SEDGWICK HIGHSTONE.



HE chronicles of the world bear the names of many brave and illustrious women; women renowned as patriots, heroines, saints and martyrs. We read of a Semiramis and of a Judith of ancient days, and of France's immortal maiden, Joan of Arc; but none of these wonderful characters touches our heart so deeply as does Mary Stuart. The beautiful and unhappy Scottish queen stands out as one of history's most sublime characters, a martyr for her principle and her God.

If beauty has a charm, then surely Mary

must have her champions; but she has more than this. The world never saw more splendid courage at the command of a fairer intellect. A braver, if not a truer spirit, never wore a diadem nor wielded the sceptre of a nation. She remained to the last a true woman, a noble patriot, a brave queen. But what a life of trials and woe lay before her! Her enemies were to ensnare her, her few friends to desert her, her rivals to murder her.

Mary appears on the Scottish stage at the early age of nineteen. She is to act a part and become the victim of a most horrible tragedy. Her reign was the March month of history in which summer fought with winter for supremacy. Alas, what a woeful picture was this that greeted Mary! Her country was on the verge of a terrible abyss; her government, destroyed to its very vitals, stood on the brink of anarchy; the Church, of which she was a devoted member, seemed threatened with ruin. Where should she look for guidance? What hand was to direct the ship of state over the tempestuous sea of internal strife and rebellion? None; she stood alone and forsaken. Traitors formed her councils, traitors were in her family, traitors attended her at home, and traitors represented her abroad.

No criminal was ever guarded like our poor young queen. England had her pensioners at work in all parts of the realm. In the churches she was denounced by Knox. Her private sanctuary was made the scene of a foul murder. What was to be more abhorred by these people than to have a Catholic for their ruler? What insults, what scorn, what persecutions did not this devout woman endure because she adhered to the religion she thought right! Her steps, her glances, her words were carefully noted and as skilfully distorted; for innocence was often turned by an enemy into the bloodiest crime. Thus beset, thus waylaid, thus intrigued against

\* Oratorical Paper.

and duped was our unfortunate heroine from the age of nineteen to twenty-five.

The first real beginning of Mary's many misfortunes was her marriage with Lord Darnley. Mary fancied that a marriage with a Scot would reconcile her divided people and free her beloved country from ruin. Never did fate drop a more deadly poison into her cup of misery and bitterness. Could poor Mary but see the future mirrored before her, could she but hear the roar of the distant waters that were soon to overwhelm her, she would have forsaken this woeful alliance. Her enemies had scored one point: Darnley, their tool, was in their power. First he accepted his position as Mary's devoted husband. Judas-like, he then plotted to deprive his wife and queen of crown, of liberty, of life. One obstacle stood in his path: Rizzio, Mary's secretary, remained faithful to his queen. The bloody hand once more sought its victim. The faithful Rizzio is found in the royal apartments conversing with the queen and attendants. A rush into the chamber, a clash of steel, and all is over. Rizzio, Mary's one true friend, lies on the threshold—dead!

The first horrible crime in Mary's reign has been committed. Now she sees the bloody path that she is to follow. She sees, likewise, her courtiers groping about her with hypocritical smiles, alert to entrap her when the time is ripe.

A still greater calamity now falls on Mary. A foul murder has been committed. Lord Darnley has at length met his doom. This comes as a sort of death-knell to the queen. It was the echo of the war-like cry of her enemies. The kindness of Mary toward her husband in his last illness showed the true character of the queen. Here was nothing but love, pity and forgiveness. Lord Darnley lay there suffering from smallpox. Mary, like a guardian angel, knelt at his side soothing him; him the husband that has ruined her, attempted her destruction and sought her life. What could be more womanly than for Mary to forgive and forget all his vile deeds! To her, no matter how cruel he is, he is her husband, her lord, unto death.

Mary had no sooner recovered from the shock caused by the death of her husband, and the false accusations of her enemies, than another charge was brought against her. Report spread throughout the kingdom that Mary had married her husband's murderer, Bothwell. This was but another circumstance

of fate that placed this most unfortunate of all women in the hands of a second villain. For ten days Mary remained this man's prisoner at Dunbar Castle. Day by day she watched for rescue. Cut off from all hope, deserted by friends, she was forced to remain with this unpunished criminal. He flings himself at her feet; he begs, he prays and entreats her to marry him. Mary, brave as ever, even in the most perilous moments, scorns his offer. The captive is threatened with dishonor, with death. Villainy triumphs. Mary finally yielded to his commands, and the marriage was made.

But Bothwell's sun was rapidly sinking. His friends have turned traitors. The distant clash of steel is heard; his triumphs are over. Onward come his enemies, and he is forced to flee for his life. This means to Mary but the change of jailers. Lochleven Castle became her next prison-house. At last escape comes, and Mary breathes the sweet breath of freedom once more. In a few brief hours Mary, the gentle queen, had become Mary the warrior. Forward she marched at the head of six thousand men, all of whom were ready to sacrifice their lives for their queen and country. Eagerly she marched to the charge; foremost in the battle she stood. Her life, her freedom, her safety, her honor depended on its outcome. This was but the faint flickering of a candle before it went out forever. The light of hope was soon extinguished and the darkness of despair surrounded her. The end had come at last. All was lost; the tide of battle had turned signally against her. Despondent, forsaken, she knew not where to turn. Then there came a glimmer of hope: Elizabeth, her cousin and her sister-queen, would pity and protect her.

Elizabeth had triumphed at last. The haughty and cruel queen had her rival in her power. Mary, the prize sought for years, had been captured and should go to prison. There let her misery eat her life away. Has Elizabeth no sense of honor? A fallen rival, a kinswoman, a sister queen, thrown into prison for eighteen long years! Removed from her were all the luxuries of life and comfort of friends; here in her cold, damp prison, Mary, dragged away the long, dreary years. Was she alone in this place of living death? No—that Great Comforter of the world in whom she trusts is with her. She hears His gentle voice saying: "Despair not. Lo, I am with you always even to the end of the world."

After years of plotting, Elizabeth had found a charge to bring against her poor, weak prisoner; a charge as false as it was vile. She accused Mary of heading a plot to kill Elizabeth and seat herself upon the throne. No sooner was the plot formed than Mary Stuart was accused of treason and sentenced to the block. This is a sentence that makes even the most depraved Englishman blush for shame. Mary was not a traitor. The crime for which she died was her faith.

Was ever woman to be admired for her bravery more than this abused sovereign when she learned her fate? In the dark recesses of her dungeon, where scarcely any light penetrated, Mary spent her last few hours on earth. She begged for a confessor, but he was denied her. Alone through the night she knelt on the hard floor of her cell, and prayed for her soul. Her agonies would soon be over; the glory of another world was about to shine upon her. The looked-for hour had come at last. With firm step and serene countenance, with the composure and fortitude of a saint, she walked to her doom. Mary ascended the black-draped platform, pale but beautiful, weak in body, but firm in faith. Suddenly a striking transformation took place; thrown back were the sombre robes of the accused criminal, and forth stepped Mary, the queen, arrayed from head to foot in scarlet velvet. She was no longer the guilty woman; she died as the true queen murdered by her enemies. Although accused of adultery, of murder, of treason, she went to the block with the sweet, gentle and holy firmness of a martyr. Oh, how welcome was this death to her! She rejoiced to go and appeal to that supreme tribunal, the King of kings, whose throne is justice, and whose sceptre is kindness and forgiveness. His is the court where sovereign and subject, Catholic and Protestant, alike are judged. Falling upon her knees, with crucifix in her hands, she prays for herself, for her friends, for her enemies, and even for her murderer, Elizabeth. Already has her spirit sought its repose, and like the far-off murmur of a gentle voice come the words: "Oh, Lord, in Thee have I trusted and into Thy hands I commit my spirit." Beautiful, brave and innocent she showed herself in these last few moments of her life. Never before did Mary look so transcendently beautiful as then. It seemed as if God had taken the quill of justice in His own hand, and written on the brow of the accused the one word—innocent.

How noble was Mary's character; a character unsullied as the new-fallen snow; full of forgiveness for her enemies and of love for her friends.

Search if you will the world's history, and find if you can a character like this. Picture to yourself the deeds of the heroines of every land; bring forth the immortal saints with their piety, love and devotion; in none of these can you find a woman that has shown herself a greater martyr than Mary Stuart.

So fare thee well, thou beauteous excellence.  
While history's golden pages of sacred truth  
Record the tablets of thy spotless life,  
The matchless power of thy blooming youth,  
Burdening beneath the rod of tyranny,  
Humanity shall on thy grave let fall  
The tear, whilst pity heaves the tender sigh,  
And consecrates thy sacred name forever.

Alas, poor Mary, how long have your enemies censured you! How long have they kept from you your spotless reputation! But truth has at last had a hearing, and freed you from all the false charges that the malice of centuries have placed upon you. You stand before the world pure and unsullied, as our unprejudiced consciences lead us to picture you. To us you will always be the true queen, the noble patriot, the devout martyr. It is glorious to die a heroine, to shed the last drop of blood for one's country, but it is ten thousand times grander to die for one's religion, to sacrifice one's life for one's God.

Marble and bronze and iron may decay and be devoured by rust, but in no age, however long the world endures, will the name of Mary Stuart, Queen of Scots, cease to be revered as one of the world's greatest martyrs.

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The Valentine.

PATRICK MACDONOUGH, 1903.

Few will have asked "what day of the month is to-day?" Young and old—for the old have been young themselves—know that Saint Valentine's Day is the fourteenth of February. About the Saint himself, inquiries are seldom made. With a credulity that is oddly in keeping with the age, people have allowed the Church's record of his existence to go unquestioned. Probably they would have as freely accepted her teaching had it been equally agreeable to the popular taste. But it is not of the Church, or of Valentine who suffered martyrdom in the reign of

Claudius, I intend to write; it is of the custom with which his name is associated.

A valentine is an amatory letter, or some little article expressive of amatory sentiment, sent by one person to another of the opposite sex on Saint Valentine's Day. It also means a sweetheart or choice made on that day. A valentine, says Roquefort, is "a young man or woman betrothed according to rural custom on the first Sunday in Lent, the promise being annulled if the young man failed to give the young woman a present or an entertainment before mid-Lent."

How the custom of the valentine originated has never been fully determined. One writer, Wheatley, says that St. Valentine was a man "of most admirable parts, and so famous for his love of charity, that the custom of choosing valentines upon his festival took its rise thence." For this theory, plausible as it seems, we are indebted to Wheatley and not to history. No reference to the custom is made in the *Acta Sanctorum*, and many authorities are of the opinion that its connection with the Saint is purely accidental.

Other writers believe that the valentine is a relic of that nature-religion which was at one time the primitive form of belief in Europe. "About this time of year the birds choose their mates, and thence probably came the custom of the young men and maidens choosing valentines or special loving friends on that day." This theory about the birds seems to have some connection with the Lupercalian festival of the ancient Romans. Indeed, many are of the opinion that the valentine is directly traceable to the Romans, and they account for their belief in this manner: At the Lupercalian festival, which was held on February the fifteenth, the pagan Roman youths used to put the names of young women into a box from which the slips bearing the inscriptions were drawn as chance directed. Thus did they select their wives, a method that would scarcely be popular nowadays. The practice came down to Christian times, and the Catholic clergy finding it impossible to extirpate it, gave it a religious aspect, by substituting the names of saints for those of women. It is not difficult to conceive, how, in the course of time, the early Christians associated the practice with the name of the Saint whose festival is observed on February the fourteenth, the day before the feast of Lupercus, the god of fertility.

Whatever the origin of the custom, it is one

of very considerable antiquity. For hundreds of years it has been observed in England, Scotland and France, and in the fifteenth century, especially, the custom of choosing valentines became very popular. A number of young men and young women assembled on St. Valentine's Eve, and inscribed upon little billets the names of an equal number of maids and bachelors of their acquaintance. Then a lottery was held, each taking a billet marked with the name of one of the opposite sex. The one thus drawn for became a valentine, while the person who drew also became the valentine of somebody else. Misson, a traveller who lived about two centuries ago, mentions that the man was more attached to the valentine who had fallen to him than to her to whom he had fallen. These imaginary engagements often led to real ones, because for the ensuing year the bachelor was bound to the service of the valentine, somewhat "after the fashion of the mediæval knight of romance" to his lady-love. Another practice which the participants indulged in was that of making presents. These presents were usually given by members of the male sex and consisted of gloves, garters and jewelry.

One of the chief institutions for which the day is noted is the writing of valentine poetry of which we have many specimens several centuries old. Chaucer, in his *Parliament of Foules*, writes:

For this was on Seynt Valentynes day  
Whan every foule cometh there to chese his make,  
Of every kynde that menne thynke may.

This noble emperesse, ful of alle grace,  
Bad every foule to take her oune place,  
As they were wont alwey, fro yere to yere,  
Seynt Valentynes day to stonden there.

Ye knowe wel how on Seynt Valentynes day,  
Be my statute, and thorgh my governaunce,  
Ye come for to chese and flee your way.

Another reference is contained in "a roundel" which the "chosen foules synge to do Nature honour and pleasaunce."

Now welcom somer with thy sonne softe,  
That haste this wynter wethers overshake;  
Saynt Valentynè, thou art ful hye on lofte,  
Whiche drivest away the longe nightes blake:—  
Thus syngen smale foules for thy sake—  
Wel have they cause for to gladen ofte,  
Sens eche of hem recovered bath his make,  
Ful blisful may they synge whan they awake.

Lydgate, the monk of Bury, who lived in the beginning of the fifteenth century, addressed the following lines to Catherine,

daughter of Henry VI. of France and wife to Henry V. of England:

Seynte Valentine, of custome yeere by yeere  
Men have an usance in this regioun,  
To loke and serche Cupidas Kalendere,  
And chose theyr choyse with cupids Mocionn,  
Taking their choyse as theyr sort doth falle:  
But I love oon which excelleth alle.

Readers of Shakspeare are familiar with the lines in Ophelia's song:

To-morrow is Saint Valentine's day  
All in the morning betime,  
And I a maid at your window,  
To be your valentine.

In the "Tale of a Tub," published in 1633, Ben Jonson uses these lines:

Tell me  
What man would satisfy thy present fancy  
Had thy ambition leave to choose a *Valentine*.

Donne, who, like Ben Jonson, was a contemporary of Shakspeare, greets St. Valentine in this happy strain:

Hail, Bishop Valentine! whose day this is,  
All the air is thy diocese.  
And all the chirping choristers  
And other birds are thy parishioners,  
Thou merriest every year.  
The Lyn lark and the grave whispering dove,  
The sparrow that neglects his life for love,  
The household bird with red stomacher:  
Thou makest the blackbird speed so soon  
As doth the goldfinch or the halcyon—  
This day more cheerful than ever shine,  
This day which might inflame thy self, old Valentine,

The diary of Samuel Pepys has the following for February the fourteenth, 1666:—"I am also this year my wife's *Valentine*, and it will cost me £5; but that I must have laid out if we had not been *Valentines*." Herrick, a lyric poet who lived about two hundred and fifty years ago, refers to the feast of St. Valentine in the couplet

Oft have I heard both youths and maidens say  
Birds choose their mates, and couple too, this day.

The oldest valentine in the United States was written in 1790, and is said to be in Cleveland, Ohio. It is about the size of an ordinary sheet of paper arranged to fold into squares of four inches, and sealed with a heart of red ink. On it were written a number of verses from which the following lines are taken:

When you hear this harte, behold,  
'Twill break as you these lines unfold,  
The power of envy can not pretend  
To say I have fals verses pend.  
For in the inside, sweet turtle dove,  
I've wrote the morals of my love.  
Thou art the maid and only maid  
That has my honest harte trapad.

The last verse ends with the couplet:

If you'll be mine, I will be thine,  
And so good morrow, Valentine.

That the author was not a poet may account for such clearness.

Until the early part of the nineteenth century, the sender of the valentine usually composed and wrote the message himself. The valentine was of gilt paper, ornamented by the sender with hearts, cupids, and other fanciful devices suggestive of courtship and matrimony. About 1825 the manufacture of more elaborate valentines was begun in London, and twenty-four years later, one of this class, artistically bordered and decorated, and having in its centre a small pocket for the note bearing the message, was sent to a Miss Howland of Worcester, Mass., whose father was a stationer. With true American spirit she set about improving on the design, and began to make valentines herself. Her brother, who was engaged in her father's business, offered some of her work for sale, and immediately met with encouraging success. From these small beginnings grew the present Worcester firm which is by far the largest of its kind in the United States. The firm, however, does not turn out valentines of the comic variety; these are, for the most part, made in Brooklyn, New York.

Turning to prose, we find Charles Lamb has something to say on the valentine. He begins with "Hail to thy returning festival, old Bishop Valentine! Great is thy name in the rubric, thou venerable Arch-flamen of Hymen!... Thou comest attended with thousands and ten thousands of little Loves, and the air is  
Brush'd with the hiss of rustling wings.

Singing Cupids are thy choristers and thy precentors; and instead of the crozier, the mystical arrow is borne before thee." And then he goes on to write about the little missives "ycleped Valentines" in which "no emblem is so common as the *heart*—that little three-cornered exponent of all hopes and fears—the bestuck and bleeding heart; it is twisted and tortured into more allegories and affectations than an opera hat." When the postman knocks at the door on St. Valentine's Day we see "visions of Love, of Cupids, of Hymens!—delightful, eternal commonplaces, which having been will always be; which no schoolboy nor schoolman can write away; having your irreversible throne in the fancy and affections—what are your transports when the happy maiden, opening with careful finger,

careful not to break the emblematic seal, bursts upon the sight of some well-designed allegory, some type, some youthful fancy, not without verses—

Lovers all  
A madrigal,

or some such device, not overabundant in sense—young Love disclaims it,—and not quite silly—something between wind and water, a chorus where the sheep might almost join the shepherd, as they did, or as I apprehend they did, in Arcadia.”

Times have changed a good deal since Lamb wrote. Now people are more practical and sentiment is less in evidence. Doubtless, it is owing to this change that the valentine has lost much of its graceful, symbolic meaning. Many of us will have recalled—we will not admit having received one ourselves—the coarse caricatures which ape the name of Valentine and which are to be seen in some stationers' windows at the approach of his festival. Had they been less vulgar and truly satirical they might serve a good purpose in laying bare vanity, but many of them are mockery in its most insulting form. The lines of burlesque and the pictures are designed to reflect on the personal appearance and vocations of persons of both sexes. Very generally they are aimed at public officials, such as policemen, firemen, railroad employees; but clerks, stenographers, janitors, and members of almost every profession come in for a share of the ridicule. Despite these perversions the genuine valentine has still many votaries. Each year buyers are found in plenty for the artistic productions of silk and lace and flowered celluloid, nor is this fact to be regretted. When the crowd is bent so eagerly on money-getting it is well to find amongst them some who will turn aside for a few moments to buy a little token of affection for those they love. The valentine helps to foster affection which in turn begets kindness, and anything that tends to this end should not be scoffed at. The world will never go to pieces because it has too many lovers,—they will always be few enough. Perhaps we can not close this paper more fittingly than by saying with Lamb: “Good-morrow to my Valentine, sings poor Ophelia; and no better wish, but with better auspices, we wish to all faithful lovers, who are not too wise to despise old legends, but are content to rank themselves humble diocesans of old Bishop Valentine and his true Church.”

### Varsity Verse.

WAY DOWN ON SUGAH CRICK.

DAR aint a spot on dis heah eu'th,  
Dat seems so full ob cheah  
As dat whah I's ben raised sence bu'th—  
De place to me so deah,—  
Way down on Sugah Crick.

Ma good ole mem'ry wandahs back,  
To when I wah a boy;  
A follahin' up de raccoon's track,  
An' shoutin' roun' fo' joy,—  
Way down on Sugah Crick.

'Twas dar ouh li'l' cabin stood,  
Ha'd by it wuz de shed;  
An' in dis hunt 'nclos'd by wood,  
Ma childhood's prayahs wah sed,—  
Way down on Sugah Crick.

I's heah'd de ripplin' watahs, an'  
De croakin' ob de frog,  
When takin' sun-baths on de san',  
Oah divin' from some log,—  
Way down on Sugah Crick.

An' wid ma banjo cross ma knee,  
I's tuned, den played an' sung;  
An' thro de woods in meahy glee,  
De music lou'ly rung,—  
Way down on Sugah Crick.

We us' to watch de moon's bright ray,  
As thro de branches shed;  
It seem'd to make de night like day,  
But oh, too soon it fled,—  
Way down in Sugah Crick.

An' aftah wuk,—at eahly dawn,  
Ma mudah'd set and tell  
Ob joys dat den 'ad dimmed an' gone,  
Ob places she lob'd well,—  
Way down in Sugah Crick.

But mudah died twelbe yeahs ago,  
She tiah'd ob dis wo'ld's caah,  
An' on huh tomb-stone's written, “Cloe,”  
As now she slumbahs daah,—  
Way down on Sugah Crick.

And now I heahs de Angels call,  
I's gwine to leab dis home;  
May God's pr'tection be wid all,  
E'en when yo' cease to roam,  
Way down on Sugah Crick.

J. J. M.

FEBRUARY 2.

Howdy, Mister Ground-hog! Glad to see you out.  
Lookin' fer the sun, hey, tippin' up your snout?  
Take another snooze, sir, cover up your head;  
Sun's a-lookin' at yer,—tumble back to bed.

J. R. W.

FEBRUARY WINDS.

Deceptive breezes I well know  
That what you promise is not true.  
Though as in time of spring you blow,  
There's still some winter left in you. M. W.



## The Boomerang.

HENRY EWING BROWN.

The Overland Express raced through the second night of its journey to the coast. Born in the yards of the great Illinois metropolis, it had gone up through the Badger State to the Gophers' capital city, and then across, through miles of grain, to the land whence the storm-clouds rise; across the Yellowstone and through the centre of Montana. At midnight it had left Helena, and was rushing on towards the mountains.

The monster locomotive with its train of lighted cars shone through the darkness like a lengthened moving spark. In the cab of the engine, the fireman nursed the furnace, knowing the fearful speed that must be maintained through all of that long ride; and the engineer, with a steady hand on the throttle-valve, peered anxiously ahead where for several hundred yards the mighty search-light showed the two straight lines of glistening rails, with now and then a building by the track, and on one side at regular intervals the poles of the telegraph line. The practised eye of the engineer caught the first outlines of an object far down the track in the headlight's rays, and then in the count of four that object dashed past the cab and was left behind. As the engine passed one telegraph-pole, the man at the throttle began to count—"One, two, three, four"—then the second pole shot by; and he smiled contentedly to know that his train was making the speed required—the fearful sixty miles an hour.

In the passenger coach behind, all was warmth and light and quiet. Only three of the passengers were awake; two young men in a forward seat, playing cards; and down at the other end, a woman with a little child. The young men finished their game, and prepared to sleep, stretching out as comfortably as space would permit, with their hats pulled low over their eyes. In the other corner, the baby rested quietly, asleep in the mother's arms, undisturbed by the noise of the wild ride; and the mother kept awake by force of will that she might be prepared to guard her babe against any danger that might come. With her face pressed against the glass, she watched the rapid flight of the objects that seemed to dash past her out there in the dark. The train shot past some freight cars on a

siding, and the speed made it seem that they moved; a hurried rattle, a rapid succession of lights between the cars, and then in a flash they were gone. She drew back from the window with a shudder at the thought of the speed and the danger of running at such a rate through such a country. Her head leaned wearily against the seat, and her lips moved slowly as she murmured over and over, "Grey's Station—Jack—we're coming." Soon the gentle swaying of her head to and fro with the rolling of the car, told that she too was asleep.

At a little distance from the track, at a point a hundred miles ahead of the rapidly-moving train, a hundred houses huddled together to form Grey's Station. Ordinarily a peaceful mining camp, on this night it was in a state of great excitement. In the bar-room of the Palace Hotel the entire male population of the camp had gathered. News had been received that an attempt would be made by a gang of outlaws who had terrorized the region for the past year, to wreck the Overland Express near the camp.

On a table in the centre of the room stood "Big Tom" Grey, badman and original settler of Grey's Station; and round him the men were grouped, listening with varied and audible expressions of approval or condemnation to his impassioned address.

"Gentlemen," the orator swung into his peroration, "there's a mighty big difference between wrecking a train yourself and letting another man wreck it. If the question before the house was to wreck the train ourselves, I don't say but what I might still say yes; for the Lord knows we have got enough against that railroad. I swear, if a low-down brute cow had been treated as that railroad's treated us, it'd go right out on the track and sit down in front of the first train that come along, and either buck that train off the rails or die a-trying. That road killed Whisky Charley; run over him when he was so drunk he didn't know the difference between a railroad bed and a feather-bed; and then never did a thing for his widder and orphans. And that road insulted this whole camp by putting their depot down at Centreville and having their trains stop here only when we signal to them. And now we see the hand of Providence through its instrument, these here outlaws of Wild Bill's, about to take our vengeance on that road. And we don't have to say, 'Let's wreck the

train,' but simply, 'Let's give Bill and his crowd a fair show.' If we blow on them, they'll be penned; and I'd rather see the whole railroad family penned first. I say, let's go to bed and let Bill do as he damn pleases."

The speaker got down from the table, while his followers made deafening applause with lungs, feet and guns. For a time it looked as if the rougher element of the camp would carry the day. The law-abiding citizens looked around for their spokesman, Jack Barton.

"Mayor" they called him; not because of any civic office, but rather because he always acted as their spokesman on important occasions. In him they recognized a man better educated than the others; it was rumored even that he could put B. A. behind his name, and that he had been graduated from an Eastern university. All that was known of his former life was that he had been a business man in the East, wealthy and happily settled; then a friend for whom he had undertaken a debt, denied all obligation to him and left him to bear the burden. Ruined financially, and with his reputation about to fall beneath the blow, he had yielded to the weakness of the moment and had fled; fled with but one desire, to hide; and in Grey's Station he had found his hiding-place, and had rapidly gained for himself a high rank in the community.

Those who listened to him this night knew all this. What they did not know was that the man who had brought all his ruin upon him was the president of this same railroad he was now called on to defend.

In this, his hour of temptation, he struggled manfully for a time; then fell. He knew he could persuade these men to warn the train; and all his better impulse, all his training cried out for such a course. But then he thought of all he had been made to suffer, all that he had lost; and with the thought came madness. What cared he for the lives of those who might be killed by the wrecking of that train,—he would not be responsible; he knew that on that train would be a valuable freight, and that the wrecking of it would mean a heavy blow to his old enemy; and hatred, vengeance, told him that he had no cause to exert himself to prevent that blow from being struck. He would simply wait, as Big Tom had said, and see another strike the blow which he himself had wished he might dare strike. He would have to deceive the

law-abiding citizens of the camp to keep them from warning the train; could he do it? As he made his way toward the centre of the room, a daring plan was forming in his mind.

He mounted the platform vacated by "Big Tom" and looked down upon the crowd. No sign of the struggle within him was visible on his face. He was resolved to play a dangerous game this night, and he knew he must use all his cunning to keep his standing with both parties. Without any formal address, and in a low voice, he stated the case. He told them that they had no cause to protect Wild Bill; and that they had no right to let him strike this mean and cowardly blow; that, moreover, they could not stand by and see him wreck this train, on which there would be men, women and children, innocent of any offence. He appealed to them to think how they would feel if friend, wife or child were on that train. He volunteered to go himself the half-mile down the track to warn the train. And he asked them all to stay in the town to guard against any possible attack Wild Bill might make when he found that he had been foiled.

"Big Tom" and his followers made some objection; but the appeal to their old home memories had shaken them somewhat, and made them see the enormity of the crime they had contemplated; and finally they agreed to let him go. The train would be due now in a short time, and he hurried toward the door. Just as he lifted the latch, the proprietor of the house stepped up to him and handed him a telegram, with some muttered apology about its having been left with him and his forgetting it; "Taint very important, anyhow," he muttered in self-defense. Barton thrust the little yellow envelope into his pocket and hurried out into the night.

At a rapid gait he ran down the track to the edge of the camp, and on until he rounded a curve and was out of sight of any possible watcher from the camp. Then he slowed down to a walk, and finally stopped altogether, sinking down on the bank at the side of the track. He had a good half mile to go if he intended to warn the train, and he had but a scant ten minutes in which to cover the distance. But he had no notion of going any farther. A bitter, cruel look came into his face as he thought how masterfully he had executed this his first crime, and how easily he had fooled the men at the camp. They



trusted him to warn the train; and if he simply sat here and waited, the train would be wrecked. He would wait. He would be revenged.

With these thoughts whirling in his mind he felt the telegram in his pocket, took it out, broke open the envelope, and by the light of a match he read. And as he read, and came to an understanding of what those few words meant for him, it seemed as if the blood in his veins stood still.

It was a woman's telegram, with all the useless words. It was sent from Helena; it ran as follows: "Dear Jack, we have found you out at last and are on the way to you, on the Overland Express. Baby and I will be with you to-night. Your loving wife, Amy."

Wife and child on that coming train, and he was standing idly by; and by his very idleness he would be party to their murder. He had appealed to the men in the camp to think how they would feel if friend, wife or child were on that train; and now the appeal was brought home to him with awful force.

"God forgive me, and grant that I may be in time," he sobbed, as he dashed wildly down the track. As he ran he began to see his late conduct in its true light; and he prayed that he might still be in time, and not have this blood upon his hands. Ahead of him he saw the fateful curve where the wreck was to be made. Two lengths of track had been unfastened and swung out so that the train in coming round the curve would plunge over the steep bank into the ravine. He knew that on the other side of the track, concealed by the bushy growth that covered the mountain-side, the outlaws waited. He had intended to skirt round behind them and reach the track again at a point ahead. No time for that now. Already he imagined he heard the distant rumble of the train. The faint sound of the whistle reached his ears, and he bounded forward at the side of the track, using the shadow of the bank to screen him from view.

He was abreast of their hiding place before the outlaws saw him. On he dashed, and back of him the rifles cracked and the balls came whistling past his ears. He felt a stinging pain in his shoulder and knew that he had been hit; and he felt a kind of joy and satisfaction in the thought that he would die trying to save the lives of others. On he staggered, around the curve; and far down the track he could see the head-light shining.

If he could only keep up now till the engineer could see him! The blood was flowing from the wound in his shoulder, and he felt his legs giving way. Madly he stumbled along, waving his arms towards the approaching train. A sharp toot sounded from the engine, and then came the sound of brakes and of wheels grinding and sliding over the rails. He had been seen. With a choking sob of thankfulness he pitched forward onto the track.

The Overland Express pulled into Grey's Station late that night. The outlaws were not strong enough to attack the train openly after the warning Barton had given, and the train crew set to work at once to mend the broken track. In one of the coaches, Jack Barton rested in the arms of his wife. When the train men picked him up, insensible from the track where he had fallen, they carried him into the coach where she was, and she recognized him and claimed the right to care for him. Around the two were grouped the passengers, trainmen and men from the camp; and many were the words of praise showered upon the wounded man as the engineer and "Big Tom" Grey compared notes and the story was told of how Jack saved the train.

The woman noticed that his hand was closed round something; and opening it she found the opened telegram; and she knew what had given him courage to brave the outlaws' fire.

As Burton slowly regained consciousness, he heard close to him that voice he had so longed to hear during the time of his exile. She was addressing the crowd around them, and the words that came to him were as follows:

"Yes, he's my husband. He left home because a friend whom he had supported repudiated a debt and so ruined him. That man is the president of this railroad. Jack's friends found out the true state of affairs after he left, and they forced that man to make restitution. We've been looking for Jack ever since, and only just found him. I came to take him home. But I didn't think he'd be the hero and save my life and hundreds of others."

The voices all around him joined in the chorus of his praises. His eyes were closed. He heard a man near him say: "Now he's not badly hurt; just a flesh wound." The loss of blood had made him weak; he dozed again, with the knowledge that when he awoke, the world would hail him as a hero, and the further knowledge that in his own opinion he would ever be a criminal.

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—The University has just received from the Hon. Mr. Brick of South Bend several sets of books dealing with the expansive policy of the United States and particularly with her new possessions in the East. Our approaching debate with Oberlin on the subject of the Philippines makes the gift doubly valuable. We thank our much-esteemed congressman for this latest favor he has done us.

—A picture in one of yesterday's Chicago papers shows a number of persons bound and blindfolded and walking in brute procession behind a wagon. Were it not for the explanation at the bottom one might think they were Russian convicts moving from one settlement to another in Siberia. But they are nothing of the kind—they are just students going through fraternity initiation exercises in Chicago. It is difficult to account for the disposition of people to submit to the idiotic conditions which almost every secret society imposes on candidates for membership. No man derives any benefit from being made the laughing-stock of his fellows.

—The recent preliminary debates served to impress upon us a fact often and variously commented upon, the necessity of earnestness in all that we do. As we sat in the audience one night, while one after another of the young speakers stood up to defend his side of the question in debate, in the majority of

cases the first thought that occurred to us was, "He does not mean it; he is not in earnest." Then another kind of man stood up before us. Unlike the number of those who had seemed merely to speak memorized words and sentences, he began to talk to us, to argue as if he held belief in what he said and wished to make us hold a like belief. Our interest went out to him; and even had his arguments been no stronger than those of the other speakers, the very force of his earnestness would have gained for him our interest and approbation. That man the judges ranked first, and we concurred with them in this decision, and we felt that such a man would be a proper representative for us in the final contest. We call to mind the advice given by a wise old-timer to a younger brother about to enter the debating contest: "It don't make so much difference what you say; just say it loud." There is a deal of truth in this remark, despite the ironical tone of it. If you, who certainly ought to be a good judge of the worth of your arguments, give those arguments in a weak, apologetic manner, the judge of the contest is very apt to take the arguments at your appraisal.

—Some critics were really afraid when they heard that a "Review of Catholic Pedagogy" was to be published. Instead of diminishing, their misgivings seemed rather to increase while they perused the January number and thought over the bold program set forth in its pages. But once more the saying proved true, "Audaces fortuna juvat." It is true, they found many a sound, practical article in the first issue, but they must now confess that the second number stands far above the former both as to the variety of topics and the purity of style. In this connection we may be tempted to quote a short line of Ovid, "Materiam superabat opus," as the workmanship of the Review equals, indeed, if not surpasses the subject-matter. Therefore, the brilliant editor is to be congratulated not only on account of his happy idea, but also on the success which has so far rewarded his efforts as well as the good work of his able contributors. We hope, nay, we have no doubt, but the following numbers will continue to be worthy of the great and glorious aim they have in view: that is, to explain thoroughly the systems and methods of education in the Catholic schools.

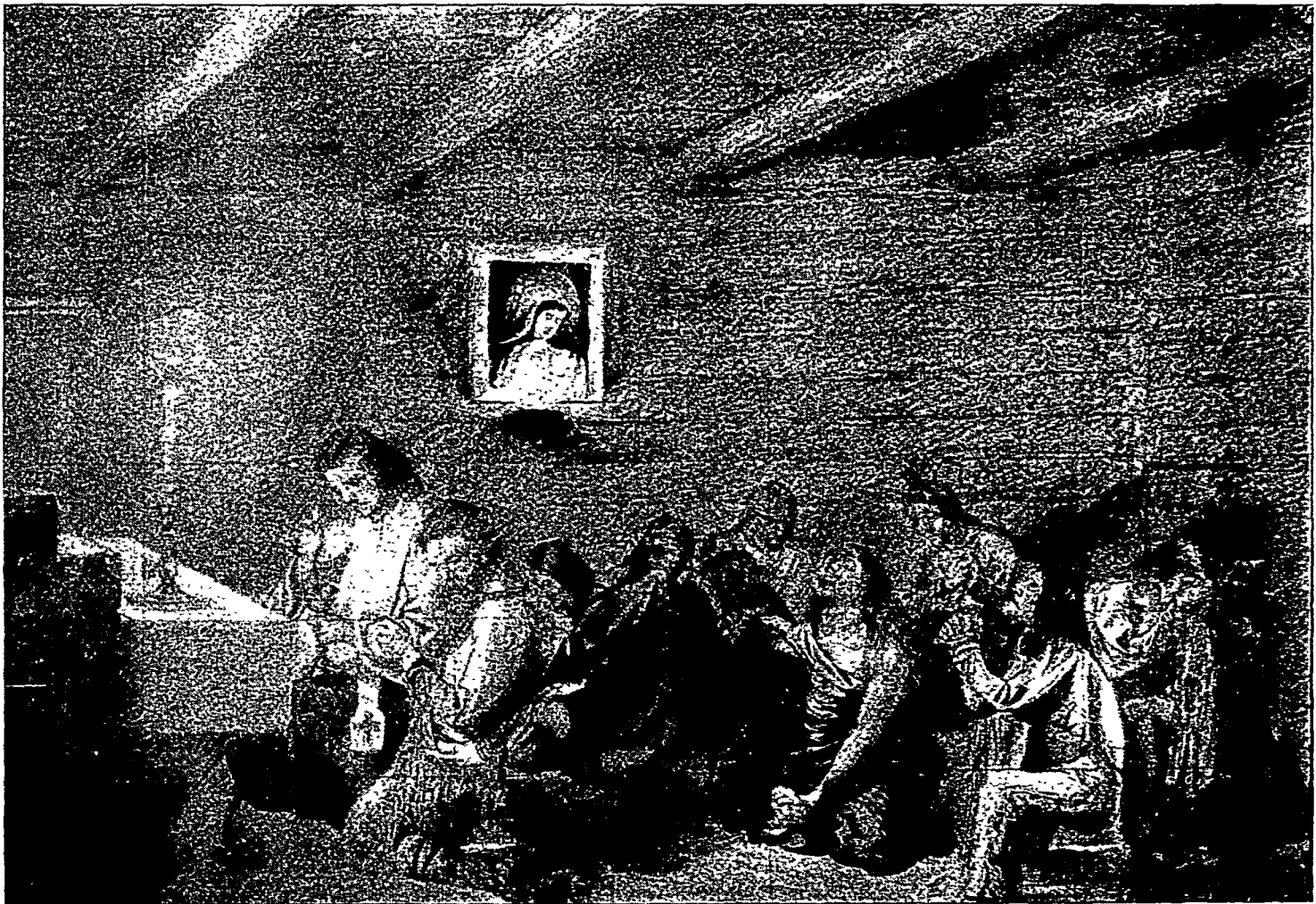
Father Louis de Seille.\*

The second resident missionary in northern Indiana, and the successor of Father Badin, who founded the settlement known as Notre Dame, was Father Louis de Seille, one of the most saintly priests ever sent to the American mission. He was a native of Belgium, and a descendant of one of the oldest and wealthiest families of that country. The old mansion in which he was born is still standing and is one of the most conspicuous in the neighborhood of Sleidinge. It is surrounded by stately trees, growing from nuts sent by Father de Seille from

on account of its representation of the Grotto of Lourdes which it contains, was planned by Father de Seille himself.

The precise date when our missionary first came to Indiana is not known, but the period of his ministry is placed between the years 1832 and 1837. His mission embraced a portion of three States—Indiana, Michigan and Illinois. A sick-call sixty or eighty miles away was a common occurrence in those days when priests were few and far apart.

Notre Dame, when Father de Seille came here, was a favorite camping-ground of the Pottawatomies, a large and powerful tribe of which the last chiefs have long since passed.



FATHER DE SEILLE ADMINISTERING TO HIMSELF THE HOLY VIATICUM.

America. The little chapel where the future missionary used to retire to commune with God, and where in the bright morning of youth he made the generous sacrifice of all that is nearest and dearest to the human heart for His love, is preserved. The hallowed spot was lately visited by a priest of our acquaintance who had also the happiness of spending some hours with the noble family which cherishes with affectionate piety the memory of its apostolic son. We are told that the beautiful garden adjoining the residence of De Seille,

away. The record of the short but fruitful years of De Seille's ministry has not come down to us. The early missionaries were as humble as they were zealous; they never thought of perpetuating their memory or leaving in writing the history of their lives and labors, and the letters which they wrote to relatives and friends, or to their religious superiors in Europe, form the principal sources of the historian's information. Their good deeds are registered in heaven. The land which they watered with their tears, fertilized with their sweat and their unceasing labors and sanctified with their blood, has brought forth

\* With few alterations, we reprint this article from the *Scholastic Annual* for 1877. ED. SCHOLASTIC.

an abundant harvest. God blessed their labors more fully because of their humility and self-forgetfulness.

Father de Seille is described as a man of grave and reserved manner. His long intercourse with the Indians imparted to him a tinge of their deep melancholy. His face, though youthful, bore the traces of sufferings and the marks of years; abstinence was written on his brow, and his downcast eye accorded with his meek profession. But under that calm exterior beat the burning heart of an apostle whose very breath was of God. The love of the Indians for their black-robe was beyond expression; they loved him as their father, benefactor and friend—as “the good messenger of the good God.”

The venerable priest who followed closely in the footsteps of the saintly De Seille, arriving at the mission only a few years after his predecessor's death, tells us that no sooner did he set foot in his new home than he was invited to visit the grave of the departed missionary, so much was he venerated. The house in which he lived was still standing; it was a log shanty, divided into two apartments, one of which served as a chapel, the other as a sleeping-room. Everything remained much as the good Father had left it. There was his rude bed, his table, some books and a few chairs. In the chapel was the little wooden altar where he daily said Mass. Its only ornament was a beautiful picture of the *Mater Dolorosa*, after the Belgian design. Here Father de Seille was buried. Some years after, when a new church was built, the body was removed and placed with the remains of two other missionaries in a vault under the main altar. In the wall above is a marble tablet bearing the inscription:

HIC JACENT  
 REV. F. COINTIT, C. S. C.  
 DILECTUS DEO ET HOMINIBUS.  
 SUBLATUS DIE 19 MENSIS SEPTEMBRIS, 1854.  
 AETATIS SUAE 37 ANNO.  
 REV. J. DESEILLE OBITUS A. D. 1836  
 REV. B. PETIT “ A. D. 1838  
 VIRI PARITER QUIDEM MIRABILES, QUI  
 PAUCIS DIEBUS EXPLEVERUNT  
 TEMPORA MULTA  
 R. I. P.

A large cross now marks the spot where the little log cabin used to stand, and upon it is the following inscription:

Hic praesens locus semel et iterum sanctificatus est oblatione divini sacrificii etiam per

quosdam antecessorum nostrorum. Scimus pro certo quod venerabilis Deseille rem sacram haberet aliquando in hoc humili suo cubiculo. Ibi moriens propriis manibus se communicavit in absentia alius sacerdotis quem in vanum desiderabat. Ibi mortuus et sepultus piis amicis traditus est in humili capella quae postea labore et arte in hanc praesentem Ecclesiam pulcherrimam mutata est ob quam causam haec loca quasi fundamenta Ecclesiae Nostrae Dominae inservientia omni venerationi religiosa digna videntur.

What a change has taken place in the years that have elapsed since the death of Father de Seille. The little mission is now the home of a numerous religious community, and the seat of a large and flourishing university which holds a first rank among Catholic institutions of learning in the United States. Instead of the rude log chapel may be seen one of the finest churches in the West. Across the beautiful lake, the banks of which were once dotted with wigwams of Indians, half hidden in the trees, is the Scholasticate, where many a young Levite has prepared himself in silence and retirement for the service of the sanctuary—the realization, perhaps, of the missionary prayer that God would send other laborers into His vineyard. Formerly the margin of the lake was graced by majestic oaks and hickories; only the stumps remain. Along the borders of this lake, then in its primeval beauty, Father de Seille often wandered while reciting his breviary or telling his beads. Near by was the Indian camping ground.

It remains for us to tell how Father de Seille died. He had been at Pokegan, another village of the Pottawatomies, for two weeks. When taking leave he told them they would probably never see him again. They were deeply grieved at his sad announcement, for they loved him as a father. He seemed to allude to his approaching death, and yet he was in the prime of life, and to all appearance full of vigor. The poor Indians, soon to be deprived of their beloved black-robe, crowded around him to ask the meaning of his words. “I have a great journey to perform,” he said: “pray for me, and do not forget to say your beads for me.” With this he left them, and started home on foot, a distance of about thirty-five miles, although he kept a horse for occasions when prompt attendance might be necessary to secure the salvation of a soul. That same day he reached Notre Dame

apparently in the enjoyment of his usual health. Next morning, however, he fell ill, and it was not without great effort that he was able to offer the Holy Sacrifice. Towards noon he declared to those around him that he would not live long, and told them it would be prudent to send for a priest, but no one could be persuaded that there was any immediate danger. Next morning he felt much worse, and gave orders to dispatch two messengers for a priest—one to Logansport, the other to Chicago, distant respectively sixty-six and eighty-six miles. He feared lest one of the priests might be absent on a sick-call. It happened that both were ill, and unable to leave home. The messengers returned alone after an absence of three days. Meanwhile the sick man had grown much worse, but physicians were still confident of his recovery. Not so Father de Seille, he knew this illness was his last; and his disappointment, when he learned that no priest had arrived, may be imagined. That inestimable consolation, which he had often undertaken long and painful journeys to secure for his dying penitents, he himself can not have. It was the will of Providence; he bowed his head in humble submission. His life had been one self-denial—a sacrifice shall crown it. He prepared himself as best he could, for his strength was ebbing fast. The tender devotion which he always entertained for the Mother of God fortified and consoled him. She it must have been who prompted him to an act of saint-like devotion. Suddenly the dying priest made an effort to rise. He summoned his attendants, and asked to be carried to the adjoining chapel. Tenderly they raised him up and bore him to the foot of the altar. There he knelt for some moments, supported in their arms. A significant glance at his surplice and stole told them his purpose. They hastened to vest him. He raised himself, and with trembling hand unlocked the tabernacle and drew forth the ciborium. He uncovered it and cast a long, loving, tender look at the Sacred Host. Then humbly bending, he administered to himself the Holy Viaticum.

Again he knelt for a long time in profound adoration. He was now prepared to die, and He whom he had loved so ardently and served so well was to receive him in an eternal embrace. The attendants were dumb with emotion. Fearing he would die in their arms, they conveyed him back to his room and

placed him gently on the bed. He thanked them again and again. In less than half an hour, while invoking the sweet names of Jesus and Mary, and with a calm smile on his countenance, he expired without a struggle. Thus died in the flower of his age, Father de Seille, one of the most devoted missionaries the Church has ever had in America. His life and his death are his best eulogy.

The sad news of Father de Seille's death was soon known to everyone in the village. His parting words at Pokegan had sunk deep into the hearts of the poor Indians. What was to befall him? they thought; and what was it that made their hearts so heavy? After some time the suspense became insufferable, and they resolved to set out for Notre Dame. It happened as the missionary had foretold them; when they arrived he was no more. They gathered in silent groups around the death-bed, and stood like statues, gazing at the features of their beloved Father. An Indian never cries, but the deepened shade of melancholy in their dusky faces told the anguish of their hearts. For three days the mourning continued, and no one thought of burying the corpse. It was only when the authorities of the nearest town ordered it to be done that the Indians could resign themselves to perform the sad office. Poor Indians! they knew their loss. From him, whom they now looked upon for the last time, they had received God's best gift—the faith; he had instructed and baptized more than half of them, and his hands were ever extended to impart to them temporal and spiritual blessings.

It seems to have been the common belief of the whole tribe that Father de Seille possessed the gift of prophecy. Besides the announcement of his death, he foretold before a number of people that two of the wealthiest men in the neighborhood, both founders of towns, would die penniless, and so it happened to the astonishment of all. On another occasion, when erecting a cross in presence of a large assembly, he declared that it would never be touched by fire; two or three times afterward everything around it was consumed by the destroying element, but the cross remained uninjured.

When good Bishop Bruté heard of the illness of Father de Seille he sent word to the priest stationed at New Albany, Ind., to go at once to Logansport to visit the priest there and then to hasten to Father de Seille, for



both were reported very ill. The venerable missionary to whom this message was sent is still living and now resides at Notre Dame. We called on him one day before writing this sketch, hoping to hear some further particulars of Father de Seille. He was not well at the time, but he drew up a chair near his own and kindly invited us to be seated. "Yes," he said, in answer to our first questions, "I was stationed at New Albany at the time of Father de Seille's death; I remember it well. As soon as I received Bishop Bruté's letter I started at once for Logansport, where I found the poor priest of that mission very sick and in great misery. I remained with him some time, and then set out for Notre Dame. How I came, or where I crossed the river I have no idea. It took me fully a week to make the journey. I stopped one night at a farm house, and there I met a stranger who inquired if I were a priest and going to Notre Dame. 'I come from there,' he said; 'Father de Seille is dead.' Next morning I continued my journey, and when I arrived at Notre Dame, he was buried. I had hard work to deter the Indians from taking up the body again. I said Mass for Father de Seille and then returned home. The Indians were able to sing the Mass in Latin very well and many of them spoke French."

"Where are those Indians now?" we asked. "Father de Seille had not been dead long," continued the narrator, "when the government obliged the Indians to give up their land and move further west. They would not go, however, without a priest. As there were none that could be spared, Father Petit, then sub-deacon, was ordained and started for Missouri with the Indians. He died on the way and was succeeded by a Jesuit Father."

Our obliging informant then showed us a reliquary that belonged to Father de Seille; it contained a relic of St. Joseph. "I have also his chalice," he added; "both were given to me by Bishop Bruté." We pressed the reliquary to our lips, and thanking our venerable friend for his kindness arose to go. "Come to-morrow," he said, "and I will give you that chalice; and when I am dead you shall have the reliquary." Next morning, at an early hour, the writer was knocking at the missionary's door to receive the precious chalice, of which he is now the happy possessor and which he prizes more than words can tell.

But we are exceeding our limits of time and space. In conclusion it is perhaps need-

less to say that at Notre Dame, where our holy missionary lived and died, his memory is among the most cherished reminiscences of the past. In a vault under the sanctuary of the beautiful new Church of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart now reposes all that could die of Father Louis de Seille.

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#### Athletic Notes.

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The ex-Minim-Minim track meet has been postponed until next Thursday, when some records will be broken.

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The Annex members held a meeting last Wednesday evening and decided to organize a basket-ball team. H. J. McGlew was elected manager and D. O'Connor captain. The team promises to be as strong as any of the Hall teams.

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The final cut in the baseball squad before the outdoor practice will soon be made. The fortunate ones whose names appear on the list are to be given their try-outs during the outdoor practice. Their names will appear in the next issue of the SCHOLASTIC.

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The baseball men are meeting with quite a number of accidents lately. Doar, Antoine, and Sheehan are laid up with bad bruises.

\*\*\*

Vaccination has been working some havoc with the baseball and track men during the past week.

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The Corby-Brownson game which was scheduled for Wednesday evening was called off on account of the absence of three of the Corby team.

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The management has concluded arrangements with Mngr. Strobel of the Toledo baseball team of the Western Association, whereby that team will be here during the latter part of March to play a series of practice games with the Varsity. The White Sox series last spring proved very beneficial to our fellows, and we hope the coming series with the "Mud Hens" will do as much good for the Varsity of 1903.

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Harry Hoover, our star hurdler, pole vaulter and high jumper was last Monday elected



captain of the track team to succeed Kirby who has decided to leave school. The selection was made unanimously. The choice is a very popular one with the students, and the new captain may rest assured that he has their support in his new office. The SCHOLASTIC wishes the new captain every success, and hopes that he will soon be able to lead his team-mates on to victory.

\* \* \*

Perhaps the best basket-ball game of the season will be seen in the Brownson gymnasium to-night, when Sorin and Brownson clash. The proceeds of the game are to go into the Banner Fund, for the purpose of getting glass cases for the banners and other trophies won by our athletes. It's a laudable purpose, and should receive the encouragement and support of the student body. The price of admission is only ten cents—a mere trifle. Come out and swell the crowd—and the fund too:

J. P. O'R.

Electrical Engineering Department.

Professor Green who is in charge of the above department at Notre Dame has lately received a consignment of apparatus from some leading manufacturers of electrical supplies. The pieces are of the best and most modern construction and will be labelled and placed in cabinets in Science Hall. Professor Green and the members of his classes most gratefully acknowledge the kindness of the donors. The following is a list of the articles received:

From Mr. A. A. Serva, Fort Wayne Electric Works, Fort Wayne, Indiana:—A recording Watt meter of the latest type; a lot of transformer iron of different shapes and sizes.

From the Akron Electrical Manufacturing Co., Akron, Ohio:—Brush holder and yoke; armature stampings, ventilating spacer, pole-pins and several formed armature coils.

From the R. Thomas & Sons & Co., East Liverpool, O.—through Mr. E. O'Connor, Corby Hall:—Several large insulators of the Niagara type; a large number of pieces of porcelain used for cutouts; switches, insulators and other electrical devices.

From Mr. Kuehmsted and Mr. Watson of the Gregory Electric Co., Chicago:—Several recording Watt meters; a lot of arc lamps of various types; several rheostats, an ammeter and potential regulator.

The Moot-Court.

Very often it happens that young attorneys, graduated with high honors from much-lauded universities, suffer from a deficiency in practical knowledge of the procedure of the trial court. They possess theoretical knowledge and could lecture on the development of the common law, but are sadly lacking when it comes to applying principles. Eventually they are compelled to seek some office that they may obtain thorough drilling for the demands of their profession. To meet these demands should be one of the purposes of the university, and to enable it to do so, moot-court practice has been devised.

At Notre Dame, sessions of the practice court are held every evening in the Law room, and the exercises are under the supervision of Colonel William Hoynes who presides as judge. The students of the elementary, junior and senior law classes are expected to take active part in the procedure of the various courts, and thus obtain practice in pleading, cross-examination, excepting, argumentation and extemporaneous court procedure. In this way the aspiring lawyer gains experience of the most practical and useful kind. Murder trials are especially instructive and afford occasion for many interesting episodes and important issues, serving to elucidate a knotty question of law. A case for hearing in the near future will prove an illustration of the exacting demands of modern criminal procedure in the state of Indiana. F. P. Burke and Emmet Proctor will represent the people of Indiana, while Harold H. Davitt and William P. Higgins will seek to establish the innocence of the defendant.

A disputed point at law, in cases involving questions of fact for the jury to determine will, when properly conducted and argued by both sides, prove entertaining and instructive. The auditor has little difficulty in grasping the situation, and the judge is not harassed by constant bickerings and interruptions, such as is the case when the counsel have not given their work the preparation it demands. The decisions of the judge of the moot-court are presumed to be as decisive and justifiable as if the case at issue were one of real fact. No student of the law class who has his own interest at heart will absent himself from the moot-court exercises.

E. F. Q.

## College Clippings.

In some of the German Universities, students in chemistry and physics are required to take out life insurance.

In order to work algebra successfully one must be superstitious, for it is necessary to believe implicitly in signs.

Northwestern University has struck bottom in her athletic descent, and is now willing to sacrifice much to regain the high rank formerly held.

Exit the football player with his head gear, padded pants, shoulder pads, nose and shin guards; enter the track athlete with his,—but space is not sufficiently limited to state what the track man wears.

Cornell University gives to members of her debate teams medals bearing the seal of the University. The proposition to give to these gladiators of the forum the University monogram has been fiercely debated, and finally rejected on the ground that to the debater the knowledge of achievement is sufficient reward.

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 Personals.
 

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—Father Crowley of Lebanon, Ind., was a recent visitor to the University of which he is a distinguished alumnus. We were glad to see him.

—Mr. Francis J. Greene, graduate of Commercial Course, '02, has a responsible position as bookkeeper in Wapella Bank, Wapella, Ill. Frank led his class while here and was a very popular fellow. The SCHOLASTIC takes pleasure in his success.

—Mr. John L. Corley, Law, '02, has joined a promising law firm in St. Louis. It will be remembered that Mr. Corley was verse-editor of the SCHOLASTIC, and gained an enviable reputation in the line of public speaking, making second place on last year's debating team, besides winning the Breen medal for oratory. Since his graduation he has been coming rapidly to the front, and the SCHOLASTIC wishes him continued success.

—Hon. Homer P. Brelsford, A. B. '91, has creditably distinguished himself in the short time he has been out of college. While at Notre Dame, Mr. Brelsford won the Breen gold medal for oratory in 1889, and the Junior classical medal in 1890. He was recently elected to the Legislature of Texas, and there won distinction by an eloquent nomination speech. Mr. Brelsford has been steadily fulfilling the promise he gave while at Notre Dame, and it is the wish and belief of the SCHOLASTIC and his many friends here that greater success awaits him.

## Card of Sympathy.

The students of Carroll Hall wish to express their heartfelt sympathy to their hall-mate, G. A. Hart, over the loss of his sister, who was recently called to her reward. May her soul rest in peace.

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 Local Items.
 

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—A meeting of the New York State Club will be held in the Columbian Room, Main Building, at 7. 30 this evening. All members are requested to attend.—Wm. K. Gardiner, Secretary.

—The Philopatrians held their regular meeting, Wednesday evening, Feb. 11. Recitations by G. Casey, B. Brooks, H. Fox, G. Shannon, B. Dosenbach, D. Morrison, C. Du Brul, P. Cullinan and F. Hartzer were well delivered.

Debate: Resolved that U. S. Government should take control of the coal mines. Affirmative, J. B. Morrison and D. I. Kelly; negative P. Weisse and G. C. Zeibold. Decision in favor of negative.

—On Saturday evening, February 7, a well-attended meeting of the Senior class was held in the law room, Sorin Hall. Reports of the various committees were read and accepted, including the report of the flag committee and that of the class-pin committee. An assessment was levied to meet current expenses which Mr. O'Malley was authorized to collect. Other business matter received consideration, and the class adjourned after a brief session.

—The regular meeting of the Glee Club was held Thursday morning in the band room. Officers for the ensuing year were elected as follows: President, G. E. Gormley; Secretary and Treasurer, J. L. Lamprey. A committee, composed of L. E. Collins, W. E. Manier and M. Shea, were authorized to purchase the latest popular songs for the club. A small fine will be imposed on all members who absent themselves hereafter without a reasonable excuse.

—"Resolved that immigration should be further restricted by law" was the subject which some members of St. Joseph's Literary Society debated last Wednesday evening. Messrs. Proctor and Cunningham supported the affirmative; Messrs. Joerger and Lavay, the negative. After an exhaustive discussion of the question the judges decided in favor of the negative. Messrs. Rodgers, Sheehan, Burns and Toner delivered speeches and recitations which the members present thoroughly enjoyed. Before the meeting adjourned, Messrs. Griffin and T. Toner were appointed to succeed Messrs. Casey and O'Donnell who ably acted as critics of subject-matter and oratory at the last debate.